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THE FORGEMASTER'S RING

an Orc yaoi story by lustful_orcs

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DESCRIPTION: An Orc is caught stealing and finds out justice means different things for different people. *explicit yaoi; Orc x Human pairing*

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CONTACT: Reader opinions and feedback, when polite and constructive, are every writer's life blood. If you read my story and like to comment, your feedback will be highly appreciated. The writer Lustful_Orcs can currently be contacted at: lustful_orcsXhotmail.com where X stands for the @ symbol. If you want to be notified about the latest lustful_orcs stories, as well as goodies such as eBook versions and re-releases, then please join his Author's Mailing List at: http://groups.yahoo.com/group/lustful_orcs/
May you enjoy reading this story as much as I enjoyed writing it.

Open your mind, buckle up and enjoy the ride!

Lustful_Orcs

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Orac the Orc knocked on the small door in the closed gate of the forge, now a bit harder than he had done before to be heard despite the clanging of a heavy hammer on steel. The fierce banging stopped.

"Enter!" roared a booming human voice, and Orac opened the small door and got in. The forge was warm and humid, a workshop of ten by fifteen meters with a red brick coal furnace in the back and tables and shelves to the sides, bearing ironworking tools and projects in various stages of readiness.

"An Orc!" the blacksmith, a mountain of a man, roared in surprise, clunked down his hammer on the granite tiles and walked towards Orac.

Orac was stunned. This was a really impressive human, he was almost two meters tall and very muscular as humans go, endowed with a good lining of lard, wearing a brown leather blacksmith's kilt and short heavy boots. Orac only reached up to his nose-height and despite being an Orc could not match this human's strength even if he were just as tall, as he was less muscular than most Orcs. The blacksmith put his heavy hand on Orac's shoulder and squeezed the muscle gently.

"My, an Orc! And not too big an Orc too I must say. Okay, Foral's the name, what can I do for you green one?" Orac blushed, hidden by his dark green complexion.

"Me be O-Orac.."

"Here, have a look at this, oh-Orac!" The blacksmith teased, and held out a horses' bridle. Orac looked hesitantly at it.

"Go ahead oh-Orac, no mean tricks on my part. I'm coldforging it, same job only you got to bang it harder. I'd be damn mean to give you something hot now wouldn't I?"

Orac nodded and took the horses' bridle. It was quite warm, but this by the banging of the hammer, not by the forge. Judging from the hot part the blacksmith had been ramming in a steel peg.

"It good made, sir forgemaster." Orac said politely. In Orc society blacksmiths held high status. You don't disrespect a forgemaster. Ever.

"Forgemaster!" the blacksmith laughed, and took the bridle, threw it up in his hand and then

onto a bench.

"Now what can I do for you, young Orac?"

Orac pulled his dagger, and without second thought the blacksmith took it from his hand and inspected it. He held it up with both hands, the pommel pointing at his nose and the point of the dagger at Orac's face, and looked over the line of the edge.

"Now that's quite some abuse, oh-Orac, quite some indeed! What have you been doing, cutting rocks?"

"It.. it fell on cobblestones and cart drove over it, forgemaster." Orac shyly answered, feeling as if he had to justify what had happened to his blade.

"A cart drove over it!" Foral laughed and shook his head.

"Two bronze and half an hour and I'll toss in a wetstone to sharpen it properly, how's that?"

"Good, forgemaster! Thank you, forgemaster." The blacksmith smiled.

"I'll see how you Orcs make the hilt come off, look around a bit, see if you see something you like." Foral walked off with the dagger and Orac turned to a long bench with alot of metalware on it. There was rough-iron, steel, copper and bronze forged into all sorts of things such as tools, arrowheads, nails, hinges...

Orac saw a small box with thick goldbrass rings in various sizes, obviously intended for holding together riding-gear and other leatherwares, tantalizingly glistening in the light of the oil lamps. These were finely crafted rings.. Orac gulped. He could never afford these, he barely had enough on him for having his knife fixed and today's food and lodging.

What if..

Orac shook his head briskly. To take something from a forgemaster.. His fingers played nervously with the ring he desired. It shone in the shimmering light of the oil lamps, so thick and heavy and beautiful.. So suitable for his purpose.. But.. to take something from a forgemaster!

It.. It was so beautiful..

Orac held his breath and pinched his eyes shut. He had never done this! He slowly slid the ring under the belt of his leather loincloth.

A heavy hand smacked on his shoulder and turned him, so he faced the blacksmith.

"I saw that, oh-Orac. I didn't take you for a thief, young Orc!"

"Me sorry forgemaster! Ohwww me no mean to.."

"For something you didn't mean to, you did it rather well.. But not good enough not to get caught!" the blacksmith said sternly, then poked his thick finger under the Orc's belt and retrieved the ring. He waved it in front of Orac's face, calm but angered.

"Do you have any idea how much work this is, oh-Orac? To cast it, file it, and then take it from coarse sandpaper all the way to salt-paper until it shines like it does?"

"Me.. me sorry, forgemaster!" Orac almost squeaked, as he cringed in embarrassment.

"Sorry won't do it. And a night in a cell won't do it either." the blacksmith said, and tapped the ring against the ring through Orac's snout.

"You already got a snoutring, what's this for then? Wanted to sell it off? My ring?"

"No-ooowwh.." Orac moaned and bit his lip.

"What's it for, oh-Orac?"

"It for my Orctail.." Orac whispered in defeat,

"It ring for to put around Orctail."

Foral blinked and looked at the ring.

"Standard goldbrass, one-half of an inch. Inner diameter one three-quarter inches. Are you a liar as well as a thief?"

"It true.." Orac squeaked.

"We'll see about that." the blacksmith decided, put his finger in the beltbuckle of Orac's loincloth, pulled the slack end thought and gave it a brisk tug, Orac's loincloth and pouches fell on his green feet and the blacksmith looked down.

Over a sac as thick as an apple the Orc indeed had a soft Orctail, hanging down a good six inches, that might well fit the ring.

"Well I'll be this and then some." the blacksmith said in amazement and fell silent.

Then he held out the ring and sternly looked Orac in the eyes.

"Orc. Put it on." Orac gasped.

"Please!"

"Orc: put it on. You wanted to steal it didn't you? Now wear it to your shame."

Orac hesitantly took the ring. He looked at the blacksmith but he showed no lenience. He sighted a shivering sigh of fear and slid the cold ring around his Orctail. And yes, awoken by the nakedness, tension and the coldness of the ring his Orctail betrayed him. With determined throbs Orac's Orctail started swelling bigger and bigger, capturing the ring at the base of it. And because the ring held the base of his meat so well it swelled as big and hard as it ever had been, the green foreskin sliding back to reveal the bright red glans that pumped up to a thick shiny knob on a nine inch cosh.

"Well.. well.. well.." the blacksmith slowly said,

"You're getting pretty excited by the bounty of your theft. That is not what I had in mind Orc: here's what I had in mind."

The blacksmith slid his finger through Orac's snoutring and led the naked Orc, who wore nothing but a ring around his hard swollen Orctail, to the great anvil at the middle of the forge. The blacksmith sat down on the anvil and with a tug at the snoutring he forced Orac to lie across his lap, then pinned the Orc's back down with his strong left hand.

"No! Nooo! Nooo!" Orac begged, because now he knew what was on the blacksmith's mind.
"No, please, forgemaster! Pleeease!"

"Here's what thieving Orcs get: I'm going to cold-forged some Orc-hams now!"

The blacksmith raised his strong hand and smacked it down on Orac's bare buttocks. And then he slapped again and again, over and over in a steady rhythm.

Orac roared in pain, as the blacksmith's hand, used to forging iron, smacked down on his Orc-hams. The blacksmith didn't deal his rumpsmacks fast, but rather dealt them one by one in a steady rhythm, whipping with his wrist as if banging a heavy hammer.

Oooow! Ooooooww! Ooow!

Orac's roaring became a howling as the rumpsmacks went on and on, and his green body writhed in sweat on the leather of the blacksmith's kilt. Foral diminished nothing in pace or vigor, and minutes passed where there was nothing heard other than the smacks of flesh on flesh and the howls and shrieks of the Orc that had stolen.

Then the blacksmith halted and Orac moaned and gasped for breath, dripping with sweat and tears oozing from his eyes. The blacksmith slowly rubbed his big hand over the Orc's now dark green hams.

"Quite warm I must say Orc. Are you sorry yet?"

"Me sorry forgemaster! Me sorry, me sorry!"

"Not nearly as sorry as you'll be when I get your Orc-hams as hot as they deserve to be!"

"Noooo!!!"

Briskly, but at the same steady pace the blacksmith started smacking the Orc's hams again, over and over, making his howls and shrieks fill the forge with noise, and the scents of soaking wet sweaty Orc perfuming the air with a scent of an Orc thief who was very sorry indeed for what he had done.

Minutes came and went, and the rumpsmacks came still undiminished while Orac now finally succumbed to agonized shrieks and yelps. Then, finally, the blacksmith stopped, all of a sudden.

He slowly rubbed his big hand over the round, shiny green Orc-hams, which were as wet with

the pouring sweat as the Orc was all over.

"Now then: now your Orc-hams are as hot as they deserved to be."

"Pleeeeeease forgemaster.. Pleeeeeease.."

"No, no, don't bother to plead, Orc. There won't be any more of that, I'd say your Orc-hams paid the price for your thievery quite enough. Come to breath but better stay as sorry as you are right now!"

"Thankyou.. Thankyou forgemaster.."

Foral kept slowly rubbing the glowing green Orc-hams while Orac regained some of his breath. Then he pushed the Orc off his lap, onto the floor.

"Get on your knees, thieving Orc."

Orac hastily got on his knees. His Orc-hams glowed and stung so much that he kept moaning softly, trying to find some comfort. There he sat, a naked Orc on his knees on the floor, looking up at a mighty human forgemaster, seated on his anvil like a king on his throne.

Orac's Orctail still was swollen as hard as it could be, as the punishment somehow had been very arousing to him, and the thick goldbrass ring kept his Orctail swollen as hard as it was going to get.

"Your mouth speaks of mercy but your Orctail speaks of something else. It is as if you liked your punishment. Did you, Orc? Did you like your punishment?"

"No.." Orac whimpered,

"Well.. maybe bit.. Orc deserved it. Orc been bad.."

"And right now it is your Orctail that is bad. Tug it for me."

Orac blinked. Could it be that this was more than mere punishment to the forgemaster too?

"Tug your Orctail for me, thieving Orc. And look me in the eyes while you do it until you squirt your Orcseed at my feet, to your shame for thieving."

Indeed, Orac was very ashamed at the thought alone, but it was not going to stay thought alone.

"I could ofcourse smack your Orc-hams again until you obey me better.." the blacksmith calmly said,

"And I even may smack your hams after that. But fact is that you will spill your Orcseed at my feet before nightfall comes. Do it."

Orac hesitantly took his meat. Oh, as hot, hard and eager as it was! How it betrayed him even now in his humiliation!

Orac started fondling his Orctail and gradually his fondling became a kneading, and the kneading became a firm massage.

"Ah, I must say you know how to handle your meat, thieving Orc. Now look me in the eyes and do so even if I avert mine to look at what you are doing for me. I take it you are very ashamed right now."

Orac hissed in embarrassment and looked the blacksmith in the eyes. He looked stern, but with a kindness to him. He had not been cruel, he had been very harsh on Orac, and for an Orc this made a world of difference. Orac hissed again whenever Foral's eyes strayed and calmly gazed at him massaging his Orctail and panting to the rhythm, then looked him in the eyes again.

The gazes between them, looking up to the mighty forgemaster, hypnotized Orac until he felt nothing but him pleasing his flesh and the Forgemaster looking down on him to assure that it was done. Orac got beyond shame, and now panted aloud, and started tugging his meat with both hands.

This was wild!

Finally the young Orc could not contain his lusts and moaning and hissing he pushed down his Orctail and hissed and thrashed his head left to right while he spilled his seed on the granite floor between the blacksmith's boots. Then he leaned with his hands on his legs for support, let his head hang low and came to breath, staring at the large puddle of his bright white Orcseed on the grey marble.

"That was more than I thought it would be, young Orc. You can take a rumpsmacking and you did a seminal penance that was most impressive. Most impressive. Now come closer until you kneel in the puddle of your own Orcseed."

Orac obeyed. Whatever was to come, he would yield to it to get what he deserved, yet what came surprised him still.

"Well, well.. It looks like you found remorse for your guilt, thieving Orc. I have given you your punishment. You have given me your seed. Now, to conclude the punishment for a thieving Orc, you may take mine."

The blacksmith, still seated on his anvil, pulled up his brown leather blacksmith's kilt, revealing his human seven inches which stood gloriously erect. Orac gulped and looked up at the magnificent forgemaster.

"Yes. I too have taken pleasure in these punishments. You may refuse, and I will merely smack your Orc-hams back to the hotness they had some moments ago. If you deem it right to please me to pay for your wrongdoing, you know what you must do now."

Orac did not need much time to decide. Watching the forgemaster oversee his tugging had showed him that it was good. With his Orctail still hard by the ring and his arousal he moved forward, hugged the blacksmith's loins and took his strange-tasting human meat into his mouth.

Orac slowly sucked on the heated human meat, working it with his tongue and lips and trying his best to taste all of it, and alternated lunges forward to drive the meat into his throat with slow retractions and licks from his tongue.

The blacksmith petted his bald green head and played with his long, pointy Orc ears, occasionally seizing the back of his head and skewering the Orc on his meat when he felt impatient.

"Now there's a good Orc." the blacksmith praised, and pushed the Orc's snoutring and tusts to his body, then drew his head back and pushed the Orc back onto his meat. The blacksmith was less patient with the pleasing of his meat than with the smacking of Orc-hams, and he soon increased pace, with Orac fighting to please him as much as he could and getting some air doing it.

"There!" the blacksmith groaned and his human seed squirted in the Orc's mouth, which welcomed it as a treat. The blacksmith kept the Orc skewered and licking until his meat had gone soft again. Then he pulled Orac's head back, who released the human meat with a sucking pop, and held his green Orc head in his hands, lining his tusks with his thumbs.

"Orc: your debt to me is duly paid. It seems only fair that I let you keep that ring, and work your dagger for free."

Orac looked at him, eyes wide with adoration.

"Oh.. thank you, forgemaster.." Foral smiled, pushed the Orc's shoulders back and saw that his ringed Orctail was by no means diminished.

"I will even allow you to stay around and eat a bite with me but.." the blacksmith smiled shamelessly,

"Only if you wear nothing but that ring you've earned, and I take it you know how to thank me for your meal."

Orac sighed in admiration.

"Me.. me wants, forgemaster.."

"Sure you do!" Foral smiled and got on his feet,

"You're my Orc now. You like that, don't you?" Orac, still on his knees, looked up at the blacksmith in admiration.

"Yes.. Me your Orc now, forgemaster.."

"Well I like the forgemaster bit so that stays, young Orc. Now as for that dagger of yours.."

Foral walked away and took the blade of the dagger off a bench. Orac startled, because his fine dagger was stripped to the bare blade. Foral smiled.

"What kind of warrior are you, that you never saw your dagger undone?" Orac hissed in embarrassment. It was true. He was twenty-two and had gotten his dagger after his Initiation at sixteen, yet never taken it apart nor knew how to.

"Over here you." the blacksmith ordered, and Orac got on his feet and got to him. Foral demonstrated it before his eyes, slapping the parts together in a casual routine.

"Okay, here's your blade. The hilt slides over the tang like so: perfect fit. Now the handle comes on, see? Just one way in which it fits. Okay, now the pommel comes on like so, push it down, twist it halfway and pull it up. The leather cord goes between the handle and the pommel, locking it in place. To undo it, other way around." Fast like lightning the blacksmith undid the parts and took the blade. Then he looked the smaller Orc in the eyes.

"I'm not in the habit of spanking Orc-hams even though I must say yours tempt me, young Orac.." Orac hissed in humiliation. His muscular rump still was glowing fiercely, and was still quite stingy.

"But are -you- in the habit of thieving?"

"Ooh! No forgemaster.. Me no thief.." Foral looked at Orac with a bit more confidence than the Orc was comfortable with.

"I -did- slap those Orc-hams of yours well enough, didn't I? It is not that I'd have to lay you across my lap again because I find things missing, will I?"

"No, forgemaster.." Orac looked down in remorse, but Foral lifted the Orc's chin with his finger until he faced him again.

"I believe you, young Orc." Orac relaxed. The thoughts of more rumpsmacks was a bit too exciting for him right now and his fear-tightened tummy relaxed.

"Now get me my one-inch roundhead hammer off that bench there. Oh and Orac.." Orac looked at him in anticipation.

"Better hurry up a bit too." the tension was too much, and Orac ran to the other side of the forge, frantically looked for the requested hammer and dashed back to hand it to the blacksmith.

"Here, forgemaster."

"My, by the looks of it you seem eager to please. I never did have a helper so forthcoming as you are..." The blacksmith took Orac's erect Orctail in his hand, feeling the warmth and the soft skin over the hard meat beneath, and gently played with it.

"Or as naked as you are.. beastie!"

Orac hissed hard as he startled by the word, and blushed a dark green. There he stood, a naked Orc warrior, Orctail sticking out hard and ringed, being fondled gently by a greater human forgemaster.

"Yes.. You like that word, don't you, beastie? So befitting a naughty Orc like you." Orac looked down and gulped, then softly whispered:

"Yes, forgemaster.." Foral stopped and held the side of the Orc's arm.

"I'm not pushing you too hard, am I? You seem to like the pushing."

"Me likes, forgemaster.."

"It's odd, I don't usually do this, but you and your naughtiness invite it. I like you, green one."

Suddenly the door was banged. Orac startled, grabbed his loincloth and pouches and hid behind the brick forge in the back of the workshop.

"Enter!" Foral invited, and the small door in the gate opened. A well-dressed human, obviously a nobleman, entered the forge.

"Good evening good Sir!"

"Sir Foral!" the nobleman greeted and they shook hands, then Foral made an apologetic gesture.

"I said I would, but I didn't finish your request, sorry about that. I got the belts and most of the rings, but it turns out I'm one ring short. A one-threequarter incher, I'll have it ready for you tomorrow.

"Umm Foral: There's an Orc hiding behind your forge." Foral heard a telltale hiss from behind him and smiled.

"Oh that's okay, that's young Orac. Don't mind him. If he likes to he'll come out and if not he won't bother you. Leave him be I'd say." The nobleman scratched his chin, then shrugged his shoulders.

"When will the final ring be ready?"

"I don't know what comes in during the morning, but I'd say in the early afternoon. From what you ordered I'd say it's for riding gear, I'd be happy to rivet it for you if you take your horse, sir. No charge too: You're good business."

"It's.. Hey, kind of you good sir but it's not for horse's gear. I'll send a servant to fetch it. If that shy helper of yours will be around they can shake hands, he's an Orc too. You'll be seeing more of me, fine blacksmith!"

"Until then, good sir!" Foral smiled and the nobleman left. There was a quick slapping of Orc-feet on the granite tiles as Orac ran towards him, his undiminished Orctail swaying left to right. The smaller Orc hugged the big blacksmith and pressed his bald green head down to the blocksmith's broad chest. Foral put his big arms around the younger Orc warrior and petted his back.

"There, there, Orac!" He smiled, overcome by the Orc's affection, "I have your dagger to tend to." Orac let go and watched in admiration how the human forgemaster used the hammer as well as strange small metal chisels on the edge of his blade

with skillful taps and bangs.

Foral held up the blade and looked over the edge of it. He put it aside, turned to Orac and seized him by his Orctail, pulling the Orc body to body against him, looking him in his big green eyes with barely a hand's width between them.

"Your blade has seen more than a cart's wheel, Orac.." he said, giving a few firm tugs at the young warrior's inviting Orctail,
"I really should give your Orc-hams some smacks just for disrespecting the forgemaster who made it."

"Oh!" Orac gasped.

"There's much naughtiness to you, green one.. Go sit on that bench." Foral swiped some metalware aside and Orac got seated on the benchtop, back leaning against the wall.
"Good. Now let's see about that naughtyness.."

The blacksmith walked off and returned with a couple of long, narrow leather belts. He took Orac's wrist, and closed a belt's end around it, then took the long end and tied it to the back leg of the bench to Orac's side.

"What you go do?" Orac gasped, his belly quivering with tension.

"Something about that naughtyness of yours." The blacksmith decided and bound Orac's other wrist to the other side of Orac with a long slack of belt.

"You are way too naughty to my tastes and I want to see if something can be done about it. If you get scared I'll stop, but I see curiosity in your eyes." The blacksmith crouched down and took Orac's leg, and closed a third belt around his ankle, which was rather thin compared to his calf and Orcfoot. He then put the slack end around the bench's leg, and pulled Orac's foot toward it before tying it.

"What you go do! What you go do!" Orac nervously whispered as the blacksmith did the same with Orac's other ankle, and slowly pulled the Orc's legs wide apart.

"A little game I thought up just now, to deal with your naughtyness." A fifth belt went around Orac's leg, above his knee, and a sixth finally around his other knee. Then Foral fastened these.

There Orac sat: Arms tied left and right of him, ankles apart, knees spread wide and between them his ringed Orctail, pointing upward in lustful eagerness.

"What if someone go come?" Orac gasped.

"Oh, then they'll knock before they come in, won't they? You're quite a sight to see.. What would embarrass you more? If it were a Human, an Orc or a Dwarf?"

"Please forgemaster, please.."

"I could lock the door and call it a day as for forge-work. What do you say?"

"Pleease!"

"Good. Lock the door it is then." Foral walked off and closed the door with a big metal bar, then walked back to the tied Orc on the bench, and put his big hands on the Orc's smooth green thighs.

"Then there is the matter of your Orctail. I think that is the source of your naughtyness, is it not?"

"Y-yes.."

"Well, the sight of it makes me curious. I never -did- taste an Orc's tail before, and I don't think you'll object."

The blacksmith came closer and slowly started smelling Orac's big Orctail, then looked up. "Your Orc musks please my nose, beastie.. Now to see if they please my tongue as well.."

The blacksmith put his mouth to the hard-swollen dark red glans of the Orctail, and parted his lips as he let it slide into his mouth. Then he slowly started sucking on it for a while, making Orac moan softly and tug a bit at the belts that restrained him. The blacksmith popped the big Orc's glans from his mouth and stood upright, taking Orac's Orctail in his big but soft hand and started kneading and massaging it.

"Ah, but you like all this don't you Orc?"

"Ooo-yess! Yess forgemaster!"

"Well I'm going to taste you some more, but I warn you: I'll have not a drop of Orcseed in my mouth. Warn me right before squirting and make sure you spill not a drop or else.." His eyes narrowed in a teasing promise, "
"..or else it's rumpsmacks all over again for you."

"Ooh!"

"Not a drop from you, do you promise?"

"Yes!" Orac squeaked in excitement. This was an arousing game indeed..

The blacksmith let the huge Orctail slide into his mouth again, and briskly started licking and sucking on it, playing with Orac's green ball-pouch with one hand and rubbing his Orc-hams with his other.

Orac sat there, eyes wide, staring down and gasping for breath. Oh! This was so lustful, to be tied by this mountain of a man in such a way that he could do nothing but offer his Orctail, and to hava that Orctail deliciously sucked on and licked by this magnificent forgemaster.

Orac started panting uncontrollably, let the back of his head rest to the wall, closed his eyes and just sat there, taking the pleasing of his Orctail like it came, with no power to resist it nor a will to do so.

It became too much, and he couldn't bear it anymore.

"Forgemaster.. No! Me almost.. almost.." Foral stopped, stood upright and held Orac's head by wrapping two fingers behind his tusk.

"Aah! Almost, but not quite.. Good Orc! You managed to control yourself!" The blacksmith took the Orc's blade, placed it between Orac's spread legs, then took a little chisel and hammer and started tapping the blade, while Orac panted and moaned in disbelief and lust.

"Forgemaster! What.. what.."

"Fixing your dagger, like I promised to!" Foral teased and briskly worked on.

"Oh.. me all.. me all hot in Orctail!" Orac feebly protested, and Foral put down his hammer.

"You're hot in your Orctail.. And?"

"And me likes.. me likes.."

"Not one drop beastie.. I'm warning you!" The blacksmith came forward and took the huge Orctail halfway in his mouth again, and briskly started sucking and licking it.

"Aaaaah... Ooooh..." Orac moaned and let himself go limp against the wall again, panting and moaning, tongue hanging from his mouth. The forgemaster was very persuasive and all too soon Orac couldn't contain himself anymore.

"Forgemaster.. Nooo!" Foral halted and started rubbing Orac's chest, playing with his hardened nipples while the young Orc moaned on.

"Ooooh! Me Orc wants to squirt it -so bad-!"

"Sure you do, beastie. Go ahead while I straighten this edge here.."

"Ooooh! You're so tough on Orc!" Orac moaned while between his legs his dagger was fixed further. Orac got to breath a bit, when suddenly Foral looked him in the eyes.

"Not a drop, Orc! I mean it!" Then Foral started deliciously suching again and all too soon Orac had to stop him again, and the blacksmith finished off the blade, reassembled it and put it aside.

"Good, now where were we? You tell me, beastie!"

"F-Forgemaster was licking tail of Orc.. Oooh me Orc all hot on forgemaster!"

"Are you now?"

"Yeeeeess!"

"Choose. Either I take your Orctail in my mouth and you have to stop, or I will take it in my hand and you get to squirt for me. What will it be, beastie?"

"B..Beastie wants to squirt.."

"Good Orc! Calling yourself beastie too!" Orac was beyond shame, so far in lust there were no second thoughts, and very few first thoughts to begin with. Foral took the thick-knobbed red-and-green Orctail in his hands and started squeezing and massaging it, making Orac moan and gasp in utter bliss.

"You get to squirt for me, beastie.. You're going to yield your Orcseed to me, every last drop..."

Suddenly the young Orc seemed to cramp up, pinched his eyes shut and let out a booming howl, and with this howl came thick hard jets of white Orcseed, splattering against the forgemaster's chest, slowly oozing down, sticky and warm. And while Foral squeezed the last drops from his Orctail, Orac panted frantically to come to breath, then lay limp against the wall.

"It brings me lust to please you, my sweet green beastie.." Foral growled in excitement, and started undoing the restraining-belts one by one. Orac's Orctail, held by the ring, still stood erect undiminished.

"I can see why an Orc would want such a ring.." Foral said,
"And I'm glad to have given it to you even though you tried to steal." The blacksmith grabbed Orac's waist and pulled him off the bench, then turned him around and made the blissed Orc bend over, elbows on the bench. Foral dealt some loud smacks to his green Orc-hams, sliding his fingers up between the crevice after each smack. Then he tugged on his belt, dropping his blacksmith's kilt.

"I've got something for those Orc-hams of yours Orac.. Something you'll get from me right now!" He rubbed some Orcseed off his belly and rubbed his cock and balls with it, then worked the slick goo between the green hams.

"I'm going to mount you, Orkie! Mount you right here where you stand!" Orac moaned in desire and pushed his rump back. He was eager to get his.

Foral put his feet outside Orac's and hugged him from behind, grabbing the Orc's shoulders from beneath. Then he put his slick-shining cock to the green Orc-hams, poking impatiently. "Let me -in- beastie!" he commanded and Orac obeyed by relaxing his muscles.

Foral slowly pushed halfway in, then out and then slowly drove his meat all the way up Orac's rear, who moaned and hissed, this time in unbridled lust. Foral started pumping and leaned heavily on the smaller Orc, who bowed his head, elbows on the bench, trying to take it like a warrior.

"Yeah Orac, you're nice and tight and hot in there, looks like my rumpsmacks did you good!"

"Mount Orc hard! Show Orc! Harder!" Orac commanded in the heat of the mounting, and full of lust Foral fulfilled his wish and briskly started pumping his full length in and out, over and over, harder and harder.

"You're in -my- forge now, beastie!" Foral panted and bit the rib of Orac's ear, still thrusting his seven inches for all their worth. Minutes passed and both the human and the young Orc were fully immersed into their play.

"Got you now you sweaty green Orc!" Foral moaned, and squirted his seed between the Orc's hams he had smacked so briskly before. Slowly both came to breath, still in the mounting position, while the blacksmith's meat receded within Orac.

Foral pulled out and took a step back. Orac turned, still panting a bit, grinning from ear to ear. "Sweaty green Orc.." he mocked,

"Well you do sweat a lot, feisty one!" Orac jumped at Foral and hugged the big human, putting his head to his neck and letting out a soft squeak of joy.

"My Orac, sweet Orac.." said the blacksmith gently and stroked the Orc's slick back.

"Me here in city of Hindevelt for nine more days.." Orac whispered.

"I could use me a helper as able as you. I can offer three silver if you work hard for it too. You'd sleep in my bed and eat my food, that goes without saying.."

Orac softly growled a lustful growl,

"And me be -all yours- all of the time.." he whispered back,

"That go without saying too.."

Foral thudded his big hand on the Orc's back.

"Good, that's settled. And now, my beastie, you are 'all mine' for peeling potatoes! Let's see if you cook as well as you romp!"

And with that said, it was decided that Orac was to stay.

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