

Mog'Momm
By Princess_Lil
For @PrissyOrcGF

Moervale wasn't really Mog'ronn's birthday, but it sure was her home. She was the one who kept the people safe, the one who they came to when they had problems, and the one who made sure drunk adventurer's looking for a fight in the local tavern got one. And that they didn't ask for another.

Outsiders were always astonished with how much ease everyone around the village was with Mog'ronn. Orcs were known for their savagery and violence, to see some town out in the middle of nowhere happily accept one as their guardian, let her look over their children when they were playing, and not flinching at all when she came into town with a giant axe strapped to her back that a human man would be lucky to be able to lift.

A thousand questions from a thousand adventurers made the village folk pretty bored and even annoyed at the questions. Mog'ronn was an orc, sure, but she was someone they depended on! Most had some issue she'd personally helped with. Like the time she rescued the sheep from some wolves, or the time she ran into a house fire to rescue old lady Balba, and so on and so on.

Not that the village had ever treated Mog'ronn with any suspicion. At least, none more than any other stranger got. It was one of the reasons she'd settled down here! Sure, the village had *stories* of orcs raiding settlements, but no one here had ever experienced it. They were, at worst, curious. Most just didn't pay the horned woman much mind at all. She was big, strong, and willing to help! So what if she had some horns?

With Moervale alive with the buzz of adventurers stopping in -- probably on some quest to save the world, as they all seemed to be -- Mog'ronn knew she'd have her own work cut out for her making sure they didn't make too much of an annoyance.

She was completely taken aback by the green-haired half-elf at the center of all the attention. She was a cute, slight thing. A touch shorter than most of the village women. Children clamored for her attention as soon as she'd stepped into town, many asking questions about her ears or why she smelled so good.

The half-elf didn't have the normal self-importance that most adventurers carried. She was all smiles and giggles, happily answering questions. "Mm! Well! My ears are like this cause my dad was an elf!"

"Ay, well, what's the difference 'tween a half-elf and an elf?" an older woman asked.

“Oh! Well, you can tell the difference by the ears!” The half-elf pushed her ears back to be more vertically aligned with her head and pointing skyward before she let them bounce back to their horizontal start. “Halfie ears kind of, like, jut out from our head!”

Mog’ronn had to interrupt. “And why are you here? I don’t see any weapons on you. And we’re quite a bit out from any of the main roads.”

The half-elf looked at Mog’ronn with a clueless little expression before she just smiled as brightly as she could. “I’m following a map! There’s some buried ruins around here with some super interesting treasure!” she flashed the map.

Everyone sort of just looked at each other confused. The crowd murmured amongst themselves.

“You ever see some ruins?”

“I ain’t seen a thing of the sort out there.”

“Ruins? Here? Gotta be kiddin’.”

Finally some child with wide eyes spoke up, “Treasure!? What kind?”

The half-elf giggled and crouched down. “Super, super, *super* old elven ones! Like, thousands of years! There’s probably traps and all sorts of dangerous stuff down there, so if you see anything like that, don’t go in, okay?”

Mog’ronn tilted her head. That this silly half-elf was telling a child that was almost ironic. “And without weapons, you think you’ll be fine in there?” she asked.

“Probably!” The half-elf giggled and popped back up.

“Can you fight?” Mog’ronn asked.

The half-elf tilted her head. “Mm, I don’t really like fighting.”

“...magic?”

“A little, yeah! I can make plants grow and stuff!”

“And you’re gonna venture down into some old ruin full of traps, monsters, and who knows what else...?” Mog’ronn couldn’t help but smile. She saw the look on a few of the village folk who were looking pretty skeptical.

“Yeah!” the half-elf cheered without any hesitation.

The orc laughed. She stepped through the crowd and patted the half-elf on the head. “What’s your name?”

“Lilah!” the greenhaired girl answered proudly.

“I’m Mog’ronn. I keep the people of this village safe. And happy.”

“Wow, that’s super co--” Mog’ronn shushed the half-elf by putting a finger to her lips.

“What do you think would happen if you got hurt or didn’t come back after being so sweet to these people?” Mog’ronn didn’t wait for an answer. “They’d be upset and feel bad. Some might go looking for you. Some of these kids might stumble on the ruins and try to get people to go inside. It’d be a giant bother, and I just can’t have that.”

Lilah’s ears drooped. She pouted against the finger still pressed to her mouth.

“So, I’ll just have to take care of it for you. You sit back here. Give me the map, and let momma Mog’ronn take care of this.”

“But!” Lilah spit out.

“But what?” Mog’ronn loomed over the half-elf. “You try to come after me, I’m gonna give you the biggest spanking of your life and send you back to the village. So be a good girl and stay put.”

The villagers started laughing. “Ay, just let her do her thing, girl. She’s mighty dependable, and I think she’s taken a bit of a liking to you!”

“Yeah! We don’t get many of your types around here! Most hate answering questions. Why don’t you come to the tavern and tell us some stories and some news while you wait for our village guardian to run this errand for you.”

“Mmm,” Lilah hesitated for a few moments, but the eager looks of the children wanting to hear more stories pushed her over the edge. “If you’re sure, but you have to promise me that if things get tough, you’ll call it! Don’t risk yourself, okay? That’s totally not fair!”

Mog’ronn laughed and plucked the map from Lilah’s hand. “To think a brat like you is trying to tell me how to take care of myself. You’re lucky I don’t make you stay in the village with how sweet and naive you are.”

“A-ahaha...?” Lilah wasn’t sure if it was a joke or not.

“What is *wrong* with this place!?” Mog’ronn said as she splattered a bug against a nearby wall. Having descended far deeper into the ruins than she’d originally planned, she could tell no one had been here for ages. The map Lilah had led her to the entrance, sure, a door hidden under a large rock that the half-elf had no chance of lifting by herself. Nor would anyone even think to lift it without a map announcing there were ruins underneath.

Most of it had been easy for the orc. She was tough. And strong. And her axe could cut through any beastie that made itself known. But the whole ruin was full of puzzles that were so old they just didn’t work anymore. The magic was fading, and most of the solutions simply involved Mog’ronn powering through them by pushing down walls and praying the whole thing didn’t cave in on her.

That was until the bugs. So many icky, disgusting, nasty creepy crawlies that swarmed about! All as big as her fist! She was covered in bug goop and was *entirely* done with them for the rest of her life. She took a step through the threshold to another room, some magical glitter sparkled, and she found herself completely cleaned.

She shook her head. “Elves...” she muttered. “Ancient elves. Prissy as can be. Always worried about being dirty.” The muscular orc woman looked around the room and sighed in relief. “This must be it,” she said as she approached a strange, glowing pink box. There was no other way out, and this looked to be about the only thing that still held most of its magic.

“Was this what the girl was looking for?” Mog’ronn laughed. “Of course she was. Some girl looking for some bright pink thing. Of coouurse. She did come off as pretty girly. Probably would’ve ran screaming at the giant spiders.” She paused. “...or tried to befriend them. She did seem naive enough.”

The orc put her axe down and leaned against it as she inspected the box. “Should I really let her leave? Maybe I should put her through some training first. Teach her how to fight and protect herself. She’s not suited to be an adventurer. She’s gonna stumble into some goblins and get taken prisoner or something.” Mog’ronn tapped her lip. “Yeah. That’s what I’ll do. I’ll take her in and train her.”

And with that decided, Mog’ronn reached out to snatch the glowing pink box, a passing thought of “Guess I’m getting maternal instincts,” flashing through her mind right as she touched it.

You shall receive a form befitting your desires.

Mog’ronn barely had time to say “Huh?” as the bright pink box flashed and nearly blinded her. She jammed her eyes shut. Warmth washed over her.

Oh shit. It was trapped, wasn't it?

Mog'ronn struggled for a moment to open her eyes, but when she could finally see again, there was nothing there. The box was gone. And there was nothing but quiet left in the ancient elven ruin.

"...Oh." Mog'ronn shrugged. "She's gonna be disappointed. Now I feel a little bad," she said with a sigh. "That's fine, maybe I can make it up to her with a little spanking."

The orc went cross eyed for just a moment. Where the hell did that come from? She joked about it earlier with her, but she didn't really intend to do it! Weird.

Mog'ronn turned to the exit and started the long trip back to the village. She'd be walking for a few hours, and she was already feeling kinda tired. "Should make that girl give me a massage to make up for this. She's going to have to learn to appreciate all I'm going to do for her."

Wait, that wasn't...?

"Mmm. It's going to be so fun having someone so cute to play with."

This isn't...!

"I just can't wait. I'm gonna give her the biggest hug, like, ever, as soon as I see her."

...these aren't her thoughts, are they? These aren't her feelings?

"Ugh, but, like, I'm all muscles and stuff. I should be way softer if I'm going to hug her."

Mog'ronn felt a strange surge of heat collecting in her chest. Her heart thudded inside her ears. She stumbled forward and put a hand against a nearby wall to brace herself. She panted as she felt the heat increase and then a strange tightness over her chest.

Had she gotten poisoned? Ah, she still had some antidotes on her, she just needed to--*riiiiiiiiiip!*

Mog'ronn's leathers couldn't stand the building pressure of bountiful titflesh pushing outward, becoming more and more plump by the second. Bigger and bigger until Mog'ronn would be lucky to be able to see her own feet. They stuck straight out, impossibly perky, impossibly large. She looked over her new, fat, swollen tits with awe.

"Are these mine...?" she asked herself. "They're, like, so big and..." She groped herself and squealed in delight. "Oh. My. God! They're so sensitive!" she couldn't stop playing with her now

massive tits. Her hands just sank into them. They were so soft. “Nnnf~ I could just like, suffocate her in these!” she giggled. “I’m gonna give that girl a biiiig smooch too!”

These thoughts weren’t her own. They couldn’t be! She wasn’t... she didn’t want to be some dumb bimbo! She was a proud orc! Strong and fierce! But as the magic undid layers of shame and conditioning, it was more than happy to start revealing who Mog’ronn truly was.

“Pffwthssllaa...?” she stuck her tongue out between her lips. She could barely even get her tongue past them. She moved her gaze from her tits to try to see if she could see her lips and was completely taken aback that she could actually *see her own lips*.

She immediately raised her hands to feel them. “Ooooh... thith... tho... unnf~” They were so sensitive! She had to keep playing with them. Keep teasing them. God. She could probably orgasm just from playing with her own lips. She was gonna give that half-elf all the kisses in the world. Completely cover her in pink lipstick and glitter and parade her down the street to show everyone just how much Mog’ronn loved her “daughter.”

“Oooh!” Mog’ronn let out an absolutely girlish squeak. Her pants were feeling really tight, and after just a few more moments, she could feel them ripping apart at the seams. Her ass bounced free and might as well have been turned into a perpetual motion machine with how eager it seemed to just keep bouncing and jiggling.

Mog’ronn reached back and groped her rump before giving an absolutely excited squeal. She just *couldn’t wait* to show Lilah what a real mommy was like!

The sun had gone down and children were in bed, but the tavern was positively abuzz with Lilah’s outlandish tales of strange things she’d either seen or experienced. “Yeah! I was, like, out on the seas, and I heard this girl singing! She had such a pretty voice! So I looked around for her an--”

The tavern door opened with a bang. Everyone turned to see an almost comically sexed up orc. Her breasts and rump barely fit through the door. She was covered from head to toe in some tight, shiny material, and she wore some positively gaudy pink platform heels making the already tall orc even taller. It was obvious she still had abs and muscles abound -- how could she move without them!? -- but everyone’s eyes were locked on how *big* her curves were. Her lips in particular might as well have dominated a significant chunk of her face.

“Sweetie~!” the orc giggled as she walked through the crowd toward Lilah.

“...me?” Lilah squeaked.

“Of course~” Mog’ronn picked Lilah up in a hug and squished the girl against her breasts before kissing her right on the nose.

Lilah had a sharp nose. Sharper than a human’s for sure. The pheromones radiating off Mog’ronn’s body were well on their way of turning her mind to obedient mush. “Huuuhn... w-Mog’ronn...?” she managed to ask before she just buried her head between the orc’s massive tits.

“Nuh-uh-uh~ I’m, like, mommy to you! Understand?” she giggled as she pet Lilah’s hair back. “And I’m gonna take such goood care of you! Gonna make you my little pet! Okie?”

“Okay mommy~” Lilah was practically drooling. She was a lost cause, already helplessly enraptured by the orc who had just forcibly adopted her.

“Goodie! Let’s go home! Mommy, like, so needs some stress relief, and you’re totes gonna help~!”