

ROTUND REALMS: FALL OF A CHAMPION, PART 1 OF 2

Starring Orgnot, a gluttonous Orc OC designed by <https://www.deviantart.com/calciumstrength>



Drums echoed through the rolling green mounds of the Serpent Hills. In the center of the wilderness, torches blazed and painted tents dotted the plains like a sea of tiny, colorful murals. Muscular green bodies filled the middle of the orc camp, where an impromptu ring of stakes and torches had been set up.

At last, the time had come again for “Grung-Nagh,” or the Tests of Strength, as they were known in the Orcish tongue. Every year, the contest was held to determine which of the older warriors in the matriarchy were allowed to continue raiding... and which ones were designated for other purposes.

Orc society had no room for mediocrity--only the strongest of the strong were permitted to lead the vicious war-bands, which ranged far and wide, pillaging and looting for the tribe. It was a noble calling to be a war-band member, the equivalent of a shield-maiden in other cultures. The women of the war-bands were honored by the tribe... but they had to be tested. Had to be the best of the best.

And so, Orgnot of the Crooked Fang stood in a cage of sharpened pikes, ready to be unleashed on the fighting ring. Her feral-looking sidecut, rippling muscles, ubiquitous scars and dazzling body-paint all combined to make her a fierce picture of an orc.

She could only hope her strength was enough to win this fight.

But of course, it would be. She was Orgnot--Warrior of the Wilds, elf-basher, man-taker. There was no way she could lose--especially not against an orc like Thanna. Thanna was weak and small, a magic-user, a filthy magistrix. She could not compete with Orgnot. Why, just this month alone, Orgnot had taken a dozen human and elf mates from her conquests, and Thanna had only taken three! That weakling could never best her.

Having reassured herself, Orgnot puffed out her chest--already a considerable mass of barrel-shaped orcmeat--and pounded on the door of the cage.

"Let's get this over with! I hunger for *glory!*"

Above her on a scaffolding made of bones and sinew, the tribe's Shamaness smacked her staff against the roof of Orgnot's cage. Shamaness Glutt was one of the rare goblins to rise to prominence in Orc society, and she had done so by being ruthlessly traditional.

"Silence, warrior. Have some respect for the ritual!"

Orgnot grumbled, crossing her arms and kicking at the side of the cage. She was frustrated that she even had to take part in this--she was one of the best warriors the tribe had. It wasn't even a *question* to her, whether she should remain in the raiding party. Of course she should! She was Orgnot!

The orc tribe and their goblin cohorts had gathered around the central fighting ring, the grass flattened and ceremonially sprinkled with red ochre. Finally, once the crowd was large enough, the Shamaness blew the ritual horn, its ivory length booming with ominous sound... and the cage doors were opened.

"Finally," growled Orgnot.

She burst free from the cage, pounding into the ring. Thanna had just emerged as well. The two of them took a moment to work the crowd--Thanna bowing to them and setting off a few small pyrotechnics, and Orgnot flexing her muscles and pounding her chest--before they faced each other in the center.

Two goblins walked up to the each of the ring, each carrying a cudgel. As one, they raised the cudgels, and the orc tribe went silent.

The Shamaness blew the Horn once more.

“Today we decide who among us fights for Orcs... And who among us breeds for Orcs. Let the Test... begin!”

As one, the goblins tossed the clubs into the ring--and the fight began.

Magic was not allowed in the Trials, so Thanna was at a notable disadvantage. Smaller, more curvaceous and with long braids instead of Orgnot’s half-bald sidecut, she darted to the left and picked up her cudgel. Before she could straighten, Orgnot kicked her in the side, sending the smaller orc woman sprawling onto the edge of the ring.

“Hah! Weakling.”

Orgnot marched over to her club and picked it up, hefting it. It was a vicious length of bone; the end was covered with a wrap of animal hide to soften its impact, but it was still a brutal weapon. The Trials were not fought to the death... but broken bones were common anyway. It was, after all, a fight between orcs.

She turned to mock Thanna some more--and the other orc’s club smashed into Orgnot’s jaw, sending her reeling. Thanna had deliberately made her fall look worse than it was, buying her valuable time.

Orgnot growled and swung wildly at her opponent. But Thanna was quick, quicker than she expected. Darting under Orgnot’s swings, the smaller orc took a swift kick at the back of Orgnot’s knee, eliciting a snarl of pain.

Orgnot was a skilled fighter, but she was also rather top-heavy, her torso covered in rippling muscle. When Thanna struck her in the back of the knee she crumpled--and before she could catch up to what was happening, Thanna had wrapped her neck in a brutal full-nelson, choking Orgnot.

She... She must have tricked me! The big orc’s thoughts were a whirlwind of confusion.
Stupid little runt!

Jabbing her elbow backwards into Thanna’s ribs, she heard a satisfying crack... but the wily magic-user’s grip only tightened. Orgnot tried to reach behind her, seeking to grip the smaller woman and hurl her out of the ring, but Thanna easily dodged her fumbling hands.

Soon Orgnot’s vision began to spin. She couldn’t think... she could only flail wildly. And each useless grab and swing used up precious oxygen, her eyes bulging as Thanna continued to cut off her air supply.

The audience had been cheering when the warriors were first released... but now an awed silence descended on the ring, as their reigning champion of looting and pillaging was slowly choked out. Orgnot was stubborn, and refused to tap out to end the conflict--even as her gagging and choking filled the air.

Through a veil of gathering shadow, Orgnot stared out at her fellow tribe-mates. She recognized many of her admirers in the crowd... and the thought crossed her mind that if she died here, it would be a humiliating loss. Her spirit would never know peace. And she would go down in tribal history as the quickest loss in the Testing Ring of all time. That idea was unacceptable--she had to surrender.

Even if it meant her days as a warrior were over.

Furious but unwilling to pollute the holy combat ground with a shameful death, Orgnot reached up and tapped Thanna's elbow, twice, with the last of her strength.

A deep rumbling note sounded from the Priestess' ceremonial conch. Thanna released her, and Orgnot fell to the ground, gasping. She had half a mind to turn around and continue attacking--but the conch had spoken. The match was over.

And she had lost.

Staring into the mud, her eyes distant and glassy, Orgnot struggled to understand what this meant. No more fighting? No more warfare? She could hardly imagine such a life. And the fate for those matriarchs who lost their Testing matches... they were relegated to a life of *motherhood*. She couldn't imagine anything more shameful or dull.

When Thanna reached to help her up, Orgnot swiped her hand away.

"Leave... me be, runt. Haven't you... Humiliated me enough, on this day?"

Thanna stood back, crossing her arms.

"Don't be a fool. Look at the orcs out there--they still adore you. You can make a good life in the breeding tents, if you don't let your pride get in the way."

She extended her hand again.

"Come on. Give them a good, honorable finish to the match. You fought well--now lose with dignity. For their sake, not yours."

Orgnot growled and snarled, spitting blood from in between her tusks... but she accepted the outstretched hand. The two orc women faced off, saluted one another with a chest-thump, and returned to their respective corners of the ring.

Try as she might, Orgnot couldn't let her wounded pride go. She glowered at Thanna as former admirers of hers stormed the ring, tossing flowers on her, showering her with adoration and gifts. A new warband leader--possibly the first spellcaster to ever have such a position. It was a historical moment, for the tribe. A turning point.

And Orgnot, with all her glories, would be... forgotten.

A small, knotted hand rested on Orgnot's shoulder. She looked down to see the Shamaness, staring at her with an expression of sorrow... and mild amusement.

"Do not lament the loss of your Warband, girl. They will find glory in battle with or without you. Thanna is a cunning strategist--she will lead them well."

Orgnot scowled.

"Strategy is for runts and miserable, book-learning wizards. I would have crushed all enemies before me, as I always have--I could have conquered all the plains, if that little *runt* hadn't cheated!"

"She did not cheat." Shamaness Glutt tugged on her hood, where a stylized eye was stitched into the fabric. "My third eye sees many things, including the ley lines of magic in the ring. She cast no spells, used no charms. You lost fair and square, Orgnot. Now come--you have new duties to attend to."

Orgnot lingered in the ring, however, watching with a sense of sadness as the sun began to set on her failure. Finally, she followed the Shamaness, feeling her confidence collapse inside her.

How had she lost? How had it happened? She hadn't fought hard enough, maybe. Hadn't been clever enough. But one thing was for sure: she could *never* be happy as a breeder for the Orc horde.

Or so she thought.

The breeder tents were arranged in the center of camp, far away from the sharpened pikes and skulls-on-stakes marking the edge of the horde's territory. The tents were vast and fluttering with banners, held up by ancient dragon bones carried from campsite to campsite by goblin porters. Even now, goblin women hurried in and out of the tents, carrying bowls of broth or heavy flanks of roasted meat.

Orgnot's mood improved as she was led towards the breeding compound. *This doesn't look so bad... And that meat smells **delicious!***

"Your role as a breeder will be simple," said the Shamaness. "You will get a tent of your own, and from there, you will be provided with every pleasure the horde can give you."

Shamaness Glutt waved a hand at the nearest tent, and the flap opened, tugged by Glutt's magic. She guided Orgnot inside, and the muscular orc was pleased to see a bounty of decadence within.

In the center of the vast tent was a bowl-shaped bed made of wicker and satin pillows. Around it were arranged dozens of ready-to-eat delicacies: cured sausages dangling on strings from the ceiling, racks of jerky, and even a few cured hams. All within easy reach of the bed... and even better, Orgnot saw a number of casks and jugs of wine around the bed as well. Food and drinks ready at hand, anytime? Now *this* was luxury.

"I can have... Any of this? Whenever I like?"

The Shamaness nodded.

"The normal rules for horde rationing don't apply here. Our warrior-women on the front lines need to be strong and lithe... back here, not so much." A smile quirked the corner of her wrinkled cheeks. "You are free to indulge yourself, between your... Mating sessions."

Orgnot licked her lips at the mention of mating. The libidos of orc women were intense, enough to generate legends... but even among orcs, Orgnot stood out as single-mindedly obsessed with mating. Only the magical contraception charms of the Shamanesses had kept her from pumping out whole litters of offspring--of course, now that kind of thing would be *expected* of her. She scratched her chin, gazing around the tent.

"How often will I... Mate?"

"As often as you like. You'll have your pick of the younger male warriors, after every raid. Not to mention, any goblins or captives you take a fancy to, are yours to use as you like..."

Orgnot grinned. She liked the sound of being a 'breeder' more and more every moment. Although one thing was still bothering her...

"Making children... I've never done that before. I'm sure I have much to learn..."

Shamaness Glutt cut her off with a dismissive wave, chuckling.

“Oh, you needn’t worry yourself about that. When your litters come to term, my Shamaness sisters will use special magic to teleport them out of your belly--we don’t want to strain your breeding parts, do we? Quick and easy. And then once you’ve suckled them enough, they will be raised by the tribe, as all orc children are.”

Orgnot nodded. She’d known that the Breeders made all the children scurrying and scampering around the camp, but she had never wondered *how* they produced all those children so quickly. It made sense.

“So all I have to do is just... eat and mate? I don’t even have to give birth like most women?”

Glutt nodded.

“You seem ill at ease. What’s bothering you, child? Is the idea of eating and mating for the rest of your life, *really* so terrible to you?”

Orgnot shrugged, scratching the bald half of her sidecut.

“No, of course not... But... It will be strange to sit around all day. Instead of fighting. I worry I’ll be... Useless, to the tribe.”

Glutt tapped Orgnot’s rock-hard abdomen with her staff, winking at her.

“Nonsense! Think of it like this--instead of the *fist* of the tribe, you are now its womb. Your job is to bring strong, sturdy Orc men and women into this world, to fight and conquer and spread our empire! What could be more important?”

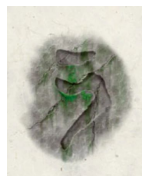
Orgnot puzzled over this. *The womb, instead of the fist...*

Of course, she had very much enjoyed being the “fist” of Orc-kind, smashing and crushing and raiding. But maybe it was indeed time for her to just... relax. Let go of her warrior ways, indulge a little. After all, fighting was fun--but eating and mating were even *more* fun.

“I... think I understand.”

“Good! Now, take a seat... Your new goblin servants are cooking up your first meal as we speak.”

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The routine was difficult to adjust to, at first. Instead of rising at dawn to train and otherwise improve her body, Orgnot was allowed to sleep in. No drill sergeants shouted at her, no goblin attendants nudged her to get up and report to her warband. She snoozed deep into mid-morning, when the eager rumbling of her belly finally awoke her.

Once roused by hunger, she would roll about in bed a little, enjoying the luxurious feel of animal furs and goose-down pillows enveloping her, and finally Orgnot would call out for her goblin attendants.

A pint-sized green woman with long pointed ears and clinking, golden jewelry would arrive, and Orgnot would order her morning's breakfast, whatever she felt like devouring that particular day. Sometimes it would be bacon and scrambled wyvern eggs, sometimes thicker fare like hashed and fried potatoes with richly buttered bread on the side. Occasionally she ordered a pitcher of beer for breakfast, simply because she could.

And after breakfast... the *real* fun would begin.

Orgnot kept to her usual warm-up routines, at first--stretching, basic exercises, as she'd been taught to do in warrior boot-camp. But eventually, these routines laxed. She wasn't expected to perform feats of strength anymore--although she did enjoy using her flexibility on the mates sent to her by the Shamaness. Eventually, her "warm-up" routine devolved to a simple yawn, a stretch, and sometimes a bicep-curl or two. But she wasn't really putting her heart into it. Orgnot had learned to focus on... Other things.

Goblin attendants would arrive before each of her matings, offering to help "prepare" her. Orgnot quickly learned that these scantily clad, pint-sized green women were far more skilled than any male lover she'd ever had--and not shy about showing off their skills. They went down on her en masse without even being asked, eagerly nibbling her muscular inner thighs and licking at her fuzzy mound, seeming crazed with lust. Only later did Orgnot learn that all her servants were kept on a strict diet of aphrodesiacs--the same diet Glutt would begin dosing Orgnot's own food with.

After being driven into a horny frenzy by her goblin girls, squirming and grunting with simple pleasure, Orgnot was offered her first mate of the day. These mates were often what the Orc community called "freshlings"--Orc men who had only recently been through their first raid or battle.

Orgnot's job, one she relished, was to teach them the joys of mating--train them to be reliable fountains of seed for the community's Breeders. While normal relationships did exist among the tribe, inseminating the Breeders was an expected duty of every virile young orc man, a social responsibility all orc men shared. Orc women, unfortunately, could not produce seed and so Orgnot had never had the pleasure of laying with a Breeder. But now she was able to experience life on the Breeder side... and she *loved* it.

The orc warrior, still possessing most of her warrior's strength and energy, seduced and rode the young orc men until they nearly collapsed into limpness from exhaustion. Most could only produce one load of seed during a mating, but she coaxed two and even three out of a few of them.

Relentless, affectionate but sometimes rough on her mates, Orgnot slipped into the role of a Breeder easily. She relished being able to mate with so many partners--and she particularly enjoyed riding the most inexperienced males. Watching the studly young orcs grow wide-eyed with arousal, watching the moment they lost control and sprayed her sopping insides with seed... it was addicting to the lustful, athletic orc.

However, it wasn't long before Orgnot found herself looking... Less athletic than usual.

"Hmm... What's--**urrrp**, what's this?"

Orgnot grabbed her middle as she nibbled on a leg of lamb, sinking her callused fingers into a new and unexpected softness around her waist.

It had been several weeks since she'd begun her work as a Breeder, and sure enough, she was pregnant--her cycle was late. But it was far too early for her to start showing, and so the heavy roundness at her waist confused her... and concerned her.

Her favorite goblin attendant, a red-haired little demon of a seductress called Domova, pinched Orgnot's waist with a lewd smirk.

"Ah, my Mistress... you have finally begun to grow! Soon you will take on a Breeder's girth, and your body will be able to make room for *many* children, rather than just one or two. You should be proud--this is the beginning of great things!"

Orgnot glanced down at herself, frowning.

"A Breeder's... girth? The Shamaness didn't say anything about that..."

Domova gestured at all the food around her: the freshly baked bread, the dangling sausages, the booze.

“Why do you think we serve you on hand and foot, Mistress? To grow your body for the horde. To help you become... Motherly. It is our sworn duty to fill your every need, to satisfy your every desire, until you become great and soft, ready to carry more than a dozen future warriors at a time!”

Orgnot blinked in surprise, prodding her midsection, where a small and doughy bulge of excess green flab had arrived--somehow without her even noticing. She'd been too busy mating and... well. *Eating*, to see it arrive.

“More than a dozen...”

She tried to relax, flopping back on her pile of pillows. She'd never thought of herself as “motherly,” or anything other than a warrior. But... It didn't sound so bad. Not really.

And it wouldn't be long anyway, before she learned first-hand what motherhood was like. Orc gestation periods were short--a mere five months, part of the amazing fertility that had allowed Orcs to dominate the plains and savannahs of the world. In less than five months, Orgnot would be a mother.

She could definitely feel the changes in her body, as the weeks passed. Her breasts became tender and swollen, aching with both discomfort and a little bit of pleasure when touched.

Her desires became strange and primal--she began asking her mates to hold her down, pin her while they slammed into her. Experimenting with new sexual roles had never been Orgnot's forte; she simply didn't have the imagination. But now, depraved fantasies seemed to rise unbidden in her mind, even as her pregnancy swelled her stomach and widened her nipples.

Orcish pregnancy hormones, it seemed, brought a strange and unusual cocktail of changes, a tide of new and strange emotions for Orgnot. But she persevered, continuing to mate even though she was pregnant--at the Shamaness' command--and eating for two.

Well... Maybe *more* than two. Soon the dangling food around Orgnot was consistently missing, and the goblin-girls had to rush to replace it quite often, as their Mistress licked grease from her fingers and belched lazily, stomach swollen with food and the growing Orc embryo within her.

Luckily, Orgnot was not required to abandon her warrior's pleasures while she gestated. A simple poison-protection spell allowed Orgnot to drink and even smoke leaf, while she waited on her child to grow. She didn't indulge in such pleasures often--magic or not, she wanted a strong and healthy offspring--but it was nice to have the privilege. She had known few privileges as a warrior, her honor taking priority over her comfort... but here, there were comforts galore.

And Orgnot was delighted to indulge in them.

“Mmmf... **MNCH**... *Gllp, huff, huff*... Come on, you c’n fuck me harder than THAT...”

A few months into her pregnancy, she was bent over her bed doggy-style, eating mutton as a well-muscled young orc pounded her womanhood from behind. He wasn’t the longest she’d ever taken, but he was definitely one of the girthiest--she felt stretched to her limit. The rhythmic *schlap, schlap, SCHLAP* of his loins slamming into her ample, softened hips brought Orgnot perverse pleasure--the goblin attendants outside couldn’t help but overhear their Orc mistress’ loud, raunchy mating sessions, and this one was no exception.

The young orc, a short-haired and big-tusked swordsman, began pounding harder as his lust overcame him. Orgnot could feel his hands digging into the marbled fat of her rump, as he groaned out her favorite

“Mmf... I can’t help it, I’m going to... Shoot m’ load! *Rrgh!*”

Orgnot couldn’t help it; she had to tease him a bit as he came.

“So soon? Pathetic... Better make it a *big* load at least, fuckboy... Do me proud...”

“Mmmfffffuck...”

Her dirty-talk had pushed him over the edge. The familiar warm rush of hot seed filling her up, gushing into her innermost parts and dripping messily out around his shaft... It was blissful.

Orgnot had once believed she lived for the moment of post-battle victory, but this? This was far better than the adrenaline rush of war. This was a power and ecstasy like she’d never known--deflowering virgin Orc men all day, eating the Tribe’s finest foods by night. If she had known Breeders lived so comfortably, she would have become one *years* ago.

As her lover collapsed onto the bed, panting, Orgnot flopped to one side and reached for a tray of greasy sausages, freshly turned over the spits outside. Tearing into several at once, she resumed her gluttony as if her partner weren’t even present.

Knowing his duty was done, the Orc lad bowed to her, gave the appropriate prayer for her fertility, and staggered out of the tent. Delighted whoops and teasing jeers came from the goblin attendants, several of whom rushed into Orgnot’s room, checking she still had enough food to eat.

“How was he, Mistress?...”

“Had a handsome cock, didn’t he? The sheer *girth* of that thing!”

Orgnot smiled, waving a sausage at the pair.

“Mmm... He was pretty to look at, sure, but he ran out of stamina before he could... Satisfy me... Perhaps some a’ you could help?”

Orgnot struck a small gong by the side of her bed, something she had demanded after getting tired of yelling for food. If she desired more to eat and drink--or, sometimes, an eager and nubile goblin “assistant” to help her with other, more carnal needs--she just rang the gong.

In this case, she wanted both.

Domova, chief among her helpers, leaned over the edge of the bowl-shaped bed, her apple-sized green breasts bobbing enticingly inside the golden chain-link brassiere she wore.

“You rang, Mistress?...”

“I did,” growled Orgnot with glee, and hauled the little goblin into the pile of silks and pillows, kissing her passionately. Domova kissed her back, running a small hand through Orgnot’s hair and raking nails down her back.

Gripping the lustful goblin gently by the neck, Orgnot took a swig of wine from a jug by the bed, and slowly lowered Domova down between her softened thighs.

“Here... Help me with *all* the needs that foolish little lad couldn’t fill. Your Breeder *demand*s it...”

“Yes, Mistress...”

Domova grunted as she pushed up Orgnot’s thighs, heaving the newly grown chubbiness out of the way.

“My, Mistress, you *are* getting more ‘motherly’ by the day...”

Orgnot grunted, blushing. She didn’t enjoy having her newly soft and doughy shape called out--she had been accustomed to strength and muscles for so long, it felt strange to jiggle whenever she moved. And her belly was getting so huge, so rotund with child... it was all she could do not to feel embarrassed, by her new shape.

“Less **urrp** talk, please, more serving your Breeder...”

Domova winked at her.

“With pleasure!”

And then Orgnot was lost in bliss as Domova's plush lips met her newly plump womanhood, a long agile goblin tongue sliding out to lick and tease at Orgnot's clit.

The Orc ex-warrior grunted with satisfaction as her Goblin lover ate her out, taking another swig of wine while Domova suckled and tongued her clit below the pregnant dome of Orgnot's belly.

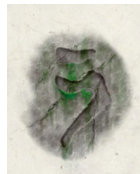
"That's **BRALLCH**, much better..."

Letting her belches fly with more abandon--she was a Breeder, after all, she could do as she liked--Orgnot reached for another fistful of spiced sausage, cramming it into her mouth. The phallic symbolism was lost on the Orc as she gobbled down ground meat and casing alike, the grease and juices running down her chin... and then down her double-chin, another new addition to her body.

Orgnot paid no mind to how messy she was being; again, she was a Breeder, and she'd found that few people were willing to question her etiquette, now that she carried the future of the tribe. And besides, Orcs were not known for their delicacy anyway. She had eaten just as gluttonously at many victory feasts--and still gotten mates afterward, even with sauce stains on her tusks. She instinctively understood she didn't need to moderate herself as a Breeder; excess and pleasure was the order of the day, as long as she delivered the tribe's heirs on time. Which she would.

"Mmf, GRMFF, **urrrrp**, more sucking, please... Yesss, that's **URRP**, that's good..."

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Her first "birth" was so easy that Orgnot felt she'd wasted her time worrying about, in her first few months as a Breeder. The Shamaness gave her an herb to make her sleep, and then Glutt and the other witch-women called to the gods. They demanded Luthic and the other Orc pantheon gods descend, and spirit forth the child from Orgnot's belly... Orgnot had little understanding of magic, but she knew the ritual was complete when she awoke a little deflated, very tired, and hungry.

When her child was brought to her, Orgnot smiled with joy despite the empty ache in her belly where the infant had been. She helped the Shamaness wipe the infant--a baby boy--free of

amniotic fluids, and marked his forehead with a gentle scratch from one of her tusks, an Orc tradition so that he would always carry his mother with him, even when the Tribe raised him.

“There you go... Ready to go fight for Momma, someday.”

The mark elicited a cry from the babe, and Orgnot wiped the drop of blood from his forehead, holding him close.

She felt... strange. This was not the kind of motherhood she'd been expecting--no lifelong mate, no messy births. And yet, here was her first child. Orgnot felt immensely proud... and for the first time in her brief and arrogant life, humbled. The gods had given her a son, to fight for Orc-Kind. It was a great blessing.

The Shamaness told Orgnot the child would be nursed at her breast for a month, just long enough to get him a strong start, and then he would be given to the tribe and assigned caretakers until he was old enough to fight. All in keeping with tradition.

And Orgnot respected tradition. But she still felt some guilt, over having to give up her spawn. Unlike most species, Orc infants did not experience much separation anxiety--they were born hunters, independent from the very start. Orgnot knew her children would always be loyal to her; they bore their Breeder's mark, after all.

But they would not grow up in the same tent she lived in, would not share her meals with her. Her job was simply too important--she had to keep producing Orcs, to maintain the empire's grip on the homelands.

And so, when she had to say goodbye to her first child, Orgnot didn't weep. But she did drink to excess that night, and for many nights after, salving the ache in her heart with brute gluttony and strong, wit-dulling spirits. Being a Breeder wasn't all fun and games, she had realized; doing the job meant sacrificing a normal life for the sake of the tribe. For the sake of all her kind, for the survival of Orcs everywhere.

She kept a lock of hair from the infant, as a keepsake, and had the goblins nail it to one of the massive wooden tent-posts. Orgnot carved her son's name beneath it: Grurguruk, or “boar-crusher.” This way, he would always be in her life somehow, even if he was off training or fighting in the territories somewhere.

But as far as her sentimental indulgences, went that was it. Orgnot had a job to do, after all, and it was time to get back to it. After a few weeks of drunkenly indulging herself, Orgnot asked for new mates... and the cycle began anew.

Orgnot threw herself into mating with wild abandon now, using the pleasure of “breaking in” new males to dampen the loss she knew she would feel over her offspring. And... oddly enough, it worked. Not perfectly, but it certainly seemed to help.

Orgnot was a simple woman, with simple desires: food, sex, and alcohol, all in large amounts. And the Shamaness was happy to provide that for her. Soon she had conceived again, and this time the Shamaness’ bone-casting fortunes predicted it would be twins. Orgnot was surprised, but secretly pleased; she was already beginning to prove her fertility. Even with magical help, it took most Breeders several attempts to begin putting out “litters” of orcs. Orgnot had managed it after just a *single* pregnancy.

However, her constant lovemaking also helped her to forget about another concern: her body’s sheer size. Deluged by calories twenty-four hours a day, Orgnot’s muscles had faded into soft green flab, her powerful frame melting into a decadent, blubbery version of itself. She didn’t mind this too much--it wasn’t often she even needed to *walk* to get food, much less to run and leap and climb like she’d been required to do for years as a warrior.

As her figure grew, so too did her ego. Orgnot had always been a little overconfident, and... well, now that she was constantly gifted with new lovers and a level of service from the tribe that bordered on worship, she had grown arrogant. All the goblins noticed it; instead of fretting about her new size like most Breeders, Orgnot actively *flaunted* it, so deluded and vain that she still acted the part of the desirable domme even after she became a flabby parody of her former self.



Finally, the day came when Orgnot's body became too large and cumbersome to easily mate with. This was a day of great celebration, among the Goblin attendants: their Mistress was finally ready for "The Sling."

The Sling was a clever piece of goblin ingenuity, designed to hold up a Breeder's body so that she could be properly mated, no matter how big she got. A series of leather straps and clasps, all attached to an enormous ceiling harness, was lovingly placed around Orgnot's flabby pregnant belly, heaving it up into the air when her lover needed her gut out of the way.

Orgnot, for her part, was oddly pleased to have gotten so big... although she was a bit embarrassed to be trussed up like livestock, industrial equipment required for her to even *mate* normally.

"Shamaness Glutt, don't you think I'm getting a bit too... *Motherly*, too quickly? Do all Breeders have... **urrrp**, this much trouble mating?"

Glutt slapped the side of Orgnot's titanic gut, smiling as she felt the gently squirming life within it.

"Most Breeders do, yes... but none so *quickly* as you! You have grown in record time, Breeder, and we are most impressed. It is a gift from the gods, your growth--your fertility. I think it's time we started giving you more... Experienced breeding partners. You have certainly earned it."

That night, Glutt was true to her word--and the experience of being fucked by a *real* Orc male, after so many ropey little virgins, made Orgnot forget all about her awkward new size.

Orgnot's first mate of the evening was a huge, burly, strapping orc with a long beard and dozens of scars. He spoke little, but he was *excellent* at foreplay, making Orgnot whimper and growl with delight before he even penetrated her. He dropped a load of seed inside her, and Orgnot rolled back into the bed, her belly swaying in the Sling... but to her astonishment and slight fear, the scarred warrior was already getting hard again.

Soon they were back at it, and Orgnot discovered Glutt had been going easy on her--this new round of lovers was much more skilled, and she found herself even needing a break between mating sessions, something that had never happened before. The day-long string of orgasms reduced her brain to mush; she could hardly speak by the end of the final mating of the day.

Frequently, Domova came to check on her after these exhausting sex marathons, and teased Orgnot as she lay sweaty, pregnant and helpless in a fog of post-coital idiocy.

"Hey there, Mistress. How are we feeling today?"

Orgnot blinked, her eyes unfocused. Her last lover had done something, some kind of vibration spell on his hand--finally, a *good* use for warlocks! In any case, it had demolished her resistance and reduced her to a pile of post-orgasm shudders and quivers.

“Orgnot feel... good. Cock... So *good*. Nnngh...”

Orgnot frowned as she became aware of a different set of desires.

“Hungry... Bring more... food? Now.”

Domova grinned as Orgnot slipped into a sex-drunk slumber, reaching out to squeeze one of the orc’s enormous dangling breasts. She was rewarded with a spurt of warm milk--Orgnot was full to *bursting* with breastmilk, and even now, the goblins outside were preparing a milking device to help “relieve” her of her lactation.

“Anything you want, Mistress,” she purred, pinching Orgnot’s flabby, flushed cheek as she slept. “Anything at all, for the tribe’s new prize Breeder...”

~~END OF PART 1~~



