Orc Thief and his Magsman  
  
 The dropoff was going well.  
 Those three had concealed weapons but weren't planning on using them.  
 Those two were antsy. Apparently some of their cover was blown.  
  
 Arthur's face was impassive.  
 But it actually kind of bothered the lion just how *much* information he was getting now from his nose and ears. Ever since.  
  
 He took a breath.  
 Not gonna think about that.  
  
 And ah. So they were going to be ambushed. Smelled like a human, and a wolf. Thus, he nodded to his boss, who nodded back, and stepped away quietly.  
  
 Which... made him nervous, now.  
 Since he might get caught.  
 Again.  
 And he adjusted his pants. Dangit, he'd tested in advance to make sure his pants fit properly, too, but here he was pulling at them again. Annoying - he had a reputation as a bodyguard.  
 Even... even though now he was nervous.  
 Since he might get caught.  
 Again.  
  
 This time he wasn't, however. A swift blow to the back of the head dropped the human like a stone, and he had his paws over the wolf's muzzle before the latter could scream. Paws had poison on them.  
 Both were unconscious pretty quickly.  
  
 Pulled them to one of the many concealed rooms around these warehouses.  
 Went back to his boss.  
  
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 Heh. Apparently losing their ambush squad screwed up the intent of half of the little meeting, which made it work out even better.  
  
 "Given how much money I am paying them, you'd think they'd be at least reasonably okay with the deal and not need further leverage. Amateurs."   
  
 His boss was known to grumble at people acting non professionally. Arthur grinned, but said nothing. And, after a bit of silence, shifted to go on a patrol.  
  
 "So. That orc."  
  
 Arthur paused. Kept his face impassive, but inwardly he was concerned.  
  
 "I do want those names, but I don't think I trust him. The second job I have lined up for him I will give to another - so be ready when he comes back. We should have at least three or four days to prepare, and that's if he's quick."  
  
 The unstated threat was understood by Arthur quickly, as he nodded. And, after no further statements came, left for his patrol. That just meant he had to make sure he had his kniv.... poisons. Knives wouldn't work on that orc, or not well.  
  
 Now admittedly, this was just preparation. The orc could just come, deliver the box of names, take the second half of his money, and then leave. No harm, no foul. It was just always safer to presume he wouldn't, since then -   
  
 Arthur didn't really have a moment to react before he was pulled upwards.  
   
 He was a professional and hard to ambush - one paw went for his knife while the other activated the blade in his glove since his head was in a... in a tube?  
  
 That momentary pause cost him his ability to relevantly struggle as his entire upper body was *schloomped* into a thick, tight, warm tube.  
 Which undulated.  
 And smelled.  
 Oh that smell. He'd had wet dreams every night about that smell. He knew that smell. Just sink. Sink into it. Lose yourself in the smell. Lose yourself in the orc's cum.  
  
 Orc.  
 Orc thief.  
 Snap out of it!  
  
 But there really wasn't a lot that he could *do* about it anymore. The orc's cock slurped him up like a noodle - and from the orc's reaction, a very *delicious* noodle. The orc was *savoring* him, even as his feet slipped into the orc's shaft. Even as he felt himself curl up in the orc's balls.  
   
 And it began.  
 Just like last time.  
   
 Arthur shrank in on himself as he lost solidarity. Felt his face droop a bit.  
 But it got his arms.  
   
 Like the orc was gently and *thoroughly* massaging both arms. Feeling the lion's muscles. Oozing into him. Sparking pleasures he didn't know he had.  
  
 Arthur came, while trapped in the orc's balls.  
   
 Which sent them into overdrive. Now he felt the cum flow through him, almost like it was flowing through his mind. He wasn't solid enough to really move nor react.  
   
 He could feel the orc's grin.  
 Could feel the orc stroking himself.  
 Could feel how much pleasure he was giving the orc who was consuming him.  
  
 The orc came.  
   
 Arthur felt himself ejected from his home, the warm cock. Vaguely was aware when he impacted against the ground. Just a puddle of cum.  
 So warm.  
 So comfortable.  
  
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 Arthur's eyes opened.  
   
 He felt horny still, and closed them. Just relax for a bit more. Enjoy the warmth, enjoy the orccum you were -   
  
 Orc.  
 Kug.  
   
 Arthur jumped to his feet - nobody nearby. Crap! Had Kug attacked his boss? Arthur reached up for his com and -   
 - he was naked.  
   
 Well no. He was in his boxers.  
 Face turned slightly red.  
  
 That got him to calm down a bit, though. Don't rush *to* the boss - at the moment nobody would know where specifically the boss *was*, after all. Arthur headed to one of his offices, as he could see the boss from there remotely.  
  
 Boss was fine. Doing writing.  
 Okay. Phew.  
   
 Arthur pulled on his spare clothing - now he needed to go to the boss, but first should finish checking around a little more and just be more prepared. If Kug was *here* then he was very early. Admittedly, the orc attacking him didn't mean he was betraying their deal as he'd, um, done that last time too.  
  
 Sigh.   
 It was hard to put on his suit pants when he was this hard.  
 Come on, ignore that.  
 Make sure he knew where Kug was.  
  
 He had to stop and mentally remind himself 'and not out of hope that the orc would devour him again'. Man he was horny after that. Man that felt so good.  
 No. It was bad.   
 Had to stop the orc.  
  
 Nowhere in sight.  
   
 Arthur kept himself to hallways that he knew there was nothing overhead. He knew this place like the back of his paw, and there wouldn't be any real areas that Kug could sneak up on him, since he'd feel the warm breath on the back of his neck long before the orc would know...  
  
 Arthur froze.  
 Slowly, he turned.  
  
 "Hey."  
  
 Yep it was Kug.  
 And now he was in the orc's grip so firmly he couldn't go for his knife.  
  
 Before he could open his mouth to scream, his entire head was shoved into the orc's maw.  
  
 Kug suckled on him like a lollipop, slurping away at the lion's mane, neck, and shoulders. Meanwhile the arms went up and down Arthur's sensitive, sensitive arms. *Kneading* them. *Massaging* them.  
 Arousal took all the fight out of the lion.  
   
 He whimpered, as his pants were shredded off.  
 Whimpered again, as his boxers were pulled away from his hole.  
  
 His shout was muffled as Kug penetrated him.  
  
 And then the orc was pounding. Just like last time, this didn't hurt for long - orccum was good for that. Arthur's body would stretch, as the cock plowed more and more through him. Almost going through his entire body. Like Kug was sucking his own cock.  
  
 Arthur came, from the attention.  
 Kug came as well, shortly thereafter.  
   
 Now the latter's cum bloated the former like a balloon - expanding him more and more, even as Kug leaned forward and finished swallowing the lion. Kug didn't stop sucking until his own stream had concluded, cum and lion alike taking residence in his own now-bloated gut.  
  
 "MmmMm. Treat orc thief well." Came the orc's broken language. He massaged his gut, which was *incredibly* arousing to Arthur who was inside as he felt himself harden yet again for -   
  
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 Arthur's eyes opened again.   
 Again, he was lying on his face in Kug's cum.  
   
 He swallowed, nervously. Which put more of Kug's cum into his gut, which made him hard yet again. His cock was a little sore from all this orgasming he'd been doing.  
  
 Oh *man*.  
  
 Did he immediately go warn his boss? This time he was near where he'd remembered - Kug hadn't gone very far. This room had more clothes, so -   
  
 - wait.  
 - Oh geez. The only reason he'd survived any of those was... oh geez, this was Kug *teaching* him. Reminding him that he needed to only be in boxers. He'd only survived since he'd been in his boxers, as demanded.  
  
 Arthur swallowed.  
  
 Maybe the right answer was to just stay put. Kug seemed to be waiting for him to roam around, after all, and it was extremely clear there was nothing he could do to actually /stop/ Kug anyway.  
  
 Maybe a shower.  
  
   
 Honestly, Arthur felt a little more empty, having showered off all of Kug's cum. Still, that did leave him more refreshed, too. Okay. Kug hadn't *killed* him, so maybe this wouldn’t be so bad.  
  
 Dried himself off.  
 Slipped his boxers back on.  
  
 And... and swallowed. This would be three. If it was a warning there'd probably only be two.  
  
 Left the rest of his clothes alone.  
  
 Sat on the bed, watching the door. How was the orc this /silent/?! Okay. Phew. Kug didn't... didn't seem to be being super *hostile* to him. And... and he was horny.  
  
 That was mostly the orccum. Actually with how much he'd absorbed, was he ever going to *not* be horny again?  
  
 "Smart. Y'look horny."  
  
 Arthur swallowed, as a hand clasped onto his shoulder. Kug sat down next to him.  
  
 "Good lion."  
  
 "Please don't eat me."  
  
 Kug smirked. "Really?"  
  
 Arthur opened his mouth, and then shut it. Then opened it again. Then shut it. Swallowed.  
  
 "Figured. Lion sucks real good! Wanna milk a couple orgasms outta ya, haha."  
  
 Arthur rubbed his paws together. Swallowed again.   
  
 "How lion feels?"  
  
 "...horny."  
  
 "*Real* horny?"  
  
 "...yeah."  
  
 "Kug want two more. Before meet with boss. Gonna make lion suck Kug off. Then slurp lion down cock. Churn lion into orccum."  
   
 "...oh." Arthur swallowed.  
   
 "Lion wants this?"  
   
 Arthur swallowed.  
  
 "Lion wants this?"  
  
 Arthur closed his eyes.  
  
 "Lion wants this?"  
  
 Arthur nodded.  
  
 A toothy grin.  
  
 Then Kug rammed himself into Arthur's throat so fiercely that the lion was pretty sure he'd break something, but he didn't. He gagged as Kug pulled out, plowed forward, pulled out, plowed forward, rhythmically raping the lion's face.  
  
 As usual, it didn't take Kug too long to cum - and once again, Arthur felt himself expand. This time his body was more used to it. Used to being an orc's cock sleeve. Felt the cum soaking into him.  
  
 Was pulled off Kug's cock.  
 The end of Kug's orgasm spurted into Arthur's face.  
 The long orctongue slurped at Arthur's chest.   
 Then the lion's face was shoved into the cock he'd just been sucking.  
  
 Even with how much he was enjoying it, he still struggled. Still thrashed. His only reward was a moan from Kug, as he realized his actions were really just making the orc more aroused.  
  
 The bloated lionman felt his gut *ooze* down the shaft. Legs came next. Feet. Long tail.  
 Only then did the massage start in earnest - because Kug wanted to keep him struggling as long as possible. And *oh*, it felt so good. So relaxing.  
  
 This time, Arthur blacked out before his own - or Kug's - orgasm.  
  
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 Eyes opened.  
 Well.  
  
 Arthur was having trouble thinking. Trouble piecing apart himself. He was just too horny to think straight.  
 Could feel Kug's cum all about him.  
 Wanted more.  
 And that was good.  
  
 Stood up.  
   
 Wiped his face a little. Of the cum, that he wanted more of. It was so good.  
 Keep it together, Arthur!  
 Just for one second!  
  
   
 "Boss."  
  
 The lion looked up at Arthur, and then blinked. "...Arthur, why are you in your underwear?"  
  
 "Kug is here."  
  
 And the boss reached into his desk. "Earlier than I expected, but I can handle him."   
 He paused.  
 "What is that in your fur?"  
  
 "It's - "  
  
 Arthur interrupted himself as he lunged forward, grabbing the desk and pulling.  
 Which kept his boss out of Kug's grip.  
  
 "Heh. Fast! Good lion."  
  
 The boss' eyes widened. "Kug. Do you have the list of names?"  
  
 "Orcbane dagger. Poison. Boss lion thinks poison kills orcs. Doesn't."  
  
 That got the boss back to reason. "I had this because I need to ensure I am secure, Kug. If you brought the names, I have no reason to use it."  
  
 "Nah. When boss lion says 'be ready when'e comes back', boss lion means 'kill orc, Arthur'. Was listenin'!"  
  
 Wat.  
 How long had the orc been -   
  
 Arthur lunged forward.  
 But this time he was far too slow - as his boss was in Kug's grip. The surprised lion shifted, but to no avail - as his feet were shoved into Kug's awaiting shaft.  
   
 "Wai -"  
  
 Arthur was interrupted as he was clutched in a hug by Kug's other arm - rubbing his arm as the orc planted a long, hard kiss on the lion's face.  
  
 It was too much.  
 Arthur was too horny.  
 The rubbing felt so good.  
 The orc felt so good.  
 He loved the orc's smell.  
  
 He was only hazily aware that his boss was shouting, as it felt like he was floating. Kug chuckled.  
  
 "Shhh. Rub."  
  
 And obediently Arthur rubbed with his footpaws, rubbing at the orc's increasingly growing balls. The lion being shoved in was struggling, flailing, but the initial grab and wrench had caused him to drop the knife he wouldn't have been able to really use anyway.  
  
 Slowly, almost artfully, the screaming got muffled when his boss's head sank into the orc's shaft.  
   
 The bulge worked its way down as Arthur kept up the pressure.   
  
 Kug actually let Arthur go, once his boss was all the way in the orc's balls. Arthur was rubbing them like a pro, giving them a massage - and before Kug could grab his head and force the interaction, Arthur clasped his own maw on the orc's enlarged maleness.  
  
 Kug didn't last long.  
 His orgasm filled the tiger, quite firmly.  
  
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 "Huh."  
  
 Kug gave a grin.   
 As now he felt sated.  
 A rare occurrence.  
  
 "Maybe. Maybe Kug should keep people 'round sometimes. Maybe."  
  
 He licked his tusks. Poor Arthur over there was a writhing ball of arousal and would probably stay that way for awhile. Kug patted the sphere-lion gently.  
  
 "Treat orc thief well. Maybe make good magsman."  
  
 Kug leaned against the now-unused desk, closing his eyes to get some sleep, both hands on his gut. The desk, like basically everything else in the room including both himself and Arthur, was basically /covered/ in orccum.  
  
 His last thought before he properly fell asleep was,  
 "...wonder if... more people at once..."  
  
  
  
~ *Garz*.