

Rosaline's liberation

Written by Mysta

Rosaline just couldn't get the images of those poor creatures out of her head. What looked to be whole families of them were packed together in those cages, waiting to be sold off as slave labour. She had expressed her displeasure to her father, but he had explained that they were just visiting this land. There were different customs here, and he could only govern the laws in his own kingdom. She had only quietened when he had promised that he'd never allow something similar in his own realm.

Still, that did little to help those poor trapped souls in this city. So, she had asked her guard Petra to accompany her back to the slave holdings on the outskirts of the city. On the way over, it took a while to convince her guard to go along with her plan to free the captives. But, after how little resistance they encountered approaching the pens, Petra actually agreed that they could probably open a cage and be gone by the time anyone noticed the escapees fleeing into the countryside.

Soon they were stood outside. The captive, green-skinned humanoids clustered at the backs of their cages, mostly naked and embracing what must be their loved ones. It made Rosaline feel sick to see them like that. But there they were, the keys, hanging unguarded on a nearby post. Soon, they would all be free!

"Remember princess" Petra reminded her "Unlock one cage and hand them the keys, then leave them to handle the rest on their own. We wouldn't want to get caught and make trouble for your father!"

Rosaline nodded, snatching up the keys and heading over to the cell door.

"Are you alright in there?" She asked, fumbling for the correctly numbered key "I'm going to set you free now, okay?" She found the right one and pushed it into the lock. "Then you take these keys and get the rest of your friends out before you run for the hills!" She grinned twisting the key and hearing the lock click open.

Rosaline looked up, startled to see the creatures, 'Orcs' the dignitary had called them, had moved closer as she was fiddling with the lock. They were larger than she had realised, one at least half again as tall as a man.

"Okay" She said, a little timidly, "You are free now" she held out the keys and swung the door open.

The creatures rushed her, a smaller one jumping atop her and knocking her to the floor. Another grabbed at the keys, tearing them from her hand while the largest one rushed at Petra who was running in, shouting in alarm.

"What are you doing, she's helping you!" Petra yelled, drawing her sword. The great orc slammed a fist into her before she could swing, knocking her to the floor and sending her weapon flying. By the time she recovered she looked up to see the great beast grinning down at her, stroking at what could only be a giant erect penis. *But this one has breasts?* She thought dazedly, before realising her extent of her predicament. *Oh no. No no no!* Fortunately, she creature didn't immediately start ravaging her. Instead reaching down and hoisting her up by one ankle. It sniffed at her middle, grunted, and started tearing at the straps of her armour. The leather was quickly ripped apart by the orc's tough fingernails, the plates falling to the ground beneath her.

Behind the Orc, she could see her charge. Rosaline was being straddled by the smaller Orc that had tackled her before. This one seemed to be enjoying feeling at the princess' fluffy skirts while she rubbed her backside all over the poor girl's face. Rosaline was squealing in protest, saying that she was only trying to help, but the orc atop her didn't seem to care.

"We were... Trying to... help" Petra wheezed, trying to get her breath back as more and more of her armour clattered to the floor. "Why are you... doing this to us?" She craned her neck up to look at the face of the orc holding her.

The orc looked down at her curiously then barked out a few words in a strange, guttural language. She was lifted higher, the orc bending down to bring her face closer. They spoke more, the words coming out in a crooning tone that Petra found decidedly disconcerting in her current predicament. Then it only got worse as a massive, slick tongue slid out and over her face. The orc licked her for a good long moment, before pulling back and grinning, following up with a few more lecherous words in that unknown language.

Of course, the orcs never understood us, Petra thought numbly, they never knew we were trying to help... And now... Now this big one seemed to be taking a liking to her. She wasn't sure if that was just bad, or maybe it was going to get even worse.

She took a moment to check on her charge, the orc atop her seeming to have gotten bored of her clothing and had now moved backwards, pressing more and more of her weight atop the princess' protesting face. Petra watches in horror as the creature reaches down and pulls her cheeks apart, Rosaline's muffled squeal is cut off by a sickeningly wet squelch. Suddenly the poor princess' face is gone, swallowed up entirely by the green backside.

The guardswoman renews her struggles, desperate to rush to her charge's aid, but all she succeeds in doing is swaying back and forth in the large orc's grip. Her captor chuckles, glancing over and grinning as it spots the source of her distress. It speaks to her again, its words making no more sense than they had before. Then it pulls off the last shreds of her clothing and runs its tongue over more of her body. A few times she knocks against its throbbing cock, the tip already slick with pre. She tries to endure the indignity, biding her time for a moment to escape, to help the poor princess before... before...

The smaller orc had stood up by this point, dragging the squirming body of the princess into a sitting position beneath her. The girl's fists batter ineffectively at the backside that has hold of her head, the orc just looking back and jeering at the efforts, taunting her in its strange language and wiggling her hips side to side.

"No!" Petra cried "let her go!" but she was ignored, her words not even registering to the orc who just pulled her cheeks further apart and pressed down over the princess' torso. Petra sobbed as the girl's top half disappeared, her beautiful dress doubtless being ruined by the foul innards of the creature.

Petra gasped as a tongue probed at her nethers, cursing at the orc and trying to swat it away with her hands. "Get off of me!" She cried. And, to her surprise, the grip on her ankle released. Her leg swung down to join the other. Then she realised that it had just been adjusting its grip. Grabbing a hold of her waist. Petra yelled out in anguish as she was lifted back up, a horribly hot wetness sliding around her rear as it was doubtless pressed into the creature's slimy maw.

She had to endure the slick tongue probing her for a few moments before she was shoved in deeper, her body being folded over to squeeze into the great creature's jaws. Then it turned slightly and she was greeted with the equally horrifying sight of the smaller orc girl wiggling her backside in the air,



Rosaline's legs flopping about weakly above it. The last of the poor girl's dress was sucked away into the bowels below, leaving only her bare legs steadily jerking downwards into the ecstatic looking orc.

"No. Rosaline... Please..." Petra whimpered, "She was only trying to help."

But there was no respite. The orcs never understood what was going on. To them, they just were getting back at their captors. Taking revenge for their forced capture and enslavement. Petra's tear-streaked view of Rosaline's disappearing feet was jerked away as the bigger orc tilted their head back and swallowed. The great gulp dragged her rapidly deeper into the creature's gullet. She could now feel its teeth pressing painfully into the back of her head. Then, with another great swallow, they slid over her, her view of the outside world disappearing as the jaws closed over her calves. Within moments, she was just a bulge slipping down to settle into the large orc's middle.

Barely two minutes had passed since the cage door opened, both heroic rescuers now mere bulges in the

bellies of two of the creatures they had hoped to free. Most of the cages had been opened by now, the beleaguered orcs dispersing. Several headed straight for the surrounding countryside, back to their homes in the hills. Others however, turned for the city, looking for sweet revenge on those who had captured them.

The rest of the two orcs' family returned, a large female coming over and patting at the bulging guts. She spoke a few words, gesturing to their escaping brethren. The smaller orc got up, hefting her own belly and started waddling away, but the larger protested, gesturing at its still erect member, pressing hard against the bulge of guardswoman in its gut. A small argument ensued, resulting in the large orc being left behind with its bulging belly and phallus. It angrily prodded at its gut, bucking its hips to rub its dick against the bulge of girl meat inside of it.



Squashed inside the belly, Petra felt pathetic. She had been useless, helpless to defend her charge or herself. She could feel the creature's shaft, rubbing against her face through the stomach wall. She tried to move away, but can barely do more than wriggle. She could feel it now, hips rocking as the creature pleased itself over its meal – her. That's all she was to it now, food.

There was a rumble as air left the chamber, a deep belch echoing down from above. The slick fluids were coming in stronger now, starting to pool around her shoulders, threatening to rise up over her face. Soon they would cover her entirely and she would melt away into nutrients for the great brute that had devoured her. Much the same fate that would soon befall her poor charge. Petra let out another great anguished sob as the gut churned around her.

The orc pumped away at its shaft, jiggling at its churning belly and bucking against the cage wall. Then, finally, it growled out in climax, sinking down to the floor as seed spurts out of its tip, splattering over the floor and on to its sloshing belly. It grunted in satisfaction, slumping back and promptly falling asleep, letting its gut move on with churning up its unfortunate meal.

The smaller orc, bouncing away from the city with the rest of its family, paused momentarily, straining with something. After a moment, a great fart ripped from her backside. The princess's dress, now thoroughly soiled, splatted onto the floor behind her. She glances back, nose wrinkling in disgust at the grubby garment, then continues bounding away to safety, belly jiggling before her. She was pleased with her prize, but totally unaware the inside her the princess of an entire kingdom was gradually being churned away. A princess that had only been trying to help her and her kind, now condemned to be a mere meal. Churned away and forgotten.

The following morning the larger orc stood, grumpily trudging behind a rock to do its business.

Then it set off back toward its home, not looking forward to the scolding it would receive once it got there.

Back at the orc camp, there had been much rejoicing following the return of much of the clan. The smaller orc had gotten thoroughly drunk but managed to wake still feeling tipsy enough to avoid a hangover. She grinned down at her newly enhanced assets, especially the extra firmness in her rump that she had made such excellent use of yesterday. Now, it had just one final task to perform.

Heading over to the latrine pit, the orc squatted down and released the compacted waste, the remains of the person mixed in with that of the additional feasting and drinking she had enjoyed on her return. Only small shards of bone and the occasional hair distinguished one lump from another. Until, a large mass popped free, most of a cracked skull spatted down atop the communal waste pile. A broken and tarnished circlet was barely visible around its crown. The significance of the tiara would be lost on the orcs, even if they had noticed it. To them, it would be just another broken trinket from the remains of a meal. Besides, within a few hours, it would only be buried under more waste.

The orc finished, wiggling her butt a few times over the latrine for good measure, then headed back to finish her morning nap. Tonight, more would likely return, bringing plunder from the city. Then the party could continue.

