

Stronghold Baby

Chapter 3

The Khajiit could hardly think as he rushed through the stronghold in a panic. He couldn't believe his misfortune, the bag of septims had looked sturdy enough but it had split open like it was wet paper when he'd tried to lift it. He could hear shouting from the distant longhouse as every guard and warrior in the fortress was roused to hunt him. All he could do now was run and hope they wouldn't be able to catch him before he could get out of the fortress.

It seemed luck wasn't on his side at the moment as he turned a corner and saw the very guard who'd shagged him earlier standing in his path with a wicked grin on his face. There was no way the guard could have beaten him here, how was he here already the kitty asked himself, struggling to come up with a different route on the spot.

He spotted that the roof to his left was rather low and decided it would be good to get out of reach of the more powerful orcs. He jumped and grabbed the edge of the roof and started scrambling up the side of the building as fast as he could. The guard reacted faster than he'd have thought possible, swinging a weighted net right at the Khajiit's legs wrapping them up easily before giving the net a firm tug and pulling the scrambling kitty right onto his padded bottom with an "oof".

The guard pulled out a wicked sharp dagger and merely held it to the neck of the scrambling kitty, stopping his struggling easily with the silent threat to turn him into a rug and giving the guard time to call for the others. "Going somewhere kitten?" the guard whispered in his ear as he knelt beside the tangled Khajiit. The Khajiit realized that he was caught, there was no way he'd be able to escape with the knife

pressed against his throat by the powerful orc guardsman.

It didn't take too long for the roused stronghold to come across them. The queen glared at him in a way that made him feel a gush of guilt as he was pulled roughly to his feet by two other guards. The guard from earlier merely paced with the knife behind him, examining the blade as the chieftain made his way slowly over to the squirming kitty, giving him an annoyed leer. It was obvious enough that the chieftain wasn't amused with the kitty's little midnight escapade.

"Ooh, a thief, my favorite," started the chieftain as the crowd went absolutely silent, enjoying the spectacle of their chieftain in action as he paced before the thickly diapered Khajiit. "I wonder, what I will do with the cat burgler I've taken into my own house, I wonder if he would scream if I made him bleed for his crime as is the law around here," said the chieftain to a roar of approval from several of the guards. "But I—" started the Khajiit as he tried to think of any defense that would stop such a horrible punishment. "Silence! I decide your fate now," interrupted the chieftain, causing the kitty to mewl in cowardice as the chieftain chuckled, enjoying the power he had over the frightened kitty.

"Hmm, let me borrow that knife," the chieftain said to the guard who'd captured him. The guard gladly obliged, handing over the sharp knife to the chieftain who walked slowly up to the Khajiit before gently tracing the razor sharp tip right along his chest. The Khajiit braced himself for a terrible stab, shutting his eyes in horror. That's when the Khajiit realized that he was wetting himself out of sheer terror, his full bladder simply unable to hold out as he was held before the chieftain, unable to pull away from the threatening knife as he whimpered.

The chief lowered the blade as he heard the hiss of piss and watched the kitty being to blush in humiliation. "Are you quite done being a coward? Unable to even take a punishment like a man I see? Well then, I have something very special for you," said the chieftain to the now quite humiliated Khajiit in a tone that was half disgust and half amusement as he took a few steps back before turning back to the squirming kitty, staying silent for a moment as the Khajiit found himself unable to even meet the eyes of the powerful orc.

"Hear me now, thief, for your crime you will indeed pay a price. Rather than demand your blood though I've decided that your fate will be far more fitting for a kitten such as yourself. Your price will be paid in time rather than in life. Your sentence is in three parts. First, you are hereby sentenced to the dominion of my entire stronghold, you are at the command of any in this stronghold from here on. Second, in keeping with the prior agreement he will still be spending quality time with my wives. Finally, I want mittens on your grabby little paws, I don't want to see my gold go missing. As for the length of your sentence, well, let's just call it until further notice," said the chieftain with a tone of finality.

The Khajiit was flabbergasted. He could hardly believe that he'd escaped from death but he wasn't sure how much better this sentence was going to be. "Now, let's go back to bed, and if the kitty should escape again it won't be only his hide on the line," said the chieftain with a scowl at the guards that caused them to instantly begin to plan to have six pairs of eyes on him at all times for the remainder of the night. The Khajiit was numb inside. Here he was, caught on his attempt to escape.

The irony of his sentence wasn't lost on him as the Khajiit was carried back toward the long house between two of the guards. He had attempted to escape from this situation and his own greed had ensured that his time back in diapers was going to be much longer than he'd ever anticipated. If only he'd not left the crib, he could have finished the week and been done with this. No, if only he'd not been greedy and had just gotten out while he could. He might even be out of this diaper by now, and wouldn't be drenched and sentenced to more of what had driven him to try to escape in the first place.

As they reached the longhouse the guards deposited the squirmy and still soggy Khajiit into the steel crib. Just as he was about to object to this one of the guards stuffed his pacifier into his mouth and gave him a look that told him that if he so much as squeaked before morning he'd regret it. The caged top of the crib was closed and a lock closed with a clink of finality as the kitten was put to bed, this time with no hope of escape or expectation of privacy as both guards watched him from either end of the crib. The Khajiit, afraid to bring more wrath on himself, simply laid back, turned away from the guards, and began suckling at the pacifier without even thinking of what he was doing as the situation replayed itself again and again.

He tossed and turned for most of the night, the word "Idiot" occasionally playing in his head as his mind dwelled on the fact that he'd stopped to try to steal from them. If he had just ran and gotten out of there he wouldn't be in this cage like crib with a swiftly cooling damp diaper trapped between his legs. The pacifier was his only source of comfort. Though he hadn't intended to let such a babyish device placate him it slowly helped him to silence the storm of thoughts in his

head and grow more comfortable before, finally, he nodded off to sleep.

The Khajiit awoke when he heard the clanging of the breakfast bell. It seemed the Orcs had allowed him to sleep in a bit, and now that the night had finally passed the kitty only had two thoughts on his mind. The first was getting a change; the soggy diaper pinned to his crotch was on his mind once again now that he was awake. The second was what he was going to get for breakfast; he was rather hungry after his escape attempt the previous night and his stomach was grumbling. The only problem with this was that he was still trapped in the crib for now and nobody seemed to have noticed he was awake yet.

The Khajiit pulled the pacifier from his mouth and leaned up a bit, unable to even fully sit up inside his crib as he squirmed in discomfort. This caught the attention of one of the guards who simply watched him until the queen entered the room a few moments later. The queen shot him a glare that instantly caused him to look away before he asked sheepishly, "C-can you change me..." The queen looked him over for a minute before responding, "I don't know, are you going to be a bad kitty if I let you out of the crib?" The Khajiit felt a slight pang of guilt as the queen asked him this, he knew he'd betrayed her trust and would have to earn it back now.

"N-no...but please...I-I could really use a change..." said the Khajiit as he tried to read what the queen was thinking. "Well, okay, but if you cause me any trouble then what follows won't be pleasant," warned the queen sternly before softening her glare a bit. The Khajiit was relieved that she wasn't giving him that look of distrust anymore. It was almost a relief that the queen was still going to treat him like he

was her kitten whether he'd misbehaved or not, though the consequences of that weren't entirely positive it meant he wouldn't have to deal with her cold shoulder unless he acted up again.

The queen walked over to his crib and one of his guards unlocked the top. As the top was pulled open the queen picked up the Khajiit. He didn't squirm as she brought him to the changing table. He sat still as she opened the front of his diaper, generously wiping his crotch down with a wet cloth as his semi hard cock twitched slightly in need. The queen completely ignored this as she pulled the wet diaper from under him. She prepared another of the cloth diapers, easily sliding the fresh padding into place under the kitty before pulling the front up and snugly into place. As the cloth was pinned into place the Khajiit couldn't help but reflect on how much better a dry diaper was to a wet one.

The Khajiit was brought over to the oversized high chair and slid into the seat before the large tray was brought up into place. As it clicked into place the Khajiit examined it for a moment to quell his curiosity for how stuck he was. The release lever was up near the top of the tray: too far away for him to get at it from inside the chair. The tray had a crotch bar which kept him from squirming down and out and was too close to his knees for him to stand up and out.

The queen called for his breakfast to be brought in from the kitchen. The Khajiit was excited to see what he would get for breakfast after the humiliating predicament he'd been put in at his last meal. A gruff looking orc wearing a singed chef's apron brought over a huge bowl of oatmeal, and while it wasn't exactly the breakfast the Khajiit had wanted his stomach still growled ravenously for it. Before the oatmeal had even been set on the tray though the queen brought out

one more surprise. A rather large white bib with the word "Baby" embroidered on it in cutesy block letters. It didn't seem to be of orcish make, but nevertheless the queen tied it firmly around his neck, covering his chest as the kitten blushed and squirmed in his seat in embarrassment.

"I'm not messy!" objected the Khajiit as the queen took the bowl of oatmeal from the chef. She scooped up a spoonful of the mush and stuffed it in the kitten's mouth just as he finished his sentence, causing him to sputter a bit in surprise and dribble the whole mouthful down his chin and onto the bib. The queen simply gave him a smug look as her response to his proclamation, causing him to squirm in discomfort as he proved himself wrong. "I don't have time to bathe you today, you've got far too much on your plate for that," the queen replied as she filled the spoon with oatmeal again. Before he could object anymore the spoon was pressed into his mouth as the queen started feeding him the oatmeal.

The Khajiit decided his point would be better proven if he stayed quiet so the oatmeal wouldn't dribble down his chin. He willingly ate down spoonful after spoonful of the warm oatmeal, calming his complaining stomach. After a while he started getting a bit too full, and as the bites just kept going he knew that the queen intended to feed him the full bowl. "Khajiit is full now," the Khajiit started as another spoon full was pressed into his maw causing him to sputter again and get oatmeal all over his face and down his bib as the queen simply continued feeding him. "Nonsense, you're a growing boy and you're going to eat like one, now finish your breakfast," said the queen sternly as the Khajiit noticed he was starting to get closer to the bottom

of the massive bowl.

After he had been fed the whole bowl the Khajiit felt like he'd been stuffed. The queen took a clean portion of his bib and started cleaning the oatmeal from his fuzzy face, which caused the Khajiit to blush in humiliation as he realized just how much of his meal had ended up on the bib. After he was cleaned to the queen's satisfaction she removed his bib and released the catch on the tray. She picked him up, bringing him to her hip before saying, "See? Was it really so bad to finish your breakfast?" The Khajiit only groaned in response as the queen offered him his pacifier which he gladly took to keep from having to respond in his embarrassment over the mess he'd made at breakfast.

The Queen started carrying him out of the longhouse and toward the blacksmith's shop. The Khajiit, in his post meal stupor, realized they must be going there to get the restraints that the chieftain had ordered for him last night. As they reached the blacksmith's hut the queen simply sat him down on a stool next to the forge; it was the very same stool that he'd sat on just yesterday while the chieftain had decided his fate. "Hmm, here, hold this," said the smith as he held out the end of a tape measure. The Khajiit held onto the end as the smith wrapped the measure around his wrist, grunted to himself, then wrote down a figure and started pounding at a heated piece of metal.

"Now, you be good for the smith, I'll be back later tonight and I don't want to hear about any problems," said the queen as she walked off in the direction of the healer's hut. The Khajiit simply sat beside the smith as he worked, not saying a word as he noted that there were at least three guards watching him from a distance. He wouldn't get more than a few feet if he decided to run, but it was nearly intolerable that

he was being forced to sit next to the hot forge as the smith slowly pounded out what slowly seemed to be shaping into cuffs. "We'll finish these up first, then we'll go take care of some things. I'm going to be watching you until later on tonight kitten, and I expect you to be on your best behavior," said the smith as the Khajiit watched him work.

"Why?" the Khajiit asked as the smith continued to pound out the cuffs. "Because if you aren't then I'm going to make you regret it," the smith replied to what he thought was one of the stupidest questions he'd ever heard. "No, I mean, why will you be watching me?" asked the Khajiit as the smith looked down at the figures he's written while measuring the still hot metal along a measure on his bench. "Ah, well your adoptive mothers are going to be enjoying a night with the chieftain. They needed a babysitter and the pay they offered was enough that I took them up on it," said the blacksmith frankly as he dipped the eight shaped cuff halves in cold water, causing them to steam as he simply set them in the basin to cool off while he started working on the collar. He took a measure of the Khajiit's neck, giving a tiny bit of slack on the measure as he started to work on another bit of glowing hot metal.

The blacksmith pounded away until he had two collar halves. He started these pieces cooling in the basin as he retrieved the cooled cuff links and started fitting them together with a snap lock on one side and a hinge on the other. The resulting devices were able to open to slip around the Khajiit's limbs but when they were closed they would be too tight to slip off. The smith set a d-ring into the hinge point of each cuff as attachment points.

Finally, he slipped these slightly heavy manacles on the kitty,

locking them into place on his wrists and ankles with audible clicks and testing the locks to ensure that the kitty wouldn't be able to do much about them. After the cuffs were finished the Orc started with the collar. This restraint was completed in the same way as the cuffs, only on a larger scale with a larger d-ring, and as it was clicked fully into place around his neck the Khajiit lowered his ears, realizing almost immediately that these restraints could make it a lot harder for him to escape if he tried again.

"There we go, now we've got a couple errands to run before tonight. I'm hosting a poker game and we've got to go get the gloves the leather workers have been crafting for you. Then we've got to go visit the herbalist and then we'll come back here and get ready for the game," said the blacksmith as he pulled out a leash and attached it to the collar's d-ring. The blacksmith led him out of the shop, tugging at the leash to keep the Khajiit moving at a brisk pace. The pace forced the Khajiit to waddle with every step due to his inability to keep the padding compressed enough while walking so fast. The guards who had been tasked with watching him walked along with them, snickering from time to time as they watched the kitty try to keep from waddling only to fail miserably.

"Can we please slow down a bit?" whined the kitty as he nearly stumbled but barely managed to avoid falling with an awkward hop. "No," said the blacksmith simply as they walked into the leather worker's shop. "Ah yes, there's the little troublemaker, eh?" asked the leatherworker before ruffling his fur. "Well I've made just the thing to keep fussy kittens out of trouble," said the leather worker as he held up two leather mitts. They had no slots for fingers, only one for his thumb

which looked nearly immobile anyway. The blacksmith grabbed the Khajiit's hands and opened the cuffs, holding his arms out as the leather worker started shoving his hands into the tight leather restraints. Once the gloves were in place the cuffs were closed around his wrists again, this time over the leather effectively locking the mitts into place.

Almost immediately the Khajiit tested the gloves, reaching out and attempting to press his claws through the leather at the end at least a bit so that he could see if he'd be able to escape from them. The leather didn't budge to his claw tips or bend as he tried gripping through them, with these on he wouldn't be able to do anything with his fingers. He moved his thumb and found it was stiff enough to keep him from having more than an infant's grip. "Stop squirming, you brought this on yourself," scolded the blacksmith as he turned to the leather worker. "I can count on seeing you at my poker game later can't I?" asked the smith as he picked up the end of the Khajiit's leash. "Wouldn't miss it for the world," said the leatherworker as he admired just how well the mitts contained the Khajiit's hands.

The smith and the Khajiit went to the healer's hut next. "How can I help you?" asked the healer as the blacksmith entered her shop. "Ah, well I'm on babysitting duty tonight and I want something to ensure this little brat doesn't make me change any messy diapers," replied the blacksmith as he picked up the Khajiit before setting him on the counter, causing him to hiss slightly at the rough handling. "Ah yes, I have just the thing," said the healer as she turned around and started rummaging through various bottles of medication. The Khajiit was a bit nervous as she turned back around with a jar full of green goop and said, "This will prevent bowel movements for the next day,

however it will ultimately cause his body to build up for his next movement.”

“That’s fine, as long as I don’t have to change him,” said the blacksmith with a chuckle as the Khajiit found himself speechless. It was nice that he wasn’t going to have to mess himself tonight but he didn’t like the idea of the buildup she’d mentioned. The blacksmith wrapped one arm around the Khajiit, grabbing him firmly as he caught the first scent of the herb and gagged. It smelled extremely bitter and he couldn’t help but try to squirm out of the blacksmith’s iron grip as the healer held up a rather large spoon and filled it full of the goop. Needless to say he didn’t want that gunk in his mouth. “Oh, you’re going to eat it boy, don’t think you won’t,” said the blacksmith through gritted teeth as his free hand reached up to the Khajiit’s mouth.

The Khajiit squirmed with all his might against the smith but in the end it did him no good. The blacksmith slipped a finger in his mouth and pinched his nose to force him to open wide as the healer dumped the large dose into his mouth. He gagged and bucked a bit as the blacksmith wrapped his hand tightly around the poor kitty’s muzzle to ensure that the dose got swallowed. Rather than sit with the bitterness in his mouth the Khajiit swallowed the medicine, shuddering as the slimy liquid seemed to crawl down his throat into his stomach. “See? Isn’t it easier when you just cooperate?” asked the blacksmith with a chuckle as he looked at the disgusted look on the Khajiit’s face. “No! Ugh!” shouted the Khajiit in protest of his previous force feeding. “Thanks,” grunted the smith as he placed the Khajiit on the floor again and started walking away again.

The Khajiit and the smith reached his house which was built above

the forge before too long at the pace the smith kept him on. As they reached the house the smith simply led him to the center of the room and stated, "nap time," before tying his leash off to a nearby table leg. The orc tossed him a blanket and a pillow from one of the chairs as he went to the kitchen, likely to prepare snacks for the party. The guards who'd been watching him hadn't come into the smith's house, but they were still standing guard outside and the Khajiit could hear them laughing from his spot on the hard floor. The Khajiit tugged at the leash a bit, hoping to break free but found that he couldn't even budge the strong leather leash or move the leg of the sturdy table. He reached up for the clasp at the collar on his neck but found that with his hands wrapped up like this he couldn't release the clasp. He sighed before laying down on the floor. He felt more like a dog than a baby now as he was barely able to avoid laying under the table with the amount of free leash he'd been left with.

The Khajiit, given nothing else to satiate his boredom and fearful of what would happen if he decided to be too noisy decided to go ahead and take a nap. Though the floor wasn't very soft the tired Khajiit slowly drifted off to sleep. He woke with a start when he heard a loud knock at the door, the guests for the poker night had arrived and it was now just past sunset. The Khajiit's whole body felt cramped and sore due to sleeping curled up below the table. He yawned and stretched as much as he could with the unrelenting short leash tethering him to the table. The blacksmith opened the door and the Khajiit peered out from beneath the table to see who had showed up.

Several of the guests were sweaty orc guards, obviously just getting off their shift. As they entered the hut the Khajiit heard the tail end of

a conversation about how they were angry because the chieftain had ordered a double shift for all the guards. Of course the moment one of them noticed the kitten under the table and nudged the others the Khajiit could tell that he was the reason for their double shift.

The leatherworker showed up shortly afterward. Unable to contain himself he walked over to the tied up Khajiit and examined his handiwork. "Holding you good I see, guess I was right that it wouldn't take reinforced leather to hold your little kitten claws," muttered the leatherworker to himself as he poked it to test to see if had been weakened by the Khajiit at all. The Khajiit's face glowed slightly red at that comment, apparently these gloves were not even the toughest this leatherworker could forge yet they held his claws and fingers easily, keeping him from using them at all.

Soon the blacksmith untied him and tugged at the leash to get him out from under the table. The slightly sore Khajiit crawled out into the room where the blacksmith led him to a closet door and tied him off to the handle of the locked door. "Now, you stay quiet," growled the smith as he tested the leash before tugging it slightly tighter causing the Khajiit to whine a bit in submission. After the smith was satisfied that the leash would hold keep the kitty out of trouble the four orc guards, the leatherworker, and the blacksmith all sat around the table and started dealing cards. The blacksmith passed around several large tankards of ale to his guests and they toasted over the first hand before each draining a huge gulp of the strong alcohol in one massive swig and slamming their tankards down on the sturdy card table. The game was on.

The Khajiit started to get bored as the card game went on when

one of the inebriated orc guards glanced over at him. "Hey, I've got to piss but I don't want to go out to the outhouse, you mind if I take a piss in baby's diaper?" asked the guard as the Khajiit looked at them with a blush at what he'd just heard. "Eh? Well, I suppose so, put down a towel first though, I know how well you aim," said the blacksmith which instantly caused the Khajiit to sputter in indignation.

"Khajiit is not a toilet!" yelled the indignant Khajiit as he tugged at the leash and tried, unsuccessfully, to get to his feet as the orc walked over to him. Before doing anything else the guard grabbed one of the large unfolded spare cloth diapers the queen had provided the smith with, lifted the kneeling yelping Khajiit up off the ground for a moment and slid it under his knees, then held his cock before the shocked Khajiit.

Despite the Khajiit's best resistance the guard reached down, loosening his diaper front a bit. The guard put his foot on one of the Khajiit's knees and used his spare hand to grab ahold of the Khajiit's head behind the ears to keep him from squirming out of the way before releasing a stream of hot piss on the Khajiit's lower stomach. The Khajiit blushed in sheer humiliation as he felt the stream of hot orc piss strike his stomach before dribbling down into his padding which absorbed it as fast as it could. The Khajiit could only moan his protest as he was pissed on, not wanting to open his mouth and tempt the guard to direct the piss stream somewhere more unpleasant.

After his piss the guard released the Khajiit but left his diaper slightly loose. The Khajiit fell on his butt after being released and felt a soggy squish from the not fully absorbed orc piss. He groaned in embarrassment as he got back on his knees, not wanting to feel the squish of warm pee that wasn't even his own. "Haha, that was fun, we

should play with the kitty more,” suggested the orc guard who’d just peed his diaper for him. “No, don’t...” said the Khajiit in defiance as he saw the smirks from everyone at the table. That was when the kitty started to realize that he was part of the entertainment for this group of drunk orcs and his defiance was simply making them want to mess with him more.

“Hmm, good idea, alright, kitty gives a blow job to the next winner,” said the blacksmith which caused a round of cheers from the inebriated orcs. “No!” shouted the Khajiit in humiliation as the blacksmith dealt the cards. “Khajiit won’t do it, you can’t make Khajiit suck your cock!” he shouted in protest which caused the members of the table to laugh. “And how are you going to stop us? Gonna piss yourself like you did for the chieftain, baby?” asked one of the guards condescendingly as they started to play the game.

The Khajiit watched the game play out nervously, and it was one of the guards who ended up winning. The guard walked over to him, untied his leash from the door knob, then picked him up and carried him back to the table. The Khajiit started to protest only for the guard to growl and force him under the table on his knees. The guard wrapped his legs around the Khajiit’s neck tightly, pushing the poor kitten right up against his sweat drenched rod. “You’re going to suck it or you’ll wish you had,” said the guard as he rested his legs on the Khajiit’s back and pulled the leash under one of his legs which pushed the Khajiit’s nose right up against the orc’s balls.

The Khajiit, seeing little recourse but to suck the orc’s cock and not feeling adventurous enough to find out what would happen if he didn’t give the orc the orgasm he wanted opened his mouth and started

licking and sucking on the long shaft before him. He licked along the head of the pulsing dick, not fully able to take the entire length without triggering his gag reflex. The cock tasted very powerfully musky, likely due to the long day of guard duty. After a few minutes of sucking the head of the invading orc cock the Khajiit could feel the orc pushing his hips upward slightly. This of course caused the length to push up into his maw further causing the Khajiit to choke slightly before gathering himself and doubling his efforts to finish with this seemingly eternal blowjob. "Ohh, kitty, your tongue feels really good, get more of that mouth busy!" commanded the Orc before grabbing the leash.

After several minutes the Khajiit stopped sucking for a moment to catch his breath. The guard didn't appreciate the sudden stop though, and growled down at the Khajiit, "Get back to work or so help me I'll finish the job myself in that little mouth of yours." The Khajiit started sucking harder, licking along as much of the lower and mid length of the cock as he could reach. He heard round after round pass all the while the guard moaned slightly in pleasure and kept the kitty firmly planted on his length.

Just as the Khajiit thought he might never finish the guard off the guard decided to take things into his own hands. He reached under the table and grabbed the back of the surprised kitty's head before shoving his cock roughly into the Khajiit's mouth all the way to the base. The Khajiit squirmed in the powerful grip of the guard but couldn't do much to stop the rough fucking his mouth was receiving from the grunting guard as he grabbed the back of the kitty's neck and used his mouth like a personal sex toy.

Finally, the Khajiit felt the tell-tale pulsing from the guard's cock

moments before his maw was stuffed full of hot orc spunk. The orc simply held his cock hilted in the squirming Khajiit's mouth, looking down at him expectantly as he force fed the kitty every bit of the huge load by holding it in his mouth until the kitten was forced to swallow down. Overflow dribbled down both the Khajiit's cheeks as he was finally allowed to pull up a bit off the massive cock length, coughing as the salty aftertaste of the massive load filled his mouth and overwhelmed his sense of smell and taste. "Kitty, your tongue is talented but your suction could use some work, next time put your all into it," the now satisfied guard chuckled at him before picking him up and carrying him back to the closet door and tying him back to the handle.

"Alright, next one to win gets to fill the kitty's fuzzy butt up," chuckled the blacksmith. The Khajiit, looked like he was going to speak when suddenly the smith stood up, walked over, and plugged his mouth with his pacifier. "Now kitty, you wouldn't want me to have to use a better pacifier would you?" joked the smith as the Khajiit blushed and stopped his protest. He wasn't about to risk having another cock stuffing his maw for simply speaking out since it hadn't really done him any good previously.

The round went on for a few minutes and finally the leatherworker won. He took a bit of butter and slathered it along his rapidly hardening cock length. He walked over, picked up the pacified kitty and tugged down the back of his diaper slightly, lining up the fat cock perfectly with the quivering kitten's tight hole. The guard pushed in suddenly causing the Khajiit to gasp as his rear passage was very suddenly invaded by warm orc cock. When the leatherworker felt too

much resistance he stopped for a moment, allowing the kitty to stretch out slightly before continuing to thrust him down onto the massive greased length. That's when he wrapped his thick arms around the kitty's chest in a massive bear hug. Using his great upper arm strength the guard started to lift and drop the Khajiit roughly, humping him and keeping him tightly squeezed, weakly squirming, and constantly mewling feebly around the pacifier filling his mouth as he was so thoroughly battered on the massive length.

Ten inches of pounding pulsing orc cock constantly pushing up into him and keeping his prostate constantly pressured caused the kitty's comparatively tiny length to harden within the folds of his soggy diaper. He started to moan in pleasure much to the amusement of the leatherworker who groped the front of the diaper rather roughly causing the kitty to dribble a bit of pre cum in horniness. The sex didn't last long though, the Khajiit's tight hole combined with the orc guard being on edge caused an orgasm within about two minutes of the start of the rough fucking. The Khajiit felt the warm goo filling his butt full of orc seed and realized that he was actually pretty close to orgasm.

He whined as the orc plucked him off his cock, feeling a slop of orc spunk leaking from his stretched hole and into the waiting folds of the diaper as it was pulled up over his behind again. He was set back by the door and tied up again, his ragingly hard cock still tenting his diaper as another round of ale was passed around the table. "Hey...I-you can't just stop like that...I'm..." the Khajiit sputtered around the massive pacifier in his mouth, blushing as he attempted to stroke his still pulsing hard member through the thick diaper and his own gloves. Much to the kitty's disappointment he wasn't able to pleasure himself

with that much padding between his hand and his cock.

“Hmm, should we help the kitty out a bit guys?” asked the blacksmith in a horny tone. “Hmm...I don’t know, he made us work a double shift today, perhaps we ought to leave him horny,” said another of the guards to the smith. “I don’t want him to complain the rest of the poker game though, perhaps we can work out another punishment for him then finish him off so he shuts up,” said another of the guards. “Hmm...lets spank him, he’s a baby after all, it’s only fitting to spank his butt then put him to bed,” said the third guard who hadn’t yet gotten his rocks off in the kitty. “Alright, we’ll spank him for making us work harder today,” said one of the guards as he came over the Khajiit who was wishing he’d just kept his mouth shut.

The orc picked up the now kicking and squirming kitty quite easily before taking him back over to his chair at the poker table. The Khajiit, despite his kicking and protests, was easily placed over the strong orc’s knee and the back of his diaper lowered as he felt a strong elbow set right against the small of his back, preventing him from getting back up. He tried to put his hands behind his back and over his butt to prevent the spanking. The guard simply grabbed his wrists and pulled them together behind his back then attached the d-rings together to prevent his hands from getting in the way of the soon to be dispensed punishment.

The first swat caused him to yelp as his butt cheek was swatted by the orc. It didn’t hurt nearly as much as he thought it would have, but perhaps that was to keep him from snapping like a toothpick. Smack after smack landed on the Khajiit’s quickly reddening butt with loud resounding claps of pain as it grew more intense as the spanking

went on. He squirmed against the orc's lap, tears welling up in his eyes and spilling down his cheeks as he yelped again and again. Oddly enough, despite the spanking hurting quite a bit the Khajiit couldn't help but notice his cock was still hard enough to tent his diaper. It seemed odd to him, but in some part of his mind he was getting a bit of a thrill from this, though not enough to really deaden the punishment. He blushed and banished the thought from his head, not wanting to think of the consequences of the orcs catching on that he was actually deriving any pleasure from this no matter how small it was.

After several dozen swats the kitten's bottom felt like it was on fire. It was bright red and several imprints of the guard's hand could be seen through his fur. The Khajiit's face was absolutely tear stained, his throbbed painfully and he felt emotionally and physically broken down as he simply sobbed. One thing was certain, he knew he didn't want to risk their wrath again.

They didn't give him long to rest though, soon after his spanking was done he heard them start to talk again. "Alright, there's four of us and one of him, I guess we could take turns, but what fun is that? Let's split roast him on all our cocks at once," said the blacksmith. The others roared out their approval as he was taken to a bed in the back room for the convenience of the orcs. He was put on his knees on the bed and his tail was lifted high so he could be inspected by the remaining orcs. He was still sniveling from his spanking but starting to regain his composure as the orcs looked him over. "Hmm...heads or tails?" asked the Blacksmith lustfully to the other orcs as they decided his fate. It ended up that the blacksmith and one of the guards were going to take

his mouth and the two remaining guards were going to take his ass.

The Khajiit saw the two set to take his butt greasing their cocks, but he was too broken to even resist at this point as the blacksmith plugged the Khajiit's mouth with his thick orc cock. "Heh, how's that pacifier for you?" asked the smith as he grabbed him tightly behind the head. He soon found the other guard's cock pushing in alongside the smiths as his tongue was wedged between the two competing orc cocks as they each sought to fill more of his oral real estate. The Khajiit gagged on the two large cocks filling his maw but found it did him absolutely no good as he tried to pull back weakly only to find the blacksmith's iron grip was more than enough to keep him in place. "Get sucking," commanded the smith as the Khajiit blushed up at the two of them and gave them a pitiful look that got him only laughter, not pity.

The kitten didn't get long to worry about only them though, as he started to lick up between the two massive cocks causing both the smith and the guard to moan in pleasure he felt one of the guards begin to push at his ass very slightly. The leatherworker's load in the kitty from earlier helped the guard to penetrate more easily as the other pressed in tightly against the first and started feeding the tip of his length up into the squirming kitty's butt alongside the first, stretching the kitten very wide and causing him to moan and squirm involuntarily.

The Khajiit felt the two massive cocks in his ass and felt relief for a moment. Given the positioning he could only take both in so far before they were unable to push in further due to being in each other's way. However, the width alone was enough to drive the Khajiit's prostate crazy as his tail hole squeezed around the massive cock lengths.

The two filling his maw pounded in rhythm, occasionally both pumping in at the same time but mostly alternating along his long licking tongue as he looked up at them helplessly. Taking note from this the two at his ass started working together as well, one would pull out to the very tip while the other pounded in then they would trade, causing him to feel intense stretching deep within him as he found himself moaning from the intense stretching inside.

The Khajiit felt completely broken to their will. Despite all his squirming and struggling earlier and now he couldn't move a single inch from the eight gripping orc hands and the four thick cocks. He felt them starting to speed up as his cock pulsed in need inside his thick padding. That's when he felt the first orc load in his maw, shot all the way to the back of his mouth by the guard in his mouth and then spread along his tongue the blacksmith as he wasn't given the luxury of swallowing immediately. He swallowed the spunk down as it dribbled to the back of his mouth, the taste of orc seed being ground into his tongue causing him to blush in humiliation as the guard pulled out so the smith could get better speed.

One of the guards at his ass moaned in pleasure before the Khajiit felt his butt filled with more warm sticky spunk. The guard who just shot his load pushed the spunk in with one more big thrust, essentially greasing the way for the other guard as he pulled out and moved around to the front. The guard who already shot his load in the Khajiit's mouth moved out of the way as the guard who'd just stuffed his ass started scrubbing his cock against the Khajiit's tongue, cleaning off every drop of seed from his member all over the Khajiit's tongue before moving out of the way for the smith.

Now with only two cocks to satisfy the Khajiit started to feel exhaustion set in. His every breath smelled of orc seed, musk, sweat, and piss. That's when he felt the orc behind him starting to moan in pleasure before shooting his ass full of even more orc seed. The guard stayed hilted in the Khajiit and then reached around to his own very on edge cock. He grabbed it roughly through the thick diaper, wrapping his hand around it tightly and starting to pound up and down the length, his grip causing a bit of the orc piss to leak out against the Khajiit's fur.

The smith grabbed the back of the Khajiit's head, pulling him roughly off his cock before spurting his load. One big splash landed right on the Khajiit's tongue, another right on his forehead plastering his fur down with sticky seed, two landed on each of his cheeks, and the last right on the tip of his nose. Finally, the Khajiit felt really close to edge, but the guard had one more surprise for him. With a moan the guard released his bladder, causing warm pee to begin splashing up into the sexually overloaded kitten. That sensation of being filled up with warm piss drove him over the edge, causing him to shoot his spunk into the diaper.

Finally the Khajiit had the cock pulled from his ass and his diaper quickly pulled up so when the piss started to dribble out it wouldn't ruin the bed. "Get him back on the floor, if that diaper leaks on my furniture I'm going to be pissed," said the blacksmith as two of the guards picked up the sore kitty causing him to moan. He was carried back to the table, this time tied up right underneath it with his hands still attached behind his back. They let him lay down, and they continued their poker game. The Khajiit was thoroughly exhausted

from the rough fucking and when he laid down at the feet of the smith and the other orcs he soon drifted off to an uneasy sleep as he constantly felt the sensation of orc piss and cum leaking out his butt into the diaper.

The Khajiit was awoken by a nudge from the foot of the smith. He looked around and noticed that the others seemed to be on their way out the door. He looked up at the smith groggily, moaning as he felt his stretched ass still twitching and leaking globs of orc cum and piss into the waiting diaper. "Wake up little guy, we're gonna bath you before your mommy gets here so she doesn't throw a fit that I left you filthy," said the blacksmith as he chuckled down at the sore kitty. The Khajiit was easily picked up by the smith who carried him over to a tub full of, thankfully warm, soapy water.

The Khajiit couldn't stop whining and moaning as he was roughly scrubbed by the orc blacksmith. The blacksmith seemed to be focusing mostly on the areas that were most affected, his stomach, chest, face, and ass. The rest of him got a once over scrub with the soapy water. After a few minutes the blacksmith took him out of the tub and took a rough towel and started to dry him with coarse strokes. The Khajiit moaned as his sore muscles were grabbed by the smith as his sopping wet fur was dried until it was merely damp. Finally, his still pink butt was placed against a fresh diaper which was quickly folded up into place around his crotch, a comfort for his spanked behind to not have to touch the hard floor.

Finally the kitten was brought back over to a couch and tied to one of the legs. "If you piss on my couch so help me I'll make you pay for a new one," said the smith threateningly as the Khajiit's arms, sore

from being behind his back for an extended period of time, were finally released so the Khajiit could move them again. The Khajiit was aware that he very lightly smelled of cum and piss, perhaps not enough for an orc nose to sense but enough to make him blush in knowledge that he'd been completely sexually used by the male orcs. He simply laid on the couch, sucking his pacifier for comfort without even realizing he was doing it when suddenly there was a knock at the door.

"Aww, there he is, did you have a good time?" asked the queen to the Khajiit, obviously not expecting an answer as she picked him up and handed the smith a familiar looking though notably lighter and recently stitched bag of Septims. The blacksmith took the bag with a smile then waived to the Khajiit who, in his exhaustion, passed out in the arms of the queen as she carried him back to the longhouse. He was still leaking orc cum: that and his red butt were the only outward signs of what had transpired with the smith that night.