

A Manly Conflict of Orcs and Dwarves

By Tredain

Gurk grunted. One powerful hand curled into a fist and the thick arm pumped softly, the huge bicep flexing up and resembling a small mountain. Both tree trunk like arms curled down and the big orc's chest tightened and flexed again. Sweat started to bead on the smooth green flesh and dotted Gurk's forehead as he furrowed his brow in concentration. He moved from pose to pose slowly, deliberately, likely using most of his brain to figure each stance; Gurk was not the smartest of orcs.

Bran OakFeller watched the show with rapt attention, his arms crossed and loincloth rigidly tented at the sight of the bare orc trying to show off how manly he was. Idly his squat rough fingers played with the thick bush of his beard, lips perked up in a smile. The orc was really trying his best to impress the dwarf, as he had every day for the past two weeks. He watched every pearl of sweat dribble off the rippled green muscles, saw every slight bob and weave of that great green python that practically swung between the orc's legs, and admired the way those thick muscles rippled and tightened. The sight could have made even the hardest warrior blush up a storm.

"Aye, tis impressive," Bran finally commented after watching the orc twist and flex for long minutes "but yer still not manlier than I am."

Gruk held himself with both arms curled behind his head, pecs bulging out, stomach rigid, dick drooling a heavy thread of clear pre. It took him a moment to register the dwarf's words, brow furrowing deeper as he had to process 'wurds'. The great tusked face twist into a snarl and he punched the air.

"NO?! STILL NO?! GRUK AM MANLIER THAN LITTLE DWARF!" He bellowed furiously, sweat flicking off his broad, tall body with every exaggerated motion as he swung his great arms and stomped the grass flat. Bran just stood stoically before the green brute as he threw his daily tantrum, a calm brick of hairy muscle wrapped in nothing but a pair of fur boots and a heavily tented, and by then heavily wet with pre, loin-cloth. When Gruk finished, which took a solid five minutes, he stood huffing and panting, only inches away from the unphased dwarf. His black eyes bore holes into that bearded face, looming over it as he did. Bran simply smiled, then reached out and grabbed the orc's dick in one rough hand.

The reaction was immediate and the same as it had been the day before, and the day before that, and before that as well. Gruk practically yelped and his heavy body dropped forward onto his knees, hips thrust forward, rigid cock pulsing readily and drooling heavily. The dwarf grinned and gave the wrist thick green dick a few tugs, letting his callused hands run up and down the veined shaft.

"Y'know I cannae tell ya since ya failed again," he said, then casually let go of the orc's cock and gave it a soft slap. Gruk's eyes shot open, as usual, and he groaned as his dick swayed back and forth in the open air, almost comically so. The bald titan snorted, heavy muscles

trembling in the noon sun. Bran chuckled and set his arms akimbo, thick legs spreading open.

"Down ye go, orc. Do a good job and ye'll get another chance tomorrow to prove yer manlier," he explained, watching the rusty gears click away in the orc's skull about a minute after he spoke. Gruk growled, his face turned down in a heavy frown, but gave a nod. Slowly the bulky monster got down on all fours, broad back glistening with sweat in the bright mid-day light. The bald head bobbed, beady eyes zeroing in on their target, and reluctantly moved closer to the wet loincloth.

Bran just grinned. The dwarf took in a long, deep breath, letting his own thick hairy chest bulge out, then closed his eyes and exhaled as he basked in the feeling of the brute snuffling around his crotch. The wide nose poked and sniffed about, taking in the rich musky scent of dwarf. A thick green finger came up and hooked into the bulging cloth, a quick tug sending it down around the dwarf's ankles. Originally Bran had kept it tied, as was proper dwarven dress, until he realized Gruk was absolutely no good with knots.

Bran's stiff dick swung up to meet the orc, his thick tip tapping right into the broad green snout. Gruk snorted distastefully, both eyes squared on the thick fleshy mushroom.

"Gruk show you tomorrow. Show puny dwarf who manlier," he garbled out in his thick pidgin speak. The great tusked maw opened wide and those thick green lips once more wrapped around Bran's cock, making the dwarf groan and sigh contently.

Orcs are so thick, he mused to himself, listening as the air filled with the sloppy suck-suck that had become regular this time of day. Maybe sometime he might admit the orc was manlier just to make the dumb grunt happy, but for now he stood and enjoyed their little game for another day. Then he cast an eye over the hard, sweaty body supplicating itself before him, face buried in his crotch and suckling hard, smooth green ass up high in the air. Then again, he thought as he stared at that big emerald ass, maybe it was worth it to just keep stringing the brute along.