

Alynnya captured by Orks

A saucy tale of orks and a Rithian Ranger

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Story by K.D.

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After the incident in the library stacks with Chetwynd, I tried to be much more careful about where and when I read my ork fantasy book, “Greener Pastures.” Especially since that incident wasn’t the first time I had gotten so lost in the story that I forgot where I was. And unfortunately, it wasn’t the first time I had been interrupted trying to pleasure myself, either.

The problem was, I was getting increasingly frustrated by being interrupted all the time! I’d not been able to actually ‘finish’ in a couple weeks, and the cravings were growing and distracting me from my studies. Scenes from my book kept invading my thoughts and dreams. Invariably, I found myself playing out the role of the beautiful abducted baroness in my mind.

I was beginning to worry that these fantasies about being an ork’s captive weren’t very becoming of a Ranger. Perhaps I was not worthy of becoming a Ranger if I could not control my decadent thoughts and urges. Perhaps I wasn’t ready to live up to a Ranger’s high moral standards.

This week’s camping trip for all underclass cadets had so far been a continuation of my frustration, as I found myself constantly in group activities and discussions, without a moment to myself. So when I realized I was the only cadet still awake in my bedroll near the campfire, I couldn’t resist the urge to pull my book from its hiding space and read it in the firelight. It didn’t take long for my cravings to kick in. And since I had already stripped down to my bra and panties to sleep, it was easy to slip one hand between my legs as I kept reading...

After my latest failed escape attempt, the orks realized they enjoyed chasing me. So for the last three nights after our evening meal, they removed the chain from my collar and told me to run. Then they hunted me down, taunting me as they chased me over rocks and through the low brush. “Run, little Humie, run!” they would call out, “we coming for you.”

When they inevitably caught up to me, they would grab me with their huge hands and physically restrain me, manhandle me, then pin me between them and bind me—along with gratuitous groping and fondling of my trembling body. Then they would carry their prize

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back to camp where they would 'punish' me for escaping.

I knew my chances of actually escaping them were low. They were experienced hunters, they outnumbered me, and they could outflank and flush me out of any hiding place. And if I did elude them, then what? There were creatures of the night in this realm even more scary than orks, creatures that didn't want to enslave me—they simply wanted to kill and eat me. Not necessarily in that order!

No, the irony was that I was safer accepting the collar and protection of the ork captain and his men. Regardless of their humiliating treatment of me, or the degrading acts to which I submitted, at least I was of value to them and they wanted to keep me safe and alive. As long as I pleased them, I would live. Or at least that's what I told myself to rationalize my capitulation and submission, my acceptance of being collared and leashed like their pet.

Tonight I had made it to the edge of a cliff before they cut off my escape. Rather than jump to my sure death, I had knelt down and offered my wrists to be re-bound. The ork captain grinned and chuckled as he looked down at me kneeling before him. "Little human girl wants to stay."

He gripped both my wrists in one massive hand and pulled me to my feet. Then he pulled my hands behind my back, turning me away from him and toward his men—who were unabashedly staring at my sweaty naked form. I hastily averted my gaze before they mistook eye contact for defiance. Meanwhile, the leader bound my wrists tightly with thin leather strips. He gave them a tight cinch which would cause the strips to cut into me if I resisted too much.

"Tie feet," he called out to the short chubby ork, tossing him another length of leather. Moving his grip to my shoulders, the leader held me back against the taut muscles of his belly and chest. I soon felt the pudgy ork winding the leather strip around one ankle, then the other, his hands wandering between my legs as he did. I could also feel the hardening member of the captain pressing against my arms and lower back.

Both sensations gave me an unwanted flutter of desire. I kept my head bowed, somewhat

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ashamed that I had chosen ongoing submission and captivity over a quick end. But the fire in my belly told me I had chosen to remain the orks' pet for more reasons than just self-preservation.

The leader then lifted me effortlessly and slung me face-down over his shoulder to carry me back to camp. His huge hand just below my rear kept me pinned against him; a probing finger sometimes slid between my thighs to tease at the wet warmth between, a warmth that was growing stronger the closer we got to camp. If I turned my head I could see the other two following behind, still breathing heavily from the chase, their cocks half-rigid from witnessing my surrender and binding—obviously looking forward to our return to our campsite.

Upon arrival I was dropped to the ground, and my collar was re-affixed to the chain running to the log near the fire. The orks passed around a jug of mead they had liberated from a carriage earlier in the day, and they poured generous portions of it into my mouth and down my chest. After one particularly long spill, the leader licked trails of the warm liquid directly from my skin. When I moaned in delight, the others joined in, pouring the mead directly on me, and lapping it up. My wrists and ankles were freed so that I could lie back, and they could access all of me.

Soon the mead was making my head swim, and I delighted in stroking their heads and shoulders, nudging their tongues closer to my naked flesh, wanting them to lick me everywhere. Then I was licking from their bodies as well, now on my hands and knees, straddling the huge ork captain and drinking viscous pools from his chest, grinding on his shaft and willing him to enter me. I held the pudgy ork's member in one hand, licking off the mead he had poured on himself, and the tall ork's cock in the other, running my hand up and down his well-lubricated shaft.

The orgy went on long into the night, until I collapsed, exhausted, and the orks lay panting around me. I wore no bindings other than the collar and chain. My skin was sticky from the viscous mead, from the orks' saliva, and from their thick milky spunk. I could feel it in my hair and taste it on my lips. My body still quaked from the aftershocks of climax after climax, my arms and legs tingling from the contorted positions in which their strong hands held me.

In the glow of the firelight I could see the muscular frame of the ork captain near me, the sight of his sinewy limbs and broad shoulders keeping the thrumming in my belly going. I may be the prisoner of orks, but I was HIS prisoner, and I felt an unexpected loyalty and affection for him. I crawled across the dusty ground between us and laid my chest against his. I slid one leg over the bulk of his thigh, and rested my head against his shoulder, closing my eyes in satisfaction as the heat of his body warmed me.

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“Slatefire, what in the seven hells are you doing?” exclaimed Senior Cadet Aldritch, pushing me violently away. I opened my eyes to find myself on the ground next to him, one leg still straddling his. I could see shock and confusion in his eyes. Then next thing I noticed was the cool night air on my skin, naked except for my wispy undergarments.

As a fourth year cadet and prospective Rithian Knight, Aldritch had volunteered to chaperone our underclass camping trip. His rugged good looks had caught the attention of most of the girls in my class, and likely featured in many of their dreams tonight—but not mine.

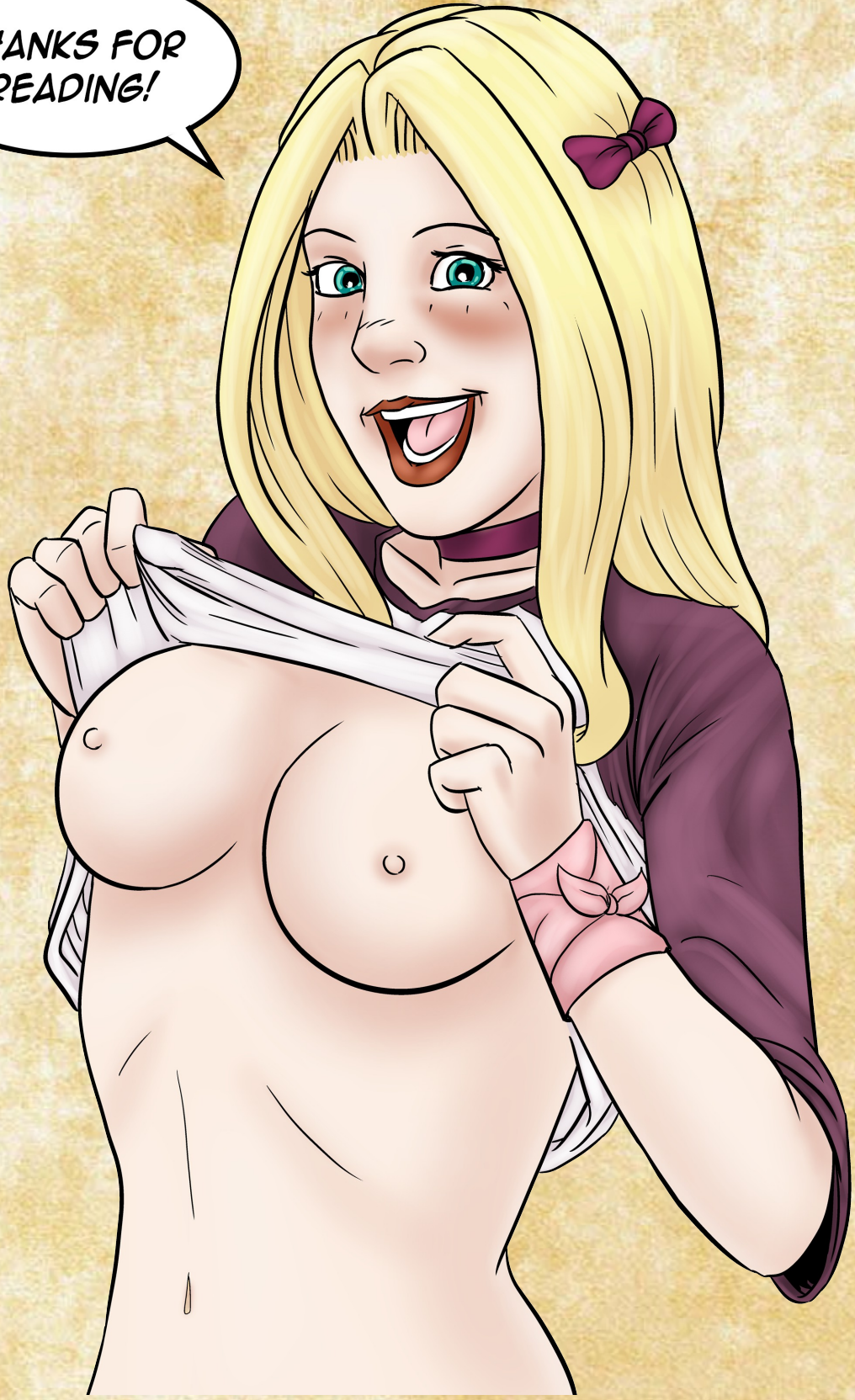
“I’m sorry...I...I must have been sleep-walking.” Chagrined, I scooted back to my own bedroll by the fire. I avoided the looks but couldn’t help hearing the giggles from the other faces that had popped out of their bedrolls at the commotion.

“Sleep-something...I wouldn’t call that walking,” Aldritch said. “And put away that book there, too. I told you cadets that reading fiction by the fire-light was sure to give you nightmares.” With a loud sigh, he turned his back to me and pulled his bedroll around him.

I nestled myself back into my bedroll and laid my head on my rolled cloak. My beloved copy of “Greener Pastures” lay on the ground right beside my head, the titillating cover image illuminated by the flickering fire.

“Maybe just a few more pages...” I thought to myself.

THANKS FOR
READING!



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