**Two and A Half Orcs Chapter 1 – Big Meal Before a Big Adventure.**

*Written by HumbleHeretic*

Cedar town was the true definition of a melting pot of many creeds and races. Today as well, the town was bustling from the early hours of the morning. Roadside vendors were busy setting up their stalls while the streets were lined with a flood of characters of all shapes and sizes. Even with the human species being the dominant population, there were still a great deal of exotics mixed in with the crowd. Elves that were tall and slender, dwarves that were short and stocky. There were even a small band of Ogres setting up their armour shop, which was actually one of the most popular in town.

Beast-men were also pretty common, and one could even make out a few new species that were recently emerging from their secluded way of living. Even some that would have been classified as monsters up to a few years ago could be seen mingling with the crowd.

Times were indeed changing, society was growing more and more tolerant after the settling of the great war almost a decade ago. And this was good news for our protagonists who were just starting their day after an uneventful rest at one of the town's inns.

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**PPPRRRRRRrrRRrrPrRRRRrrrrrrrrrrr**

A deep guttural noise, that was slightly muffled, echoed throughout the small room of the inn. A truly terrible smell soon wafted through the air, however the room’s sole inhabitant, who was also the culprit behind the noise and the smell, didn't seem bothered in the least. In fact, not even a "pardon me" left their lips as they muttered to themselves while flipping through a small handbook.

There sat a large-statured, stocky Orc with her back against the wooden headboard and her large meaty legs spread forward on the mattress. Her skin indicated her identity as a common green Orc, however her eyes possessed a clarity and intelligence uncommon for her race, probably a result of her uncommon lineage. The most common thing about her was definitely the make-up of her frame that was completely bare as she sat on one of the room's pair of beds.

As was mentioned before, she's fairly large with the assets to match her size. Large breasts with darker green nipples sat on her chest while her butt that was squashing the mattress was large, rounded and full. Her hips were plump and doughy, and her thighs looked like they could easily crush solid rock. Her large feet, that came after her plump calves, were adorned with long, almost claw-like black toenails, similar to the nails adorning the pudgy fingers of her large hands that she used to flip through the small book.

Though her face was chubby, her features were much more appealing than that of a standard green Orc, once again a result of her lineage. Her hair that was cut to a length that reached her shoulders was a light brown, she had thick eyebrows, long lashes, and chestnuts eyes.

**PprrRrPPPRRRRRrrrrrRRrrrlllBBRRRrRTTtttttt**

Once again the noise that caused the wooden floor below the bed to rumble was heard as the mattress below the Orc' doughy ass warmed up. The smell that had just started dissipating from the room was freshly invigorated, however the orc didn't seem to mind in the least as her long pearly canines flashed while she muttered some words. She seemed to be going over the contents of the book as if to memorize what was written. Meanwhile, there was a feeble stirring in the in the bedding below her.

At this time, the door of the room was pushed open without even a knock.

"Geez, it really stinks in here, why don’t you at least open the window?"

The reading Orc looked up from her book to glance at the person who just walked in, her sister, and the second tenant of this little inn room. The other Orc who was walking towards the window was fully equipped unlike the one sitting on the bed, and this allowed one to observe her physique that was similar yet differed greatly. While she shared the same green skin and brown hair and eyes, her body itself was much more toned. As a matter of fact, if not for the absence of horns on her forehead, one could have easily mistaken her for an Ogre instead.

Her hair was longer, reaching down to her back while tied in a ponytail behind her head, revealing the pointed ears on the sides of her face.

Her bust was large in its own right, and below it was a belly more tucked and firm. Her hips were broad, and her thighs were bulky yet lean. She had a large enough ass to compliment her size while her legs were long enough to make her just as tall as the Orc on the bed.

Unlike the latter who was stark naked, she seemed ready for combat as leather armour hugged her exquisite body while a large great sword was sheathed on her back.

Her name was Egret, a name given by their father as if blessing her with the valiance she now displayed in her adult form. The Orc on the bed was Mabel, a name given to her by their mother. There was no particular reasoning for this name, their mother had just found that she seemed like a "Mabel" after she was born. It was a simple logic that was typical of their mother who was simple by nature.

**BLRPLRPLRPLLLRRrRRPPPtttttttTTTTTtttttttrrrrrr**

"Did you manage to get a lot of information."

Mabel finally spoke out loud after pumping out a fresh batch of fumes that caused the stirring below her to increase.

"Not yet, we gotta go see an alchemist to get an idea of the whole picture. Hey, don't forget to let him breath."

"Ugh, it's so annoying having to get up every time."

"Well, that's part of why we're on this quest in the first place, right?"

As she complained, Mabel raised her butt up off the mattress and immediately, there was a coughing fit that sounded out from where her large caboose was just resting. As the lingering greenish yellow smog dissipated, what was revealed was the face of a figure that was clearly much smaller than the two Orcs. Short cut hair, a lightly greenish tinge to his skin, and ears that were longer and more pointed than those of the Orcs.

His name was Arrow, the room's third inhabitant, and the brother of the two Orcs. He was currently retching and gagging after spending an unknown amount of time smothered under Mabel's massive butt and sniffing up the hot gas expelled from her booty while she was going through the new adventurer's handbook.

His eyes were teary, and he was coughing violently, not only from the lack of air under the Orc' behind, but also because of the unbelievable foulness of his sister's rancid gas. One had to know that there weren't many things in this world more foul than an Orc's flatulence. And the poor halfling had spent most of the morning in the crack of an Orc's ass, sniffing up her gas bombs that left her butt in regular intervals.

"Now the room is gonna stink pretty bad."

Mabel kept her large butt looming over the face of the retching halfling. Unfortunately for him, the lack of oxygen until now was causing him to take deep, laboured breaths of the surrounding air. While he did manage to get some oxygen into his lungs, most of it was polluted by his sister’s thick butt broth that lingered stubbornly around his face after the terrible gassing.

"That's why I was thinking that we should aim for the [Breathless Lily] first."

Egret said this while making sure to stay near the open window as to avoid the terrible smell. The Orc could barely stand the smell of her own gas, much less that of her sister. This was part of the reason why the halfling was charged with soaking up her morning farts in the first place.

"So, you found out where we can get it then?"

"Yeah, they say that it grows in the middle of [Siren's Lake], it's gonna be tough to get it though."

"Well, we're gonna have to give it a try if we want this little guy to do a better job."

Maybe she decided that he'd had enough "fresh" air, Mabel slowly brought her doughy posterior back down onto the face of her gagging brother. The sound of his retching disappeared, replaced with the creaking of the bed as it buckled under the weight of the Orc’s massive rear. The sound of the Orc' gurgling gut followed soon after. She no doubt had a great deal more morning gas to let out, meaning that Arrow had his work cut out for him on this morning as well.

**BLURPRrLlRRrRPPTTPPrrplllRRPTTTtttttt**

Mabel resumed reading the handbook after letting out a bubbly poot against the halfling's face as Egret proceeded to give her equipment one last maintenance check while making sure to stay near the open window.

Like that, the trio of siblings spent their morning as per the usual before they would have to set out on their latest quest.

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Even in this world that was teaming with a myriad of fantastic people and creatures, Arrow was a rarity among rarities, and this was a result of his father himself being an anomaly among his kind.

As was stated before, Arrow and his sisters were birthed by the union of an Orc and an Elf. This was nothing common, in the past there were many tales of elves falling victim to the lustful assaults of Orcs.

What was uncommon in this case was that their father was the Elf while their mother was the Orc. Not only that, but it was also a union formed through both parties' loving consent!

It was a widespread fact that Elves were snobbish and reserved by nature. In the past, seeing an Elf outside of the forest could be taken as a symbol of good luck to come. Therefore, for an Elf to come together with not even a human, but a boorish Orc, whose species was loathed by their kind on an intrinsic level, was something unheard of even in fairy tales. Yet Arrow's father had nonetheless ended up bedding such a creature, and the two were still happily living together even to this day.

The result of this farfetched union was the three siblings, Egret, Mabel, and Arrow, in order of eldest to youngest. Egret and Mabel being females, had inherited most of their traits from their mother, which was in fact the more common result when Orcs crossbred. Egret had managed to inherit some of their father's talent for combat, eventually leading to her current appearance that was on the slimmer side for an Orc. She was also well-practiced in melee combat.

Mabel on the other hand was more a spitting image of their mother who had been an Orcish mage before settling down.

Despite her physique that was typical of the average adult Orc female, she possessed great intelligence and a bit of talent for magic. Though, she personally preferred to follow the warrior's path like her sister and would often act the role of a tank during combat.

And that only left Arrow, who was hands down the strangest amalgamation of the three. Arrow, who was the only male, had naturally inherited most of his father's traits, hence his more human-like size and appearance. However, he also inherited strong traits from their mother. The nimbleness and flexibility he inherited from their father had merged with the endurance and vitality of their mother to create mutated traits within his body. In the end he had developed a body that was tough yet malleable, durable, with a great deal of control. These were traits that could turn him into a renowned combatant if cultivated properly, however his sisters found that there were much "better" ways to make use of his unique traits.

You see, even though the trio had inherited many reputable traits from their parents, their base nature was still that of Orcs, and this was especially true for the two Orcesses. At their core, Orcs were slobbish, brutal and lustful creatures. This nature led to Arrow, who was the smallest of the three, often being the target of his sisters' various outlandish proclivities, many of which were sexual in nature. This was especially so due to the fact that his body's special constitution provided the greatest outlet for which they could have their fun, much like what was happening right now.

Arrow's face was crumpled in disgust as a violently foul stench assaulted his sinuses. He had lost count by now of how many times he inwardly cursed his father for his greater than normal sense of smell! As blessed children of the forest, Elves, especially High Elves like their father, possessed much greater senses than humans. This meant that their sense of smell, while not quite on the level of most mammals, was developed enough to foretell when a storm was nearby.

And unfortunately for Arrow, this meant that he could much better smell the repulsive "meals" that his sisters were currently shoving into his face!

Orcs were a species where masculinity was dominant, even down to their very genes. In this way, even female Orcs possessed a combination of both male and female parts. To put it a simpler way; Orcesses were also packing, and Arrow's sisters were definitely no exception. Both Egret and Mabel possess an extra set of genitals, and they were absolutely massive.

Right in front of Arrow's face were two dark green she-cocks that were each longer than the halfling's forearm! While resembling a human's in shape, the mighty green rods were far removed in terms of sheer size and bulk! The engorged members were adorned with throbbing veins that pulsed below the skin that was smooth to the point of being shiny. This skin extended all the way up the lengthy shafts until they halfway enveloped the stiff, bulbous head of each cock that was light purple in colour.

The swollen glans of each prominent prick were by themselves twice larger than the halfling's clenched fist! Each head possessed a single gaping eye, and surrounding said eye, on the rim of where the glans met with the foreskin, an incredibly thick build-up of yellowed, curdle-like substances could be seen! Hence was the source of the downright revolting smell currently burning inside Arrow's nostrils. His two *big* sisters were sitting on the edge of the bed, Egret having momentarily shed her armour and Mabel still as naked as she was before. The two Orcs were now presenting their large, engorged cocks to the halfling's face while said phalluses were giving off a stench that could cause flowers to wilt from ten yards away!

"What's wrong bro, you're not going to eat your breakfast."

"We spent all night making it for you, you know."

The Orcs wiggled their filthy cocks in the halfling's face while their own faces betrayed their amusement.

Unfortunately for Arrow, while it seemed like they were simply having fun at his reactions of revoltion, they were in fact not joking in the least. The yellowed, curdled, sludge-like mess of old fermented semen, mixed with various other bodily fluids, and left to mature within their thick foreskins overnight, was exactly what was fed to the poor halfling, every morning for breakfast.

Arrow had actually inherited the combined digestive traits of his Orc mother, who was a race that could consume even bone, and his elven father, a race that could thrive on foods that held the barest nutritional value. These traits came together to make the young halfling's stomach capable of drawing sustenance from any organic matter he consumed, no matter how inedible.

This unfortunately led to a terrible fate for the halfling when he was left in the hands of his two Orcish sisters during their journey away from home. The two had come together to devise and unbelievable diet for the halfling, claiming falsely that it was a means of saving coin on their trip. What made it obvious bullshit was that the two would regularly indulge in their insatiable Orcish appetites, which regularly consisted of large servings of meat, while only leaving for him what was produced by their own bodies. Part of this "organic produce" often came in the form of what they were currently serving to him, the rotten cheese fresh from the glans of their engorged orcish cocks!

Arrow's face was locked in a horrible grimace as he looked at his "meal" slathered on the swollen heads of his sisters' throbbing green dicks. From the first day that they had set of on this adventure, this was one of the only things they would regularly "feed" him, yet after all this time, the stench made him feel like his nose would fall of while his throat would tighten and constrict from the very sight of the curdled yellow filth! Even if he were to spend an elf's lifespan subsisting on nothing but their cock filth, he highly doubted that there would ever be a day that he would get used to the revolting smell and taste.

Unfortunately, his only options were this, or spend the rest of the day hungry, wherein which he was likely to be fed something even worse if the sound of his grumbling stomach were to end up annoying the cruel Orcs.

"He's probably not hungry, maybe we should let it "cook" for a bit longer?"

"No, I-uelgh, I-I'll eat it now."

Mabel's remark almost caused the halfling's heart to leap out of his throat!

One had to know that the filth currently coating their cocks was the result of just a single night of fermentation. It was most likely due to their slobbish traits as Orcs, however it was an amazing thing in itself that they could so quickly induce the semen and piss left behind in their foreskins into such a sickening state in such a short amount of time. Now one could only imagine the state the rotten cock slop could end up in if allowed to "cook" for even longer. Not only that, but the "fermentation" process was bound to be greatly accelerated in the Orcs' active hours compared to when they're asleep. No doubt the state of the resulting cock cheese would cause one to go insane from a single whiff.

It was therefore imperative that the halfling choose to feast on the filth while it was still somewhat "fresh"!

"Then you can start with mines, after all, Mabel already gave you an "appetizer" earlier."

Arrow’s stomach lurched as he was made to recall the memories of inhaling his chubbier sisters noxious farts, whose stench in no way lost out to that of their combined cock muck. Even now he could still feel the sensation of the hot flatulence flowing down his throat while the rotten, eggy, spoiled-milk-like taste was still stubbornly clinging to his tongue.

The halfling tried his best to take his attention away from thoughts of Mabel's rancid shit vapour, and instead focus on Egret's equally heinous smegma.

Arrow slowly took the gargantuan flesh pole in his relatively small hands and felt as it jerked powerfully in his grasp. The fact that he needed both hands to just barely cover the circumference of the shaft was a testament to the astounding girth of the green bitch breaker that felt hot enough to scald his skin! He could feel the bulging veins pulsing away in his palms while the purple head of the chonky sperm cannon was bobbing mere inches away from his nose. It seemed to take up his entire view, causing his to momentarily be distracted from the stench assailing his nostrils until it came back to hit him again like the massive arm of a Treant!

Arrow's face further crumpled in disgust as he looked past the very tip of the glans, over to the rim of the foreskin where was gathered a thick ring of curdled, yellowed cock filth pasted onto the glans! The sight alone was enough to make him want to puke, not to mention the smell, but soon enough he would have it in his mouth, savouring its taste thoroughly before swallowing it down.

Arrow absolutely refused to entertain the smirking expressions of his sisters. The halfling did his best to ignore their jeering while he leaned forward, allowing the slightly wet head of Egret's cock to brush the side of his cheek as he stuck his tongue out and into the yellow muck.

"!!!!!!"

Just one lick was all it took to make him wish that his tongue would just shrivel up and fall off! What could be said about the taste in his mouth that was hands down the second most horrible thing he'd ever tasted in life?! Arrow's throat closed up in protest while his eyes watered, his stomach continuously lurched as violent gagging escaped his mouth! All of these actions were involuntary, yet the halfling was aware that he would never be fished at the current rate. It was therefore with a heavy heart and burning sinuses that he plunged his tongue deeper into the slop that felt both gritty and slimy on his tongue.

The further his tongue dug in, the worst the taste became, Arrow had to fight against all of his self-preservation instincts that made him want to pull away and puke, until the tip of his tongue finally tucked down on the area where the glans met the shroud of foreskin.

At this point his nose was actually growing numb from the stench, yet still his sense of smell remained active while refusing to cease function! The young man closed his eyes, emptied his mind, and after counting to three, he dragged his tongue along the surface of the glans with the tip sticking close to his orcish sister's foreskin!

Before he'd even made it a quarter of the way around her glans, he’d already collected a thick build-up of rotten cock muck that was enough to weigh down his tongue!

Arrow quickly pulled away, leaving a thin string of saliva on Egret's swollen head where a small portion of the filth had been scraped off. Said small portion was like a small hill as it sat on the halfling's tongue, the scent of the heap potent enough to distort the air around it!

"Taking big bites today huh bro?"

"Make sure to chew well before you swallow."

The two Orcs teased him incessantly. They didn't seem at all bothered at having to wait for the halfling to slowly clean their rods, they were simply enjoying his animated reactions as he suffered through the act.

Arrow sat kneeling before his sisters’ large green members while holding a pile of their smegma on his tongue that was hanging outside of his maw. Even though he knew that he needed to swallow in order to progress with the ordeal, his tongue simply refused to re-enter his mouth on a subconscious level. The curdled dick cheese in the meantime was left to emanate it's retched stink right at the front of his nose. Every moment he held on was causing undue suffering, and for this reason, Arrow fought with everything he had to pull in his tongue and enclose his mouth over the rotten smegma!

The moment he did, it was like he was seeing stars. A huge burst of revolting flavours too difficult for his brain to process suddenly exploded inside the halfling's mouth! The curdles of rotten cock slop melted on his tastebuds while forming stringy yellow webs all over his teeth and gums. The inside of Arrow's mouth at this time was like a toxic danger zone, the disgusting stench of Egret's smegma caused his sinuses to sting while the taste caused his throat to seize up!

Despite his desire to quickly down the filth, every step was a constant battle, from scraping up the slop with his tongue, to chewing it up in his mouth, and even swallowing it down his throat. In a useless effort to save himself from the retched ordeal, his stubborn body was instead making the process unnecessarily difficult for him, more so than it already was.

After some effort, Arrow finally managed to swallow the filth down his unwilling throat, all except the especially sticky remains that found refuge in the creases of his molars and between his teeth and gums. The greasy filth crept down his throat while stickily clinging to the walls of his gullet. It took him a good few gagging swallows to finally get it down where it settled in his stomach like clumpy, half-melted goat cheese. His open mouth now stunk like a waste bucked that was filled with semen soaked tissues, left to rot for weeks on end!

"Alright, get a move on bro, we've got a busy day ahead of us."

Mabel whose cock was still fully caked in chunky smegma hurried along the halfling who struggled with just a tongue-full of Egret's filth. She wasn't actually putting on airs either as they really have a bunch of information to collect that was imperative to their current objective.

Arrow was aggrieved as he looked at the large orcish meat sticks, one that hadn't even been touched yet, and the other that only had a small portion of its rotten cheese cleaned off. The halfling's stomach repeatedly lurched, however he had to fight against his body's unwillingness and proceed back to Egret's eagerly throbbing member.

The heat of the engorged member brushed his face as Arrow used his small trembling tongue to break into and scrape up the thick coating of vile filth on his sister's cock. His sensitive elven tongue, that ought to be used to taste the moisture on the wind, was instead used to savour the ungodly flavour of the filth that had sat fermenting inside his orcish sister's leathery foreskin overnight.

The curdled slop broke apart against his tongue, the soft crust slowly melting amidst his saliva while the "fresher" stuff within would greasily slide across his tongue and into the back of his throat that was constantly seizing up in protest. The constant urge to vomit was made known as loud retches escaped his mouth while his sinuses were in a constant state of peril from the insanely bad smell.

The stench, whose colour was almost visible to the naked eye, constantly bathed his small face while his cheeks were stained with the slimy pre leaking from the purple head of Egret's cock.

The Orc herself was growing excited from the halfling's licking that needed to be forceful for him to scrape through the filth. Her cock continuously spasmed and rubbed against his face, staining in in wet trails of slime while her large, smooth, plump orcish balls continuously tensed up.

Egret wanted nothing more than to grab her brother's head and fuck the rest of her cheesy filth directly into his throat, however despite her orcish nature, she and her sister were rational enough not to be taken by such an urge.

As a matter of fact, they had never done such a thing throughout their entire journey so far, opting instead to find lesser ways of satisfying their lust. As Orcs with libidos to match their species, having the halfling constantly around them without being able to ravish him into oblivion was like torture to the horny green gals. However, it was easy to see that with their difference in size, the halfling would be completely ruined after a single attempt. Even if his traits allowed him to swallow their cocks with some effort, they weren't confident that they would be able to fuck his face without becoming lost in the lustful act and doing something like forgetting to let him breathe.

Even claiming his butt was a chance at danger that they currently couldn't afford to take. This was not only because the halfling was their blood brother at the end of the day, but also because he was such a perfect prospective fuck pet that they had to ensure that he could last through many brutal fuckings to come.

It was for this reason that they had come to the town that they were currently at; they had already tracked down the first objective that would be the start of their ambitions.

The sisters truly found it a shame that they had to settle with feeding the twerp their nasty bodily produce as things currently were. The halfling in the meantime had finally managed to down the filth surrounding Egret's swollen glans after monumental effort. The smell of his own breath was enough to caused his eyes to water, while the taste on his tongue was making him gag. Strings of the Orc' rotten cock muck clung to his teeth and gums while his tongue was almost completely stained yellow.

Sad to say, but this wasn't even the worst part of Arrow's regular daily life in the accompaniment of his two Orcish sisters. And even now, the halfling couldn't spare himself even a moment of relief.

"Good job bro, now for the rest."

Egret didn't even take a moment to admire the "clean" state of her glans before she used one of her large green hands to grab her shaft near the edge of the foreskin.

While the sisters watched on in amusement, Arrow's face was growing more and more anguished as Egret began to pull back her foreskin for real.

With a sticky, slimy noise, a sight that could cause even the most daring to lay down in surrender slowly revealed itself. From the rim around the glans that had just been cleaned by Arrow's mouth, all the way across a distance that was half the length of the halfling's forearm, the entire glans of Egret's mighty green she-cock revealed itself.

Instantly, a powerful, revolting stench dominated the entire space. The colour of the scent that could almost be seen before was now as obvious as it could be as it radiated from the Orc' engorged genitals. The stench was enough to make Arrow's eyes tear up even when he held his nose, but the sight of it was something else in and of itself.

The vibrant purple colour of the Orc's glans was almost completely lost among a thick, extremely thick smear of yellowish off-white muck! Clumps of curdled filth as large as two of the halfling's thumbs put together, sat in dense population within a thick bedding of slimy, greasy muck that coated the entirety of the large area formally obscured by the Orc's leathery foreskin!

Thick strings of rotted, fermenting spunk mixed with other bodily fluids were arched across the thick head of the glans and the edge of the foreskin that had been pulled all the way back.

Arrow felt his stomach cramping up at the sight of the "meal" laid out before him; the clumpy, creamy muck that had been cooking on his sister's glans while tucked under her foreskin for naught but a single night! Even the two Orcs had to pinch their noses from the revolting smell of Egret's thickly layered smegma! Though, they didn't even bother to hide the toothy grins on their faces as they did so.

"Well, dig in while it's still *warm*."

Mabel almost blurted out in laughter as Egret said this with her heavily soiled cock bobbing right before the halfling's face. Arrow knew that even if he pleaded with them now that he would have to swallow the rotten slop eventually, therefore it was with a terribly warped face, and a heavy heart that the young man leaned into his sister's orcish prick and got started on his "breakfast".

Arrow cupped his open lips over the curving side of Egret's cock head before, very hesitantly, closing his lips, letting then drag across the slimy, greasy surface until an almost complete mouthful of the rotten cock cheese was sitting in his mouth! The foulness of the Orc's "fresher" cock filth was in a class of its own, it was hard to tell which was worse between the more gooey substance in his mouth and the crustier stuff he'd chewed and swallowed down earlier. All he knew for sure that neither were substances fit for any creature’s consumption!

The creamy cock cheese melted even quicker inside his mouth, forming a rancid pasted that was soaked in a briny mixture of his own saliva. The disgusting taste was enough to numb his tongue while the stench in his nose had grown even stronger under the introduction of this "fresh" batch of vomit-inducing cock filth!

"Hey, make sure to savour the taste."

As always, the halfling’s sisters weren't satisfied with his already animated reactions, and pushed further to make the experience for him as disgusting as it could be! With no other choice, Arrow removed his lips from Egret's slimy shaft and began to swish around the sloppy swill inside his mouth, retching violently all the while. The two watched as tears streamed from his eyes while his cheeks moved around. It wasn't until a short while later that he opened his mouth without prompting to reveal the reconstituted state of the dick cheese webbing across every crease and corner of his mouth while his tongue was spasming as it drowned in a small pool of the slimy muck. It was a truly revolting sight worthy of the slobbish machinations of Orcs in their prime.

"Hehe, alright, go ahead and swallow and get to the rest."

It was by their grace that the halfling was finally allowed to move the filth from his mouth to his belly. As the muck slowly oozed down his throat, Arrow went right back to slurping of Egret's soiled rod.

This time, they allowed him to simply swallow whatever greasy clumps were collected in his mouth without having to put on a show. As quickly as he could, the halfling barely bore with the revolting smell and taste and methodically went over the entire area of the cheese coated glans. He had to be extra careful so that his nose wasn't stained by the large prick that kept bobbing at random intervals, and he also had to make sure not to use his teeth, lest the Orc become even more aroused which could end in disaster.

After a great deal of effort that came at the cost of most of his mental fortitude, Arrow finally reached the point of licking the very last curdle free from the engorged meat pole. As the last clump slid stickily down his soiled throat, the brilliant purple head of the Orc's cock was finally revealed in all its splendour. While still putting out a rancid stink, the result was like night and day now that the filth once plaguing Egrets prick was sitting comfortably in the halflings stomach, and throat, and tongue, teeth and gums. Arrow was almost afraid to open his mouth at this point, lest he pass out from the ungodly stench of his own breath. But at least his ordeal was finally over... at least when it came to Egret's side.

"I hope you've got room for seconds, twerp."

As she said this, Mabel presented her cheese coated prick that hadn't been touched a single time during the entire ordeal!

Arrow was far from surprised as this was par for the course. Simply judging by the thickness of the coating surrounding the edge of her foreskin, the mass of rotten cock cheese that Mabel had sitting behind her foreskin, waiting for his mouth, would be no less than the huge load Egret had just fed him. Though he was expecting it from the beginning, Arrow couldn't help it if his heart sunk further at the thought of going through all of that again with literally no rest in between.

While Egret's cock was slowly softening after leaving behind a puddle of slimy pre in the wooden floor of the inn, Arrow moved towards Mabel's girthy green rod that was stiff as a nail while pointing directly towards his face.

As the horrid stench of his second serving of "breakfast" assaulted his sinuses, the young halfling couldn't help but wonder if he would ever be free from the grasp of this devious pair of Orcish sisters.

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"Hey, cheer up bro, you're probably the only commoner in the world that gets to eat fresh cheese every morning for free!"

In the crowded bar in the inn's downstairs area, Egret chortled as she said this to Arrow while lightly tapping his back with her large, meaty hand.

The halfling refused to entertain her teasing as he drank his ale in a desperate attempt to alleviate the sickeningly foul taste from his mouth. In the end though, the flavour still stayed and all he really managed to do was cause belches that stunk of Orcish cock cheese to blurt from his mouth. All this did was further sour his mood while one or two of the patrons sitting near them were shooed away by the stench.

The halfling watched in envy as his big sister tore into a plate of steak and beans, a far, far cry from his own "meal" that he'd had just earlier. While the large Orc wolfed down her meal, Mabel, who'd gone off to collect information finally returned. Taking a seat right on the opposite side of Arrow, the halfling was sandwiched between the green Amazonians as Mabel proceeded to go over what she'd gathered.

"As you said before, the target is called the [Breathless Lily], and apparently it only grows in the bounds of [Siren's Lake]."

"[Siren's Lake], this region has a Queen Siren right?"

"Yep, we're definitely gonna have a run in with her if we want to get our hands on the Lily."

"Nice! I'm definitely up for the challenge, how about you?!"

"Naturally."

Arrow was caught in the middle of the conversation of the two who were acting more like proper adventurers, a far cry from the deviant dominas that had made him eat the cheese from their filthy cocks.

Egret suddenly clasped the halfling’s cheeks in her pudgy green fingers and brought his face close to her own. There was an insatiable lust burning in the Orcess’ eyes.

"It's finally about time we get rid of that pesky breathing issue, I hope you're ready for what comes next, little bro."

Arrow could feel Mabel’s lustful eyes burning a hole in the back of his head as he stared into Egret’s.

The young halfling couldn't help but shiver as he realised that the trios main quest was finally about to unfold.

***To Be Continued…***