

The Story of Tia - An NTR Story

A closer look at the life and times of Tia, the half-orc lumberjack who shaped the fate of the world.

This is a fanfiction for the great game "A Struggle with Sin" created by Chyos.

<https://www.patreon.com/Chyos/posts>



This is a Neotare (NTR) story, so do not read it if you hate NTR.

If you want to learn more about the background of the game, check out this interview

<https://security-storage-und-channel-germany.de/a-struggle-for-sin-interview/>

You are Tia, a half-orc lumberjack living as an outcast near the human village of Arenfield. You and mother Katherin live outside the village in a small hut. Katherin had been raped by the orc chieftain Zorgan 19 years ago. After she gave birth to you she accepted you unconditionally and has been a loving mother ever since.

You're a sturdy woman, your skin bearing the telltale signs of your orcish heritage, with rough dark skin as well as short-cropped hair that's just long enough to tie back when working in the woods. Your strength and endurance make you well suited for this physically demanding job, though you work alone because of the villagers' prejudice against you.

You have learned to keep to yourself and avoid trouble. Your life revolves around chopping down trees and selling them to the villagers for a meager income. You stretch your muscular arms and step out onto the small porch, taking a deep breath of the fresh, crisp air.

As you continue to chop wood, you hear the sounds of the village approaching. You know it's market day, and you hope to sell your goods for a decent price. Your mind wanders back to when you were younger, before your mother told you of your orcish heritage. As you continue to chop wood, you hear the sounds of the village approaching.

The sounds of the market grow louder as you continue to chop wood. You wonder what the villagers will have for sale today. You hope there will be something interesting or unusual to pique your curiosity. As you approach the village, you notice that people are starting to give you strange looks.



Tia half-orc lumberjack

You know what they think - that your mother, Katherin, willingly submitted to the orc chieftain Zorgan. It's a lie, of course. The villagers call you and your mother orc whores. You feel the heat rising in your cheeks as you try to ignore the villagers' hateful stares. As you enter the bustling village, the villagers avert their eyes from your presence, muttering under their breath about the "half-orc abomination" living among them. It's a familiar feeling, one you've grown accustomed to over the years.

You force yourself to keep your head up and continue on to the marketplace. Despite the taunts and insults, you know you must sell your wares if you want to make a living.

As you approach the marketplace, you see a bustling crowd of villagers haggling over various goods. The stalls are overflowing with fresh produce, baked goods, and handcrafted items. Despite the lively atmosphere, you can't shake the feeling that the villagers are watching and judging you.

You make your way to Giron, the mayor of Arenfield. He needs you for woodcutting and pays you without looking at you.



Guard Captain Lyvia

Suddenly there is a commotion as Guard Captain Lyvia arrives in the village carrying the unconscious body of Marcus Junior, the son of Marcus the Hunter.

Captain Lyvia approaches Giron, looking visibly shaken. "Mayor Giron," she says, her voice shaking, "I have terrible news. Marcus Junior, the son of Marcus the Hunter, was found unconscious near the northern edge of the forest." Giron's face pales at the news. Lyvia says that Marcus was killed and that his son needs healing.

Tia watches the exchange between Giron and Lyvia with a mixture of curiosity and fear. She knows that Marcus was a respected hunter in the village, and the news of his death sends a wave of grief through the crowd.



Orc Chieftain Gurtak

Lyvia says that Marcus has been killed by the fierce orc chieftain Gurtak. You feel a pang of fear in your heart. Gurtak is the leader of a band of orcs that has been causing trouble in the region. He's known for his brutality and his hatred of humans. You feel a mixture of fear and confusion as you watch the exchange between Giron and Lyvia. The news of Marcus' death at the hands of Gurtak sends shockwaves through the crowd.

Suddenly, a voice cuts through the murmurs of the crowd. It's Lucius, the village healer. He announces that he will do what he can to heal Marcus Junior. People nod in approval as Lucius makes his way towards the unconscious boy.

You shake your head and return to your work of woodcutting. As you continue chopping wood, you can't help but overhear the conversations around you. You feel a sense of sadness for Marcus' family and a twinge of fear for yourself and your mother.

The villagers are talking about the news of Marcus' death and the danger that Gurtak poses to the village. You have mixed feelings about Orcs. While they are dangerous you also admire their strength. You feel strange thinking of Gurtak and his strong and manly character.

The Apprentice

Two days later Marcus Junior suddenly approaches you while you are felling a tree. "Tia," he says, his voice hoarse from disuse. "... I need your help." You look up at him, surprised. "I heard what happened to your father. I am sorry for you." He continues. "Mayor Giron threw me out of my house because my father had outstanding taxes. And unlike my father I am not a skilled hunter. Can you teach me how to fell trees? In exchange I will help you with your work."



Marcus Junior

You feel a mix of emotions upon hearing Marcus Junior's request. You understand his desperation and the need for him to learn a skill to survive in these harsh times. But you also despise him as a hopeless lazy drunkard who spends his time ogling the tavern wench Kate. Marcus Junior's sudden interest in learning from you seems suspicious, given the circumstances. On the other hand, you can't help but feel a sense of duty to teach him given that his father was one of the few kind souls in this village.

He sees you waver and pleads: "The death of Marcus has been a wake-up call for me. I need to get my act together. I hope that you can help me." You sigh and agree to teach him.



Tavern wench Kate

As you enter the forest, you notice Marcus Junior following behind you. He looks nervous and out of place among the towering trees and thick underbrush. As you lead him to a nearby clearing, you explain the basics of tree felling. "All right," you say, nodding. "I can teach you how to cut down trees. We'll start with the basics and take it from there." You step away from the tree you were working on and gesture for him to follow.

As you lead him to a nearby clearing, you explain the basics of tree felling. "First," you say, "you have to choose the right tree. Look for one that's healthy, but not too old or too young. Then you want to make sure the tree is properly supported so it won't fall on you or anything else.

"Now," you continue, "you want to step back and make sure that no one is in danger. Then, with both hands on the axe, swing it at the notch as hard as you can." You demonstrate how to use an axe to notch the tree at the base, creating a hinge point.

Marcus Junior watches intently as you demonstrate the technique. His eyes widen with understanding as he takes in your instructions. "I think I've got it," he says, his voice sounding more confident. "Let me try." You nod and step back, allowing him to approach the tree. His arms are less muscular than yours, but he shows a surprising amount of dexterity for someone who's spent most of his time in taverns.

"Not bad," you say, nodding in agreement. "But remember, woodcutting is more than just swinging an axe. You have to have a good sense of where the tree is going to fall and how to position yourself safely." You lead him deeper into the forest, pointing out different types of trees and explaining their uses. As you continue teaching Marcus Junior about the forest and how to spot the right trees, you also begin to teach him about the orcs. You share stories of your own experiences with them, describing their strength and ferocity, but also their intelligence and cunning.

Marcus Junior grips the axe tightly and steps up to the tree. Taking a deep breath, he swings the axe at the notch with all his might. There is a loud crack as the tree begins to fall toward him. You watch in horror as the tree begins to topple towards Marcus Junior. "Look out!" you yell, but it's too late. The tree falls with a thunderous crash, narrowly missing Marcus Junior. The force of the impact sends shockwaves through your body. You rush over to Marcus Junior to make sure he's okay.

You are relieved to see that Marcus Junior is unharmed. However, he looks shaken by the near-miss. "It's okay," you say, putting a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "It was a good try." Marcus Junior takes a deep breath and nods, his face pale. "Thanks, Tia," he says. "Sorry I almost got us both killed." You chuckle softly and shake your head. "Don't worry about it," you say. "We all make mistakes."

The two of you continue to practice felling trees for the rest of the day. Marcus Junior shows great promise and quickly learns the basics. As the sun begins to set, you both return to your respective homes.

On your way home, an orc suddenly jumps out of an ambush and attacks you. You defend yourself with your axe and keep the enemy at bay. After a fierce battle, Marcus Junior manages to get behind the enemy and slay the orc with his dagger.

You wake up early in the morning, your muscles still sore from the rigorous training you put Marcus Junior through the day before. As you step out of your hut and into the village, you can't help but notice the whispers and looks in your direction. It seems that news of the orc attack has spread quickly, and people look at you with a mixture of fear and respect. You try to ignore the attention as you make your way into the forest to gather wood.

To your surprise, Marcus Junior is already waiting for you at the entrance of the forest. He looks nervous, but determined. "Good morning, Tia." He says, his voice trembling slightly. "I wanted to thank you for teaching me about the forest and the orcs. When that orc attacked us yesterday, I was able to use what you taught me to protect both of us." You nod, feeling a surge of pride for the young man standing before you. "You're welcome, Marcus Junior. I'm glad my teachings could come in handy. Remember, the forest is a dangerous place, and we must always be prepared." You begin your day as usual, gathering wood and sharpening your axe. Marcus Junior watches closely, absorbing everything you do.

As the day progresses, you can't help but notice that Marcus Junior seems to be growing more confident in his abilities. He no longer trails behind you, but walks beside you, his eyes scanning the forest for any sign of danger. You're impressed by his dedication and determination. By the end of the day, you and Marcus Junior have gathered a sizable amount of wood. As you make your way back to the village, you can't help but feel a sense of camaraderie with the young man. You've always been an outsider in this village, but perhaps things are starting to change.

You smile at Marcus Junior, a mixture of pride and relief on your face. "I'm glad you were able to put what I taught you to good use," you say, patting him on the shoulder. "Now let's get to work. There's a lot of wood to collect today." Marcus Junior nods in agreement, his eyes shining with determination. "Yes, Tia. Let's do it." As you make your way back to the village, you can't help but feel a sense of hope for the future. Perhaps Marcus Junior will prove to be a valuable ally in protecting the village from the orcs. Together, you continue your journey back to the village, both of you now with a newfound sense of purpose and respect for each other.

After a few days of helping each other with their work, Tia and Marcus Junior begin to talk more about their lives. You are surprised when he asks you some personal questions. You evade the personal questions and remain noncommittal. You reveal that your father is an orc and that you hate him and all other orcs. Marcus Junior looks shocked by your revelation. "I'm sorry to hear that, Tia," he says quietly. "But thank you for sharing your knowledge with me. I promise to use it wisely." You nod, grateful for his understanding. "Just remember, Marcus Junior, the forest can be a dangerous place. We must always be prepared."



The tavern in Arenfield

Marcus Junior says he wants to be your friend. You've never had a friend before, and you're not sure how to respond. "Thanks, Marcus Junior. I appreciate it," you say, trying to hide your surprise. "But I've always been an outsider in this village. I'm not sure people would accept me having a friend like you." Marcus Junior looks at you, his eyes full of determination.

"Tia, I don't care what other people think," he says firmly. "If they can't accept me for who I am or who I want to be friends with, then that's their problem, not mine. I want to be your friend, and I'm not going to let anyone change that."

You tell him that your mother has already chosen a husband for you in the half-orc village of Rumah. Marcus Junior looks surprised at this news. "Oh, I didn't know that," he says quietly. "Well, then perhaps we should make the most of our time together before you leave. We still have much to learn from each other." You nod, feeling a sense of relief wash over you. Maybe Marcus Junior is right.

You say that you do not care what your mother wishes and that you can make your own decisions. Marcus Junior looks at you, his eyes filled with admiration. "Tia, you're stronger than you realize," he says softly. "Not many people have the courage to stand up to their parents like that. I'm proud to call you my friend." A warm feeling spreads through your chest at his words.

As you continue working together, you find yourself opening up to Marcus Junior more than you ever have before. You share stories of your childhood, your dreams for the future, and your hopes for the village. He listens intently, offering words of encouragement and support whenever you need them.

You continue to work together, each of you lost in your own thoughts for a moment. As the sun begins to set, you realize that you have gathered enough wood for the day. You turn to Marcus Junior with a smile on your face. "Well, looks like we made it," you say, patting him on the back.

Finally, you give in to your emotions and kiss Marcus Junior passionately. Marcus Junior is surprised by the kiss, but he doesn't resist. He kisses you back and runs his hands through your hair. The kiss deepens and you feel a surge of passion between the two of you. When you pull away, you look into each other's eyes, a new understanding dawning on both of you. "I..." Marcus Junior starts to say, but trails off, seemingly unsure of how to continue. You smile softly at him, understanding his hesitation. "We can take it slow," you say, placing a reassuring hand on his cheek. "There's no rush." He nods, his expression softening.



The village of Arenfield

Tia and her Mother

You invite Marcus Junior over to your house after work to meet your mother, Katherin. Marcus Junior hesitates for a moment, glancing at the cabin in the distance. "Are you sure it's okay for me to come with you?" he asks nervously. "What about your mother? Won't she be upset?" You shake your head firmly. "Marcus Junior, you're my friend." Your mother reacts hostilely as Marcus Junior enters your cabin. "Marcus Junior, this is my mother," you say quietly, introducing them. Your mother's eyes narrow at the sight of him.

"What is he doing here?" she demands to know. You take a deep breath, steeling yourself for her reaction. "Mother, please," you beg. Katherin looks at Marcus Junior with disdain. "Well, I see you've been busy," she says, her tone sharp. "I hope you're not getting any funny ideas about my daughter." Marcus Junior is taken aback by her reaction.

"No, ma'am," he says, his voice shaking slightly. "I was just trying to learn how to cut down trees properly."



Katherin

Katherin angrily turn to you: "Remember your promise." "Mother," you say, putting a hand on her shoulder. "I know what I'm doing. Marcus Junior is just helping me out. He is my friend, and I want him to stay." Your mother glares at both of you before turning away, muttering under her breath.

Katherin looks at you for a moment before sighing heavily. "Fine," she says, relenting somewhat. "But don't think I'm not watching you two." You and Marcus Junior exchange glances, unsure of how to proceed. Katherin leaves the room, leaving the two of you alone. Marcus Junior looks at you apologetically. "I'm sorry about your mom," he says. "She seems really upset." You shrug, trying to appear nonchalant. "It's okay." Marcus Junior looks around nervously before sitting down at the table. You rush to prepare a meal for the both of you, trying to make up for your mother's hostility

You confront your mother and tell her that you do not care about a promise made when you were a child. "I don't care about a promise I made when I was a child," you say, your voice calm. "I'm an adult now, and I will make my own decisions." Katherin looks at you, her expression a mixture of surprise and anger. "You ungrateful little brat," she spits.

"I'm not a little brat anymore," you say, standing up to her. "And I'm not going to let you control my life like this." Your mother grabs your arm roughly, but you pull away. "Don't touch me," you say, your voice deep and threatening.

You sigh heavily, feeling a mixture of frustration and sadness wash over you. "I know, Mother," you say quietly. "But I don't want to be married to someone I don't love. Besides, Marcus Junior is my friend. He understands me in a way that no one else does."

Marcus Junior, taken aback by the confrontation, remains silent, unsure of how to react. You continue to stare down your mother, daring her to try something. Marcus Junior looks up from his plate, his eyes filled with determination. "Tia, I will always be here for you," he says firmly. "No matter what happens, I will never leave your side. We'll find a way to make things work, together."

After a moment, Katherin releases you and turns away, shaking her head. "Fine," she says. "Have it your way." Your mother says that you should still go to the half-orc village of Rumah to learn the way of life for half-orcs. Your mother tells you the secret path to Rumah. As the night progresses, you and Marcus Junior grow closer, sharing your dreams and aspirations for the future. Your mother eventually falls asleep, leaving the two of you alone. You look at Marcus Junior, feeling a strong connection between you. He smiles back, understanding the unspoken words in your eyes.

The next day, you and Marcus Junior set out for Rumah. You and Marcus Junior arrive at the half-orc village of Rumah early in the morning. The sun is just beginning to peek over the horizon, casting a warm glow across the landscape. As you approach the village, you can see that it's bustling with activity.

As you are about to enter Rumah you are confronted by the half-orc huntress Raishsha, an ebony beauty. Marcus Junior steps back as you approach the half-orc village of Rumah. He looks nervous, his hands shaking slightly. You put a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "Don't worry," you say. "I'll be with you every step of the way."



Half-orc huntress Raishsha

Raishsha asks you why you want to enter Rumah. "I've been told that it's a place of learning and growth for half-orcs like myself," you reply. "I want to understand my heritage and culture better." Raishsha eyes you carefully, her expression unreadable. "Very well," she says finally. "But remember, this is our home."

Raishsha says that you are free to enter to village but humans like Marcus Junior are forbidden. You insist that you will only enter together with Marcus Junior and prepare for a fight. As you stand your ground with Raishsha, the half-orc huntress, Marcus Junior steps up beside you. He looks determined, his hands balled into fists. "We're here together," he says firmly. "We'll face whatever comes our way."

Raishsha attacks you with her sword. Marcus Junior tries to defend himself, but his inexperience becomes evident as he struggles against the powerful half-orc huntress. You step in to help him, parrying Raishsha's sword with your axe. The two of you manage to fight off the huntress, though it's clear that you're both outmatched. Finally you beat Raishsha and disarm her.

Two half-orc warriors see this and ask what is going on. You say that Raishsha is your hostage and you demand to speak to the chieftain of Rumah. The two half-orc warriors exchange glances, their expressions hardening. "Very well," one of them says finally. "Follow us." They lead you and Marcus Junior deeper into the village, toward a large wooden structure that serves as the chieftain's hut.

They lead you and Marcus Junior deeper into the village, toward a large wooden structure that serves as the chieftain's hut. Chieftain Ibhar, a majestic figure with a long white beard, regards you, flanked by his son Dasan and his wife Nyra.



Chieftain Ibhar

The half-orc chieftain Ibhar challenges you: "State your business here. What do you want from Rumah?" You explain that you want to learn about your heritage and culture as a half-orc. "And this human?" he asks, gesturing towards Marcus Junior. "What part does he play in your quest?" "You stand before me," he says, his voice deep and commanding.

Ibhar says that he remembers you coming to Rumah as a child and hiding behind your mother Katherin. "I'm not the same person I was then," you reply firmly. "I've grown up, and I want to make my own choices about my life. And Marcus Junior is my friend, someone who is willing to stand by me no matter what. He's part of this journey too."

The half-orc chief Ibhar looks at you for a long moment before nodding slowly. "Very well," he says in a gruff voice. Dasan, the son of Ibhar, steps forward: "Tia, are you ready to be my betrothed as your mother promised?" As you look at Dasan, you are struck by his good looks, his beard, and his fierce demeanor.

You shake your head. "No, I haven't come here to marry anyone," you say. "I just want to learn about my heritage and culture, and maybe make some new friends along the way. Marcus Junior is here with me because he wants to help me understand, and because he's my friend."

When you refuse Dasan's offer of betrothal, the half-orc chief Ibhar's eyes narrow in fury. "How dare you reject my son?" he growls. "You will pay for this insult!" You look at Dasan and his beautiful mother, Nyrah, and think that perhaps it was a mistake to reject such a handsome man. Angrily, Dasan storms off.



Nyrah

Chief Ibhar looks at you and Marcus Junior and considers your words. Finally, he nods. "Very well," he says. "You may stay in Rumah as long as you wish, and we will teach you what we can of our ways. But remember, this is our home, and our traditions are sacred." Chief Ibhar looks at you and Marcus Junior, considering your words. Finally, he nods.

Nyrah scolds Ibhar for allowing foreigners who insulted his son Dasan to stay in the village and leaves in a huff.



Dasan

Marcus Junior looks relieved at the chieftain's decision. "Thank you, Chieftain Ibhar," he says gratefully. "We appreciate your hospitality." You nod your head in agreement. "We appreciate your hospitality." You nod your head in agreement. "Thank you," you say. "I'm looking forward to learning more about my heritage and culture here in Rumah." Ibhar continues that you must win the approval of five villagers before you can become members of the half-orc tribe.

Marcus Junior looks determined. "We'll earn their respect through hard work and dedication," he says. "I'm not afraid of putting in the effort to prove myself." You nod your head in agreement. "Let's get started then," you say. "There's no time like the present."

Ibhar assigns you an empty hut. You and Marcus Junior are led to a small hut at the edge of the village, far from the chieftain's longhouse. As you step inside, you can't help but feel a sense of disappointment. The hut is small and cramped, with little more than a bedroll and a few pots and pans. Marcus Junior sits beside you, his hand finding yours. "It's not ideal, but it's ours," he says with a small smile. "And we'll make it work." He leans over and kisses your forehead.

You wake up early in the morning, eager to begin your new life in the half-orc village of Rumah with Marcus Junior. You step outside your hut, taking in the sights and sounds of the bustling village. The air is thick with the smell of cooking meat and smoke from fires.

Marcus Junior helps you move your belongings into the hut, and together you begin exploring the village of Rumah. The half-orcs are wary of you at first, their eyes following your every move. But as you go about your business, helping with chores and tasks around the village, their demeanor begins to soften.

You speak to the still angry Raisssha: "It was an unfair fight, two against one. If you want my approval, Marcus Junior will have to fight me alone. Marcus Junior nods in understanding and steps forward. "All right, Raisssha," he says, his voice firm. "Let's settle this like warriors." The two step away from the hut and into a clearing where they begin to spar. Marcus Junior nods in understanding and steps forward.

You watch as Marcus Junior and Raisssha engage in a fierce fight. Their movements are quick and precise, each trying to gain the upper hand. Despite his inexperience, Marcus Junior holds his own against the experienced hunter.

After what seems like an eternity, Marcus Junior manages to disarm Raisssha. She looks surprised, but impressed. "Well fought, human," she says, offering her hand. Marcus Junior shakes it, grinning from ear to ear. "Thank you," he says.

Raisssha quickly changes her mind about Marcus Junior. You approach Raisssha and shake her hand. "Thank you for giving Marcus Junior a chance," you say. "I know it wasn't easy for you." She shrugs. "He fought well," she says. "And he didn't back down when I had the advantage. That shows strength of character."

Raisssha declares that she wants to become the wanita of Marcus Junior, the word for wife in the half-orc language. You are shocked. Marcus Junior refuses the offer and declares that he wants to be only with you. Marcus Junior explains to Raisssha that he sees her as a friend and respected huntress, but his heart belongs to someone else. Raisssha nods understandingly, saying she respects his choice. As you continue to work alongside the villagers, more of them begin to warm up to your presence.

You kiss Marcus Junior passionately in front of Raisssha to confirm your claim upon him. Marcus Junior blushes deeply as he returns the kiss, his heart racing with excitement. After a few moments, he pulls away, looking into your eyes. "I'm glad you're here with me, Tia," he says. "I don't know what I'd do without you." Marcus Junior blushes deeply as he returns the kiss, his heart racing with excitement.



Half-orc village Rumah

Next you talk to the lumberjack Umin who asks you for some wood. You, Marcus Junior and Umin head out into the dense jungle surrounding Rumah, their axes slung over their shoulders. The air is thick with humidity, and the ground is soft beneath their feet. You spend the better part of the day felling trees and trimming branches, their muscles straining from the effort.

As the sun begins to set, Umin declares that he is satisfied with the amount of wood you have gathered. He thanks you both for your help and invites you to join him for a drink at his hut later. You return to the village, exhausted but satisfied with a day's work.

You are drawn to sight of Hiba who stands baring her ample breasts. Marcus Junior stares at her. You explain to him that it is the custom of half-orc wanitas to bare their tits. Marcus Junior looks a bit flustered but tries to maintain his composure. "I understand," he says. "It's just... different from what we're used to." You reassure him that it's nothing to be embarrassed about and that you'll get used to it in time.



Hiba

You ask Hiba what you can do for her. You offer her a bottle of wine which she has never seen before. Hiba's eyes light up at the sight of the wine. "This is wonderful," she says, taking the bottle from you. "I've never tasted anything like it." She uncorks the bottle and takes a sip, her face contorting in pleasure. "It's sweet and fruity." Hiba's eyes light up at the sight of the wine. "This is wonderful," she says, taking the bottle from you.

"Where did you get this?" she asks, her voice filled with curiosity. You explain to her that it's a gift from your homeland, a place where wine is commonly made. Hiba accepts your offer and eagerly takes the bottle, her eyes widening in wonder. She examines it carefully before looking up at you. "

As you prepare for the other tasks, Marcus Junior informs you that he has urgent business in Arenfield. You are surprised by Marcus Junior's announcement, but you understand the importance of his work. You hug him tightly and promise him that you will complete the tasks given to you by the half-orc chief Ibhar and ask him return to you as soon as possible. Marcus Junior smiles and kisses you on the forehead before setting off to Arenfield.



Ayita

You see the ebony beauty Ayita dancing gracefully by the fire. You ask for her approval and she says she likes beautiful things. You hand her a ring. You watch as Ayita examines the ring, her dark eyes shining with joy. "It's beautiful," she says softly, running her fingers over the intricate details of the jewelry. She looks up at you with a smile that lights up her face. "Thank you, Tia," she says, taking your hand in hers.

You spend the rest of the evening watching the villagers go about their nightly routines. Children play games, adults chat and laugh around the fire, and lovers slip away to be alone. As you lay down to sleep in your shared hut, you can't help but feel a sense of belonging among these people who are so different from you. But your heart aches for Marcus Junior, and you long for his return.

Tia alone in the village

You wake up alone early in the morning and decide to explore the village further. As you walk around, you notice that many of the huts have small gardens outside, where the villagers grow fruits and vegetables. You also see a large communal area where the half-orcs gather to socialize and train.

You approach Hiba, who is tending to her garden, and offer to help her with some of the weeding. She welcomes your help and shows you how to identify which plants need to be pulled up. As you work side by side, you ask her about her life in Rumah. Hiba tells you that she was born here and has always lived among her people. She explains that they are a close-knit community who relies on each other for survival.

She also mentions that they have their own customs and traditions, some of which may seem unusual to outsiders. You wake up early in the morning, eager to start the day's work. As you step outside your hut, you notice that the village is already bustling with activity.

You see Umin at the edge of the jungle, supervising a group of villagers as they gather wood. You approach him and ask what tasks he has planned for you today. He smiles and tells you that you'll be helping to prepare the fields for planting. You spend the day tilling the soil, removing rocks, and making the ground fertile for the upcoming crops.



The women of Rumah

You are alone and bored as Dasan approaches you. You look up and see Dasan approaching you, his face a mixture of curiosity and nervousness. "Hello, Tia," he says, bowing his head respectfully. "I was wondering if you would like to take a walk with me." You hesitate for a moment, not sure how to answer.

You are surprised by Dasan's interest after you rejected him. You decide to take a chance and accept his offer. "Sure, Dasan. I'd like that," you say, smiling at him. He smiles back and leads you away from the village towards a nearby stream. As you walk, you ask him about his life in Rumah and what he likes to do in his spare time. You decide to take a chance and accept his offer.

You admire Dasan's strong physique and his virility. You tell him about your adventures outside Rumah and the places you've been. He listens intently, his eyes wide with wonder. The two of you spend the afternoon by the stream, talking and getting to know each other better. As the sun begins to set, you both realize how much time has passed.

Dasan leans in to kiss you. You lean back, surprised by his bold move. "Dasan, I appreciate your kindness, but I am not interested in that," you say firmly but gently. You don't want to hurt his feelings, but you also want him to understand where you stand.

Over the next few days, Dasan continues to court you. You wake up early in the morning to the sound of birds singing. As you step outside your hut, you see Dasan standing by the common area, holding a plate of freshly baked bread.

He bows his head respectfully and hands the plate to you. "Good morning, Tia. I hope you slept well. I made these for you," he says with a shy smile. You take the plate from him and take a bite of the warm, delicious bread.

After a week Marcus Junior returns. You scold him for his long absence. "Marcus Junior! Where have you been? We've been worried sick about you," you exclaim, relieved to see him alive and well. "I apologize, Tia. I had some urgent business to attend to," he explains, looking a little sheepish. "Well, I'm glad you're back now."

You are angry with Marcus Junior but decide to give him one more chance. You decide to help him gather the materials needed for his next adventure. As you work together, you can't help but wonder what kind of business could be so urgent that it would keep him away for so long.

You give him one more week to win the approval of the villagers. He departs again on urgent business. You are left frustrated and angry, feeling like Marcus Junior doesn't take his responsibilities seriously.

You grow more interested in Dasan. You and Dasan continue to spend time together, exploring the jungle around Rumah and sharing stories about your lives. One day, while walking through the jungle, you stumble upon a hidden cave. Inside the cave, you discover ancient carvings depicting the history of Rumah and its people.

Dasan leans forward to kiss you and you accept eagerly. You lean into the kiss, feeling your heart race with anticipation. As you pull away, you look into Dasan's eyes and smile. "I think I'm starting to feel the same way about you," you confess, your cheeks flushing with a blush.

Dasan asks you to become his wanita. You are surprised by his words, but you feel a sense of joy and excitement. You have grown to care deeply for Dasan and the thought of spending the rest of your life with him fills you with warmth. "Yes, Dasan. I would be honored to be your wanita," you reply, holding his hand tightly. You feel a sense of relief when Dasan agrees to take you as his wanita. You prepare yourself for your new life with him, knowing that it won't be the same as it would have been with Marcus Junior.

You say that you made a mistake in rejecting Dasan and that Marcus Junior has been untrustworthy. Together, you and Dasan return to Rumah, where you share the news of your engagement with the villagers. They are happy for the two of you and celebrate into the night with feasting and dancing.

As the marriage festivities commence Marcus Junior returns. You are surprised to see him, as you had given him a week to complete his task. He looks nervous and out of place as he approaches you. "Tia, I'm sorry I couldn't come back sooner," he says, his voice shaking. "I encountered some unexpected difficulties."

When you tell Marcus Junior that he came too late and that you are the Wanita of Dasan, Marcus Junior looks at you in shock. "What are you talking about?" he asks. "I only left to complete the tasks set by Ibhar. I didn't know you were with Dasan." You hesitate for a moment before explaining everything that happened while he was gone.

You tell Marcus Junior that you suspect he spent his time with other women. Your patience has worn thin and you have found a better man in Dasan. You look into Marcus Junior's eyes, searching for any sign of deception. "I don't know what to believe," you confess. "All I know is that I am now the Wanita of Dasan, and I cannot go back on my word." Marcus Junior looks away, his expression darkening. His face falls as he listens to your words. He looks hurt and disappointed. "I see," he says, his voice barely above a whisper. "Congratulations to both of you." He bows his head respectfully and turns to leave.

Dasan deflowers you in front of all the villagers. Dasan's cock feels incredible in your tight virgin pussy. He takes you to the chief's tent where you spend the night in passionate lovemaking. You wake up the next morning sore but satisfied. Dasan has claimed your virginity and you are now officially his Wanita. As you wash up and get ready for the day, you can't help but feel a sense of duty to Dasan. You spend the day helping Dasan with his work around the village and learning more about your new role as his wanita. Despite the circumstances that brought you together, you try to make the best of it.



The tent of the chieftain in Rumah

Over time, you will form close bonds with the other villagers, especially Nyrah, Dasan's mother. She takes you under her wing, teaching you the ways of the half-orcs and introducing you to the customs and traditions of the village.

You continue to live with Dasan as his wanita, learning more about the half-orc ways and adjusting to your new life in the village. Despite the circumstances that brought you together, you try to make the best of it. Deep down, though, you can't help but miss Marcus Junior and wonder what might have been.

The betrayal

One day Marcus Junior approaches the half-orc chieftain Ibhar, head held high, his muscles tense with anticipation. He has completed the five tasks set before him, and now he awaits his fate. As he stands before Ibhar, Marcus Junior feels a surge of determination course through his veins.

Marcus Junior watches as Ibhar studies him carefully, weighing his value to the village. The half-orc chief's expression remains impassive, but Marcus Junior can feel his heart pounding in his chest. After what seems like an eternity, Ibhar nods once. "You have proven yourself worthy."

You ignore Marcus Junior and focus on your one true love Dasan and his huge black cock, submitting to him completely. Your body trembles with anticipation as you feel Dasan's massive member pressing against your opening. With a slow, deliberate thrust, he enters you, filling you completely.

You gasp at the sheer size of him, feeling stretched and filled in ways you never imagined submitting to him completely.

As Dasan begins to move inside you, you close your eyes and let out a long, low moan of pleasure. The sensation of his massive cock stretching and filling you is unlike anything you've ever experienced. You can feel every inch of him inside you and it feels incredible.

After the lovemaking, you step out of the chief's tent and see Marcus Junior standing in front of Ibhar. You look at Marcus Junior and feel a mixture of emotions. On the one hand you are happy for him, but on the other hand you can't help but feel a pang of jealousy and regret. You force a smile and nod back at him, trying to appear supportive.

Ibhar announces that Marcus Junior is now a full member of the tribe. He goes on to say that this joyous occasion is a good time to honor the tradition of the village. For Dasan to become a full man, he will challenge an orc in single combat. Nyrah confronts Ibhar and asks if he has gone mad. Dasan looks shocked at first, but pulls himself together. He announces that he will bring honor to the tribe by bringing back the head of a strong orc warrior. As Ibhar and Dasan leave the village, you look at both of them, torn by a mixture of fear and pride.

You and Nyrah spend the evening in the chief's tent, praying for the safety of your lovers. But in the morning, only Dasan returns and declares that Ibhar is dead. Marcus Junior shakes his head in disbelief. "I don't understand," he mutters. Marcus Junior looks at you, his eyes pleading for answers. "What happened to Ibhar?" he asks, his voice shaking with fear. You take a deep breath, trying to find the words to explain the unexplainable. "I don't know," you admit, feeling a knot form in your stomach.

Dasan gathers the tribe and tells them that he and his father were confronted by many orcs and that he had no choice but to surrender after they killed Ibhar. You are saddened by Ibhar's death, but glad that your husband survived and that he will be the new chieftain. You jump into Dasan's arms and shower him with kisses.

Marcus Junior confronts Dasan, saying that he should have at least brought back his father's body. Dasan becomes angry and threatens to expel Marcus Junior, before relenting and saying that he will not go against the decisions of Ibhar and that Marcus Junior can stay, but must submit to Dasan as the new chieftain.



Women of Rumah

Dasan then announces that he will surrender to the superior power of the orcs and meet their demands. When an orcish army appears in front of Rumah, he orders all warriors to lay down their weapons and goes out to meet them, accompanied only by women. When the orc chieftain Gurtak approaches, Dasan offers all the women of the tribe as a sacrifice. Each woman will serve Gurtak for one week before being replaced by another. Gurtak gives Raiisha a hungry look, but you step forward and volunteer to be the first. Gurtak looks at your huge tits and nods. You modestly follow Gurtak to the orc village, glancing at his huge frame and manhood.



Orcs capture Rumah women

As the orcs lead you away, you can't help but wonder what awaits you in their village. A mixture of fear and excitement runs through your veins. The orc chieftain Gurtak asks you if you would like to be a Pussy Girl for the orcs, and you eagerly agree, anticipating the many pleasures that await you in their village.

As Gurtak's personal slave, you will be provided with the finest food and lodging, and you will enjoy his constant attention and affection. You will spend your days training with the other orc warriors, honing your fighting skills and sucking their cocks. At night, you will be given to Gurtak, who will take great pleasure in dominating you both physically and sexually.

Gurtak is a great lover, and his cock makes Dasan and Marcus Junior look pitiful. You profess your love to Gurtak and joke about the small cocks of Dasan and Marcus Junior. As time passes, you fall deeper in love with Gurtak and become more content with your life as an orc slave. His dominance over you not only fulfills your submissive desires, but also brings a sense of purpose and belonging that you never knew existed.

When the time comes to return to Rumah, you beg Gurtak to let you stay with him. He sighs and says that he must honor the agreement and that another woman must take your place. He then grabs you roughly and whispers that you are always welcome in his tent if you can sneak in unseen. You kiss him passionately and declare that you want to be a true orc not a weak half-orc or human.

After returning to Rumah, you join Marcus Junior on his quest to find the body of Ibhar. As you and Marcus Junior approach a well, you can see the half-orc chieftain's body at the bottom, broken and lifeless. The water around him is stained with blood and dirt. Marcus Junior's face contorts in anger and grief as he stares down at Ibhar's body.

As you examine the body of Ibhar you are surprised that there is not a single cut by a sword or an axe. You struggle with this question when you note a necklace in his hand. It is clearly the necklace of Dasan. An awful thought strikes you. Can it really be that Dasan killed his own father? "How could he do this?" Marcus Junior asks, his voice trembling with rage. "He swore an oath to protect the village." You put a hand on his shoulder, trying to calm him down. "We need to think about what to do next," you say gently.

Upon your return to Rumah, Marcus Junior confronts Dasan and challenges him to a duel. The battle between Marcus Junior and Dasan is fierce, with both warriors using every ounce of their strength and skill. The sound of clashing weapons and grunts of exertion fill the air. Despite your worries about the outcome, you find yourself unable to look away from the fight.

As the fight ends, you see Marcus Junior stumble back, his sword arm falling limply to his side. Dasan stands over him, breathing heavily but victorious. The half-orc chieftain looks at you, a mixture of emotions playing across his face. He nods once, signaling for you to approach.

As you kneel before him, you take Dasan's massive cock in your mouth, feeling it stretch your lips and tongue. You bob your head up and down, teasing him as you suck on his shaft. You can feel his hot seed building inside you and you know he's close to cumming.

Suddenly you feel a surge of hot cum filling your mouth. Dasan moans loudly as he releases his load, filling your mouth with his cum. You swallow every drop, savoring the taste of his victory. As you pull back, you look up at Dasan, your eyes filled with admiration.

You want Dasan to make you pregnant. Dasan looks down at you, a smirk on his lips. "And what makes you think I want to do that?" he asks, his voice dripping with sarcasm. You stand up, meeting his gaze defiantly. "Because I want to," you say firmly.

Dasan raises an eyebrow in surprise at your boldness. "So be it," he says after a moment. "But know this: if we have a child together, it will be raised as an Orc warrior, trained to fight and conquer. Is that what you really want?"

You nod your head, feeling a surge of determination within you. "Yes," you answer firmly. "I want our child to be strong and fierce, just like you. And I want to be at your side when you lead our people to victory." Dasan studies you for a moment and seems to consider your words.

Finally he nods in agreement. "Very well," he says, his voice now free of sarcasm. "Tomorrow night you will be mine." With that, he turns and walks away, leaving you to ponder the events that have transpired. You look at the limp form of Marcus Junior with pity and wonder how you could ever have considered this loser as a potential mate.

You spend the rest of the day preparing for your union with Dasan. You bathe in a nearby stream, scrubbing away the dirt and blood of the day. As you wash, you can't help but feel a sense of anticipation building within you.

As night falls, you make your way to Dasan's tent, your heart racing with excitement and fear. You knock gently on the wooden door, and after a moment you hear Dasan's deep voice allowing you to enter. You step inside and take a deep breath as you take in your surroundings.

The tent is dimly lit, with only a few torches providing illumination. In the center of the room, you see Dasan sitting on a large fur-covered chair, his muscular form glistening with sweat from his earlier fight. He looks up at you as you enter, his eyes burning with desire. You walk over to him, feeling the soft fur of the floor beneath your feet. As you approach, you can't help but feel small and vulnerable in the presence of this powerful half-orc warrior. But at the same time, you feel a sense of power and determination rising within you.

You kneel before Dasan, your eyes never leaving his. "I am here for you, Chief," you say quietly. Dasan reaches out and runs his calloused hand along your cheek, his touch sending shivers down your spine. "So be it," he replies, his voice deep and husky.

As he speaks, Dasan stands up from his chair, towering over you. He steps closer, and you can feel his heat radiating off of him. He reaches down, grasping your arm firmly, and pulls you to your feet. You stand before him, your body trembling slightly in anticipation.

Then, with a swift and powerful motion, Dasan reaches out and grasps your hips, lifting you up so that you're even with his eyes. His other hand reaches up, tangling in your hair as he pulls your head back, exposing your neck.

You feel a shiver of fear and excitement run down your spine as you look into his eyes. You can see the hunger and desire burning within him, mirroring your own feelings. Suddenly, Dasan lowers his head and presses his lips to your neck, nipping gently at your flesh.

You gasp softly as he bites you, feeling a rush of pleasure coursing through your body. His tongue darts out, tracing the line of your jaw before sliding into your mouth. You moan softly, arching your back as he claims your mouth.

As the kiss deepens, you feel Dasan's hardness pressing against you, a clear sign of his desire. He moves one of his hands from your hip to your lower back, pulling you closer to him. His other hand grips your hair tighter, pulling your head further back as he nips at your neck and shoulders.

You feel a surge of excitement course through you as you press against him, your hips grinding against his. You break the kiss, panting softly. "Take me," you whisper, your voice hoarse with need. Without another word, Dasan scoops you up in his powerful arms and carries you over to his bed.

Lying on the soft furs, you watch as Dasan begins to undress, his muscles rippling with every movement. He tosses his tattered clothes aside, revealing his well-toned orcish form. You can't help but feel a sense of awe mixed with desire as you look at him.

As he approaches the bed, you feel a wave of anticipation run through you. Dasan climbs onto the bed, hovering over you. His eyes burn with desire as he looks down at you. Slowly he lowers himself onto the furs beside you, his muscular form pressing against yours. As he approaches the bed, you feel a surge of anticipation pass through you.

When your bodies touch, an electric current of desire shoots through both of you. Dasan reaches out and runs gentle fingers down your bare back. You tremble slightly at his touch, arching your back to press against him. He smiles, a predatory gleam in his eyes.

As he leans in, his hot breath fanning your neck, you feel his hand slip through the thin fabric of your dress to cradle your breast. He moans softly, his thumb rubbing circles over your nipple, which hardens under his touch. You moan and arch your back further into his touch.

You feel his other hand move down to the hem of your dress and slowly pull it up. With a gentle tug, he pulls the dress over your head, revealing your naked body. His eyes roam over you, taking in every inch of your flesh.

You feel a surge of desire as you see the appreciation in his eyes. As he leans in to kiss you again, you reach up and wrap your arms around his neck, pulling him closer. Your bodies melt together, his hardness pressing against you in a familiar yet exciting way.

As the kiss deepens, you feel Dasan's strong hands slide down your sides, stopping at your hips. He grips you tightly, pulling you closer to him. His other hand finds its way to your throbbing core, his fingers teasingly brushing against your sensitive flesh.

You gasp into his mouth as he touches you there, feeling a wave of pleasure wash over you. You arch your hips into his hand, begging for more. Dasan growls low in his throat, a sound that sends shivers down your spine. He slides his fingers inside you, exploring your wetness. You gasp into his mouth as he touches you there, feeling a wave of pleasure wash over you. You arch your hips into his hand, begging for more.

You cry out, your body arching off the bed as he touches you intimately. His fingers dance inside you, teasing and probing until you feel your orgasm building. You moan his name, your hips bucking against his hand.

As you continue to kiss, Dasan's hand travels lower, slipping between your legs. He groans softly against your lips as he feels the heat and wetness of your desire. His fingers find their way to your entrance, teasingly circling around before slowly pushing inside. You gasp softly, arching your back into his touch.

Just as you're about to climax, Dasan pulls his hand away, leaving you breathless and wanting more. He positions himself between your legs, his hardness pressing against your aching entrance. He looks down at you, a predatory smile on his lips. "You're so beautiful," he murmurs, his voice rough with desire.

You gasp, your eyes locked on his as he leans down to capture your lips once more. Your heart races in anticipation of what's to come. As the kiss deepens, you feel Dasan's hardness pressing against you, a familiar yet thrilling sensation.



Tia submits to orc

With a growl, Dasan thrusts forward, pushing into you with a force that takes your breath away. You cry out, arching your back as he fills you. He begins to move inside you, his powerful strokes sending waves of pleasure coursing through your body.

As he thrusts deeper, you feel your orgasm building once more. You moan into his kiss, your body arching off the bed. Just as you're about to climax, Dasan picks up the pace, his thrusts harder and deeper.

You feel your orgasm come over you, waves of pleasure washing over you as he takes you. Your body shakes beneath his, nails digging into his shoulders. He growls deep in his throat, the vibrations adding to your pleasure. Your rhythm becomes erratic, both of you lost in the heat of the moment.

As you both reach the peak of your desire, Dasan's movements become frantic. He moans deeply, his body shaking with the force of his orgasm. You feel him pulsing inside you, his hot seed filling you. Your body shakes with the intensity of the sensation.

As the wave of pleasure subsides, Dasan pulls out of you, his breathing ragged. He collapses beside you, his chest rising and falling rapidly. You look at him, a mix of satisfaction and desire in your eyes.

Return home

You return to the cabin of your mother Catherine, and find her sitting by the fire, knitting. She looks up at you with concern in her eyes. "My dear," she says, putting down her knitting, "It seems like something has been troubling you. Do you want to talk about it?" You hesitate for a moment, unsure of how much to tell her.

Eventually, you decide to tell her everything - about your time with Dasan, your betrayal of Marcus Junior, and his reaction. As you speak, you can see the shock and sadness on your mother's face. When you finish, there is silence for a moment before she speaks.

"I see," she says softly, "This is a difficult situation for everyone involved. I understand why you felt the need to betray Marcus Junior, but I'm sorry that it had to happen."

You both go to sleep. In the morning, you discover that Katherine is missing. You see Katherine lying on the ground underneath a giant orc. Her body is motionless, and there's a look of peace on her face. You know immediately what has happened - the giant orc must have found her and taken her as his mate. You feel a mixture of sadness and envy as you watch the orc gently stroke her hair.

The orc roars in anger, baring his massive teeth as he prepares to fight you. You steel yourself for the battle ahead, ready to take on the beast that stands before you. The orc lunges at you, swinging its massive club in a powerful arc.



Orc chieftain Zorad

Your mother Katherin calls out to the giant orc: "Zorad, this is your daughter. The giant orc stops, lowers his club, and studies you with newfound interest. "You are my daughter?" he asks, his voice deep and rumbling. You nod, wondering what this means for your fate. He looks at you with a mixture of curiosity and caution.

Katherine looks at Zorad with sadness in her eyes. "I wanted to protect Tia from the dangers of the world," she explains, "but I see now that I may have gone too far."

Zorad nods slowly, seeming to understand her reasoning. He turns back to you, a solemn expression on his face. "You are welcome in my home, daughter," he says, extending a massive, calloused hand. "But know this - the world is a dangerous place and you must be strong to survive.

You embrace your father Zorad, feeling a sense of warmth and acceptance from the giant Orc. As you pull away, you look up at him, determination shining in your eyes.



Calan's Rest

Zorad invites you and your mother Katherin to the orc fortress Calan's Rest. You and your mother Katherin follow Zorad through the dense forest, marveling at the giant orc's size and strength as he navigates the treacherous terrain with ease.

As you approach the orc fortress, you can see that it's unlike anything you've ever seen before. Made entirely of stone and towering high into the sky, it seems almost unassailable. Zorad leads you through the massive gates, which creak ominously as they open.

Inside, you're greeted by a bustling community of orcs, all going about their daily business. Some are cooking over fires, others are sharpening weapons, and still, others are engaged in fierce physical training.

You and your mother Katherin are taken to a spacious chamber where you are offered food and drink. As you eat, Zorad tells you about the history of the orcs and their way of life. He explains that they are a proud and honorable race, and that they live by a strict code of conduct.

Inside, you find yourself in a bustling city filled with orcs of all shapes and sizes. The air is thick with the smell of smoke and raw meat, but there's also a sense of community and belonging that you didn't expect. Zorad introduces you to the other orcs, who greet you with respect and curiosity.

You look up at your mother Katherin in surprise as she reveals that Zorad, the leader of the orc tribe, is your biological father. Zorad nods gravely, acknowledging the truth of her words.

Katherin tells Tia how she and Zorad met in secret many years ago, before you were born. Their love was forbidden by the laws of their people, but they couldn't deny the attraction they felt for each other. Over time, their love grew stronger, despite the danger it posed to both of them. Once she tasted the superior orc cock, there was no turning back. You agree that orc cock is the best in the world. She laughs. "The Arenfielders were right. You and I are both orc whores and we are proud of it."

You go to your father Zorad and embrace him. You feel an overwhelming sense of love and acceptance from the massive orc. He returns your hug, his massive arms wrapping around you in a warm, protective embrace.



Bolgan

Your brother Bolgan appears and greets you. He is even taller than Zorgan. His loincloth cannot hide his massive cock. You lick your lips in anticipation as you cannot wait to suck the massive tool of your brother.

Zorgan beams: "Now our family is reunited and you, Tia, will take your rightful place as Queen of the Orcs. Are you ready to marry your brother Bolgan and become his moglia? You answer: "Yes, father. Your wish is my command. I am a proud Orc and ready to challenge all others in a battle for supremacy."



An orc attacks Tia