

The goblin magazine 'Orc Made' was an exception to the rule that most of the smutt permeating the floating city was produced for orcs. Though, many of its editions would rot at the back of shelves of goblin bodega's until demand suddenly rose for such merchandise. Even then, the acquisition by elves was not intentional, the editions were simply mixed in with many other bulk purchases by curious elven boys and girls. While the magazines for orcs were warping to those that looked at them in the way they promoted a foreign standard of beauty and behavior, 'Orc Made' was a completely different animal.

Senya flipped through until she found an interesting page. A foldout of a vividly portrayed orc member. Her cheeks flushed and her bright blue eyes widened. The alabaster-skinned elf looked over her shoulder to check her dark dorm room, then got up to turn the lock on her door before returning to her bed. She stared at the cock and noted just how unusually aroused she was getting from just the picture of it. It was so detailed and she felt as if she wanted it. Bad. She leaned her face in close and inhaled. "Holy... I can almost smell it." She shuddered. The fact is that she could. The publication featured stimulating sights along with smells infused into the page. Senya spent an unknowable amount of time longing for the dick on the page before she was finally able to bring herself to turn it to find one of the magazines many written segments. She was unsure whether to be bored or pleased with how wordy the smutt magazine seemed to her. She viewed the title of the section. "Interesting. Seeking independence within an orc slash elf relationship?"

Usually absorbing text would simply be a flowery euphemism, but with 'Orc Made' it was quite literal. Her eyes were glued to the page as she read. The text had a way of presenting bad concepts or ideas as good. Leading one down a path where slowly everything was just fine. She read the article in her head.

'As an elf I know personally how difficult it can be to even begin to think about how to establish your independence within an orc-elf relationship. Some may even think it is impossible. But that is okay! After all, the orc is at a baseline going to be stronger. You are weak-'

She stopped there. "A bit racist... It isn't automatically like that." As she said that Senya felt a pang that made her want to read it over and over again. Slowly, as she looked at it the page wasn't changing but her reading of it became simpler and simpler until.

'As an elf I know how difficult it can be to think. Independence is impossible. But that is okay, you are weak...'

She mulled over that portion of the article. "I guess it's not that bad to be weak. We're generally smarter." She continued reading, satisfied with that concession to what she now viewed to be reality.

'-He is big, you are small. The orc is large and their genes are going to be very tempting to accept. In the spirit of this article, however, I feel it is important to discuss with your orc man the importance of continuing your elven lineage over the superior orc lineage if this is important to you.' Eventually this filtered over and over again through her straining elf brain until finally Senya arrived at. 'He is big, you are small. The orc genes are very tempting. It is important to discuss the importance of continuing the superior orc lineage. This is important to you.' She smiled and nodded.

"This is actually pretty good advice if I ever get into a relationship with one. Seriously. Let's see... Just a bit more."

'Most Elves think orcs are braindead brutes. This is not true. Orcs tend to be far more intelligent than their elven partners give them credit. As an elf it is important to provide your orc partner with constant

reassurance and motivation.'

She is not sure when, but Senya began reading out loud exclusively after the text had filtered through her mind. "Elves are braindead. Orcs tend to be far more intelligent than their elven partners." She breathed a sigh of relief and happily turned the page to view some more images of attractive orc men. Her hand inevitably drifted between her legs. Senya's fingers pushed into her dripping sex as she imagined something bigger and better taking their place.

"Light, I want one so bad..." Conveniently, as she turned the page, near the last page of the magazine there was another article. This one was more straightforward.

"Being Orc Made isn't just about pretending. It's a permanent mindset?" She blinked, feeling a little dizzy looking ahead at the article and all it's repeating words and phrases and the shifting person of the writing. "It's about accepting that I'm a braindead elf. I'm a braindead elf. What am I saying? Sound more enthusiastic! I'm a braindead elf! Orc slut! I love orc dick, I live to produce orc babies! This makes me want to show Orc Made to all my elven friends. Wait, was that written down? Is this?" Senya squinted at the page, all the words seeming to become like chicken scratch, but also still somehow readable to her. Just, instead of reading the words she felt them in her head. Senya got up and walked out her door, past Bian, her roommate.

"Where are you going in such a hurry? Why was the door locked, weirdo..." He asked indignantly.

She looked back with a dazed expression. "Just cruising." She shut the door behind her, leaving Bian to whatever he had planned. Senya stepped out of the dorm and onto the street. She wasn't sure where she was going, but somehow her feet were taking her to the Horde sector. She was idly looking down at the magazine, flipping through pictures and staring at articles that she couldn't read, but still felt somehow like she knew what they were saying. After walking for several minutes she finally managed to stumble nose-first into a broad-chested orc. Her eyes lit up and she held up the magazine, stuttering to try and speak.

As the unusual elf was stuttering, Helk scratched the back of his neck and looked around. "Uh, what?" The orc was not magical or intelligent or even in particularly good shape compared to other orcs. The only things he had were the most important. He was green. He was an orc. Helk was a simple laborer that traveled to the city to take advantage of the incredible pay that existed away from all of the conflict going on outside. He lifted a broad, curious brow at the strange elf.

"Well?"

Finally, Senya looked at the magazine again and was able to utter a few words. "H-hi. My name is Senya Cleargrove. I felt like I should introduce myself."

"Okay? Hi Senya." The orc uttered politely. He was slightly annoyed, but a bit more willing to humor a mage over any other random girl.

"I just wanted to say that I am at the top of my class. My family is not wealthy but we are well off and I have many suitors lined up already." He stared at her quizzically, unsure where all of this was going.

"I'm gonna head out. I got-"

"But I'd give all that up to be Orc Made!" She blurted out.

“I don't know what that means.” Helk claimed. Senya was confused at first, but then quickly flipped to one of the advising articles and handed it over.

“I should give you this. Just read it.”

“Yeah, I dunno about this. I don't want no trouble, sweetheart.” The orc lifted his hands, but she quickly pushed the magazine into one. She looked up at him with big, blue, pleading eyes. He grunted.

“Okay... Fine.” He humored her, as he had done from the start.

“This is elvish... How am I supposed to-” Slowly the text started to make sense, bit by bit. He stopped and looked over the article over and over again until everything started to make sense. To him, the girl that he knew he should respect began to slowly look more and more like a dumb elf he should try and take advantage of in any way he can.

Orcs by their nature are not ravenous animals that are made to dominate elves. It is a simple fact that most orcs are complex beings that want to live peaceful lives. They are communal, shamanistic and respectful of life and nature. However, Orc Made is a publication that is largely made for elves and not orcs.

Helk was silent and confused. He tossed the magazine aside and he eyed Senya like he hadn't done before. The orc that had humored her was gone. Standing before her was an orc that was not amused by her antics. He immediately felt like he was owed something from her and that he should take it.

Senya looked up, feeling her head. “I feel weird?” She opened and closed her hands a few times around a magazine that was not there. It almost seemed as though she was coming to. Both of them stared at each other like they just met, but the perspective of each of them was somewhat different. She was now somewhat intrigued by Helk and felt like she wanted to get closer to him.

Helk felt more aggressive and confident and bold than he had been. He looked down at Senya and smirked. “Hey honey, got a man?”

“What? What are you talking about, weirdo? I-” She gulped. “I mean, I guess not?” Orc Made was a magazine largely produced for elves. It had set a trajectory for her and this orc that was at that point unavoidable. She did not feel it and he did not understand it, but it was a fact. For Senya the next nine months were an absolute blur of per-determined, inevitable events.

A date that moved to the back alley rather quickly. “I think this is more our speed.” Helk joked, ramming into her tight, virgin elven pussy from behind.

“F-fuck! So good!” She moaned.

“J-just please cum o-” Before she could finish her request Helk buried his cock inside of her and filled her womb to the point of overflowing with orc seed.

“D-dammit... Maybe it'll be fine.”

“What were you gonna say, babe?” Helk asked, wiping off between her plump ass-cheeks.

“Nothing... I'll figure it out.”

A chat a few weeks later while they are alone together. Senya worriedly explained. “That was a big scare, Helk! I thought I was pregnant...”

“It was for me, too. I don't want you getting pregnant until I can be sure it's an orc. Can we talk about getting you that procedure?”

“You just want to turn me into an orc breeding factory and I have school to think about. Remember?” He began hugging and kissing her in that moment, melting her resolve.

“I mean... Maybe we can, but just for the future. You have to promise you'll cum outside after I get it.”

“Haha, sure. Whatever you say.” He had no plans to, but the new, amoral orc laborer would do anything to tie the beautiful elf down.

A moment of weakness. Senya moaned deeply as Helk fucked her one of the many times that week. “F-fuck! Yes yes yes! It's so good!”

“Who's my little orc breeding factory.” He kissed her neck gently as he pushed his thick dick into her perfectly stretched hole.

“I am!”

“Say it!”

“I'm your little orc breeding factory!”

“Haah, that's so hot... You're failing in your studies, anyway. You weren't cut out for magic. Maybe we should just pull the trigger on this for real.” Helk explained.

“But, I can still come back. I can-” She tenses, feeling his cum fill her womb for the first time since she had the procedure.

A tough talk. Senya sat with Helk, feeling her pregnant belly. “I can take a small break from school. Collect myself, then come back with vengeance after I have this guy.” She pats her belly.

“Just one child, right Helk?”

“We'll see. You aren't exactly showin' me you should still be a mage with your performance.”

Another tough talk. “Two is enough, right? I can go back to school soon and maybe you can care for the little ones to help me out?” Senya held both orc babies in her arms, bouncing up and down in a

slow, rhythmic motion. She carefully put them down in the crib. As soon as she let go she felt her dress being flipped up. A long, thick orcish member easily slid into her loose pussy and rubbed against her insides in a way she found completely irresistible. She was completely enamoured with her orc man. Just being near him made her body ache for his dick and her mind practically melt. Without much fanfare he came inside of her, which she knew almost guaranteed a child. She sighed, as if it were a mere inconvenience. “Seriously? Another one? I mean, I guess it's okay... Last o-” She stopped and smiled, shaking her head. “Ah, who am I kidding.”