

An Orctober to Remember

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It was strange how fast frustration and annoyance could turn into relief. Rory had been frustrated by the fact that it had taken Dane three years to realize how perfect they would work together as a couple, that they had spent six months together learning each other's likes and dislikes and laying the groundwork for a brilliant relationship before going off on some sort of strange summer camp mining expedition with his family... Sure, Rory wasn't the rustic type exactly, but it would have been better to have been invited compared with being left alone for months. He had been further annoyed by the fact that Dane was running late, adding even more time onto the long absence... but as the Cooper family minivan rolled up along the long stretch of sidewalk, caked in dust from who knew which state, Rory couldn't help but feel his heart flutter.

The sun was setting, glaring in Rory's blue eyes where the sun hit and making it that much harder to see into the long shadows. The side door of the minivan rumbled open and Dane jumped out, barely having time to grab his duffel bag before the minivan started pulling away, someone inside tugging the door shut. Rory blinked a little in confusion at the abrupt drop off, but then even more as his eyes tried to adjust to his boyfriend's appearance... The details just weren't adding up right.

Dane had never been the tallest kid in school. If it hadn't been for his hairy legs and arms, many might have mistaken him for a freshman all the way through graduation. He'd started growing a healthy beard as well, one of the things Rory found endearing, but Rory couldn't believe his eyes when he looked at the man that was supposed to be his boyfriend... Not only did he seem to have grown a beard so long that he had to pull it into a braid that hung down to his navel, but the beard seemed even longer because Dane was... shorter? That wasn't possible, was it?

"Babe! I am so excited to see you!" Dane exclaimed, padding over on large, faintly hairy bare feet. His legs were flecked with dust just as much as the minivan was, his cargo shorts loaded down. His shirt seemed to be a little tight around the shoulders and stomach, not entirely flattering but giving Rory a peek at the line of fuzz running from Dane's groin up to his belly button. As he approached, Rory got an appreciation for just how thick his boyfriend's beard was, held in place by two metal rings - one about an inch below his chin and a smaller one just above the tassel of hair at the base of the long braided cord. The sunset shone off of new gold rings hanging from the young man's ears, as well as a gold bar through his left ear.

"It feels like we were apart for a lot longer than three months..." Rory said, still quite stunned. He shifted his focus to the fact that Dane only seemed to come up to his Adam's apple now and was looking up at him. Rory tried to think if he had grown himself, but his family still seemed the same size...

"I'm so sorry Babe, I know this was rough, but I'm gonna make it up to you." Dane said, standing on his tiptoes to kiss Rory's smooth chin before grinning, taking a moment to admire his boyfriend. Rory was tall, broad shouldered, wavy blond hair thick on top and tapered at the sides. It had taken almost a month after graduation to get him to stop wearing his green and white letterman jacket from the glory days of playing football. Dane focused his mind back on

the apology he had been in the middle of. "And we're going to do it all... Apple cider tasting, pumpkin chucking, corn maze golf, everything..." he said. Rory's annoyance cracked a bit, a faint smile creeping across his lips.

"You thought about that on the drive back, didn't you?" Rory asked, summoning the courage for his next question, "You kinda went on a deep dive with the mining camp, didn't you? You look pretty hard core... Piercings, big beard... Any tattoos I should know about?" Rory asked. Dane looked a bit shy, almost blushing.

"Do you hate it?" he asked. One of Rory's blond eyebrows arched as he reached out, curling his fingers around the two inch thick plait of dark brown hair hanging down from Dane's chin. An almost wicked smile crossed Rory's lips.

"Are you kidding? I could lead you around like you were on a leash now, or make sure that you can't get away again." Rory said. Dane all but linked his lips.

"I think I like the sound of that." he purred happily. Rory leaned down to kiss his boyfriend, knowing in that moment that there was no illusion. His boyfriend was shorter than he had been. Maybe the mining had compressed his spine. Maybe going barefoot on the grass took away every ounce of height he normally had... but Rory didn't care. He was just glad Dane was back and they were going to catch up on everything that made October special.

The house was not Rory's, at least not yet. Still, one of the benefits of having a smaller family than Dane was that a simple business trip or weekend getaway ensured the house was practically all theirs. Rory had intended to make snacks and catch up with Dane, but Dane had led the larger man up the steps to the second floor, retreating to Rory's bedroom. The two all but tumbled through the door, kissing and rubbing, clinging to one another. They were a tangle of arms sliding up and down, clutching and grasping until Rory broke the kiss, panting.

"You learn to hold your breath longer or something?" Rory asked, still heaving for breath. Dane gave a wicked grin before thumping his chest with a fist.

"They forge them tough in my family." Dane said before a faint blush colored the skin just above the borders of his thick brown beard, "Speaking of which, I made you something."

"You made me something?" Rory repeated, a little surprised. Dane took half a step back, just enough to allow himself to maneuver as he reached down into his pocket and pulled out a small case. Rory had expected the case to be made out of plastic or wood, thinking for a split second that perhaps the case was what Dane had made him, but from the way the light glinted off of it, it was clear the small box was metal. Dane eased the lid open, revealing the interior where a rather thick, engraved ring was resting in a notch. Rory's breath caught in his throat a little, wondering if Dane was popping the question at first - though he wasn't on one knee... and the ring was oddly thick, almost too thick to be a ring one wore on their finger. It was almost as if-

"It's a nose ring." Dane said, as if answering Rory's thought, "For my big, tall, strong, brute of a boyfriend." Dane grinned, pulling the ring out of the notch. Rory's mouth hung open a little in disbelief.

"I-I-I..." he stammered a little before collecting himself, "I'm honored that you made something for me, but I haven't pierced my nose. I haven't really pierced my anything." Rory

said. Dane grinned a bit, his white teeth shining from the frame of his oddly thick, luxurious brown beard.

“Not yet anyway, but this is a new chapter for us. We graduated, we’re practically living together, we can experiment and try new things. Maybe you’re going to grow into a badass boyfriend?” he asked with a grin, reaching one hand to give Rory’s groin a quick grope. Rory flushed a little.

“What would my parents say?” he asked softly. Dane gave one short chuckle.

“I think they’re focused on Elaine and her kids, you’re just the spare... I can do with you what I please.” Dane grinned. Rory gave a nervous chuckle.

“Well, I guess if I ever pierce my septum, I know what I’m going to wear.” Rory said. Dane grinned even wider.

“That’s the best part, it’s built to do that for you.” Dane said, using his fingernail to move an imperceptible notch on the ring that opened up a gap, the late afternoon sun catching the needle-like end of it as it passed through the gap.

“Is that, uh, sanitary?” Rory asked. Dane looked up at him, his eyes all but watering.

“I get it, I get it... Who wants the random trinket forged from metal mined by hand, painstakingly crafted, melded with the love and lust one’s boyfriend had for their mate...” Dane murmured. Rory lifted a hand, scratching at the back of his head, ruffling the bottom edge of his wavy blond hair before it tapered into the fade.

“I guess when you put it like that, how could I resist?” he asked. Dane grinned wide and stood on his tip toes, priming the ring before he brought it up. Rory’s eyes narrowed a little, uncertain how he felt as Dane stuffed the ring into his nostrils. It felt a bit too big, almost like it took up all the spare space. He was about to say something when Dane let go of the clip and the spring loaded needle punched through his septum. Rory gasped inwardly, his sinuses filling momentarily with the metallic tang of iron before the scent began to ebb, fading away.

“That... didn’t hurt for very long?” he asked in confusion. Dane all but nodded.

“It’s mursteel, it has antiseptic properties like silver.” Dane explained. Rory’s eyebrow lifted.

“Don’t they use silver to cauterize wounds?” he asked. Dane shrugged a little.

“I don’t know so much about that, but what I do know is that my boyfriend is one tough brute.” Dane said, reaching to give Rory’s ass cheek a squeeze. Rory turned, despite liking the grope, to look at the mirror above his dresser. He still had the broad shoulders of a football player, the firm stance, the thick arms and the charming haircut... but there was something about the way the nose ring dominated his face that made him feel more powerful. It was like a bull with a nose ring, or maybe something else, something primal. He squared his jaw and made a stern face, eyes half lidded. He bore his teeth a little, snarling at the mirror - at least until he spotted Dane behind him. Rory chuckled a bit before turning back, moving over to give his boyfriend a kiss. They stayed close for a long moment before Rory lowered his shoulders, coming eye to eye with his boyfriend.

“I love it, and I love it even more because you made it by hand for me. Thank you.” Rory said. Dane smiled, looking a bit reassured.

“I wanted to help make a small piece of our future.” he said. Rory grinned at that and gave Dane one more quick kiss.

“Well, you succeeded. Now, I’m going to go get started on dinner if you want to wash up.” Rory said. Normally Dane would have invited Rory to join him, but this time he just nodded, giving his boyfriend’s arm a rub. Rory smiled and disappeared from the room, heading down the stairs. Dane listened to the feet thumping on the hollow staircase, closing his eyes. He’d done it. He’d actually done it. His family had been wary, warning him that the mursteel could be unpredictable in the wild. Rory might react violently, slightly, or not at all. Dane’s family regularly awoke their true selves with the stuff, returning to their dwarvish roots, but Rory? His great ancestors came from a different stock. It was a huge gamble to mess with a good thing, but Dane knew that as good as they were together already, he had to try to see what it was like to date an orc.

It was hard for Rory to escape the feeling that he was driving out to Bimmerman Farms with a big dog in the passenger seat as Dane leaned out, his unruly brown hair blowing around behind him and his braided beard snapping around like a whip in the wind. He had his aviators on, the dark lenses complimenting the speckled freckles across Dane’s rather muscular arms. Even with the windows down, Rory could smell his boyfriend’s earthy, musky aroma. The driver took a good whiff before hissing a little bit, reminded how new his nose ring was.

The car slowed as they began to pass larger and larger stacks of hay bales, slowing even more as the rectangular and circular stacks were painted with spooky monster faces. After endless fields of wheat had come a shorter field of corn, then white picket fences, and then the telltale buildings that made up Bimmerman Farms. There was a gigantic rustic red barn, but even more impressive was the immense greenhouse. Whatever wasn’t glass or partition was a rich emerald green in tone.

If it had been any other location, the sheer number of visitors would have brought the parking lot to a strangle point, but Bimmerman Farms was used to the seasonal surge. A farm hand dressed in an orange reflective vest with a dark peach fuzz mustache waved them into the overflow lot with short lighted cones that looked like illuminated candy corn. Rory’s green Pontiac wobbled and lurched slightly as it pulled off the road and over the slightly uneven terrain before coming to a stop in the designated area. Rory turned off the engine and hazarded another deep breath, filling his lungs with the smell of dried grass, corn, wheat, and the faintest wisps of cotton candy.

“You are such a fall baby, babe.” Dane grinned. Rory smirked, reaching over to punch Dane in the shoulder playfully. Dane hissed and rubbed at his arm, “And so strong, too. Have you been working out? Those guns are ready for a show.” Dane said. Rory laughed and flexed an arm, though he surprised himself a bit... His sleeve was digging into his arm more than he’d expected. Maybe the shirt had shrunk. Had his biceps always been that big? Dane swallowed a little, “Hey, where should we start?” he asked, trying to push past a nervous smile.

“Maybe we should put these guns to work...” Rory considered, smiling a bit with anticipation. Dane looked conflicted, excited but also still nervous.

Of all the objects in the world evolved for flight, pumpkins were clearly not the top of the list, but that only seemed to make the cheers even louder as yet another one of the gourds came crashing down. The hard orange exterior cracked under the inertia of the impact, the hollow interior releasing an echoing crunch before a spray of orange webbing laced with white seeds erupted outward, splattering across carefully painted distance markers. Countless hands slapped the competitor on the shoulders, congratulating him on his prowess. He merely reached up to tug on his cowboy hat in a salute to those that had believed in him.

Rory stood in line, a few inches taller than everyone else. He moved up towards the spin zone, his arms wrapped around his pumpkin. The pumpkins selected for the chucking contest had been carefully weighed and measured, ensuring that they were as fairly matched to one another as anyone could get. Dane let out a few whoops and hollers from the bleachers set up behind the tossing area. He all but drooled as he looked at Rory out there, holding the gourd like some sort of macho man competition, his broad shoulders filling out his shirt so well, his fair skin glistening in the midday sun, his blond hair looking faintly green in the light. Dane's heart fluttered a bit at that.

As the wind rippled through Rory's sea green hair, his brow furrowed in concentration, the sun glinting off of his engraved nose ring. He was clearly not a farmer, but the locals weren't sure what to make of him. He dressed like a city boy, but city boys weren't usually that buff... Rory shifted the pumpkin out to one arm and he spun, and spun again, circling a third time. As he saw the bleachers, he began to push outwards, ensuring that by the time he lined up with the distance markers, he was perfectly aligned.

The pumpkin arched through the air, gaining altitude as fast as it gained distance before eventually it began to arc down, crashing with a satisfying splat a good four feet past the cowboy's splash zone. Spectators on the bleachers jumped up to their feet to cheer, Dane finding it a little harder to see Rory with everyone in the way, but he cheered all the same, filled with pride and delight. His boyfriend was the tallest, strongest, most handsome competitor that Bimmerman Farms had ever seen. With luck, he'd be even more by the time the night was over.

Rory couldn't put into words how much he loved fall, but it couldn't get much better than standing in the middle of a corn maze golf course with his boyfriend. The sun was setting, tracing amber colored light in long, shallow angles across the farmland. The dried out corn stalks were at least nine feet tall and it wasn't the most popular attraction at Bimmerman's, giving the players a fair amount of privacy. The golf ball was an old red rubber dodgeball while the clubs were comically large plastic clubs.

The dodgeball let out a gratifying hollow pang noise as it was struck, sending it hurtling down the trodden path, ricocheting off of some of the corn stalks before tumbling down around the curve in the maze. Rory couldn't help but look a bit pleased with himself, puffing out his chest - a chest that was fuller and rounder than it had been even an hour earlier. Dane nearly drooled, seeing Rory's shirt riding up, revealing a thick tuft of greenish blond hair that had not been there the previous night. Dane wanted to nuzzle the hair, to lick it, to kiss it, but he didn't want to spoil Rory's perfect afternoon.

Rory had always been perfect, at least to Dane. He'd been the tall kid, the strong kid, the fit kid, the popular kid. The football team had only concentrated his natural perfection, honing him into the all-american hero... but things were going further. Rory had grown unusually tall, unusually strong, and his clothes weren't having an easy time keeping up. His pants rode up his ankles, too much skin was showing, but Dane couldn't take his eyes off of the crotch of Rory's pants. It had started as a gentle slope, then a mound. With each hole of gold they played, though, it grew further. His zipper had started to wobble its way down, unable to keep up with the growing mass... and it didn't help that Dane was looking either. The bulge seemed to be pulsating with Dane's heartbeat more than Rory's, slinking down further across his lap while its girth pressed outward more and more. The bulge had grown from the size of a pickle to the size of a cucumber, showing little sign of slowing down in any way. If anything, it seemed to be trying to push its way upward into a proper tent.

"You wanna give it a whack?" Rory asked. Dane's eyes went huge.

"I, uh-" he blushed furiously behind his beard before realizing that Rory was offering him the club. He chuckled a bit, reaching back to rub at the nape of his neck, realizing how much further down his own hairline had grown over the summer, "Oh, you're so good at this. I kind of like watching you be so strong and virile." he grinned. Rory puffed out his bottom lip a bit.

"Well, I am those things..." he said before chuckling, slinging an arm around Dane's waist. The impact of the arm was stronger than either of them had anticipated, nearly sending Dane toppling forward, but Rory managed to swing him around, pulling his boyfriend to his chest. Dane panted a little before looking up from the valley between Rory's swollen pecs, smiling bashfully.

"My hero." he whispered. Rory couldn't help but grab Dane by the beard, holding his head in place as he leaned down to kiss him. Their lips met, Rory's bottom lip feeling strangely swollen. Their tongues wrestled, sliding deep, tangling with finesse and urgency. Dane shivered a little as the bottom of his tongue found two abnormally sharp bottom teeth, teeth that he had known to be expecting. He redirected his tongue, sliding it against and under Rory's, playing interference before he broke the kiss in a huff. Dane held Rory there, pressing their groins together. He could feel how hard Dane was.

"What would you say if I planned to get a hole in one tonight?" Rory asked. Dane looked around a little skeptically.

"I'm not sure if that's how corn maze golf is designed to work." he said with mock-innocent naivete.

"It better be how you're designed to work." Dane said, giving his boyfriend a slap on the ass before he let go of him and started wandering down the path in search of their dodgeball. Dane watched Rory go, seeing how much his boyfriend's own ass had swelled. His pants were starting to sag, showing the curve of the cheeks and the crevice that divided them, a faint greenish tinge spreading across the seldom seen skin. Dane threw his head skyward and groaned, wondering why the process had to be so slow, but the reward would be worth it. He just had to be patient a little longer...

Inch by inch, the sun had finally sunk beyond the horizon, leaving only the afterglow to tint the sky in shades of brown and gold. The long shadows had become a general darkness that jack-o-lanterns and light projectors couldn't effectively combat. With a full day of farm games behind them, most of the spectators had gone home. The overflow lot had diminished to just a handful of cars, giving the space more intimacy. Dane and Rory had gone through the greenhouse, arm in arm when the aisles were wide enough and hand in hand when they were not. Dane hadn't had an issue navigating, but it seemed as though Rory had been forced to duck under various irrigation pipes and hanging baskets of flowers. When some of the water dribbled on Rory's neck and Dane had realized that his skin was turning green there as well, he'd been eager to lead his boyfriend back out into the dark exterior.

Their shoes padded through compressed grass and dirt, heading over to one of the stands that had been set up to sell Bimmerman Farm's famous apple cider. Two battery powered lanterns hung at either edge of the stall, farm hands operating it. Dane stretched up on his tiptoes again to kiss Rory's cheek before giving him a doe eyed smile.

"Let me get you the drink, I want to be the romantic boyfriend." he said before darting off ahead, ordering not two but four cups of cider. Rory stood there, left arm hanging to his side, right hand rubbing at his oddly firm stomach as he watched Dane. It had been torture to be without him for so long, but had that made his return all the grander? Did absence really make the heart grow fonder? Had he really pulled off an entire autumn date wearing a nose ring? Rory reached up to touch the metal, a little surprised at how warm it was to the touch. His calloused fingers traced the engraved metal, coming up to the edge of his nose, a nose that felt a bit thicker and wider than it had been before.

"Thirsty?!" Dane asked with a little too much enthusiasm in his voice, proffering up one of the cups. Rory looked down before smirking a little, accepting the drink.

"You almost need a serving tray." he said, remarking at the extra drinks. Dane shrugged.

"I wasn't sure when they were going to close up shop." he said with a smile, "Though they said there's still going to be one more round of hay rides on the tractors." Dane offered. Rory looked at his boyfriend, holding the cider in his hand, a tender smile crossing his swollen lips before he shook his head.

"No matter what we're riding, being beneath the stars with you is going to be romantic. I think this was the perfect day, and I don't want to put off a perfect night with you. I think we should enjoy this cider and head home." Rory said. Dane closed his eyes, practically beaming ear to ear. There couldn't have been a more perfect response. Rory tipped the paper cup back, savoring the sweet, yet spiced richness of the fresh apple cider. He half thought about all the effort that went into growing and harvesting the apples, then all the extra steps it took to turn it into something so much more flavorful than apple juice. By the time he finished, he let out a satisfied sigh - a sigh that revealed to Dane the tip of tusk nubs trying to poke up from his bottom jaw.

"Another?" Dane muttered, trying to come up with anything he could to prolong the inevitable. Rory nodded, accepting another paper cup of cider, intent on savoring this one even longer. Dane watched every movement of Rory's amazing body; the way his head tipped back with the cup, almost seeming too small on the neck that had widened and the shoulders that had thickened. He had gone from having a V shaped torso to being built like a well crafted barrel. His clothing was ill fitting, showing off too much arm, midriff and ankles. It was a miracle

his shoes hadn't burst. All day he'd been steadily growing, and yet he still seemed oblivious... such was the influence of the mursteel.

"That's fucking good cider..." Rory said with a sigh, wiping his forehead with his forearm, bumping it just a bit harder than he expected since it now was pushing out over his eyes just a little bit, the bone swelling beneath the skin. Dane gave a sheepish smile.

"How about you go get the car ready and I'll buy two gallons to take home with us?" Dane asked. Rory shook his head.

"I love you my dude." he said, leaning down to give Dane another kiss. Dane all but floated, feeling Rory's tough, hungry embrace. With luck, it wouldn't be long until he could feel Rory's new body all over and inside of him. Dane gave Rory one last quick kiss before jogging over to the cider stand before he lost all ability to control himself. Rory merely turned and started the journey back to the overflow lot, beaming with radiant love.

The window was cracked open, allowing the sound of dried leaves to rustle in the wind, allowing some earthy air to circulate in the otherwise stale room. Wet, lewd kisses punctuated the steadier ambiance as Rory and Dane made out, hands roaming and groping over one another. The applesauce doughnuts had been reduced to crumbs. Another round of apple cider was nothing but a copper colored ring at the bottom of glasses on the nightstand. The room was lit, not by a lightbulb, but by countless strings of tiny orange LED lights creating a web around the molding of the ceiling like some kind of electrified spiderweb. The gentle sound of wet, lewd kisses danced across the rustling from outside.

Dane grunted a bit as he was pinned to the mattress, Rory humping and grinding against him. Dane gasped as Rory used one of his hands to grab onto the smaller man's thick, long braided beard, stroking it fondly before he gave it a tug, pulling Dane back into a rough kiss. He'd always been smaller than Rory, never focused very much on physical competition. Sure, his family had dwarvish strength but he'd never really worked out enough to push past average. It came as little surprise that he was such putty in Rory's hands, but his boyfriend had been getting taller, stronger, and heavier all week.

Dane looked up at Rory's green eyes, wondering just when they'd hit that particular shade. His cheek bones were emerald tinged, his ears had taken on points. Rory looked hot and sweaty, his seafoam green hair shaggier and more unkempt now as greenish-blond stubble sparkled across his cheeks. Hot breaths blasted around the thick nose ring dangling from his broader, brutish nose. The curve of his swollen pecs was hypnotic and there was an acrid tang of sweat radiating from his pits.

"R-R-Rory, I want to give you something else." Dane shuddered. Rory shot him a catty look.

"I think I'm the one that's going to be giving tonight." he growled. Dane shook his head.

"No, I'm serious, I-" Dane hesitated. Despite his lust, Rory managed to slow himself down despite remaining groin to groin. Sensing Dane's hesitation, Rory pet his fuzzy cheek, admiring just how manly his boyfriend had gotten over the summer. Perhaps the surprise of the abrupt change was a silver lining to going without him for so long.

"It's okay babe." Rory said. Dane considered for a longer moment.

“My family has a bit of a secret, with the whole summer retreat thing. That’s why we couldn’t invite you this time, but I want you to be able to come next time. If I give you a gift, I think you’ll understand enough and then we never have to be apart again.” Dane said. Rory’s green eyebrow arched. Dane blushed, finding even that attractive. The fact that Rory hadn’t realized yet was a miracle of physical distractions and poor lighting. Dane slithered over to the edge of the bed and reached down, fishing around before he brought out another metal case from his discarded jeans.

“Earrings?” Rory asked dubiously. Dane gave a half smirk.

“Not quite, nipple rings.” he said. Rory let out a soft sound, inclining his body until he was straddling Dane. After a half-moment of consideration, Rory tried to pull his shirt off only to have it get stuck. He murmured, grunted, then growled before a sudden tearing sound came. The shirt all but snapped, revealing Rory’s glistening pecs.

“Fuck... I liked that shirt.” Rory murmured. Dane couldn’t resist but reach up, his hand clamping down over the fat, juicy pec that was right above his face.

“You never should have to cover these up...” Dane whispered. Rory looked down, realizing for the first time just how big he’d gotten. His eyes widened in surprise before he reached up, fondling his other pec. Dane licked his lips with anticipation before he spoke again. “The mursteel, it brings out dormant genes and amplifies them. Somewhere, way back when, you... must have had an orc ancestor.” Dane said. Rory looked up in surprise at that.

“If mursteel brings that out, then...” Rory paused, raising his heavier, thicker arm to see how hairy and how green it had gotten. His fingers were thicker, his hand wider, hair sprouting across the back of it. He reached up to feel the rough stubble on his cheeks, then how thick and brooding his browbone had gotten. He looked back down to the heavy bulge that covered Dane’s entire groin. “And if I put the nipple rings on?” he asked, his breath soft.

“It’ll speed the effect up, push it further, make it a real Orctober to remember...” Dane said. Rory murmured in thought before looking down at Dane.

“So the whole you getting shorter and hairier?” He asked. Dane blushed and grinned.

“I’m a dwarf...” Dane said. Rory gave a slight grunt.

“Not where it counts.” he grinned, pressing down on his groin again a few times for emphasis. Dane moaned. Rory took the moment to rub at his nipple, getting the fleshy nub to perk up and swell before working on the other side. Dane was a little surprised.

“So you’re into it?” he asked, “The piercings, everything?” he asked in disbelief. Rory grinned a little.

“You gave me the best autumn outing of my life, you worked all summer to come up with a way for us to be closer, and can I help it that you’re a kinky little fuck?” he asked, giving his perky pec one more slap, “Let’s do this.” he grinned. Dane’s heart fluttered as he removed one of the rings from the case. It was larger, heavier, and engraved with the same script as the heavy nose ring had been. He brought it up to Rory’s right nipple, his finger pulling back the spring loaded spike. The gap in the metal was wider, making Rory wonder if it was going to be a good enough fit when it-

The thought died midway through as Rory felt a sharp burning shot through the nub. He inhaled sharply, eyes wide. He looked down to see Dane already moving onto his left nipple and was about to protest before it was too late. His other sensitive teat had been penetrated. He shuddered, eyes closing, then opening. He looked down to see the metal hanging from his

chest. He'd never really gone down that road before, but now that he saw himself, he was pretty hot... He wasn't a team captain or a quarterback or anything anymore... He was a muscle bound gay man with sexy piercings and a great boyfriend that needed fucking. No, that wasn't quite right, he wasn't a gay man, at least not for long. He was about to be a big gay orc.

Rory suddenly grunted, eyes clenched shut, cheeks tightening. Dane gasped, not sure what had caused the sudden pang, but as he watched he couldn't help but marvel. The swollen lower lip that Rory had been sporting most of the day started to jut forward, pushing outward, displaced by something beneath. Rory started to moan, drool escaping the corners of his lips. With his eyes still clenched shut, he began to hump and grind against Dane, moaning as the boney nubs of his tusks started to push up from beneath, rising up in front of his upper lip on either side.

Centimeter by centimeter, the tusks rose up higher. Dane was so fixated that he hadn't spotted how the jock's nipples had darkened from peach to brown to forest green, the nipples themselves swelling wider and fatter and thicker, giving the rings more of an anchor to hang from. Splotches of green mottled his amazing chest, the hair creeping up his stomach growing darker and darker as new pigments dominated the formerly pale hair. Rory sneered and snarled as his tusks lifted upward, rising equal to his nose ring, then his nostrils. He lowered his head and let out a deep guttural growl before he threw his head back and howled.

As Dane watched, Rory's forehead thickened as his skull reshaped. His browbone extruded thicker and taller. His ears stretched painfully and his neck widened with muscle and flesh. The thin necklace he'd been wearing stretched to its limit before snapping, the metal falling to the bed. Rory lifted one hand, closing now green fingers into a fist - a fist that was getting bigger and bigger, held aloft on swelling muscles. The jock finally opened his eyes, the green irises turning to burnished gold. The stubble on his cheeks darkened as if night was setting across them, though the hair on his head remained the light seafoam green.

"Oh fuck that's good... We should have done this sooner." Rory said, his voice dropping an octave. Dane smirked, being pushed lower into the bed by his boyfriend's increasing mass.

"If we had, we wouldn't have been able to go to the farm." Dane reminded him. Rory growled a little at that before grinning a brand new tusk framed grin.

"Then you did this at the perfect time, little man." Rory said, moving to lean down to kiss his boyfriend before he winced, one eye clenching shut.

"What is it?" Dane asked with concern. Rory grunted.

"Nothing, just got to, uh..." Rory murmured before he flexed the muscles of his groin. The straining, painful, constricting pressure that had been cutting into his legs and squeezing his ass suddenly gave out as it tore. Dane inhaled as a slab of pinkish-green cock slapped his stomach before it began oozing and stretching up along it. The human flesh was chased away by lime green skin stretched taut over the manly mass. The head pulsated with Rory's heartbeat and as the foreskin pulled back, an aroma of sweaty, manly, faintly metallic musk erupted from the shaft. Dane almost lost it right there, panting hard, trying not to cum.

"You're so big, babe..." Dane whispered. Rory only smiled, grabbing onto Dane's head, pulling him up. Dane wasn't sure why at first until he felt his face smack into the hard metal ring dangling from one of Rory's thumb sized nipples. Dane didn't have to be asked twice, opening his mouth and allowing it all inside. Rory hissed in delight at that, using one big meaty hand to hold Dane's head there while the other slink down, his sausage like fingers caressing and

groping his own shaft before fishing down further to tear open Dane's fly, allowing the man's smaller, dense cock to rub against his.

Dane suckled and slurped, eyes peeking up at Rory while he savored the flavor of his chest, watching his boyfriend's ears finish changing, the last vestiges of pink disappearing from his face. He was still Rory, still athletic, but he was less a jock and more of a warrior. He was huge, he was manly, his face covered in dark greenish black fuzz that contrasted with his greenish blond hair. Dane nibbled, sucked, and then gently bit onto the nipple ring before giving it a tug. Once more Rory grunted, but it seemed that his orcish disposition was making him more impatient.

It happened in a flash. Dane yelped as he was unceremoniously yanked upwards, his legs dangling, a large green hand holding him up by one shoulder while the other tore at what remained of his clothing. Before Dane could catch his breath, he came crashing down, his pert bubble but splayed wide by the jade obelisk his boyfriend sported. Dane all but squeaked as his intestines were filled with orc cock and he moaned steadily as he sank down inch after inch. Not satisfied with merely impaling his boyfriend, Rory grabbed the dwarf's hairy legs, hiked them up against his fit, firm chest, tipped Dane back and began to thrust.

"FUCK!" Dane howled, eyes rolling into the back of his head. While Rory didn't respond in so many words, it seemed that was precisely what he was intending to do. He began to thrust back and forth, in and out, panting with each breath - breaths that filled his chest up more and more without it receding. His washboard abs firmed, his back stretched, his shoulders widened and his feet expanded. The bed began to groan almost as much as the two boyfriends under the increasing mass.

Dane's fingers dug into the mattress, holding on for whatever resistance he could manage. His hole ached and stung but it felt so good at the same time as the pillar of a cock rammed into him, sliding in so deep it felt as though it filled him from tailbone to collarbone. Dane tried to force himself to look at Rory but his eyes were watering now. He writhed and panted, delighted that Rory had taken it so well. He hadn't just accepted that he was going orc, he'd embraced it, he had embraced them and their future.

Hot breaths blasted out of Rory's mouth as it hung open, his tusks rising up just below the bottom horizon of his eyesight, almost acting as target points to keep him centered on Dane. He loved how hairy Dane's ass had gotten, just like the rest of him. He was manly and cute at the same time, and so tight and hot and perfect. Rory grunted, furrowing his abnormally thick brow. He felt his balls stirring, much easier to do so now that they were the size of grapefruits, as Dane's body quivered and quirked around his meat.

The swirling sounds created a chaotic symphony. There were moans and grunts, pants and yelps, screams and declarations, and that was just from the boys. The bed itself was whining, squeaking, and then ultimately snapping. The bed fell towards the foot, then rocked back towards the headboard, ultimately landing flat on the floor. The one-Two motion only helped Rory get even deeper inside of his dwarvish partner. Dane let out a scream of triumph before his shaft began to spew ivory semen all over his hairy stomach and hairier chest, sending ropes of the pearlescent jism across his immaculately braided beard.

Smelling the salty bribe of his boyfriend, Rory gave a few more animalistic grunts before he thrust as deep as he could manage, holding himself there before he grabbed Dane by the beard, nearly pulled him in half until his partner slipped his legs around Rory's ribs, and the two

embraced. Dane's beard met Rory's swollen lower lip, the tusks an odd temperature against his skin. They kissed, Dane continued to cum, and then finally so did Rory. It started with an almost audible rumble in his massive sack, as if his balls were trying to speak. His shaft shuddered, pulsed, then it almost rippled before a hot, thick jet of orc cum blossomed inside of Dane's stomach.

Somewhere in the back of the dwarf's mind, he knew that he'd love Rory's cum as much as Rory loved the perfect apple cider. The two held each other, bodies operating on automatic pilot. Their hearts tried to synchronize, though they never quite made it given the immense size differences. Still, Dane felt as though he was attuned to Rory's heart. He looked up at the big, strong face of his partner with love, respect and admiration. There was also a tiny bit of envy as he felt his own stomach starting to bloat and stretch by the sheer volume of cum entering it. Rory looked like an entire team of football players fused into one while he was getting a bit of a cum belly. Still, he didn't care. He knew that cocky attitude that Rory had would only be amplified by his new body, and the sweet heart inside would be protected by all that extra flesh.

It was common for most jack-o-lanterns to be missing a few teeth, creating gap toothed grins that glowed out on the first cold night of the fall. The pumpkins sitting in front of Rory's house were slightly atypical given that a giant pumpkin had been given two pronounced tusks while a miniature jack-o-lantern had been meticulously carved with an oddly satisfied smile with slit eyes. The two shone into the cool night, complimenting the array of candles that sparkled on the windowsill as wax slowly dripped down the side to collect in creamy white pools on the metal plates beneath.

Rory stood by the dridge, a gallon jug of apple cider tipped back as his green Adam's apple bobbed with each gulp. Dane sat on a stool at the kitchen island, his bearded chin resting on both of his hands as he watched his boyfriend guzzle more of the autumnal brew down. Rory had resorted to wearing tank top shirts with the rib connection cut due to his size. He stood at a good seven and a half feet tall and nearly four hundred pounds of muscle. His seafoam green hair had been pulled back into a warrior's knot and shaved on the sides, making the short greenish black beard he wore even more striking in contrast. After days of wandering around the house naked, custom pants had finally been delivered with a big enough crotch pouch to carry the orc's ample manliness. Dane glanced down, watching his boyfriend's immense and shapely green feet as they padded around the kitchen before Rory sat on the shorter chair, bringing him more eye to eye with his partner.

"I got you something..." Dane said. Rory gave a half smile.

"Is it another piercing?" he asked. Dane blushed a little and shook his head, reaching into the pocket of his cargo shorts before withdrawing a long orange and amber colored scarf, presenting it to Rory.

"I wanted to make sure you could remember Fall even as winter started." Dane said. Rory's lips tightened as much as they could with his tusks in the way before he leaned over and kissed Dane's cheek.

"If you think there's any way I could ever forget this month, you're crazy. It's been the best time of my life... The trip to the farm, the haunted house, the Halloween parties, and ending each night with you in my arms? I'm the luckiest orc on the planet." Rory said. Dane smiled at that.

"Well, I'm glad, cause my parents want you to stay with us for Christmas if you're up to it... Six Dwarf brothers and their parents all slaving around the hearth. More good food than you could shake a fist at." Dane offered.

"I could use some good food, I am a growing boy after all." Rory smirked, patting his fit stomach. Dane leaned over and snuggled against his boyfriend, getting a thick, firm arm wrapped around him in comfort. Dane closed his eyes, half enjoying the moment and half thinking about what to get Rory for Christmas. It was true that mursteel brought out one's own hidden traits, but there were other enchanted metals out there and a lot more of Rory's body that he could adorn with his gifts. The dwarf started to grin wider and wider, his head sinking further and further into the valley between his boyfriend's pectorals with each passing second.