

# ***The Orc Invasion***

*A short story by Henry Cavanaugh*



Like everybody else in the king's court, Prince Frederick was incredibly troubled by the growing number of reports he was receiving about orc attacks on the fringes of his father's kingdom.

For over five-hundred years their nation had known peace with the various other races that populated their world. Unfortunately, for reasons beyond Frederick's understanding, hostilities had arisen between the humans and orcs over the past several years. The word "war" had been thrown around in the king's court more than once in that time but his father was hoping to avoid an all-out conflict, which was why he had sent the crown prince to a small town on the edge of their kingdom. There were rumors that the orcs had set up a camp only a short ride away

from the hamlet, so Frederick had been tasked with making contact with their tribe leaders. Given he was famous throughout the kingdom for his superior diplomacy skills, Prince Frederick hoped that he could create some sort of peace before the conflict became too extreme. It was the most stressful responsibility he had undertaken but he owed it to his father and the people of his kingdom to try his best!

Once he had arrived at the isolated town and stowed his horse away in the local stables, the prince began his investigation in haste. The locals were stunned to have the crown prince among them and were quick to express both admiration for his father and concern for the attacks on their livestock and destruction of their fields. Frederick sincerely felt for them. Although he had always lived in luxury as a result of his royal heritage, he was well aware of his privilege and did his best to support those less fortunate. There were a number of times when Prince Frederick had been responsible for bringing issues of the kingdom's lower classes to his father (who was so often caught up in the petulant dealings of nobles). With the permission of the king, Frederick had been able to ensure that new roads and homes were built to support their growing communities, and that taxes to the throne were slightly lowered. After all, the kingdom didn't have a very large military, so why should the people be taxed so heavily? Given the growing threat of the orcs lingering just outside the kingdom's boundaries though, the prince was beginning to wonder if that had been a bad idea all along...

After speaking to all of the eye witnesses of the orc attacks, Frederick decided that the best next step would be for him to get eyes on the encampment that was supposedly deep in the forest that surrounded the town. One of the local guards had volunteered to come with him, but the prince refused the offer, stating that it would be easier for him to be stealthy if he went alone. It was precisely the kind of thing that his father would have advised him against, but Frederick much preferred getting things done himself rather than having to rely on anyone else. He wasn't exactly going to be marching into the orc encampment with the intention of taking them all on, he was simply getting necessary information about their numbers and their weaponry. He could then send those details back to the capital for the king to decide what the next steps should be.

Unfortunately even with all the care he took to stay as stealthy as possible as he made his way through the forest, Prince Frederick was spotted by one of the orc scouts, who had rapidly passed the information all the way back to their chieftain. Unaware that he had been compromised, the naive prince ended up falling right into an ambush - one moment all was quiet and in the next, he was completely surrounded! Frederick barely had the time to utter a swear word under his breath before something solid made contact with the back of his skull, knocking him into complete unconsciousness.

It was a mere twenty minutes before the man returned to his senses but in that time he had been carried into the heart of the orc encampment and tied down to a tree trunk, with rope binding his hands together on the other side. His ankles had been similarly tied, he had been stripped down to his undergarments and a gag had been placed in his mouth to keep him quiet. Despite knowing that he lacked the strength he'd need to break free from the ropes, Frederick was naturally compelled to struggle against the bonds in an attempt to escape. While being captured by the orcs was definitely not in his best interest, his surroundings suggested that their intentions weren't to torture him for information about the kingdom like he had initially anticipated. Various unfamiliar symbols were carved into the dirt around the tree and there were at least twenty candles surrounding those bizarre runes. *Some sort of ritual*, the prince deduced, before an even more alarming addition pushed itself to the forefront of his mind: *a ritual sacrifice?*

Beyond the carvings and the candles were a crowd of orcs, the first time Frederick had ever seen any with his own eyes rather than just in the paintings around his father's castle. Even the shortest among them was at least seven foot tall and they were all twice as wide as the human man, who suddenly felt incredibly frail in their presence. Their pale green skin and the large tusks that protruded from their bottom row of teeth only added to the intimidating factor of the creatures. Frederick had grown up hearing stories of orcs that feasted upon human corpses - was that to be his future? The gag in his mouth prevented him from asking, but it didn't stop him from casting his eyes towards the sky and making a wish to his gods for some divine intervention.

His pleas would fall upon deaf ears. The gods would not be coming to save him, nor would his father or any of his men. Prince Frederick was at the mercy of the orcs and they had something far more wicked in mind for him, something that would ultimately help them in their quest to tear down his father's kingdom.

One of the orcs approached the captive human, stepping carefully so as to not disturb any of the carvings in the dirt. Like most of the other orcs that Frederick could see, this one was bare-chested and there were a large amount of tribal tattoos covering the vast expanse of green skin. The beast's beard was tied into a long braid that traveled all the way down to his belt but aside from that he appeared to be completely hairless.

Frederick barely had time to acknowledge that the orc held a knife in one hand and a wooden chalice in the other before the former made contact with his cheek, slicing open a small part of his flesh. The orc then held the cup to the cut, allowing some of the blood to trickle into whatever mixture was already inside of it. As he did this, Frederick was forced to endure the hot breath making contact with his face and he resultantly wrinkled his nose in disgust at the rancid smell. "Something for later," the orc growled in a low rumble as he pulled the cup back and slowly made his way back out of the circle.

While the chalice was placed somewhere out of Frederick's sight, the orc who had approached him remained at the front of the crowd who were ogling their human prisoner. Although absolutely terrified, the prince maintained eye contact with his captor in an attempt to exhibit a defiance that he truthfully didn't actually feel. His nerves were further shaken when the orcs all began to chant in unison, uttering their words in their harsh-sounding native language. As they did so, the candles that surrounded Frederick started to glow brighter while the temperature dramatically crept upwards and both of these things only intensified as the chanting grew louder.

Due to the now blinding lights of the sea of candles, Frederick was unable to perceive the effects of the ritual, but the gathered crowd of bloodthirsty orcs were treated to quite the unique sight. Slowly but surely, the human ascended from his normal height of an even six foot, all the way up to a mammoth seven-foot-five, making him the tallest human on the continent by quite some extent!

Frederick looked bizarrely elongated at his new height but this did not last for long as he soon adopted a width that was more fitting of his larger proportions. It was as if there were invisible hands holding his shoulders and pulling them apart, showing no care for the pain he was experiencing as a result. Frederick screamed into his gag but there was nothing he could do other than endure the pain and hope it (or he) would end soon. Having always been something of a slender man, the rapid expansion of Frederick's muscles was incredibly noticeable. Attached to his boulder shoulders were absolute cannons, with his upper arms now as wide as his waist had previously been! These new muscles prompted an explosion of strength within the man and the ropes began to fray

under the pressure of containing such musculature, but by that point Frederick had been locked in place by the ancient magic that was transforming him. Even if he had any awareness of what was happening to him, he wouldn't have been able to escape!

Large trap muscles slowly rose from these imposing shoulders, linking to a thicker neck that his head suddenly seemed far too small for! This mismatch between his hulking body and his unchanged head didn't last much longer, as the features of his face shifted and were robbed of much of the handsomeness that had made him the most eligible bachelor in the kingdom. His thin nose adopted a more bulbous appearance, with small forests of hair emerging from the wider nostrils he now possessed. Frederick's eyes then sunk further back into his skull, while the striking sky blue of his irises was downplayed into an unremarkable muddy brown. By far the most noticeable change to the prince's face though was the sudden emergence of a pair of tusks that burst forth from his bottom row of teeth. These tusks settled at eight inches long and were a sickly yellow in color, while the rest of Frederick's perfectly white teeth became similarly discolored and shifted so they were jutting out at different angles.

The prince had always worn a small bit of stubble upon his face, but these hairs went through a rapid growth as they started to populate the much wider jawline of his transformed skull. While his stubble graduated to become a full beard of knotted hair, the rich locks dropped away from his scalp, leaving him completely bald. Then, as if he wasn't already unrecognizable enough, a flood of green washed across every inch of Frederick's body, eliminating the last sign that he had ever been a handsome human and firmly establishing him as just another crude, ugly orc.



All at once, the crowd ceased their chanting and the flames of the candles extinguished in tandem. The carvings in the dirt had been completely wiped clean and the ropes binding Frederick to the tree had burst, allowing the hulking beast to drop down onto his knees. As he stared down at the swollen green hands, a horrified understanding crept through the former human. He had no idea how they had managed it (clearly some dark magic from their accursed gods) but they had turned him into one of them! A chorus of laughter echoed through the encampment, further intensifying Frederick's panic. He knew there were mages in the king's castle who might be able to undo this wicked spell, but the capital's guards would riddle his orcish body with arrows the moment they saw him! What was he going to do? That wasn't his only question either: just why had they taken his blood?

“Undo this sorcery this instant!” the transformed Prince Frederick roared, flinching at the monstrously deep voice that burst forth from his lips. To make matters worse, he found himself speaking in the Orcish native tongue rather than that of the humans! As if it wouldn’t have already been an incredible struggle convincing the people of his kingdom that he was actually their beloved prince, now there was a language barrier in the way too! It was almost enough to rob Frederick of all hope, but a few morsels of resistance clung on, refusing to be defeated just yet...

“Not a chance, boy!” the orc shaman replied in a mocking tone. It took Frederick a moment to realize that the response had also been in Orcish and that he’d understood it as perfectly as if it had been said in his native tongue. “We didn’t do all this for nothing. You’re going to be very useful to us from here on out.” The shaman had walked back towards where Frederick was, still on his knees in the center of the ring of candles.

“I’ll never help you,” the prince spat defiantly, struggling to get back to his feet as a result of his severely modified weight. A jolt of revulsion rushed through his body whenever he looked down and saw the large green mitts where his delicate pale hands should have been. He mentally cursed himself for being so careless and going on ahead without requesting backup first.

Laughter rippled across the gathered crowd. “You already have,” the shaman retorted, raising his hands and showing the chalice within which he had poured some of Frederick’s blood prior to his transformation. There was now a trail of thick red smoke coming from within the goblet and a sweet aroma drifted across the clearing. The transformed prince plummeted further into the depths of fear as he stared up at the shaman and the chalice. Whatever had been done to his blood, it wasn’t good - that was about as much as he could be certain of!

After Frederick was finally able to rise to his feet, he began to stagger forward with every intention of knocking the chalice out of the orc’s hands. Unfortunately before he could take more than a handful of steps, two sets of hands had wrapped around his arms and held him in place. Although he tried his best to struggle free, he was unable to escape the iron-like grasp the orcs had on him and so was forced to watch as the following events unfolded. Another orc had stepped forward to stand by the shaman’s side - older, with a heavily scarred face, scraggly silver beard and only one working eye. It was wearing nothing more than a loincloth, above which was a thick muscle gut and a sagging pair of pecs. Once upon a time, the orc had likely been a mighty warrior and in incredible shape but those days were likely at least two decades in the past and the years since then had softened his green body.

Despite not having any idea what would happen, Frederick was still consumed by dread as he watched the disfigured older orc take the chalice from the shaman and bring it to

his lips. He'd learned firsthand that the orcs had more advanced magic available to them than his father's kingdom had initially predicted. They had always seen the orcs as nothing more than primitive beasts and while they were most definitely beastly in nature, what they had done to Frederick proved that orcs weren't as small minded and primitive as he had originally believed.

The orc downed the contents of the goblet in a few quick gulps and then threw the chalice into the dirt at its feet. A hush fell over the gathered crowd with the only remaining sounds being Frederick's deep grunts as he continued to try and break free. Within seconds though even he had been stunned into stillness, as his eyes took in the sight of the orc's seven-foot-something frame dwindling down almost a foot and a half until he stood at an even six foot. As he shrank in height, the bulkiness of the orc's muscles also deflated somewhat, preventing him from looking too bizarrely proportioned, and his large muscle gut began to retreat. Frederick watched in a mix of amazement and horror as the orc's stomach became completely flat and then started to feature the hints of a six-pack. His pecs had also tightened up, with the creature's large nipples shrinking in size and gaining a newfound sensitivity where even the slight breeze in the forest clearing caused them to harden up.

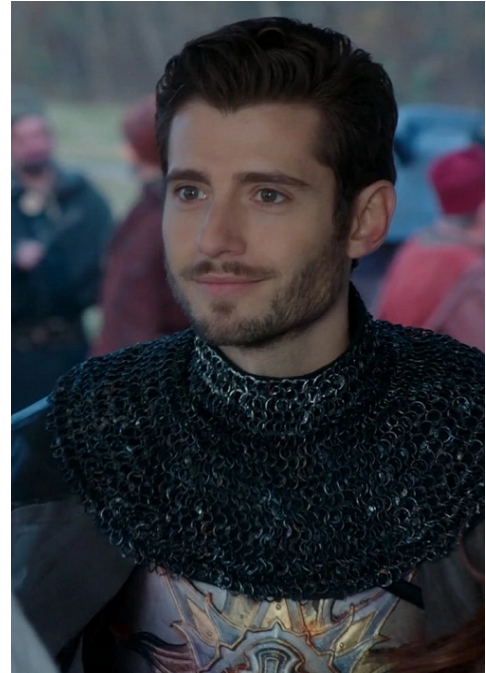
As the orc's waist shrank, the loincloth dropped down to his ankles and exposed his cock and balls in the process. The appendage was losing some of both its length and girth, although even once its shrinking stopped, it was still seven inches long and accompanied by testicles the size of tennis balls. A gasp escaped Frederick's lips at this point though as he came to a horrific realization: even despite the green coloring of the skin, he recognized that manhood. That was *his* cock! This revelation jolted the transformed prince back into action, although he came no closer to breaking free from those who were holding him back.

The tree-trunk limbs that were the orc's arms and legs were the next part of the creature to undergo changes, with the fat being sucked away and the muscles shrinking to better match the proportions of his torso. What remained was the brutish head of an orc on top of a body that (aside from the green shade of the skin) otherwise appeared more akin to that of a human! A chill ran down Frederick's spine as he waited for the inevitable to come to fruition before his eyes. He'd thought that being transformed into an orc would be the worst thing he'd experience that day but this... seeing an orc being transformed into a copy of him? No, this was so much worse!

The horns that protruded from the orc's scalp and the tusks from beneath its lower lip soon started to regress before vanishing completely, as did the long and unkempt gray beard. The creature's overall skull shape also shrank slightly to make it a much better fit for the more slender neck upon which it sat and putting it in proportion with the smaller body below. With the most definable traits of an orc now absent, it was mere seconds

before the remainder of its features began to shift in order to resemble more human ones: his wide nostrils and bulbous nose thinned and straightened, his brow and jaw both became less aggressively pronounced, and his yellow teeth brightened into a blinding white while also straightening and filling in the gaps where some had been knocked out over the years.

Thick dark hair started to sprout from the orc's bare scalp, adopting a familiar short yet swooping style, while small amounts of stubble grew along the softer jawline and around the thin lips. Next, the bloodshot yellow eyes warped into a gentle hazelnut. With this, the only thing tying him back to his previous identity as an orc was the swamp green skin and even this was soon to be a thing of the past, as his flesh quickly adjusted until it had inherited Frederick's light tan. Now that the transformation was complete, the new human rolled his shoulders and turned his head from side to side, testing out how it felt to move in this new form. A delighted smile soon spread across his face; it had been years since he'd been able to move without even the faintest twinge of pain and protest from his old bones!



Just a few feet in front of him, a choked sob escaped the real Frederick's lips as he stared at the perfect recreation of his former self. Nobody would ever look upon the man and doubt that he was Prince Frederick, even though he was most certainly an imposter! Breaking down into sobs, the former prince could do nothing but watch as his replacement began to don the armor he had been wearing prior to being captured. While he dressed, the imposter spoke with the shaman, but their words were utterly unintelligible for the real Frederick - it seemed he couldn't even understand the human language anymore!

Those few final morsels of hope and defiance that had remained with Frederick after his transformation completely dissipated in response to the latest turn of events. He couldn't possibly hope to be restored to his human body now, nor could he even warn his father of the threat that would be returning to the kingdom in his place. The thought of an orc assuming his identity and taking his place at the palace made Frederick want to vomit and sure enough, he did just that, throwing up all over his naked body while the crowd around him once again burst into mocking laughter. Frederick's torment wouldn't last forever though, as now that his hope had been thoroughly crushed, his human consciousness was slowly being washed away. Within days he would be nothing more than a crude and violent orc with no memory of ever being a dignified human prince!