



# Swipe Right for Orcs

**Author:** *Cassie Lein*

**Category:** Fantasy

**Description:** My Halloween takes a turn for the worse when I discover my long-term boyfriend cheating. But instead of moping, I do what any newly single, scorned woman would—dump him, down some cheap wine, and impulsively sign up for an online dating site. There's just one catch... it's not just for humans.

Enter Osric, a towering, muscular orc who's as green as he is irresistible. Though skeptical at first, I can't deny our chemistry and soon find myself on a date that leads straight to pound town. But things take a surprising twist on our second date when I meet Osric's sister, Ovivia, and sparks fly—literally. Triggered by an intense heat, Ovivia's desires set off a chain reaction, and Osric knows there's only one person who can quench his sister's needs: me.

Caught between my wild attraction to Osric and the unexpected heat with Ovivia, I need to decide—could I really be a two-orc woman?

**Total Pages (Source):** 15

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 10:30 am*

## CHAPTER ONE

### FAIRLIE

I glance at the time, frustration simmering beneath my skin as I stare at my reflection in the mirror. I've been dressed and ready for almost an hour now, the glitter from my fairy costume catching the dim light of my studio apartment. My fingers tap impatiently against my phone screen as I shoot Alix a text—the third one tonight.

Me: Are you coming? I've been ready and waiting. Should I just meet you there?

I hit send, my thumb hovering over the screen as if willing him to respond. I huff as I fall down onto the couch. This whole night was his idea—the stupid frat party, the ridiculous Thumbelina and Cornelius costumes, and the expectation that I'd somehow find this all hilarious just because my name is Fairlie.

I run my fingers through my glitter-sprayed hair, staring at my phone, willing my asshole boyfriend to text me back. If he's not going to make it, then I'm going to change into my comfy sweats and start a horror movie marathon. He's been distant lately. We have midterms coming up, so I've been giving him the benefit of the doubt, but I've about had enough.

My phone dings, and I look at it.

Alix: Not sure if I'll make it. Got asked to stay late at work. You can go without me. See you tomorrow!

He got asked to stay late at work? On Halloween? He works at the local Hobby Lobby and we all know they don't celebrate the holiday, so I highly doubt they asked him to stay late. What could they be doing, hosting a baptism cleansing for employees?

Me: Is everything okay? The store doesn't do Sundays or pagan holidays so what's up?

Alix: A lady knocked over our Christmas ornament end cap. I'm cleaning up. What's with the third degree?

I roll my eyes because asking if everything is okay is hardly the third-degree, but whatever. I push myself off the couch, heading to my room. I strip off the fairy dress and wings, toss them onto the bed, throw the floral headband I'm wearing onto my dresser, and flip my head upside down, putting my hair up in a messy bun.

Scream marathon here I come. What better way to spend the night of creeps and scares than with the hottest Ghostface there is—Mr. Billy Loomis.

I settle in front of the TV, finding the franchise and hitting play, the opening credits already sending a thrill through me. It's time to be turned on by the hot serial killer.

An ad pops up before the movie starts and I groan. I thought all these streaming apps and smart TVs were supposed to do away with commercials. Instead, I have to watch them before I can enjoy my movie.

Looking for love that's out of this world?

Swipe through the night, and give Monster Match a whirl!

From zombies to krakens, and orcs so fine,

Find your freaky match, it's monster time!

A laugh escapes me at the irony of their ad tonight. It's Halloween, so of course they're pushing the new MonsterMatch app. I shouldn't be surprised. Ever since monsters integrated into the general population, all-species-friendly things have popped up more and more. Blood banks for vampires, special swim hours for water creatures, and now a monster dating app.

My phone dings again as the TV flashes with a huge fifty percent off sign.

Alix: Be there soon, baby. Hope that tight little pussy is ready for me. The bitch is set. Probably sitting at home looking like a slob.

I freeze, disbelief flooding me. What the fuck? Who the hell is baby, and who is the bitch? And whose tight little pussy needs to be ready for him? Not mine, since he just told me he's working late.

My heart pounds so hard I can hear it in my ears, a deafening thud drowning out every other sound. Heat rushes up my neck, spreading over my face, my skin prickling like I've been slapped. My hands tremble as I tighten my grip on my phone, my breath coming in short, sharp bursts. The asshole is cheating on me? We've been together since our sophomore year of college—we're seniors now.

How long has this been going on? Who the fuck is she? I gave him the benefit of the doubt since midterms were coming, but he's been sticking his cock in someone else? Oh, hell no.

My hand shakes as I hit his name in my favorites.

"Hello?" He picks up instantly. "What do you want, Fair? I told you I was working."

“Working on sinking your trouser snake into some slut?” I spit, unable to hide the venom in my tone. “What was the plan here? Just make me get all dressed up to blow me off for your side piece? Why not just not make plans so you can fuck her? I could have saved hours getting ready and started my movie marathon earlier.”

Alix pauses briefly. I’m sure he’s panicking, wondering how I know, since that text very clearly wasn’t meant for me.

“Shit,” he mutters, realizing he’s been caught.

“Yeah. Shit. You’re a fucking asshole. Glad I wasted three years of my life on you. Next time, just break up with the girl and don’t cheat. I could have been out getting better dick myself.”

“Come on, Fair, don’t be like that. We can work it out. You should meet her. Maybe the two of you would hit it off.”

I can’t help but bark a laugh. “Are you serious right now? So you can have two girlfriends? This isn’t Sister Wives, fuckstick. We’re done. Enjoy your whore. Whoever she is.” With that, I hang up and slam my phone onto the cushion beside me.

My movie’s been playing while I was lost in this shit show, so I pause and hit restart before getting up and going to the kitchen for my box of wine. Franzia is my best friend while at college. It’s cheap, easy to find, and gets the job done when I need to tie one on.

With my box of wine and a glass in hand, I sit back down, pour a glass from the spout, and hit play. I make it to Casey’s murder and my third glass before the first tear falls.

I quickly wipe it away and sniff. “Why are you crying over that sloppy, dickheaded bastard?” My voice cuts through the silence of my apartment, louder than I expected, almost startling in the stillness.

The truth is, I don’t know why I’m crying. I thought we were in love, but lately, I’ve realized it was more about comfort, about having someone there during this last semester. I was willing to work on things, survive senior year, and see where life took us after graduation. But now... it’s not heartbreak I feel, it’s anger. And something deeper—self-doubt.

What does this other girl have that I don’t? Why was it so easy for Alix to just pull away and play me like a well-tuned instrument? Am I that easy to toss aside?

I pour another glass, then another, the wine going down smoother with each sip. By the time the credits roll, the bag is empty, and I throw the box to the floor.

“Fucker.” I struggle to click over to the next movie- *Scream 2* , which has the second sexiest Ghostface killer.

That same stupid ad plays and I try to fast-forward through it but end up freezing the TV as the little circle spins, telling me it’s loading.

Fuuuck!

“Swipe through the night, give Monster Match a whirl!” I sing, waiting for it to buffer.

It is a catchy little jingle. I bet a monster wouldn’t cheat on me. It’s probably hard as hell to find a partner as a monster since you’re all, you know...monsterly. They’d probably appreciate their woman, treat her like a fucking queen.

Maybe I should get a monster man since the human ones suck.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 10:30 am*

### CHAPTER TWO

#### FAIRLIE

The app is on sale. I've never made responsible purchases while drinking, and it only takes my phone two minutes or so to download. As I watch the progress bar slowly creep to one hundred percent, I can't help but feel a mix of excitement and hesitation bubbling inside me. The big, bold letters on the screen urge me to log in or create an account, and I stare at them, frozen.

Am I really about to do this?

It's not like I've made the best decisions when it comes to relationships. Almost three years of my life were spent in a comfortable but utterly boring relationship with a guy who, by society's standards, should have been perfect for me. We met in college, dated for years, and had the typical future laid out in front of us—graduating, getting jobs in our fields, and more than likely settling into a stable life together with a white picket fence and two point five kids.

What did that get me?

Halloween night spent alone, drunk, and no longer in my Thumbelina costume, yet still complete with her signature hair and makeup. Now, I'm just sitting here with my panties getting wet every time someone gets murdered.

Mr. Big-Dick-But-Don't-Know-How-to-Use-It is probably out there railing some other girl, living his best life. Meanwhile, I'm here, drowning in cheap wine and bad



decisions.

Fuck it. What do I have to lose? Maybe some sexy wolverine or centaur will wanna be my eye candy while I play with myself.

With quick fingers, I fill out the information to create a profile: name, gender preference, my pronouns, what race I am, and my billing information. That was easy enough. Minus I tapped 'prefer not to say' for race. I want them to pick me for me, not for what I am.

The hard part comes next: picking the perfect profile picture and coming up with a few lines for the about me section. I scroll through my camera roll, finally settling on a picture I took at a bar a few nights ago. My light magenta hair was cascading in soft waves around my face, perfectly matching my favorite lipstick, and I've got a smokey eye that could kill.

Now for the About Me section. Giggling like a fool, I type a few lines and know I won't have many takers, but I'm here for a good time, not a long time.

Senior in college.

Human men suck and not in the fun way.

Looking to broaden my horizons.

Please don't be a cheating fuckstick.

I like wine, horror movies, and reading thrillers.

Made this while drinking. Might deactivate when sober, so hit me up before then.

I tap publish and little sprinkles rain down from the top of my screen, congratulating me on completing my profile. Now I get to swipe left or right on the monsters and if we match, it will growl at me and flash ‘It’s a Monsterly Match.’

The first profile I see is a kraken with sleek, dark scales and webbed hands. Tentacles frame his face, and his deep black eyes seem to peer into my soul. Konnor is his name, and his bio reads: Loves deep dives, ancient secrets, and long walks on the ocean floor.

“I’m not much of a swimmer. Sorry, Konnor.” I swipe left and the next picture instantly pops up; a three-eyed alien guy. “Nope. Too much for a beginner.”

A minotaur is next, tall as heck with muscles for days that are covered in tawny fur. Strong arms lead to powerful hands and two sharp horns spring from his forehead that amplify his chiseled face. I read the About Me section aloud.

“Care to explore the maze? I promise the journey will be worth it if you can keep up.”

Oh, yes, please. I wanna get lost in that body. I snort a giggle and swipe right. Mitas, the minotaur, better do the same when he sees my profile.

My fourth monster is an orc—I think that’s what he is, anyway. Big muscles with green skin that contrasts sharply with the tight black t-shirt he’s wearing. He has long dark hair pulled back into a loose, messy ponytail and two little tusks that jut out slightly from his lower lip. I mean, minus the green skin, tusks, and pointy ears, he’s very humanesque... and sexy. Very sexy.

Right swipe.

A growl emanates from my phone as our pictures appear side by side, the text dropping onto the screen: ‘It’s a Monsterly Match.’

Somehow, this hot-as-sin monster found me already. Either he was online at just the right moment, or the algorithm decided to work fast.

“So the orc has good taste too,” I murmur.

I have the option to message him, but I hesitate, unsure of what to say. Instead, I click the exit button, ready to see who else is out there. Another profile pops up—a unicorn with a blond mane that’s giving me serious Fabio vibes.

Left swipe.

My phone chimes and an envelope icon fills the screen before a claw appears, opening it like a letter opener.

They really went all out for this app.

It’s a message from the sexy orc.

Osric- Hello pretty girl. Are you a fairy as your name implies?

Of course, he thinks I’m a freaking fairy. Thanks Mom for the name. Now I’m going to tell this hot-as-sin monster I’m human and he’ll probably ghost me.

Me- Human. My mom thought she was unique. Is that a problem?

Osric- Nope. Fairies are too stuck up for me, anyway.

Me- Good to know. So what made you swipe right?

Stupid. Stupid question.

Obviously, he thinks you're hot. It's not like this app asks for deep, soul-searching answers.

Osric- You're sexy as hell, but I liked your bio. Are you really drunk?

Me- Drank half a box of wine already.

Osric- That will do it. Were you at a party? It's Halloween. Shouldn't a pretty girl like you be out with friends dancing or celebrating?

Me- I was supposed to be at a party, but my now ex decided to ditch me and go with his side piece.

Osric- So, looking for a monster rebound. I'm looking for something more than that, but for you, I could bend my rules.

Me- Not looking for a rebound per se. Just sick of trash bag men. I've dated quite a few humans and the ad for this app popped up while I was watching a movie. So I figured why the hell not?

Osric- What were you watching? Hopefully not Orcs! with Adam Johnson. Shittiest movie ever made and not scary at all.

I've never heard of that movie, but I don't want to seem like a moron, so I quickly open my browser and search for it. It debuted in two thousand eleven and doesn't have very good reviews online. But I've never seen it.

Me- Never heard of or seen it. I hope you don't look like that "orc" on the cover. Or you, my friend, are a catfish.

Osric- No fishing here. It's hard enough to find a match being a monster, but then add

in the green and it's an orc-eat-orc world out there.

Me- Ha! You got jokes.

We spend the next few hours messaging back and forth, and I find myself smiling nonstop at my phone. Osric is funny, smart, and super curious about everything there is to know about me. I've never had anyone ask such innocent questions, like what my favorite number is or what pet I would own if I could choose any.

It's refreshing—more than I expected. I can't help but think that maybe, just maybe, creating this profile wasn't such a bad idea after all. When Mitas messages me in the app after we match, I don't even bother to look. I'm too wrapped up in the charming orc who has somehow managed to captivate me in just a few short hours.

### CHAPTER THREE

#### OSRIC

This human woman is breathtaking, entirely unlike anyone I've ever seen. Her hair is an odd color of light pinkish-purple and she has these icy gray eyes. My cock throbs in my sweatpants as we chat back and forth on the app.

Her name, Fairlie, is as unusual as she is. For a human woman, it's an odd name, but it suits her somehow. She's funny, honest, and kind. A part of me knows it's just her nature, but perhaps all the wine she mentioned drinking has lowered a barrier she usually keeps up. It's intoxicating. I want to know more. No, I need to know more. I crave to uncover every detail, every thought that crosses her mind.

Whoever this person is, the one who broke her heart tonight, he's a fool. How could anyone let go of a woman like this? If I had someone like Fairlie, I'd never let her out of my sight. She'd be mine in every way. I see her beneath me, my body covering hers, my cock buried deep inside her, a constant reminder of how much she is desired, how much she is needed. The thought alone makes me groan, heat pooling low in my belly.

But then reality sets in. I'm an orc, one of the last of my kind after we were hunted to near extinction by humans who feared us. We were seen as a danger. I may be a trained warrior and look like one, but I'm gentle until provoked.

I just want to find my woman, someone who sees beyond what I am. I want to settle down, to build a life, to fulfill the duty etched into my very bones—continuing my

bloodline, ensuring that orcs don't fade into nothingness. But that dream feels just as distant as the ones I chase in my sleep.

I think Fairlie could be my woman.

I need to meet her in person, though, to see if we hit it off as well as we have on the app. But she needs to sober up first. I want her to be clear-headed when we meet.

My heart beats faster as I type out my next message, my hands trembling slightly. This is it. I have to put myself out there if I want to find a mate, if I want to have offspring.

Me- Would you happen to be free tomorrow night for dinner and drinks?

There's a moment of silence—just a moment, but it feels like an eternity—before her reply comes in.

Fairlie- Yes.

Relief surges through me. I quickly type out the details, knowing exactly where I want to take her.

Me- Meet me at The Drunken Goose at 7pm.

They have the best burgers in town, and the atmosphere is relaxed and comfortable. It's a popular spot, always busy but never overwhelming. Fairlie will feel safe there, and safety is important when meeting a stranger—especially when it's an orc like me.

Her next message comes through, and it's all I can do to not grin.

Fairlie- It's a date. Winky face emoji

My heart skips a beat, reading those words. I rub my cock through my sweatpants, groaning at the pleasure that ripples through me. The thought of seeing her in person, of hearing her voice, is almost too much.

Me- Get some rest. I'll talk to you in the morning.

Fairlie- smiley face with hearts emoji

The little green dot next to her name fades, signaling that she's logged off. I hope she's going to get some rest, to sleep off the effects of that wine.

Unable to resist, I enlarge her picture on the app, staring at her beautiful face as I lie back on my bed. I push my sweatpants down, freeing my aching cock and grip it, stroking slowly. The anticipation of what tomorrow might bring is enough to drive me wild. I imagine her with me, her voice soft and teasing in my ear, her body warm against mine.

Fairlie is on her knees before me, her soft, delicate hands wrapping around my length, her lips parting as she leans in closer. The thought alone sends a jolt of pleasure through me, my breath catching in my throat.

Her gaze meets mine, her eyes a piercing shade of gray, filled with longing, as her lips sensually envelop the tip of my cock. The warmth of her mouth, the way she takes me in, slowly, teasingly, drives me to the edge. I can almost feel the wet heat of her tongue swirling around me, her hands sliding up and down my shaft as she tries to take more, her lips stretched wide to accommodate my size.

My fist tightens around my cock, and I begin to stroke faster, harder. The image of her, so vulnerable yet so willing, fuels the flames inside me as the vibrations of her moans push me closer and closer to release. The thought of her trying so hard to please me, to take all of me, even as I know it's too much for her, is almost



unbearable.

My hand moves more urgently, repeatedly bumping the large knot at the base of my cock. I groan, my body tensing, the pressure building to an unbearable point. I can't hold back any longer. With a final stroke, my climax consumes me, my body trembling. I come hard, my seed spilling out in thick, hot streams across my stomach and chest.

I gasp for breath, my chest heaving as I ride out the waves of pleasure that pulse through me. My cock twitches in my hand, still leaking as the last of my release dribbles out. I just lie there for a moment, my body spent, my mind clouded with the afterglow of my fantasy. But reality quickly seeps back in, and I realize the mess I've made.

With a sigh, I force myself to sit up, my legs still trembling slightly from the intensity of my orgasm. I glance down at the sticky mess on my hand, stomach, and sheets, shaking my head. I stand, but my pants hang awkwardly low on my hips, making my walk uncomfortable as I head to the bathroom to clean up.

As I wash my hands and splash water on my face, I catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror. My reflection stares back at me, hope swirling in my eyes.

Tomorrow.

Will she like me when she meets me in person? Will she see past the orc exterior to the man beneath? Will she want the same things I do?

I dry my hands, grab a towel to clean up the bed, and then pull up my sweatpants. The scent of my release lingers in the air, a reminder of the primal need that burns within me. I want to find the one, build a life together, and start a family.

After I finish cleaning up, I plug my phone in to charge and crawl back into bed. I close my eyes, but sleep doesn't come easily. My mind is too busy and full of thoughts about tomorrow. I picture her face again, those captivating eyes, that quirky smile, and I can't help but pray that the date goes well.

What if she's the one? What if I've finally found my mate by some twist of fate? The thought fills me with excitement and fear.

I'm ready—more than ready—to start making babies, to do my part in continuing my lineage.

But finding the right woman, the one who can handle being with someone like me, who will accept me for who I am... that's the real challenge.

As I lie there in the darkness, my heart pounds with anxiousness for our date. I need her to be the one. I need this to be the beginning of our story, one where we build a life together, full of love, passion, and children—orc babies with her eyes and my strength.

### CHAPTER FOUR

#### OSRIC

I crack my eyes open as the loud hum of the blender echoes through the house, causing me to emit an annoyed roar as my sister's breakfast blending ritual continues. What's wrong with steak and eggs like a normal orc?

With a grunt, I toss the blankets aside and swing my legs over the edge of the bed. My feet meet the cold floor, jolting me fully awake as I stomp out of my room. She's humming softly to herself, a tune I vaguely recognize from our childhood, her back to me as she focuses on her blending concoction. How she's managed to slip so easily into civilian life is beyond me. Not even noticing that I've stormed into the room—proof enough that she's gotten soft.

Just as I'm about to make my presence known, Ovidia interrupts my thoughts, flipping me the bird without bothering to turn around. "Take a picture. It'll last longer."

Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe she hasn't softened up as much as I thought.

"Thought you were getting soft on me, Viv," I grumble. "Didn't even notice I was here. Not like you can hear anything over the sound of breakfast being made."

The blender shuts off with a click, and she removes the top, pouring the thick orange mixture into a large glass. Without missing a beat, she tosses the blender pitcher into the sink.

“I heard you the moment you roared your way into the morning, asshole,” she retorts, finally spinning to face me. Her amber-colored eyes narrow slightly as she takes a sip of her drink. “Just because I’m not always on edge or ready for battle doesn’t mean I’ve gone soft.”

“Must you blend every morning?” I ask, sighing as I open the fridge and grab a pre-made protein drink.

Ovivia laughs and sets her glass down as she pulls her ash-blond hair back into its usual ponytail. I’m struck by how much she’s changed—and how much I haven’t. “Why fix something that’s not broken? You buy those shitty pre-made shakes... I just prefer to make my own.”

“Whatever,” I mutter. “I have a date tonight, so in case she comes home with me, please order in or go out tomorrow morning.”

Even as I say it, my heart hammers in my chest. The thought of Fairlie, the woman I met just last night, coming back to my place has my cock hardening. It’s presumptuous—pig-headed even—to think I’m going to get to fuck her on the first date. But an orc can dream, right?

Ovivia raises an eyebrow, a wicked smirk playing on her lips. “Who have you blackmailed into going on a date?”

Rolling my eyes, I pull out my phone and open the app. I find Fairlie’s picture, the one that caught my attention in the first place, and hold it out to her. “I downloaded that monster dating app. Her name is Fairlie, I matched with her last night, and we talked almost all night. She agreed to dinner and drinks.”

Ovivia’s eyes nearly bulge out of their sockets, and I can’t help but feel a smug satisfaction at her reaction. She sucks on her lip so hard her tusks pierce the skin, and

she licks the blood away like it's the nectar of the gods.

"Was she drunk or blind?" she finally asks.

"She was tipsy, which is why I'm going to message her now and check on her," I say, shooting her a glare.

"That hot and wants to date you? No fucking way," she teases.

"Fuck off," I snap, pocketing my phone. "And stay away if she comes here. You're not meeting her until she's ready and I'm confident she's the one."

"Fine, buzzkill," she mutters, though there's a hint of a smile tugging at her lips. "I have to go to the clinic anyway and schedule the visit for my heat. It's coming up, and I don't want a repeat of that one time."

I wince at the memory. We were new to town, still living out of a cramped hotel room. Ovivia had gone into heat unexpectedly, and in our desperation, we called in someone from the black pages to help. It ended in disaster—Ovivia lost control, and the girl... well, let's just say it didn't end well. Now, she checks into the monster clinic for the two days her heat lasts. It's safer that way.

"Okay," I say, my voice softening. "Let me know if you need anything. If it hits early, just tell me. I'll take you in or we'll find someone to help, and I can monitor."

It's not something we talk about much, but it's a necessary precaution. Orcs aren't shy about sex—it's as natural as breathing to us. Back home, our village celebrations often ended in wild orgies, something I never took part in since I was too young. But even now, the thought of someone else touching what's mine fills me with a possessiveness that I can't quite shake.

I turn away, heading back to my bedroom to get dressed for the day. My thoughts linger on Fairlie as I walk down the hallway, my fingers already itching to send her a message. What if she's different? What if this could actually go somewhere?

Me: Good morning, pretty girl.

My heart skips a beat when her reply comes almost instantly.

Fairlie: Morning, sexy orc man

A grin spreads across my face. She's blunt, no nonsense, just like she was last night. It's refreshing, in a way, to meet someone who doesn't dance around words.

Me: Still blunt, even sober, I see.

Fairlie: Oh! I thought we were just saying obvious things about the other.

I can't help but chuckle. This woman is something else—sharp, witty, unpredictable. She keeps me on my toes, and I've only just met her.

Me: You're a funny human, Fairlie.

Fairlie: Humor and kindness are free, Osric. More people should try them.

Me: Isn't that the truth.

Fairlie: I have a student teaching session today, so if I don't respond here, text me! 815-721-7399.

I pause for a moment, exit the app and quickly put her number into my contacts. My fingers hover over the screen for a second before I type out a text:

Me: It's Osric. I'm off to get ready for the day, too. Just wanted to check in on you. Are we still on for tonight?

I set my phone down after sending the last message, a small smile still playing on my lips. Fairlie. I can't wait to see her in person and see if everything online is the same.

But as the minutes tick by, I start to feel that familiar gnawing at the edges of my mind. It's taking too long for her to respond.

It's too early to jump to conclusions. She's probably just busy with her student teaching session. But the thought nags at me anyway. What if the idea of going out with me finally sank in, and she's second-guessing it?

The clock catches my eye. It's been a while since that protein shake, and it's not cutting it anymore. Maybe some steak and eggs will help take my mind off things. I get up, head to the kitchen, and pull a thick steak from the fridge. The sound of it sizzling in the pan is comforting, the aroma filling the small space as I crack a few eggs into another pan.

I plate everything and sit down at the table. The food looks good enough to distract me, but my mind's still on Fairlie. I pick up my fork and knife, cutting into the steak, the juices pooling on the plate. The first bite is satisfying, but not enough to quiet the doubts creeping in. I push them away, focusing on the meal, hoping she'll reply soon. But as I finish up, the silence from my phone is all I can think about. She hasn't responded. Maybe the reality of going out with an orc was too much, after all.

Leaning back in my chair, staring at my empty plate, trying to convince myself she's just busy, and she'll text back. But the doubt is hard to ignore. It's been too long, and the idea of her ghosting me feels more real with every passing minute.

### CHAPTER FIVE

#### FAIRLIE

I'm sitting at my desk in the back of the second-grade classroom staring at my phone while the kids are at lunch. I tap the screen, scrolling through the messages from Osric. He's nice, don't get me wrong, and while he's definitely a monster, he's not as monstrous as some. But is that enough for me? Can I go on a date with a nonhuman?

Well, I mean I can, obviously, but should I?

I can't even put my finger on what's making me hesitant. It's not like I care what other people think and lord knows I'm single and deserve to be treated right. But is that rightness with a monster? Am I ready to cross that line? What if I say something offensive by mistake? Or he goes to kiss me and I repulse him? What if he's one of those creatures that have fated mates, and I'm just another notch in his belt while he's searching for the one meant for him?

Times like these are when I wish I had parents to call and talk to. Unfortunately, they died three years ago in a boating accident, so it's just me. I do have a best friend, though. Merrin. She's been my rock—honest, blunt, and always ready to help me cut through the fog of my own insecurities.

I pull up her contact, hit call, and listen to it ring.

“‘Ello.”



“What are you up to?” I ask, my fingers nervously tapping the desk.

“Putting things in my cart after scrolling through TikTok.” She laughs.

“What are we testing now?”

“Have you seen the cucumber a day guy? I’m gonna try his California roll cucumber salad. What’s up? Aren’t you supposed to be teaching today?”

“The tiny humans are at lunch, then recess. I’m calling ‘cause I need your advice. Okay, maybe not advice. I need you to be honest with me.”

“Ooo, I’m excited. Did you finally dump that sack of shit?”

She’s never liked Alix. In fact, every time the three of us were together, the two of them would argue about the dumbest shit and threaten the other in ridiculous ways. Once, Alix threatened to cut her brakes, and she shot back about curb-stomping his grandma.

“I did. Found out he was cheating on me last night,” I confess. I’m surprised I didn’t tell her right away, but I was a wee bit drunk and Osric had my attention.

“No fucking way. I’ll kill him!”

I laugh cause well... she just might. “He never showed up last night to go to the party. He finally texted me and said he had to work late.”

“On Halloween? He does remember he works for Jesus lovers crafts. Right?”

“Well, then he sent me a text that was so not meant for me. It said something about the bitch or dull something I-D-K, but to have that tight little pussy ready for him.”

“Shut the hell up! What did you do?”

“I called him and he answered right away, being a dick saying he was working. I called him out on it and told him it was over. And he had the audacity to say, don’t be like this...he thinks the two of us could hit it off. Like I’m going to be in a three-way relationship with him and his sidepiece!”

Merrin bursts into laughter on the other end, and I glance around, making sure Mrs. Gilmore, the grumpy teacher whose desk I now share, isn’t eavesdropping. Her disdain for my presence as a student teacher is obvious, and I don’t need her judging me for swearing during my personal call.

“I’m sorry. I can’t with this. I’m dead. Deceased.”

“Well, get it together, because now I need you to be straight with me.”

She takes a deep breath, like she’s listening with bated breath and trying to hold herself together. “I fully support you being in a triad relationship, but not with the prick and his whore.”

“Ewww. No. After I ended things, I got a little drunk on box wine while watching *Scream*, and I downloaded a monster dating app. I wasn’t really planning anything with it but thought, why not give it a shot. I matched with an orc named Osric and he asked me to meet him for dinner and drinks tonight. I said yes, but now I’m slightly freaking out and...I should just not go, right?”

“Ummm, first of all, who are you and what did you do with my best friend? You downloaded a dating app?” she squeals and I roll my eyes.

“I did. But can we move past that?”

“Why are you thinking about not going now?”

“I don’t know. What if I say something inappropriate? You know how I can be. And what if he’s just looking for his fated mate or something? What if I am his fated mate and I’m not ready for that kind of commitment?” I’m rambling now, the anxiety making my thoughts spill out uncontrollably.

“First of all, I just Googled it. Orcs don’t have fated mates, so you’re good there. They do have mates, but they choose them, and it seems you get a mark if you’re their chosen one. Second, I’m sure he knew you were drunk when you chatted and asked you out, knowing you’re filterless. You should go. Live a little. See what happens. Maybe you fall for a monster or make a new friend. Either way, you’ll have an interesting story to tell.”

“You’re sure?”

“Fairlie. Take your ass to dinner and drinks and see what happens. At the least, you could get some good monster dick and call it a night. Is he hot? Can I see a picture?”

“Yeah, hold on.” I pull the phone away from my ear and find the picture I saved.  
“There. It’s sent.”

“Fuck me. He’s sexy as hell. Those little teeth should be weirding me out, but they’re turning me on. Does he have a brother? Even a distant cousin will do. I could use a little green peen in my life.”

I laugh, feeling a bit more at ease. “We didn’t cover that last night. I’ll ask him and get back to you.”

“So you’re going?”

“I’m going.”

“Make sure you text me tomorrow. I want every detail,” Merrin insists.

“Promise.” The classroom door opens, and Mrs. Gilmore steps inside, her expression as frosty as ever. “I’ve got to go, Merrin. Talk to you tomorrow.”

“Okay. Love you. Oh! Drop your location tonight so I can make sure you’re safe.” She hangs up, and I set my phone down on the desk, watching as Mrs. Gilmore gives me the stink eye while hanging up her sweater. Her disdain is clear, and the weight of her judgment is evident as preparations are made for the kids’ return.

“The students should be back any minute. Do you have the lesson plan ready?” Mrs. Gilmore’s eyes narrow as she sits her purse down behind the desk.

“All set. I have The Very Hungry Caterpillar, a lesson, and craft ready to go for the life cycle of butterflies.”

Her eyes roll dramatically. “What’s wrong with a simple erase board and worksheet? You always have to go above and beyond. It’s irritating.”

I take a deep breath, trying to keep my frustration in check. “I want my teaching style to be interactive and engaging for the students. A worksheet and notes on the board might be effective, but it’s also boring. That’s not the kind of teacher I want to be.”

“Aren’t we a little know-it-all go-getter? Enjoy, Fairy. But when they get out of hand because they’re eight, don’t come crying to me.” The jab is obvious. She knows my name is Fairlie, but she’d rather call me ‘Fairy.’

“Okay.”

Before the kids come back, I hurry and open my phone, finally responding to Osric.

Me- Of course! See you tonight. Can't wait.

I hit send and sit back in my chair, feeling a renewed sense of excitement. I can't wait to meet Osric in person. With some perspective from Merrin, the idea of a fresh start with someone new, especially someone as unusual as an orc, makes my heart flutter with anticipation. She's right, I have nothing to lose. This could be my happily ever after, or at the very least, finally a good fucking. Now, the task of choosing an outfit looms ahead. I'll need something that balances comfort and style—something that says I'm excited, but also relaxed. I think about the options hanging in my closet. Maybe a chic dress with a little sparkle, or perhaps a smart-casual look that's both flattering and comfortable.

The door opens once more and Sutton enters, her braids and toothy grin shining as she moves to her desk and sits down.

Mrs. Gilmore stands at the front of the room, looming over the space like a drill sergeant.

Shaking my head at how strict and boring she is, I sneak a quick glance at my phone. I smile again, thinking about Osric and our date tonight. I can't wait to see where this evening leads and how it might just be the start of something exciting and new.

"Miss Gardener, are you with us?" Gilmore's voice cuts through my good mood and I glance up at her with one side of my lip curled.

"Sure am. Just checking for an email from teachers' services." I drop my phone in a drawer of the desk and shut it.

What I said isn't a total lie.

I put in a request with Teacher Education Services to be moved and I'm hoping to hear back any day now. I'll miss the kids, but I won't miss her ass. Miss Woosley down the hall teaches second grade too, and she said to tell them I could just switch to her classroom. So I'm hoping since it's the same school and grade and the new teacher is willing, that it's not a big deal.

"Well, now that we're all back from recess, we can move on to science. Miss Gardener, they're all yours. Good luck." She smirks and I flash a fake smile back.

"Okay, guys. Let's put our listening ears on and make sure the volume is down on our mouths," I tell the students as I put pretend ears on and twist an imaginary knob by my lips. They mock my movements and I start my lesson by reading them, *The Very Hungry Caterpillar*.

I can't wait until I can do this full time and have my own classroom.

### CHAPTER SIX

#### OVIVIA

Osric has a date, leaving me to my own devices. Not that I mind. In fact, it's probably for the best, because I'm off to the clinic to sign up for what is sure to be the second worst weekend of my life. My heat comes bi-annually, so at least I can say it only happens twice a year. Still, it's better than the alternative.

I still think of that poor woman. My chest tightens at the thought of her lifeless body, and guilt gnaws at my insides. It was an accident, but it was still my fault. The money I send to her family every month, the care I take with her grave—none of it erases the fact that I'm a murderer. Not that killing is anything new for an orc, but this... this was different. It was the first time I took a life without control, driven by the primal urges that make us what we are.

Every six months, like clockwork, I make my way to the clinic, hoping to avoid another disaster. I could request a volunteer to help moderate the heat, someone to endure it with me, but I'd rather suffer through it alone. It's safer that way. For everyone.

Osric, on the other hand, is one lucky orc. I recall the picture of the woman he's chatting up—she's stunning. Maybe I should rethink signing up for that app. Osric begged me to create a profile when he did, but I declined. Female orcs aren't exactly common, and being unmated and outside of a village? That's practically unheard of. But I've never been into males, so mating within the village was never an option for me. We might be open with our bodies and our desires, but when it comes to mating,

it's still pretty straight-laced. So while I could play with another female, mating with one would be frowned upon.

Lost in my pity party for one, I don't even notice I've made it to the clinic until the sterile smell of the place hits my nose. I'll give them this—for as much sex that happens inside these walls, you'd never know it was a safe place for all monsters. They keep it very clean and it always smells like bleach and lemons.

I step further inside and shiver; it's always so chilly in here. With heavy steps, I move to the desk and wait for the receptionist to greet me.

"Next!" The receptionist's voice is curt, and I step up to the desk, forcing a neutral expression on my face.

"Ovivia West of the West Village Orcs. I need to meet with someone to set up my heat weekend."

"And have you spent a heat with us before, Ms. West?" he asks, barely looking up from his screen.

"Yes. This will be my third one." My cheeks warm, embarrassment rolling through me. This has become routine for me, and yet, it never gets easier.

He types a few things and then hands me a slip of paper as soon as it comes out of the printer. "You know the way then, I assume? Go upstairs to the fourth floor and Dian will get you sorted."

"Thank you." I take the paper from him and turn to head to the elevator.

The ride to the fourth floor feels agonizingly slow. I can feel the stares of the others in the small, confined space. My presence is impossible to ignore.



“An orc? Really? Don’t they know how dangerous they are?” a sphinx murmurs to her friend, her tone dripping with bitchiness.

The mare next to her lets out a sharp whinny. “They’re so feral. And what’s with her hair? Blonde with that skin tone? No, thank you.”

Mean girls exist even among monsters. I’m not one to let people put me down, especially when they don’t know the first thing about me. I do enough of that to myself.

I step forward, boxing them against the wall of the elevator. “Didn’t your mommas teach you to keep your muzzles shut unless you had something nice to say?”

“Get away from us,” the sphinx hisses as her claws extend from her nail beds.

Leaning down so they can get a better look at my tusks, I growl. “Or maybe I’ll stay right here and teach you both a lesson about talking rudely about people. I’d hate to show you just how feral an orc can be.”

“We were just joking around,” the mare whispers, eyes wide with fear. “We’re sorry.”

“Do better,” I growl, stepping back as the elevator doors open. “We all get enough shit from humans. We shouldn’t be disrespectful to each other, too.” I step out of the elevator, throwing a final glance over my shoulder. “This is me. Enjoy your day.”

As the doors slide shut behind me, I see them both let out a breath, looking like they’re on the verge of tears.

Good. Serves them right.

With a huff, I step up to the counter toward Dian, the same kind woman who's always here when I need to schedule my weekend. At this rate, I wish they'd just let me schedule them on my way out from the previous, but they like to keep dates open in case you mate.

How considerate.

"Ovivia! Nice to see you again, dear. How have you been?" Dian's voice is warm, almost motherly.

"Good." I slide the paper over to her. "I need to schedule my heat weekend."

"No problem, doll. So it should hit next weekend, right?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And you still insist that it's alone? Toys only?" She looks at me and I hear the sympathy in her tone.

"Yes. Same as usual."

"Ovivia, you know we can find you a partner," she says gently. "It wouldn't be so hard on you, and it would be much more enjoyable. If you know what I mean." She wiggles her brows, trying to lighten the mood.

I manage a small smile. "I know, but this is what I need for now. Maybe it'll change in the future, but this is what I want."

"Okay." Her fingers glide across her keyboard in smooth strokes. "Done. You are all set to come in on Friday the seventh. If you need us earlier, just call and we'll get you in if we can."

“Thank you, Dian.” She hands me my heat card, a small slip of plastic that grants me access to the building’s back entrance, and I slide it into my pocket before heading back to the elevator.

Today has already been draining, and it’s barely lunchtime. I decide to head home and take a nap. If Osric convinces his date to come home with him, he can text me. I’ll head to the bar or maybe over to Whimsy’s place. She’s always home, considering she’s a semi-recluse thanks to the world’s fear of necroharts.

Not in the mood to walk back, I pull out my phone and set up a ride with GhouGo, the rideshare app for monsters. It’s one of the few things that makes life easier when you’re eight feet tall and just want to get from point A to point B without the hassle.

My GhouGo pulls up a few minutes later, and I slide into the truck, appreciating the roominess.

“Hi! Going to 1313 Shadowmoor Lane?” the kitsune driver asks with a friendly smile.

“Please,” I reply, buckling my seatbelt.

The driver winks at me in the rearview mirror as we pull away from the clinic, and within minutes, we’re parked in front of my house. I thank her, leaving a generous tip for her kindness and quietness—exactly what I needed after a morning spent thinking about my heat and... Brelle.

Brelle.

I haven’t said her name, not even to myself, since that night.

She was beautiful, sweet, and eager to please, fulfilling my every desire. I know it

was her job—we paid her for it—but still, being with a monster, especially one as... green as me, can turn even the most professional off. But not Brelle.

The memory of her face, her laughter, haunts me as I walk past Osric's room.

“What are you doing?” he calls out as I pass, pulling me from my thoughts.

“Napping,” I reply, my voice flat.

“Okay, but remember my date. Be scarce.”

I stop in the hallway, turning to face him. “Big brother, if you can convince that woman to come home to fuck on the first date? You can send me a text, and I'll head to Whimsy's. Today was rough. I just want to take a nap and relax.”

Osric steps out of his room, concern written on his face. “Are you okay? Do I need to postpone?”

“No. I just hate going to the clinic. It's a reminder that I still don't have a partner, and it brings back memories of her.”

He wraps his muscular arms around me, pulling me into a tight hug. “It was an accident, Ovivia. You weren't in control. Everyone knows that. No one blames you. Not even her family.”

“I blame me,” I whisper. “It's fine, Osric. I just need to nap and be alone.”

“Okay. If I bring Fairlie back here, I'll text you.”

I nod, turning toward my room. “Thanks.”

Once inside, I undress and flop onto the bed, exhausted and emotionally drained. The soft sheets and the quiet of my room are exactly what I need right now. As I close my eyes, I let out a long, slow breath, falling into a deep sleep almost instantly.

### CHAPTER SEVEN

#### FAIRLIE

I need to leave here in an hour if I'm going to make it to the Drunken Goose to meet Osric on time. My room is a total disaster, like a tornado just ripped through it. Clothes, shoes, and lingerie are scattered everywhere, just as chaotic as my nerves. A frustrated sigh works its way up my throat as I scrub a hand down my face.

What the hell does one wear on a first date with an orc?

Do I wear jeans and a t-shirt? It's a bar, after all, and we met online, so he could be a serial killer for all I know. Or do I go all out, something low-cut and sexy? I went for a pretty everyday look with my hair, curling it into loose waves that frame my face and for makeup I ended up doing a full face, opting for a dark smokey eye and a nude lip.

But what do orcs—or any monsters, for that matter—even find attractive on a woman? Does sexy come off as desperate? Like, Hey, fuck me, I'm easy?

Not that I've ever been the hard-to-get type, let's be honest. But I'm fresh out of a long-term relationship and tonight, I just want to see where things go. Maybe I end up fucking an orc; maybe it's a complete disaster.

I grab my phone and video call Merrin. Her face fills the screen immediately, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

“Oooo, the best kind of video calls—the ones where you’re naked.”

I flip her off, laughing. “Stop, this is serious. I have no clue what to wear tonight.”

“What are our options? By the way, your hair and makeup are popping, babe.”

I flip the camera and show her the disaster that is my bedroom.

“Holy shit, babe. Were you robbed? Were they looking for the Gucci or the Louis Vuitton?”

“Very funny, asshole. I’m freaking out. Help me.”

She looks at the phone, her eyes darting around as she takes in the mess. I can practically see the gears turning in her head.

“Okay. Get the black strapless that’s hanging off the lamp and the little navy dress next to your dildo on the nightstand.”

“You’re sure? That dress is tight and see-through. I don’t want to look like I’m on my way to homecoming or something.”

She rolls her eyes. “Yes, I’m sure. Pair it with your black studded flats and call it a day. Is that all you needed?”

“Damn. That’s all I needed. You got a hot date or some shit too?” I ask, wondering why she’s trying to get off the phone so quickly.

“Nope, but I was in the middle of a pretty serious sexting session. Flesheater489 was just about to come, but I told them they had to wait for me. Only obedient playthings get to come.”

“You’re still moonlighting on that site?”

“It pays too well to stop. I don’t even have to send videos. It’s just texting and I make good ass money.”

I shake my head, grinning. “Alright, well, I’ll send you a pic when I’m dressed.”

“Peace out, bitch!” The screen goes black and I lay my phone down, quickly gathering the things Merrin mentioned.

As I step into the navy blue dress, shimmying it up over my hips, I take a moment to really look at myself in the mirror. The sheer, ruched sleeves hug my arms, and the lace corset bodice shows just the right amount of skin. The cold-shoulder sweetheart neckline is perfect, and my cleavage looks amazing.

Damn, Merrin was right. This dress is hot as hell, but not too much. Edgy rather than overtly sexy, it brings a surge of confidence as I slip on my black studded flats.

I give myself one last look in the mirror, running my fingers through my hair before checking that everything is in place. Satisfied, I grab my keys, take a quick selfie to send to Merrin, and head out the door, down to my old faithful Dodge Caliber. She’s not stylish or new, but she’s reliable and doesn’t guzzle gas like a cheap whore.

Twenty minutes later, I pull up to the Drunken Goose, my nerves kicking in as I take in the familiar neon sign flickering above the entrance. The building itself is nothing fancy—brick exterior, a few high-top tables outside where a couple of guys in faded flannels lean against the railing, beers in hand. A group near the door smokes lazily, the scent of tobacco mixing with the cool night air. The low hum of music filters out whenever the door swings open, blending with the occasional burst of laughter from inside.



I take one final glance in the rearview mirror, roll up my window, and smooth my hands over my dress, and step out of the car. With a deep breath, I walk toward the entrance, dodging a couple of smokers lingering near the doorway. The second I pull the door open, the warm, greasy scent of burgers and fries washes over me, making my stomach growl.

Here goes nothing.

I scan the bar, my eyes darting between groups of people and monsters, searching for Osric. Not to be an asshole, but he's huge and green—how could I miss him? But as I continue to look around, there's no sign of him. A small knot of anxiety starts to twist in my stomach.

Am I early, or is he ghosting me? I try to suppress the rising worry that maybe this was a mistake, that maybe I should've known better than to go on a first date with an orc I met online.

"You're even more beautiful in person." A deep, gravelly voice comes from behind me.

Spinning around, I'm met with a wall of muscle—a massive, solid torso wrapped in a black shirt that clings to every ridge and curve. My breath catches as I tilt my head back to take in the rest of him. Sharp jawline, high cheekbones, and those amber eyes—so intense yet softened by a hint of warmth.

"Osric?" I breathe his name.

He gives me a slow smile that sends my pulse racing. "Should we sit?" His voice rumbles through me, and when he holds out a large, calloused hand, I don't hesitate to slip mine into it. His palm is warm, his grip firm but careful, as if he's aware of his strength and is making a conscious effort to be gentle with me.

He leads us deeper into the bar, effortlessly parting the crowd as we go. When we reach an empty table, he pulls out my chair, his actions deliberate and almost old-fashioned, something I've never seen before from the men I've dated. They were all smooth and cocky, expecting something in return for even the smallest gesture. But Osric? He just does it, no expectation in his eyes, just a smirk as he pushes me closer to the table.

This is new—this feeling of being completely dwarfed by a man yet utterly safe at the same time.

“Thank you,” I murmur, trying to ignore the fluttering in my chest.

“You're welcome,” he replies, taking the seat across from me, his gaze never leaving mine. There's something in the way he looks at me—like he's not just looking at me, but actually seeing me.

“I'm glad you came. I have to admit I was worried you wouldn't show up,” he confesses.

“I was nervous,” I confess, surprising myself with the honesty in my voice. “But I'm here, and I'm ready to have a good time.”

As the words leave my lips, I realize just how true they are. The nerves that had been swirling in my stomach have settled, replaced by a growing desire to see where this night could go. There's something about Osric—his presence, his confidence—that makes me want to throw caution to the wind and just... be.

Before I can say anything else, a bubbly waitress appears at our table, breaking the moment. “Hi, what can I get you guys to drink tonight?” she asks.

“I'll take a Surfside lemonade and tea, please.”

“And you?” She turns to Osric, and I can’t help but notice the way her eyes widen slightly as she takes him in.

“Give me a Captain and Dr Pepper,” he says. His tusks, which I hadn’t really noticed until now, jut out just below his top lip, adding an exotic allure to his rugged appearance. It’s strangely captivating, and I find myself wondering what it would be like to feel those tusks against my skin, to have him kiss me and?—

Whoa, slow down, Fairlie.

“Perfect,” the waitress says, oblivious to the heat simmering between us. “Here are your menus, and if you want to order any apps when I bring the drinks, just let me know.” She hands us each a menu and heads to the bar, leaving us alone once more.

“So, what do you do for work?” I ask, trying to steer the conversation somewhere neutral, though my mind is still racing with thoughts of what it might be like to be kissed by an orc.

“I own a security company,” he replies, his voice steady as he leans back in his chair, his eyes never leaving mine. “We mainly do cybersecurity, but once in a while, we provide in-person security for large events in town.”

“Wow, that’s impressive,” I say, genuinely interested. “So, do you work from home, or do you have an office?”

“Everything is ran from my basement. It’s all state-of-the-art equipment, and my employees meet with me either there or virtually.” He pauses, then smiles. “What about you? You want to be a teacher?”

“Yeah,” I say, my heart warming at the thought. “I’ve wanted to teach since I was a little girl. Kindergarten through second grade, specifically. I love kids, and they’re so

fun at that age—so impressionable.” I sigh. “I’m student teaching over at Amox Elementary, but I have the crabbiest and most old-fashioned mentor ever. I’m hoping to get a new class assignment.”

“Here are your drinks.” The waitress sets them down. “And are we ready to order, or do we need more time?”

Shit. I haven’t even glanced at the menu, too busy talking and staring at Osric like a lovesick teenager.

“I’m ready. What about you, Sweetheart?”

“Um, yeah, you go first,” I say, hastily opening the menu. “Let me just glance real quick.”

He doesn’t even look at the menu. “I’m gonna have the bison burger with everything on it, and can I have it rare with a side of chicken fries instead of french fries?”

“Absolutely,” the waitress responds with a smile. “And since you’re a monster, those chicken fries won’t be an upcharge since we know y’all need more protein.”

“I appreciate that,” Osric says, his tone polite yet commanding.

“And for you, miss?” She turns to me.

“I’ll try the chicken deluxe sandwich with cheesy hash browns,” I say, hoping I made a decent choice.

“I’ll get those orders in and food out to you as fast as I can,” she promises before strutting away.

As she leaves, I notice the way Osric's eyes narrow at her before they flick back to me, filled with a hunger that has nothing to do with food.

"So, before we were interrupted," he says, leaning forward slightly, his voice dropping an octave, "you were telling me about this rude teacher. Can you switch schools? Have you thought about Gateway Elementary? My sister works there as the head of the meal program. They might be interested in someone like you."

"The monster-human blended schools weren't on the list as an option yet," I say, pressing my lips together, guilt tugging at me. It doesn't feel right—they should have been integrated a long time ago. "I'm assuming it's because integrating the kids is still new."

"I could ask if you want?" he offers.

"Sure. I'd love to teach anywhere. It doesn't have to be just human kids." I shrug, taking a sip of my drink.

We continue talking, the conversation flowing effortlessly between us. It's easy, natural, and I find myself laughing more than I have in a long time. Before I know it, our food arrives and we dig in, the banter continuing as we eat. The night slips by faster than I expected, and soon I'm feeling that nice, warm buzz between tipsy and sober. Those Surfsides creep up on you. I only had three, but I'm feeling it.

Osric had taken a GhoulGo here, so he offers to drive me home to be safe. We've only just met, so it's probably not the safest idea to let him know where I live, but something about him just screams trustworthy. And let's be honest—if he owns a cybersecurity company, he could find out all this information on his own, anyway.

I've dated plenty of guys before, but none of them have ever made me feel this way. They were all so... ordinary compared to him. Osric is like nothing I've ever

experienced—intimidating yet comforting, a contradiction wrapped in green skin and muscle. And the fact that he’s an orc, something I never thought I’d be into, only adds to the strange and undeniable attraction pulling me toward him.

He insists on paying the bill, and as we step outside, the night air wraps around us, cool and crisp. I point toward my Dodge Caliber, and we stroll over together, his heavy footsteps echoing beside mine. Unlocking the door, I slide into the passenger seat while he hesitates for a moment, eyeing the cramped driver’s side like he’s mentally calculating the logistics of fitting inside. With a low chuckle, he ducks his head and maneuvers himself in, his broad shoulders nearly brushing both the door and the center console.

I bite my lip, trying—and failing—not to laugh. “I never planned on having an orc drive my car, that’s for sure.”

He chuckles and starts the car.

We drive with the radio on low, holding hands, the silence between us comfortable. Too soon, we pull up in front of my building, and I’m disappointed that the night is over.

He cuts the engine and meets my gaze. “Can I walk you to the door?”

“Of course,” I reply.

Before I can reach for the handle, he beats me to it, stepping out and rounding the car to open my door. The gesture is effortless, but it sends a little flutter through me. Taking his offered hand, I step out, and together, we walk hand in hand toward my apartment.

When we reach my door, I fumble for my key, unlocking it with a nervous smile.

Facing him, I muster the courage to speak.

“This is me,” I say softly.

“Thank you for tonight, Osric. You’re unlike anyone I’ve ever been with.”

His eyes meet mine, his gaze intense and searching. “Fairlie,” he murmurs, his voice low, almost hesitant. “Can I kiss you?”

My heart stutters, then picks up pace, pounding in my chest as warmth spreads through me, settling low in my stomach. A soft shiver runs down my spine, and my skin tingles where his gaze lingers. I nod, my breath catching in my throat as I step closer, every inch of me drawn to him.

### CHAPTER EIGHT

#### OSRIC

Everything else fades into the background the moment I ask if I can kiss her. Fairlie nods, and I can feel the anticipation building between us, electrifying the air with every beat of my heart. Her pouty lips are so plump and enticing. I can only imagine the tender feel of them against my own.

When our lips touch, time seems to freeze. The kiss starts gently, cautiously exploring, but the desire between us builds quickly, an undeniable truth. Her mouth parts slightly, and I can taste the sweetness of tea and lemonade from her drinks earlier. Our kiss becomes more intense, our tongues intertwining. A soft sigh escapes her, and I know I'm not alone in the desire I feel.

Without thinking, I cup her face and angle her head to deepen it even more. The softness of her skin against my calloused fingers sends a jolt of heat straight to my cock. I've kissed women before, but this... this is different. I don't want to stop. My lips fit perfectly with hers, and I could drown in her taste.

I press her gently against the door, my body craving to be closer to hers. I want more, need more, but don't want to push. There is no hesitation on her side; she pulls me closer, her hands tightly gripping onto my shirt. Her passion matches mine stroke for stroke, kiss for kiss.

She opens the door and we stumble backward inside her studio apartment. I feel like a giant in this place, but there's no time to dwell on that. The woman in front of me has



stolen every bit of my attention. Every ounce of blood in my body has gone straight to my dick as it throbs against my pants.

Breaking the kiss for a moment, I look into her eyes, searching for any sign of hesitation. There's none. Only desire. Pure, unfiltered, raw desire that mirrors my own.

"Fairlie," I murmur, my voice rough with desperation, "are you sure about this?"

Her breath hitches, and she bites her lip—a gesture that nearly undoes me. "Yes, Osric," she whispers, her words dripping with lust. "I want this."

That's all I need to hear. I kiss her again, this time with less restraint. My hands move from her face, sliding down her neck, over her shoulders, and down her body until they find the hem of her dress. I tug it up, pausing only long enough to pull it over her head and toss it aside. I trace the curve of her waist with my fingers, memorizing every delicate dip and soft surface.

Fairlie's hands aren't idle either. She pulls at my shirt, her fingers brushing over my abs as she pushes the fabric up. I lean back just enough to yank the shirt over my head and let it fall to the floor. As her gaze scans over me, admiration glistens in her eyes. Pride fills my chest. I lean in again, but this time, I let my tusks graze her lower lip. It's a playful nip, just enough to give her a pinch of pain mixed with pleasure. She hisses, her body tensing for a second before she pulls back, her eyes wide.

I stop, concern flooding me. "Are you okay? I didn't mean to?"

She cuts me off with a breathless laugh, shaking her head. "No, it's fine. It surprised me. I... I liked it."

Relief fills me, quickly followed by a wave of desire that's even stronger than before.

“If you’re sure...” I trail off, searching her eyes again.

Her response is immediate. “I’m sure.”

I don’t need to hear another word, unless it’s her crying out my name as she comes. My hands move to her panties and I tug them down. She steps out of them, standing before me in nothing but her bra. I take a moment to drink her in, my heart pounding in my chest.

She reaches behind her, unclasping her bra and letting it fall to the floor. My breath catches in my throat at the sight of her, completely bare before me. She’s beautiful—no, she’s breathtaking. And she’s here, with me, clearly wanting this as much as I do.

Unable to resist, I step forward and capture her mouth in another searing kiss. She moans against my lips, her hands fumbling with the button of my pants. I help her, quickly discarding them until we’re both standing there, skin against skin.

When she pulls back, her gaze drops and she inhales sharply. Her eyes widen at the sight of my cock, lingering on the thick, swollen ring near the base.

“That... that’s...” she stammers, her voice trembling with a mix of awe and arousal.

“It’s my knot,” I explain, my voice low. “If you could take it, it would lock us together... while I filled you with my cum.”

The words hover between us, hanging in the air like a balloon, and the woman in front of me has the needle. Fairlie’s breath comes in quick, shallow pants, and a low moan escapes her lips.

“I want that,” she whispers, almost to herself.

I groan, the sound rumbling deep in my chest. “You’re not ready for that,” I murmur, more to convince myself than her. The idea of knotting her, of being so intimately connected, is almost too much to bear.

But I want to take care of her, want to show her just how much I want her, and not only for sex.

Her response is a needy whimper, her fingers digging into my shoulders. I dip my head, letting my tusks skim the sensitive skin of her neck before moving lower. My mouth finds her breast, and I tease her nipple with my tongue, sucking it gently before nipping it with my tusks.

She gasps, her back arching as a shiver runs through her. The sound, the reaction—everything about her drives me wild.

I need to taste her, to make her cry out in pleasure.

In one swift motion, I lift her off her feet, cradling her against my chest as I carry her to the small kitchen table. The wood creaks slightly under our combined weight as I lay her down, but I don’t care. All I can focus on is the sight of her spread out before me, her legs parted, her pussy glistening with arousal.

I slide into the chair at the head of the table, positioning myself between her thighs. She looks down at me, her eyes dark with desire, and I know I’m about to make her feel incredible.

I waste no time, leaning in and slowly licking through her folds. She cries out, her hips jerking up off the table in response. I chuckle against her, the vibrations sending another shiver through her.

“Osric,” she moans, her voice a breathy plea.

I take my time exploring her with my tongue, savoring the way she tastes, and the way she responds to every touch. Her hands grip the edge of the table, knuckles white as I circle her clit with the tip of my tongue before sucking it into my mouth.

The sounds coming from her are music to my ears—soft whimpers, desperate moans, and breathless pants. I lap up everything she gives me, drinking in her arousal as if it's the finest nectar.

She's close—I can feel it in the way her thighs tremble, in the way her breaths come faster, more erratic. I press harder, my tongue moving with more intensity as I push her toward the edge.

When she comes, it's with a cry that echoes off the walls, her entire body tensing before she shatters. I don't stop, continuing to lick and suck until she's writhing beneath me, overwhelmed by the pleasure.

I pull back, my chest heaving with the effort to control myself. She's a fucking vision, flushed and panting; it's almost too much. I want to bury myself inside her, to feel her wrapped around me, but I know I need to go slow.

I rise from the chair, my hands gliding up her thighs as I position myself at her entrance. Her gaze meets mine, and I see the trust, the desire, the need in her eyes.

"I'm going to go slow," I murmur, my voice rough with the effort of holding back. "Tell me if it's too much."

She nods, her eyes never leaving mine as I start to push forward. The tip of my cock slides into her entrance, and she whimpers, her body tensing.

I pause, giving her a moment to adjust. "Are you okay?"

“Yes,” she breathes, her hands reaching out to grip the sides of the table. “Please, don’t stop.”

I push forward again, inch by inch, until I’m about halfway inside her. Her pussy squeezes around me, and I have to grit my teeth to keep from losing control. The feeling of her stretched around me is almost too much, too good, too perfect.

Fairlie whimpers, her body adjusting to the size of me, and I can see the mixture of pleasure and pain on her face. I stop again, wanting to make sure she’s alright.

“Just a little more,” I coax, my hands caressing her thighs in reassurance. “You’re doing so well, Fairlie.”

She nods, biting her lip as she shifts her hips, taking me a little deeper. Seeing how brave and willing she is nearly has me coming on the spot. I want to give her everything, but she needs to be prepared.

I slowly start to move, sliding in and out of her tight hole, letting her get used to the rhythm. Her breath hitches with each movement, and her eyes squeeze shut, her expression shifting with every new sensation.

I watch her closely, every gasp, every tremble, every shiver that caresses her body. My heart pounds as I fuck her, letting her adjust to the stretch, the fullness. The way she looks—eyes half-closed, lips parted, cheeks flushed—only fuels the fire inside me.

“Fairlie,” I murmur. “You feel so good. So perfect.”

Her hands clutch at my forearms, nails digging into my skin as she tries to take more of me. Her hips move on their own now, thrusting to meet me halfway, but I hold back, keeping the pace slow, deliberate.

“I want all of you,” she whispers.

I groan. “Not yet,” I manage to say, my voice strained. “I don’t want to hurt you.”

She moans softly. The sound is like a siren call attempting to lure me deeper, but she doesn’t argue. Instead, her hips move in time with mine, her movements becoming more confident and more assured as she finds her stride.

I’m barely holding on—the sensation of her pussy surrounding me, squeezing me, drives me closer to the edge with every thrust. The urge to push deeper, to bury myself completely inside her, is almost overwhelming, but I resist. At least for our first time. But damn if I don’t want to give her everything.

Fairlie’s breaths come faster, her moans louder as we pick up the pace, and I can tell she’s close again. Her body tightens, her inner muscles clenching around me as she teeters on the edge.

“That’s it,” I murmur, my hands gripping her hips as I push into her. “Let go, Fairlie. I’ve got you.”

With a cry, she falls over the edge, her body convulsing around me as she comes. The sensation is too much, and I follow her into bliss, my orgasm hitting me like a freight train. My hips buck, and I have to pull back slightly, keeping just the tip inside her as I release, spilling into her with a deep, guttural groan.

For a moment, we’re both frozen in place, caught in the aftermath of our shared orgasm. The only sounds in the room are our ragged breaths, the smell of sex heavy in the air.

I can’t help but think about the fact that we didn’t use a condom. It hasn’t escaped me that I didn’t ask about birth control, but right now, it’s the furthest thing from my

mind. I imagine her plump with my child, her body filled with the beauty of carrying an orc's baby. I picture her full breasts, her hips widened to birth such a large baby. The thought sends a shiver of excitement through me, and I can't help but yearn for the idea.

Slowly, I come back to myself, blinking as I look down at her. Fairlie's eyes are closed, her chest rising and falling rapidly as she catches her breath. She's beautiful, absolutely stunning in the aftermath of our lovemaking, and I lean down to press a soft kiss to her forehead.

She opens her eyes, gazing up at me with a softness that makes my heart ache. "Osric..." she whispers, her voice filled with something I can't quite place.

I smile, pushing a strand of hair away from her face. "You were incredible."

Her lips curl into a smile, but there's a hint of shyness in her expression. "So were you."

I carefully ease out of her, my hands gentle as I pick her up bridal style and carry her to the bed, navigating the mess of clothes and shoes on the floor.

What the hell happened in here?

I lay her down and smile at how perfect she looks, my cum dripping out of her, pooling onto her sheets. She's spent, her body limp with exhaustion, and I want nothing more than to take care of her.

"Stay here," I murmur, kissing her once more before standing up. "I'll clean you up."

Fairlie nods, her eyes already drifting closed as she settles into the pillows. I glance around, my eyes landing on the soft glow of a nightlight just visible through the

doorway. The silhouette of the sink gives it away, and I know it's the bathroom. I head toward it, where I find a washcloth and a towel hanging on the rack. When I return, she's half-asleep, but she stirs as I gently wipe her down with the warm wet rag, cleaning away the evidence of our fucking with tender care.

Once she's clean, I tuck her under the blankets, making sure she's comfortable before sliding in beside her. I pull her into my arms, her head resting on my chest as I stroke her hair, the motion seeming to soothe both of us.

She's so relaxed, and a sense of contentment settles over me. This—being here with her, holding her, caring for her—is everything. And yet, as much as I want to stay, to spend the entire night wrapped around her, there's a niggling thought at the back of my mind.

Ovivia.

I didn't text her. She was upset earlier, and I promised I'd text if I was bringing Fairlie home. But we ended up going to her place. So I haven't talked to her. I want to be here with Fairlie, but I can't ignore the worry festering for my sister.

I glance down and press my lips against her temple. She's almost asleep now, her breathing deep and even. I carefully slide out of bed, trying not to disturb her as I grab a piece of paper from her counter and scribble a quick note.

Fairlie,

Tonight was incredible. I can't wait to see you again. I need to go check on my sister—she was upset earlier, and I didn't hear from her. I'll call you tomorrow.

Osric



I place the note on the counter, where she'll see it when she comes out for coffee. For a moment, I hesitate, torn between staying and going. But the need to check on my sister wins—she's always been there for me, and I can't let her down now.

With one last lingering look at Fairlie, I quietly slip out of the apartment, locking and closing the door softly behind me. The night air is cool as I step outside, and I take a deep breath, my thoughts still on the woman I just left behind.

I'll be back, I tell myself. And when I do, I'll make sure Fairlie knows how much tonight meant to me.

For now, though, it's time to be the big brother my sister needs.

And tomorrow? Tomorrow, I'll be the orc Fairlie deserves.

### CHAPTER NINE

#### FAIRLIE

I wake slowly, my arms stretching above my head, a soft groan escaping as I work out the kinks in my muscles. I must have slept like the dead last night, and it shows in the way my body protests every little movement. As I reach out to the spot next to me, the coolness of the sheets surprises me. My fingers graze the empty space, and my heart sinks.

Where is Osric?

I fell asleep almost as soon as he laid me down on the bed. He was there, beside me, for a while—I'm sure of it. So, where did he go?

A flicker of unease rises in my chest as I slide out of bed, the chill of the room meeting my exposed skin. I grab my robe from my bedpost, slip it on, and flip on the lamp next to the bed. No other lights are on, no sounds echo through my apartment. I'm alone.

What the hell?

I head to the bathroom, needing to pee something fierce. I tinkle, wash my hands, and brush my teeth before padding over to the kitchen. My mind circles back to Osric.

Why did he leave? Was it something I did? Or said?

The soreness in my body reminds me of last night—of Osric and how he made me feel. It's a delicious ache, one that makes me remember the way he moved inside me, his thick green cock filling me in ways I never imagined. But the rush is dimmed by the fear that he might've just used me and left.

What if I never hear from him again?

The thought twists in my gut, a mix of anger and disappointment.

I open the fridge, grab a bottle of water, and set it on the counter. My stomach growls, so I reach for a bag of mini muffins from the cabinet. But then, something catches my eye—a note.

Fairlie,

Tonight was incredible. I can't wait to see you again. I need to go check on my sister—she was upset earlier, and I didn't hear from her. I'll call you tomorrow.

Osric

So he didn't just leave; he had a reason, a good one. He plans on calling me. Okay, I can deal with that. Still, a small part of me is annoyed that he left in the middle of the night, like I was just some casual fling. But then, another part of me—a more understanding part—can't help but think how sweet it is that he felt compelled to check on his sister.

You only get one family, and if I've learned anything, it's that you don't get to keep them forever. The thought makes my chest tighten, memories of my parents flickering at the edges of my mind.

I pop a mini muffin into my mouth, the sugary sweetness a temporary comfort as I

reach for my phone. It's on the floor beside the couch, probably fell there last night when I was too distracted to care. I pick it up and scroll to our text thread before shooting him a message.

Me: Good morning. I was sad when I woke up without you. How is your sister? I hope she's okay?

But then, as I wait for his reply, something gnaws at the back of my mind, pulling my thoughts back to last night.

The realization hits me like a cold splash of water—oh my god; we didn't use a condom. I scramble through my foggy memories, trying to recall if we talked about it or if I was just so caught up in the moment that I forgot.

Do orcs even use condoms? How does orc reproduction work, anyway? I mean, I was so caught up in him and everything that happened—his green skin, his powerful body, the way he made me feel—I didn't think to ask.

Why did I let myself get carried away like that? The thought of being irresponsible—of maybe being pregnant with an orc's child, if that's even a thing—makes my stomach flip. Christ, why am I such a slutty idiot?

Osric: Morning pretty girl. She is fine. Just had a rough day yesterday and when I left for our date, she was upset and going to take a nap. But I didn't hear from her, so I was worried. She's had a rough time since we moved here.

Osric: Are you upset with me?

A smile tugs at my lips. He's worried that I'm mad at him for caring about his sister. It's endearing, really, how thoughtful he is.

Me: No, I'm not upset. I was a little annoyed at first. But then I saw your note and we are good. Family comes first. Is there anything I can do to help?

Osric: I'm so glad. I had an amazing night with you. Can I see you again?

The butterflies in my stomach flutter at his words, my mind already racing with the possibilities.

Me: When?

Osric: Dinner Wednesday at my place? You can meet my sister.

Me: Sounds perfect. Send me the address.

Osric: 1313 Shadowmoor Lane. And Fairlie?

Me: Yeah?

Osric: Bring an overnight bag. Once I have you with me again, I won't be able to let you leave.

Me: Promises, promises.

Me: One more thing. I was just thinking... last night, we didn't use a condom. I'm kind of clueless about orc reproduction. Should I be worried?

Osric: Oh, don't worry about it. Orcs aren't as complicated as some other species. I'll be happy to explain everything when you come over. Everything will be fine. Don't worry.

His reassurance eases my anxiety a little, though I still feel a tingle of apprehension.

Osric: Have a good day, beautiful.

I devour the entire bag of muffins, the sweet crumbs still on my lips as I gulp down the water. I can't help but smile as I prepare to dress for the day. It's another day with Mrs. Gilmore, another day of her terrible attitude. But now, I have something to look forward to. Wednesday I'll see Osric again, and I'll meet his sister. I don't know what her situation is, but if there's any way I can help her, I will.

OVIVIA

The smell of coffee brewing fills the air, mingling with the subtle scent of freshly cut grass from the open window. Osric is lounging on the couch in the living room, his face illuminated by the glow of his phone. He's grinning like a fool, texting away furiously.

I can't help but feel a twinge of envy. It's not just the fact that he's clearly smitten; it's the ease with which he's found someone who makes him smile like that. I want that. I want someone to make me feel the way he's feeling right now.

How could anyone ever do such a thing, though, when they find out what I've done?

Leaning against the doorframe, I cross my arms and take a moment to watch him. While I do feel happy for him, there's a slight pang of jealousy that I can't ignore.

Unable to resist giving him a hard time, I push off the wall and saunter closer to the couch. "Date didn't go well, huh? You didn't text me, so no first-date fuckery for you?"

He looks up, a flicker of surprise in his eyes quickly replaced by a mock glare. "For your information, we did the fucking at her place."

I raise an eyebrow, trying to hide my shock. “Why are you here, then? I heard you come in late last night.”

“She fell asleep right after,” he says, shrugging. “I snuck out to come home and check on you. I heard you on the phone with Whimsy, so I just went to bed.”

Fucking hell. I try to process this as my mind races.

“You’re telling me that you, Osric, my big oaf of a brother, got a piece from a sexy woman last night, and instead of staying with her for round two or just to be with her, you came home to be with your sister? Are you fucking stupid?” I roll my eyes and nod at the phone. “Is she telling you to go sit on a cactus?”

“No,” he says, shaking his head. “It was her agreeing to come here Wednesday for dinner and to meet you. I told her I was worried about you and that you’ve had a bit of a rough go, and she understood.”

A surge of anger courses through me. How dare he paint me as some lost fucking puppy who needs to be coddled and babysat? “Why would you do that? I’m fine, Osric.”

“You’re not,” he says, his voice softening. “I’m worried about you, Ovivia.”

“Doesn’t mean you need to tell your five-minute girlfriend how pathetic I am.”

“You’re not pathetic. Do you think she’s my girlfriend? Should I have asked her that?” He looks genuinely puzzled.

I roll my eyes, exasperated. “You’re a fucking idiot. I’m going to make breakfast. I am excited to meet her, though.”

I turn and head toward the kitchen, my thoughts a jumbled mess. With automatic movements, I grab the dragonfruit and mango from the fridge and begin to dice them. I can't help but wonder what this woman will think of me. Will she see me as a crazy, mokey emo orc who can't be left alone at home? Will she hate me for unwittingly stealing her orc away from her as soon as they were done?

As I'm lost in thought, I hear Osric's voice call out from the living room. "Oh, I didn't use a condom, so she might be carrying my child!"

I freeze, the knife slipping from my grasp and clattering onto the cutting board. "Does she know that?"

"No," he says casually. "She asked this morning about orc reproduction, and I told her I'd tell her Wednesday, but she should be okay."

"She's going to fucking kill you."

Osric smirks, unbothered. "She can try. But back to my first question: should I ask her if I'm her boyfriend?"

I sigh, feeling a mixture of amusement and frustration. "Since she could be carrying your child, yeah, you probably should do that. Also, don't be an asshole. It's not like you. Tell her the truth about babies and your freaky breeding kink."

"I will." He assures me.

"Good. If you don't, I will. Don't do that shit again! It's not right. I'll kill you myself."

I pick up the knife and continue dicing the fruit, trying to shake off the strange blend of emotions swirling inside me. My brother may be a walking disaster, but he's my



walking disaster, and that makes all the difference.

As I blend my smoothie, I think about Wednesday. This woman who has managed to capture my brother's attention piques my curiosity. I hope she's kind and understanding, someone who won't judge me based on the mess that is my life right now. I hope she can see past the chaos and see the orc I truly am. And that I'm not trying to steal the spotlight from my brother's chance for happiness.

I glance at the clock and realize I need to get moving if I want to be ready for work. Quickly, I finish making my smoothie, gulp it down, and start rushing around the kitchen. Today is crucial.

We have a huge meeting about the cost of meals per student if we integrate all schools district-wide. It's a pivotal moment for us, and I can't afford to mess this up. We're also discussing adding more human staff to ensure a fifty-fifty split, rather than the current eighty-twenty ratio. This means some monsters are going to lose their jobs or get transferred, which breaks my heart, but I believe a fifty-fifty balance is essential for the changing dynamics between humans and monsters.

With barely enough time to check my reflection in the mirror, I pull on my jacket and grab my purse. I take a deep breath, knowing I have to be on top of my game today.

Before I leave, I shout over my shoulder, "Heading out, Osric!"

He gives me a thumbs-up from the living room, and I head off to work. My mind races with thoughts of Fairlie, my meeting, and the fact that my brother might have bred a woman and hasn't told her.

I dash out the door and hurry to my car. I turn down the street, the familiar route to work offering little comfort as my mind races. The drive feels longer than it actually is, and by the time I pull into the parking lot, I take a deep breath, trying to shake off

the nervous energy. As I pull into the parking lot, I steal a final glance at my phone and see a text from Osric.

Brother: Good luck today. Also, I told Fairlie that you could maybe mention that she's looking for a new class to student teach in. She's at Amox now and hates it.

I shake my head, a smile tugging at my lips despite the mounting stress. I mean, of course I'll do it because I love him, but first, I need to meet her. I'm not going to put in a word for someone I've never met to be around kids until I feel her out myself.

Me: I want to meet her first. Not saying yes, not saying no.

He replies instantly.

Brother: Fair

I chuckle softly and turn my phone on silent before getting out of the car and heading into the school. Today is going to be a challenge, and I need to focus.

### CHAPTER TEN

#### FAIRLIE

When I reach Osric's house, I press the doorbell and immediately hear footsteps approaching from the inside. The door swings open, and there stands Osric, his broad shoulders filling the frame. Without a word, he sweeps me up into his arms. His lips find mine in a kiss that's both passionate and tender.

"I've missed you," he murmurs against my lips, his voice a deep rumble that rolls through me.

I laugh, my heart fluttering. "We've talked and texted every day, and it's only been two days."

"Just really like you, Sweetheart," he says, setting me down, his eyes softening as he looks down at me.

"I really like you too," I whisper.

He takes my hand, his grip firm, and leads me inside. The house is cozy and inviting, with the smell of something delicious wafting from the kitchen. I drop my bag by the couch as we walk straight to the heart of the home, where the kitchen table is set for three. A pan on the stove sizzles, filling the room with a mouthwatering aroma.

"I hope you like meat," Osric says, glancing over his shoulder at me with a playful grin. "I'm making steak and shrimp with some crab rangoons."

“Sounds amazing,” I reply, hopping up onto the counter to watch him, my eyes fixed on his movements. “I’m not very picky, just not a huge fan of tomatoes in chunks.”

“Noted.” He chuckles, turning back to his cooking.

As Osric works his culinary magic, I can’t help but smile. The kitchen is large but cozy, filled with the sounds of sizzling and the occasional clink of utensils. We chat easily, sharing stories and laughter, and a sense of contentment I’ve not experienced in a long time settles in.

Suddenly, the scent of tangerine and musk reaches my nose, and I turn to see a striking woman entering the kitchen. Her presence is commanding, her beauty undeniable. She’s slightly shorter than Osric, though still tall, with skin that’s a rich emerald green and blonde hair pulled up into a high ponytail.

She walks straight to me, her smile warm and welcoming. “Hi, I’m Ovivia. This lug’s little sister. I’ve heard a lot about you, Fairlie.”

“I hope all good things,” I reply with a smirk as I shake her hand.

“All good,” Ovivia assures me with a wink before leaning against the counter next to where Osric is cooking. I can’t help but admire the striking resemblance between them. Despite the difference in their heights, they share similar features—a strong jawline and those captivating amber eyes. They clearly have good genes.

Ovivia asks about my work at the school, and I mention that I’m hoping to switch classrooms for my student teaching semester. She nods, sharing that her school recently decided to bring in more human teachers to balance the staff between monsters and humans. I make a mental note to inquire about student teaching opportunities there.

Osric plates the food, and we gather around the table to eat. The meal is delicious, and the conversation flows naturally until Ovivia throws a curveball.

“So, Osric mentioned you have questions about orc reproduction?” she asks, her eyes twinkling with mischief.

I nearly choke on a shrimp, my eyes widening as I glance over at Osric. His face has gone a peculiar shade of pale green, and he’s glaring at his sister.

“I—I do,” I manage to stammer, feeling my cheeks flush. “We’re all adults here, right?”

“I’d hope so.” Ovivia laughs, clearly enjoying our discomfort.

“Well, we had sex, and we didn’t use protection. Your brother said I should be fine, so I’ve left it at that. Is there something I should know?” I ask.

Ovivia leans back in her chair, her expression serious now. “Orc sperm is very potent, and implantation happens almost instantly. I’d use protection from now on, just to be safe. And not human preventatives, you need something stronger.”

Osric growls, clearly frustrated. “Ovivia.”

“What? She asked, and I’m answering,” Ovivia says with a shrug. “It was one time, and I doubt she took the whole thing, so she should be fine. But she should know the risk.”

“Thank you,” I murmur, my mind racing as I turn to look at Osric.

“Were you going to tell me?” I huff, my eyes narrowing.

“I was,” Osric says, his voice softer now.

“When?” I cut him off, my frustration simmering beneath the surface.

“Tonight,” he replies.

“Before or after we—” I stop myself, feeling a lump in my throat. “Before or after we fucked again?”

“Before,” he says, his voice shaking.

“Why didn’t you tell me when I asked?” I demand, standing up and dropping my silverware onto the table with a clatter.

“It didn’t matter to me.” He shrugs.

“What didn’t matter?” I struggle to keep my emotions in check.

“If you got pregnant,” he admits, his gaze steady. “If it happened, we’d deal with it. I want offspring.”

I stare at him, my mind racing. “We’ve had one date, Osric. What if I don’t want kids? What if I don’t want hybrid kids? Do I have a choice, or does that not matter either?”

His expression falters for a brief moment, like my words have taken him by surprise. He opens his mouth as if to respond, but then closes it again, running a hand through his hair in frustration. For a moment, we just sit there in silence, the weight of the questions hanging between us.

I can feel the tension building, and I can’t stand the suffocating quiet anymore. I

storm out the door to the front step, needing space to think. I sit down, the cool night air hitting my face. The door opens behind me, and I sense Osric's presence before I even see him.

He sits beside me, his large frame dwarfing mine, yet there's a softness in the way he moves. He sits down carefully, leaving just enough space between us so I don't feel crowded, but close enough that I sense his warmth. His shoulders slightly hunch as if trying to make himself more approachable. Despite the tension swirling inside me, there's something about the way he's sitting—patient, unassuming—that puts me at ease.

"I like you," he says, his warm amber gaze catching my own. There's a sincerity in the way he looks at me that makes me almost want to melt. Almost.

"More than like you, if I'm being honest." He runs a hand through his hair, his jaw tensing. "Maybe even a bit on the obsessed side."

His words warm my heart, and despite the confusion, the idea that he thinks I'd be a sexy mom to his babies is strangely flattering.

"Thank you," I say, my voice soft. "But we'll be wrapping that up tonight. You better get a tarp from the garage, so we know it fits."

He chuckles deeply. "You're something else, Sweetheart."

He picks me up effortlessly and carries me back inside, setting me down gently in my chair. Ovidia greets me with a warm smile as I return.

"Welcome back," she says.

"Thanks," I reply, feeling a bit more at ease.

We finish our meal, bantering and chatting, and I find myself genuinely liking Ovivia. She's a fascinating woman, and I wish I knew more about her so I could help her in some way. After dinner, we settle on the couch to watch Billy Madison. The evening drifts by comfortably, filled with laughter and a sense of belonging I've only felt with Merrin since my parents passed.

As the credits roll, the night has already grown late. I yawn, feeling the effects of the day catch up with me. Osric grabs my bag and leads me to his room, his hand warm in mine. Ovivia mumbles something about feeling funny and a bad piece of shrimp before heading to her room.

No sooner does the door to Osric's room close than his lips are on mine, his kiss urgent and filled with the passion that's been building between us.

He yanks my shirt up and over my head, tossing it aside with an almost primal urgency. His large, powerful hands find my hips, lifting me effortlessly and pressing me against the wall as his lips trail heated kisses down my neck.

"I don't like that I upset you," he murmurs against my skin, his tusks grazing the top of my right breast. The sensation is both thrilling and teasing, sending a shudder through me.

A breathy sigh leaves my lips. "You should have been honest. I at least could have gone and gotten a pill or something."

"Human meds aren't effective with orcs," he says softly, his voice a low rumble that vibrates against my chest. "I don't want to scare you or piss you off, Fairlie... but...I know you're it for me."

His hands slide between my back and the wall, and he skillfully pops the clasps on my bra, helping it slide down my arms and drop to the floor. My breath catches as his



rough fingers graze the curve of my shoulder, igniting a fire of desire inside me.

Without hesitation, he sucks a nipple between his lips. His coarse tongue flicks and laps at the stiffened bud, sucking with a fervor that makes my knees weak. I moan, the sound escaping me before I can stop it. “How? How can you know already?”

He pulls away with a soft, wet pop, resting his forehead against mine. His eyes lock onto mine.

“I just do,” he whispers, his gaze sincere. “You’re beautiful. Funny, but know when to be serious. Kind, but don’t take any shit. You’re perfect. My sister said you’re my girlfriend. But I think that’s something you have to consent to. Right?”

His touch is gentle yet commanding as he grabs one of my thighs, wrapping it around him. He does the same with the other, picking me up and carrying me over to his bed.

He sets me down carefully, then falls to his knees at the edge of the bed. His hands tug my leggings down with a deliberate slowness that drives me wild with longing.

“So what do you think, Sweetheart?” he asks, his voice husky with need. “You want to be mine?”

Before I can respond, he shoves my thighs apart, and his tongue plunges through my folds with an intensity that makes me gasp. “Fuck!”

“That’s not the right answer.” He chuckles against the inside of my thigh, his breath hot on my core.

“Yes!” I pant, my voice a desperate plea. “I want to be yours.”

### CHAPTER ELEVEN

#### OVIVIA

My stomach twists like I've just gone ten rounds with a heavyweight champion. The cramps are so intense that I'm convinced something's wrong—really wrong. I handpicked the shrimp from the seafood market earlier, so how the hell could one of them be bad? But what else could this be?

“Fuck!” Fairlie's voice cuts through the air from across the hall, and the sound sends a shockwave straight to my core. My pussy spasms, and I can feel myself soaking my panties.

I begin to sweat, my body suddenly blazing hot as another cramp clenches my insides.

No...

This can't be happening. Not now. I've planned everything for this weekend—every damn detail. It's never been early before.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

I'm hit with the cold, hard truth. My heat is coming early, and I'm completely unprepared. Nothing's set up for me to ride this out at home. My mind spins, trying to form a plan. I need to call the clinic. They have steps in place for these situations. The body does what it wants, and mine just decided to throw me a curveball.

Doubling over from the pain, I force myself to reach for the phone on my nightstand. My hand is shaking as I dial.

“Heat Retreat. We put the safety and fun back in your heat. This is Karen. How can I help you?”

“Hi,” I pant, barely able to catch my breath. “This is Ovivia West. I have an appointment this weekend for my heat, but it’s started early, and I need to come in. Is there a room and a driver available?”

I can hear her typing, the sound like a ticking clock in my ears. I bite my lip, trying to hold back another moan as I clutch my abdomen.

“No. I’m sorry, we’re booked full.”

“You don’t have anything? Not even like a storage closet in the basement or something? I have to be alone. When I’m in heat, I can’t be around people,” I blurt, my heart racing and panic filling me at the thought of what could happen.

“Ovivia,” she says, her tone casual, like we’re discussing the weather. “I see here in your chart that you’re an orc. They’re not dangerous during their heat. Primal, yes, but not dangerous. Stop worrying, you’ll be fine. If it’s bad on Friday, still come to your appointment. Have a good night.” And then she hangs up.

“No,” I whisper as my phone slips from my hand onto the bed.

How could she just dismiss me like that? They’re supposed to help, not brush me off like this isn’t a big deal. Dammit!

But it is a big deal. I am dangerous.

Okay, think. I need a new plan. Leaving this room isn't an option. I can do this. I'll just ride it out here. It's fine. Everything's going to be fine.

I strip down to just a tank top and panties, the fabric already sticking to my sweaty skin. Climbing back into bed, I slide under the sheet and reach for my laptop. My fingers are shaky as I type, pulling up a video—Honey's best lesbian experience, my go-to when I need to get off. With my favorite dildo in hand, I slowly sink it inside my wet, needy pussy.

"I can do this," I repeat to myself, the words more of a mantra than a statement.

With an endless supply of free internet porn and my trusty dildo, this just might work.

## OSRIC

Fairlie cries so prettily as I eat her cunt. Her sweet taste floods my senses as I lap at her clit, my tongue flicking rapidly over the sensitive bud. My middle finger slides into her tight hole, pumping slowly, curling upward to rub that spot deep inside her. I know she's close, right on the edge of release, and I want to push her over, but I have something else in mind first.

I've heard that human women can gush like fountains when they climax, but I've never witnessed it myself. The idea of Fairlie losing control, squirting because of me, drives me wild. It's a sight I crave, and tonight, I'm determined to make it happen. I suck hard on her clit, my lips sealing around the swollen nub as I thrust my finger deeper inside her. Her back arches, and she screams my name, her pussy clenching around my finger as she starts to come.

"Osric! Fuck! Yes!" she cries, her body shuddering with pleasure.

I slow my movements, savoring the feel of her pulsing against my tongue. Her taste,

her scent, her sounds—it's all intoxicating. I pull away from between her thighs, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand as I admire the sexy, satisfied smile playing on her lips.

"You're too good at that," she murmurs, breath hitching.

"I'm not done with you yet, Sweetheart," I reply, a grin spreading across my face. Fairlie is going to be exhausted tonight. I'm going to make her come using the three most important body parts a male has—his tongue, his fingers, and his cock.

I strip out of my clothes and position myself on the bed, my back against the headboard. "Come here."

She doesn't hesitate, crawling toward me until she's kneeling between my legs. Her small hand wraps around my throbbing shaft, and she gives it a long, slow stroke. My cock twitches in her grip, eager for more.

"I'm going to make you fall apart for me many more times tonight, Fairlie," I tell her, my voice low and rough with desire. "You came on my tongue, but now I want you to ride my fingers until you give me another one. Then I'll make you take my cock—all of it."

"The knot too?" she asks, her hand rubbing against the swollen base of it.

My head drops back and I close my eyes, groaning at the thought. "Not yet. Soon."

She pouts, but I use her brattiness to my advantage. I grab her and spin her around, pressing her back against my chest. My legs hook around hers, spreading them apart, forcing her open for me.

"I bet you look like a fucking vision right now," I whisper against her ear.

“Please,” she whines, her voice thick with need.

I dip my head, sucking on her neck, letting one of my tusks graze her skin. She moans as I puncture the surface slightly, and I lick the drop of blood away. The thought of marking her, leaving my claim on her, has my cock leaking pre-cum. My right hand finds her pussy, and I begin to strum my fingers up and down her clit.

I pick up the pace, rubbing her feverishly as her head falls back against my shoulder. She grinds her hips against my hand, desperate for more. Her moans grow louder, and I can't help but chuckle as I continue my torture.

The bedroom door flies open, startling us both. My heart stops as I see Ovivia standing there, her body glistening with sweat, her pupils blown wide. She's in nothing but a tank top and underwear, and the way she sniffs the air makes my stomach drop.

“Ovivia?” My hand instinctively tightens around Fairlie's arm, trying to keep my voice calm, but the situation is far from normal.

She growls, her nostrils flaring as she takes in the scent of sex that lingers in the room. Oh no. This isn't good.

“What's happening?” Fairlie asks, her voice soft. I can tell she's worried and scared.

“It's okay, Sweetheart,” I say, trying to reassure her even as panic starts to rise in my chest. “Ovivia's gone into heat early. She had an appointment at the clinic for this weekend, but it seems like her heat started a few days sooner than planned.”

I'm trying to think of a plan, something that will keep everyone safe, but my mind is racing. Ovivia hasn't had a heat outside the clinic since Brelle, and I know how much she blames herself for what happened. She's always so careful, so prepared, so why

isn't she there now?

"Ovivia, I need you to focus," I say, trying to get through to her. "Did you call the clinic?"

She ignores me. Growling and sniffing the air like a coonhound.

"Ovivia!" I bark, and her gaze snaps to me. "Did you call the clinic? Do you need a ride there?"

"Full," she sighs. "Alone!" she snaps, her eyes wild.

"Osric, she looks unwell. What can we do?" Fairlie asks, her concern genuine, and I hate that she's being dragged into this.

This is a fucking mess. Fairlie is naked between my legs, her ass pressed against my cock, and my finger still buried deep in her pussy. Meanwhile, Ovivia is standing there, panting like a wild animal, her heat driving her to the brink of madness. I know what has to happen, but I can't believe I'm about to suggest it.

"Sweetheart. Fairlie. I need you to listen to me."

"Okay."

"Female orcs go into heat twice a year. It's very painful, but it only lasts for a few days. Ovivia usually goes to the clinic in town to handle it alone, but she's started early, and the clinic doesn't have room for her."

"What does that mean? How can we help her?" Fairlie asks.

I take a deep breath, knowing that what I'm about to say could ruin everything. "She

needs to get off. Her body is screaming at her to fuck, and I think your scent and our... activities have made things worse. She can't stay in her room, and she can't control herself much longer. She needs to fuck, Fairlie. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"Yeah, I understand. So how are we going to help her? Can we call another clinic or get a friend or helper over for her?"

"There is no other clinic and she would lose her shit if, when this is over, I called a helper. But she does have a friend."

"Well, call her!" she scolds.

"It's you, Sweetheart."

Her eyes widen, and she pales. "Me? That's your sister, Osric. And I'm not... I've never been with a woman."

"I'll be right here the whole time," I promise, hoping she'll agree. "I know it's a lot to ask, and I wouldn't even think of it if it wasn't an emergency."

She's silent, chewing on her bottom lip, her gaze bouncing between me and Ovivia, who is now rubbing herself over her underwear, her eyes glazed with need. "Need. Now. Hot. So hot."

"Fairlie, I'm not going to force you," I say, my heart pounding. "If you can't do it, tell me now, and I'll sneak you out. I'll figure something else out. I could lock her in the basement or something."

"I'll do it," she whispers.



“You will?” I’m surprised, but relieved.

“It’s just sex, right?” she says, more to herself than to me. “I’ve never been with a female, but... I’m not grossed out by it. It’s weird because she’s your sister, but you’re asking and we will never speak of it again. Also, I want to know why she goes to the clinic alone if it’s always like this.”

I nod, feeling like a fool. “I’ll tell you everything afterward.”

“Okay,” she says, taking a deep breath. “I’ll help her.”

### CHAPTER TWELVE

#### FAIRLIE

I don't know why I said yes—well, I do. I'm too damn nice. That's always been my problem, hasn't it? Ovivia looks like she's hurting, like she's about to star in her own episode of *Snapped*. She's licking the air and sniffing like a hunting dog, but every so often, she winces and grabs her stomach. It's hard to watch, and maybe that's why I agreed.

And now, here I am, about to have not only my first threesome, but my first lesbian experience—with my boyfriend's sister, no less. The reality of it hits me like a freight train. Is this really happening? Is it even a threesome if I'm just with Ovivia? I don't even know how this is supposed to work.

"You don't have to stay in here," I mumble, my voice unsure. "If it's going to be weird or make things different between us. I can handle it by myself."

I know this relationship with Osric is new, but I really like him. He's so attentive, so kind, and, well, he's literally obsessed with me. He said so himself. That should probably be a red flag, but instead, there's a sense of being desired and sexy. It's intoxicating.

He clears his throat. "I can't. Ovivia can be... rough during her heat. It's why she usually rides them out alone. I'm staying to moderate."

My heart skips a beat. I swallow as he pulls his hand away from my pussy and I turn

to look at him. “Is she going to hurt me?”

“I won’t let her.” His eyes lock onto mine, and I can see the sincerity in them, the determination. It’s comforting, but not entirely.

“Okay.” The word comes out more like a breath than anything else.

I sense Ovidia before I feel her, the tension in the air thickening as she moves closer. My eyes widen, my heart pounding faster and faster in my chest.

Osric tucks a piece of hair behind my ear. “Put your lips on my cock.”

“What?” My mind stumbles over the command. I volunteered to help his sister, and now he thinks this is going to turn into some kind of human sandwich? I’m not so sure about that.

“She needs to know that you’re not hers. I am older than her and higher in the hierarchy. Ovidia needs to know she can’t challenge me with you.”

“So what?” I hiss. “You’re gonna make sure she knows I’m a loaner and nothing more?”

“Pretty much. Now suck my dick and don’t stop.”

His command sends a thrill through me, a heat that goes straight to my core. I can't help but feel a surge of desire as his voice takes on that low, rough edge. My pulse quickens, and I drop to all fours, eager to obey. I run my tongue up his shaft, savoring the taste like it's a green lollipop. Gripping the base with one hand, I take the tip into my mouth, each movement driven by the need to please him.

“Shit,” he sighs, his voice low and rough.

I take as much of him into my mouth as I can before it feels like my jaw is going to rip, then I back off, only to take him in again. His flavor hits me—sharp citrus with a hint of green tea, a refreshing contrast that makes my mouth water. I could drink him in all day, savoring that unique taste as it coats my tongue.

“You want her, Ovivia? She’s mine, but I can share,” Osrice says, his voice sharp as he addresses his sister. The bed dips behind me, and a soft hand caresses my ass, sending a shiver down my spine.

“Be gentle,” Osrice snaps, his tone cutting through the air and making me jump.

I don’t have a second to think before warm lips are on my pussy, kissing and licking through my folds. The sensation makes me hum involuntarily, and I try to focus on Osrice, on making him feel good.

“That’s nice, Ovivia. She likes that. Fairlie likes thorough, but kind.”

Her tongue flicks against my clit, and I moan, the sound vibrating around Osrice’s cock. It’s different—softer than when anyone else has eaten me out. Maybe it’s because her lips and tongue aren’t as coarse; I don’t know.

My orgasm builds fast, almost too fast. Before I know it, I’m shattering on Ovivia’s tongue, my cries stifled by Osrice’s cock.

“You’re doing great, Fairlie. I have to admit, it’s hot to watch you fall apart for someone else.”

Ovivia doesn’t stop licking me through my orgasm and straight into another. My body shakes, whimpers slipping from my lips as I try to hold on to some semblance of control.

Finally, she relents, and I collapse onto the bed, feeling utterly spent after three intense orgasms.

“More,” Ovivia growls, her voice heavy with need.

“Easy,” Osric warns her. “She needs a break. Why don’t you let her make you feel good?”

I spin to face Ovivia, my breath coming in short, ragged gasps. I slide over to her and pull her tank top over her head, letting her perky tits fall free. They’re perfect, and my hands cup them, rolling her nipples between my thumb and index finger.

She grabs my chin, forcing me to look at her. Her gaze is intense, piercing, like she’s taking in every freckle, every blemish. My heart races, nerves churning inside me.

Her lips crash onto mine, rough and urgent, causing one of her tusks to graze my bottom lip. The sharpness sends a jolt through me, a reminder of her hunger, of the raw power behind her touch. She pulls back, eyes wide, chest heaving.

I can taste myself on her lips, a blend of my own essence mingling with the lingering sweetness that is Ovivia.

“It’s okay. I’m okay. It was an accident,” I tell her, my voice calm.

She nods, and I suck one of her nipples into my mouth, rolling my tongue around the bud. The sensation of her warm skin against my lips, the way she reacts to my touch, sends a wave of confidence through me. She lies back and I run my hands down her sides, feeling the smoothness of her skin, hesitant at first, but growing bolder with every inch.

When I reach her panties and pull them down, I’m met with the sight of her soaked,

swollen pussy, her mound and lips a striking green, with her clit a cute light pink shade. It's a sight that fills me with a strange mixture of curiosity and awe, a reminder of how different and beautiful she is. Seeing her like this, knowing that I'm the one making her feel this way, has me growing wet all over again.

As I lean in closer, I can feel her anticipation, the way her body tenses slightly in response to my every movement. The uncertainty I felt moments ago begins to melt away, replaced by a growing determination to explore her, to learn every part of her and understand what makes her pulse quicken in return.

I stick my tongue out and flick just the tip against her tiny bundle of nerves. A wave of anxiety washes over me—this is my first time venturing into pussytown, and I'm not entirely sure what I'm doing. But as her body responds, a small, nervous thrill shoots through me. I hum at how she tastes—strawberry and mint, sweet and refreshing. The taste reassures me, and I push forward, determined to make her feel good despite the nervous flutter in my chest.

“You taste good,” I murmur before flattening my tongue and sliding it through her folds. I lap at her like she's the best dessert I've ever had, the taste of her flooding my senses.

I'm no longer just nervous—I'm curious, eager to discover what brings her the most pleasure, and excited to see how she reacts to my touch. This is new, uncharted territory, but it's thrilling, and I want to experience every moment of it.

She's different from Osric, who leaves a zingy warmth on my tongue. With her, it's a gentler experience—like savoring a dessert that's both sweet and refreshing, each taste pulling me deeper into her. I savor every drop, lost in the unique flavor that's entirely her own.

She begins to grind against my face, a low purring noise vibrating through her chest.

I'm drenched, rubbing my thighs together for some friction. All of it fuels me, driving me to dive deeper, to taste and touch her in ways that make her moan and writhe beneath me.

The head of Osric's cock bumps against my entrance, and I hum, the sound vibrating through Ovivia's body.

"You want me to fuck you, Sweetheart?"

I come up for air, just enough to whisper, "Yes," before diving back in.

He enters me in one smooth thrust, but I know I haven't taken all of him. His rhythm is steady, deep, each slide in and out driving me to devour Ovivia with more fervor.

Her thighs clamp around my head as Osric pushes in deeper, his knot hitting my clit. I'm so full, so overwhelmed by sensation.

"You look sexy like this, Fairlie," he says through gritted teeth, the strain clear in his voice.

Ovivia squeals as cum gushes from her pussy, and I clean her up, licking her through her climax. She's shaking, but her thighs unclench, letting me breathe easier.

Osric pulls out of me and sits back against the headboard, taking me with him and positioning me like we were before Ovivia showed up. But this time, he lifts me so that I sink onto his thick cock.

I roll my hips and he grunts, the sound sending a thrill through me. It doesn't take long for Ovivia to join us. A smile on her lips as she lies between my thighs, rubbing my clit with two fingers furiously.

In no time, my orgasm builds again, an inferno blazing inside me. Ovivia pinches my clit and I come undone, my head thrown back as a wild scream tears from my throat. My pussy pulses with such intensity that it feels like all control has slipped away.

“Fuck,” Osric mumbles as his hips still, his body stiffening as he fills me with his warm, thick cum.

“I don’t know what happened,” I murmur when our breathing finally evens out, the room settling into a quiet, exhausted calm.

“You squirted. I was hoping to see that tonight.” He chuckles, satisfied.

We stay like that for the rest of the night, me completely at the whim of Osric and his sister as they take turns using my body to satisfy Ovivia’s heat. It’s a blur of sensations—her soft, demanding hands roaming over my skin, her mouth exploring every inch of me.

Osric isn’t passive either. He’s there every step of the way, whispering instructions, offering praise, and taking control when necessary. He alternates between rough and gentle, knowing just when to push and when to ease off, keeping me in this constant state of arousal that borders on overwhelming. Every time I think I can’t possibly take more, Ovivia’s heat drives her to new heights, and I find myself lost in the pleasure.

Her touch is relentless—gripping, squeezing, nails biting into my skin as she loses herself in her desire. Her mouth leaves trails of wetness as she licks and kisses me. She uses her tongue, her fingers, anything to make me moan, to make me gasp. At some point, she pulls me on top of her, making me ride the top of her thigh while she grinds her hips up into me, her breath coming in ragged gasps. I can feel her desperation, her frantic need to find release, and I’m caught up in it, my own body responding despite how drained I’m becoming.



Osric watches, occasionally intervening when Ovidia gets too rough, his hand firm on her wrist or his voice a sharp command that makes her pause. But even when he's not directly involved, I feel his presence—a steady, controlling force that keeps me safe even as Ovidia's heat tries to consume me.

The hours pass in a haze of sweaty, tangled limbs and gasps of ecstasy, my body pushed far beyond what I thought it could handle. Ovidia is relentless, taking what she needs from me as I give it willingly, my mind too fogged with exhaustion and pleasure to resist. By the time she finally collapses, her body spent and trembling, it's nearly six in the morning. The first light of dawn is just beginning to creep through the curtains, casting a pale glow over the bed.

I'm worn out, every muscle in my body aching, my skin tingling from the constant stimulation. Ovidia is half-hanging off the bed, snoring softly, her body finally giving in to the need for rest. Osric pulls me close, his hand soothing as it strokes my sweat-soaked hair. I can barely keep my eyes open, the weight of sleep pulling me under.

"You did so good, Fairlie. Thank you."

"She's not done though," I reply, my voice barely above a whisper.

"I think it is. Her heat is supposed to last a few days, but I'm thinking that since it was early and she got what she needed, it's over. Otherwise, she wouldn't be sleeping. It would be nonstop."

"Thank God. I'm worn the hell out. You two worked me over good." I giggle.

"Are we okay?" he asks, and I can hear the worry in his voice, the uncertainty.

"Yeah, we're fine, Osric. But when I wake up, I still need to know everything."

I sigh. “I need to call in to school.” My legs tremble as I slide out of the bed and grab my phone from my purse on the floor. The reality of the situation starts to sink in as I dial the school’s number.

When the voicemail picks up, I force myself to sound composed, leaving a quick message. “Hi, it’s Fairlie. I’m not feeling well, so I won’t be in to teach today. I’ll follow up tomorrow.”

As I hang up, all I can think about is getting back into bed. I climb back in, the sheets warm and comforting against my skin.

Tonight has been a lot—overwhelming, intense, but undeniably incredible. There’s a tangle of emotions I know I’ll have to sort through later—how I feel about Osric, about Ovivia. I need to unpack what that means for me. But right now, my body is too tired to process it all. I just want to sleep.

Eyes closing, the mattress seems to pull me in as my mind drifts away. Sleep quickly takes over, drawing me into a deep, dreamless slumber.

### CHAPTER THIRTEEN

#### OVIVIA

I wake up, and for the first time in what feels like forever, I actually feel... good. As I stretch, I become acutely aware of the soreness between my legs and the sticky residue on my skin. My mind starts replaying the events of last night, like someone pressed rewind on an old VCR, and everything floods back in vivid detail.

No! Shit!

I can't believe this happened. I rode out my heat with my brother? He let me fuck Fairlie, and she pleased me, too. He never mentioned she was into women. Not that I asked, but I'd think he'd have mentioned it in passing, since we'd have that in common.

A checklist starts forming in my head, the anxiety mounting with each item. I need to shower, find Osric and Fairlie, and make sure they're okay. My brother really likes this woman, and if I've messed that up, I don't know if I'll be able to live with myself. I'll go back to the village and just suffer through their old minded ways.

I get up and leave Osric's room, darting down the hall to mine. When I step inside, everything looks normal—except for the heavy scent of sex that hangs in the air, a reminder of what happened. My dildo is lying on the bed, right by the edge, next to my laptop that's still open to a porn site.

Grabbing my phone, I head to the bathroom, turning on the shower with shaky hands.

While I wait for the water to heat up, I dial the clinic's number, needing to cross at least one thing off my mental list.

"Heat Retreat. We put the safety and fun back in your heat. This is Dian. How can I help you?"

"Dian? It's Ovivia West," I reply.

"Hi, honey. How are you? Do you need to come in early?" she asks, her voice sickly sweet.

I clear my throat, trying to get a grip on my emotions. "No. I need to cancel my appointment. And please take me off your patient list. I won't be back."

There's a pause, and I can almost hear the confusion in her voice. "Oh no. Can I ask if everything's okay?"

"Not really," I reply, a bitter edge creeping into my tone. "I went into my heat yesterday and called to come in early, but the woman who answered the phone said you were full and then hung up."

"Did you happen to catch her name?"

"Karen," I say, remembering the curt voice that left me scrambling to figure things out on my own.

"Let me look and see what happened," she says, and I can hear the clicking of keys as she checks the records. "It does look like we were full, but you could have gone to the clinic in the next town over. We offer transport, so there shouldn't have been any issues. Did she not offer that?"

“She didn’t. I was left to figure it out on my own, last minute. Luckily it went okay, but isn’t it your clinic’s job to make sure we’re safe and taken care of?”

“It is, and I’m so sorry, Ovivia,” Dian says, her voice full of genuine remorse. “I’m going to speak to our supervisor about this because it’s not how we handle things. Again, I apologize. Can I help you with anything else?”

“No. Thank you,” I say, hanging up before I can lose my nerve. I set my phone on the counter and step into the shower, the hot water washing over me as I try to cleanse away the remnants of last night, both on my body and in my mind.

I let the water run over me until my skin feels clean, though my mind is still a mess. I turn the shower knob once I’m finished and step out, wrapping myself in a towel as I dry off. Pulling on a pair of pants and a tank top, I quickly comb through my wet hair before twisting it into a makeshift bun.

I head out into the main part of the house, determined to find Osric and Fairlie. As I walk through the rooms, I notice the silence; they’re nowhere to be seen. Anxiety creeps back in, but I push it down, focusing on the small things to keep myself grounded. After grabbing a bottle of water and a peach from the fridge, I remember my phone is still in the bathroom, where I left it on the counter after calling the clinic. My next plan is to head back and call Osric.

Just as I step into the living room, the front door swings open, and there they are—Osric and Fairlie, hand in hand, laughing. Their hands are full of coffee and bagels, and they look... happy. Relief washes over me, though it’s tinged with a strange, bittersweet ache.

Well, it looks like they’re okay.

Fairlie stops short when she sees me, her cheeks flushing a deep red, and she bites at

her bottom lip nervously. “Hi, Ovivia,” she murmurs, her voice almost a whisper.

“Morning,” I reply, the words tumbling out faster than I can control. “I woke up, and no one was here. I got worried. Is everything okay? Are you two okay? I’m so sorry. I’m so fucking sorry.”

“I’m fine,” Fairlie says, though she fidgets slightly, her eyes not quite meeting mine. Then she giggles, a sound that goes straight to my core, making me even more aware of how complicated this situation is. “I’m just a little unsure of how to act. That was a first for me in a lot of ways, and my boyfriend—your brother—was there for all of it.”

“We’re fine, Ovivia,” Osric says, but there’s a seriousness in his eyes. “But Fairlie agreed to help you on the basis that she was told everything.” His eyes widen as he emphasizes the last word, and the weight of what he’s asking sinks in.

I don’t know if I can do that. My heart races at the thought. I’ve never told anyone the full story. It’s not a secret—Brelle had a funeral, and she’s buried. The monster delegates took care of everything, and no charges were pressed. But telling someone? Telling Fairlie that she spent a night with a murderer? The thought makes my stomach churn.

Fairlie gently hands her coffee and bagel to Osric and steps up to me, her touch soft as she cups my cheek. “It’s okay, Ovivia. No judgment. I just want to understand what happened and why.”

Osric motions to the couch, and I move automatically, sitting down on the loveseat while Fairlie and my brother take their places side by side on the couch.

“What do you want to know?” I ask.

“To start, why did your heat last only a day? Osric said it should have been two or three?”

“No idea. My best guess is since I had a partner and my body got what it needed, it ended early,” I tell her honestly. It’s another point to add to the Fairlie affects me like no other tab.

“Why do you go to the clinic alone during your heat? Why did you look so... primal? I don’t know how to explain it. You looked wild,” Fairlie says, her gaze searching mine.

I take a deep breath, steeling myself to tell her the whole sordid story. I recount everything—moving here, hiring Brelle, and how my heat was manageable until it wasn’t. How it ended with her dead.

When I finish, I force myself to meet Fairlie’s gaze, expecting to see fear, disgust, or even anger. But instead, her eyes are full of sympathy and understanding.

“It was an accident, Ovivia,” she says softly.

“I’m dangerous during my heat,” I respond, my voice tinged with regret. “I’m surprised I didn’t hurt you.”

“Osric was there the whole time,” Fairlie reassures me. “You never even tried to hurt me. In fact, when your tusk cut my lip slightly, you acted like you’d seen a ghost. You were perfect.”

“I’m still sorry that I put you in that position,” I murmur, guilt gnawing at me. “You’re my brother’s girlfriend, and I used you like some sex toy.”

“I didn’t mind,” she says with a shy smile, flashing her gaze up at me from under her

lashes. “I liked it.”

I blink, surprised. “I didn’t know you were into women?”

“I didn’t know either,” Fairlie blushes. “It’s never been a hard no, but that was a first for me. It was my first threesome, too.”

I can’t help but laugh, the tension breaking slightly. “Oh, perfect. So we corrupted you. I hope my brother at least wrapped his junk this time.”

Her eyes widen in realization, and she turns to Osric. “You did, right? Dammit, I was so nervous and focused on doing it right I didn’t ask or make sure.”

Osric shakes his head. “No.”

“Dammit, Osric!” I scold, my voice sharp.

“What the fuck?” Fairlie whispers, her face morphing from shock to anger. She slaps Osric hard across the cheek and storms down the hall, slamming the bedroom door behind her.

“Well, I guess I fucked up,” he sighs, rubbing the spot where she hit him.

“You did,” I agree.

I’m not angry like Fairlie, but there’s a sternness in my voice that cuts through the air. I hold his gaze, my eyes full of disappointment, letting him know without words that this mistake isn’t something easily brushed off. It’s not just about what he’s done—it’s about the trust he’s shattered, the hurt he’s caused.

“Now what do I do? I can’t lose her. I just got her. But she’s it for me.”



“Let me talk to her,” I offer, hoping I can somehow fix this. For the both of us.

“Okay.” He nods.

I get up and start down the hall toward Osric’s room, but stop when he calls after me.

“Ovivia,” he says, his tone serious.

“Yeah?” I turn back to face him.

“I saw how you were with her last night, how you looked at her,” Osric says, his eyes locking onto mine. “I also saw how you two were together. Yours might have been the heat, but she likes you. As more than her boyfriend’s sister.” His gaze meets mine, and I can see the weight of his words on his soul. “I’m not a sharing orc, but for you, I can make an exception. Don’t fuck this up more than I already have.”

His words hit me like a ton of bricks. “I won’t.”

Is that what I want? I just met Fairlie last night, but there’s something about her. I feel a pull to her. Her scent triggered my heat early—that has to mean something.

But as much as I’m drawn to her, I don’t want to overwhelm her. She just got together with my brother, and now I’m considering stepping into the mix? That’s a lot for anyone to take in, and I’m not sure it’s fair to her. The last thing I want is to complicate things for her—or for Osric.

### FAIRLIE

As soon as I enter the room, I collapse onto the bed, covering my face with a pillow and scream.

How could this happen again? Seriously, how could this happen again? How could Osric ignore me, yet again, and fuck me bare? I told him he had to wrap it up, and he just didn't listen.

My mind races, bouncing between anger and confusion. What do I do? Logically, I should march out there, kick him in his huge green dick, and end things with him for good. But the truth is, I don't want to. It's crazy... I'm crazy. This orc seems hell-bent on knocking me up—a huge red flag—and yet here I am, trying to figure out how to make it work with him.

My stomach flips, a wave of nausea hitting me hard. I barely make it to the bathroom before I'm on the floor, retching into the toilet.

I hear the bedroom door click shut and groan. "I'm not in the mood, Osric. Just leave me alone."

"It's me," Ovivia responds. "You okay?"

"Yeah, just mad as hell, and then I felt sick all of a sudden. Probably just my nerves reacting to your brother being an ass." I wipe my mouth, feeling drained.

"Or you're already pregnant."

“It’s only been a few days.”

“I told you the sperm is potent. It only takes one time and symptoms will start right away. Orc babies don’t cook for nine months like human babies. Four months is normal, but I’m not sure about a hybrid baby. We’d have to ask a professional.”

“You’re serious?” I stare at her, my mind spinning.

“Yeah,” she whispers, helping me up. I wash my hands and grab my toothbrush, trying to scrub away the bitter taste.

Thank God I remembered to pack it when I was throwing things in my overnight bag.

She moves to sit on the bed and I follow, sinking down beside her.

“What am I gonna do?”

“First, we need to find out if you’re actually pregnant. We can go to the clinic. They owe me after last night. Then we’ll go from there. No matter what, you’re not alone, Fairlie.”

“I’m not ready.”

“Yeah, well, you can smack my brother around for that. Listening to you was clearly not on his to do list. That’s his neanderthal side showing. He’s always been obsessed with continuing our line. It’s never been this bad, but he’s pretty sure you’re his forever woman.”

“He told me.”

“What if I told you I think you might be mine, too?” Ovidia says softly.

I glance at her, surprised. “I’d say that makes me pretty special. But we only just met, and then had sex—a lot of crazy good sex, but it could just be lust.”

“The scent of you with my brother brought my heat on early. I can’t ignore that. It must mean something.”

“Orcs don’t have fated mates, right? I looked it up before my first date with your brother.”

“That’s correct. We choose our mates and bond them on our terms. But that doesn’t mean the universe isn’t shining a huge spotlight on you screaming that you’re mine...ours.”

I sit there, staring at Ovidia, my heart pounding in my chest. What she’s saying makes my head spin. I’ve known her for less than a day, and now she’s talking about me being hers, about us being... something more. The logical part of my brain tells me this is insane. But another part of me, the part that felt a pull the moment I saw her, wants to believe it.

“But how can you be so sure?” I ask.

She takes my hand, her fingers warm and strong, grounding me in the moment. “It’s not something I can fully explain. It’s like a gut feeling, something deep inside me that just knows. When I’m around you, everything in me says, ‘This is right.’ And if your scent sent me into heat early, that means my body agrees with what I’m feeling.”

I want to believe her, but there’s still a part of me that’s apprehensive. I just got with Osric, and now his sister is saying she feels something for me, too. That’s a lot to take in, and I’m not sure if I can handle it.

“But what about Osric?” I ask, my voice trembling. “He just told me he thinks I’m it for him, and now you’re saying you feel the same way. How can this work? How can I be with both of you?”

Ovivia smiles, a soft, almost sad smile. “I know it’s a lot to take in. And I don’t want to overwhelm you. But orcs are different. We’re not bound by the same rules as humans. Osric and I... we’ve always been close, and while we didn’t intend to ever share... when I offered to talk to you, he gave me his blessing.”

Her words settle over me, and I try to process what she’s saying. It’s a strange concept, but there’s something about it that feels... right. The connection I felt with Ovivia last night wasn’t just physical—it was deeper than that, like we were two pieces of the same puzzle that had finally found each other. But I’m worried. I don’t want to hurt Osric, and I don’t want to ruin whatever this is before it even begins.

“I... I need time to think about this,” I finally say, my voice shaking.

Ovivia nods, her expression understanding. “Of course. Take all the time you need. I’m not going anywhere, and neither is Osric. We’ll figure this out together, whatever that looks like.”

I’m scared—scared of what this could mean, scared of how fast everything is moving, and scared of losing the connection I’ve found with both Ovivia and Osric.

But another part of me—the part that felt that pull the moment I saw Ovivia—whispers that this might be worth the risk.

The door creaks open and I look up just in time to see Osric step into the room, his expression filled with worry and regret. Before I can even process what’s happening, he’s dropping to his knees in front of me, his large hands resting on my thighs as he gazes up at me with desperation.

“Please,” he starts, his voice rough with emotion. “Forgive me. I’m an idiot. A stupid, impulsive idiot. But I’m in love with you. I’ve been trying to show you, but I keep screwing it up. I just want you so bad it hurts.”

I gape at him, my heart skipping a beat. “You love me?” I manage to ask, the words feeling foreign on my tongue. Even after years together, Alix never said those words to me, never looked at me with the intensity I see in Osric’s eyes right now.

He nods, his grip on my thighs tightening slightly as if he’s afraid I’ll disappear. “I do. I’m sorry, but I need you to know that. I’ve wanted you from the moment I laid eyes on you, and the more time we spend together, the deeper it gets.”

Suddenly, the room feels smaller, the air thicker. My mind races with everything he’s said, everything Ovivia told me just moments ago. This is all happening so fast, and yet, there’s a strange sense of inevitability about it.

“Might have got your wish anyway,” I say softly, feeling a knot tighten in my stomach. “Ovivia thinks I might be pregnant.”

His eyes widen, and a slow, almost disbelieving smile spreads across his face. “Seriously?” he asks.

“Yup,” I reply, watching his reaction closely.

“I’m sorry for how it happened,” he says, shifting closer to me, “but I’m not sorry it happened. You’re going to be so sexy, pregnant with my child. So round and swollen and horny. I’ll give you as many orgasms as you want. And your breasts will fill with milk... You’ll let me taste it, won’t you?”

His words send a shiver down my spine, and I can’t help but notice the way he adjusts his cock in his pants as he talks, clearly getting turned on by the thought. The

sight of him, combined with his filthy promises, ignites a fire in me, one that I'm not sure I want to put out.

Slut, a voice in the back of my mind whispers, but I don't care. I should run out those doors, get a monster abortion, and call it a day. But the truth is... that's not what I want. Staying, figuring things out with Osric and his sister—that's what I'm drawn to.

I take a deep breath, steeling myself for what I'm about to say next. "What if I told you I wanted to be with Ovivia, too?"

He looks at me for a moment, his expression unreadable, and then he nods. "As long as she's good to you, I don't care. I just want you happy, and if being with both of us makes you happy, then that's what I want, too."

His unwavering support makes my heart swell. It's crazy, this whole situation is crazy, but maybe, just maybe, it could work. Maybe I really could have them both.

I look into his eyes, feeling a strange sense of peace settle over me. "Then I think I'm yours, Osric, but I want something."

"Name it. Anything," he says.

"I want your knot," I say, my voice firm, the desire clear in my tone.

His eyes darken with lust, and a low growl rumbles in his chest as he pulls me closer, his grip on me possessive. "You'll have it," he promises, his voice thick with need. "You'll have everything."

"Oh, and Osric?" I say softly as he looks at me with a raised brow. "I love you too."

The tension between us snaps, and in that moment, I know there's no going back. I've made my choice, and it's one I'm not going to regret.



*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 10:30 am*

He leans in, his lips finding mine in a kiss that's both tender and desperate. His hands explore my body with a sense of urgency that mirrors my own. I can feel the heat building between us, a desperate force that pulls us together.

I wrap my arms around him, pulling him closer, feeling his heart pound against my chest. Every kiss, every caress feels like it's sealing our fate, binding us in a way that's both thrilling and terrifying.