

The Hero & the Ogre

a short story by Skom

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Contents: gay, bara, size difference, oral.

Who would have guessed there was such a vibrant city in the Underworld? Alren thought as he strolled the streets. It was the third day since his arrival, but the young hero was still having a bit of trouble adjusting to the fact that these 'ogres' were just normal people. A little unruly, for sure, but not evil like he had been led to believe. And they had proven more hospitable than his own countryfolk so far.

Alren didn't know their culture and traditions, but it was clear there was some sort of carnival going on. He had watched similar celebrations with longing during his travels, never able to participate. Until now. He chose to dress lightly for the occasion: simple leather trousers and a white silken shirt that hugged his athletic frame. The attire would have been considered almost scandalous in his hometown, but by local standards it was still on the prudish side. Just walking around in it was enough to make him embarrassed, but he soldiered through, hoping one of the hot ogre guys would take an interest in him.

As the parade neared his current spot, Alren stopped for a moment to watch. Gorgeous dancers of various genders, clad in carnival masks and colorful plumed costumes, performed atop gravity-defying floats that travelled by magic, slowly yet inexorably. Alren found himself slightly jealous of these people's impressive frames: most were at least two heads taller than him and proportionately broadened. In terms of muscle definition, however, the hero had yet to find his match. Years of training and relentless battle had made him very hunky.

When a float was passing him by, he waved. It was a simple gesture to show his appreciation, but the result was far different than the hero expected. Dancers

gasped and laughed in delight, some covering their mouths as if they couldn't believe their luck. Before Alren could make sense of it, a pair of purple-skinned arms from the crowd was grabbing his waist to give him a lift, while a pair of red-skinned ones from among the dancers finished bringing him up.

During the process, Alren got a privileged view of the dancer's shaft or balls dangling free behind the precarious loincloths. He blushed something fierce. Before the hero could recover from this critical hit, two blue-skinned ogres — both identical and quite handsome — had already grabbed him by the arms and were unbuttoning his shirt. "We need to give you an appropriate outfit," one of the twins explained, yelling over the drums.

In short order, the hero found himself dressed more or less like the other plumed dancers, though his attire was the only one with golden feathers. Thankfully, they hadn't touched his leather trousers, though that didn't prevent them from smirking upon noticing the tent on it.

"Dance with us, little brother," the other twin offered as he guided Alren to the very center of the first row. Taking it in stride, the hero mimicked their performance. Thankfully, it was not a difficult dance. Revelers cheered enthusiastically as the parade continued, and Alren found the mood was simply contagious. His movements grew increasingly bolder, more sensual, yet the other dancers matched his vigor beat by beat, grinning heartily.

He was having so much fun! This was a kind of freedom the hero couldn't even dream of having in his homeland. Lost in the dance, he almost failed to notice when the float slowly came to a stop, landing with a soft thud. Alren found himself before a magnificent palace with red walls, black roof tiling and decorations in gold and brass. It towered over every building he had ever seen.

The music gradually died out, and the blue twins invited him inside: "Our liege was impressed by your performance and wishes to speak with you," one of them explained. "It is a great privilege," the other added with a smile. Not wanting to seem disrespectful, he agreed to meet the lord of this strange and vibrant land. Alren was led through a long series of halls, corridors and stairways, until he

reached a spacious hall, decorated exclusively in red, gold and dark wood. The twins left silently.

Sat on the ebony throne was possibly the most attractive man Alren had ever laid eyes on. The king of ogres was tall and powerfully built, every muscle beefy and well outlined, from the broad chest and six bulging arms, to the thick thighs. His skin was a reddish caramel hue, complemented by a thin oily shine that made his curves even more pronounced.

The ogre uncrossed his legs as he stood up, and the hero's eyes were immediately drawn to his only garment: a tiger-skin loincloth that did precious little to hide the scale of his endowments. The ogre approached Alren with slow, confident steps, stopping a scant two feet away. The hero's head was level with the king's belly button.

Alren swallowed dry. *Is this really an ogre? He looks more like a god!*

"Greeting, traveler. Welcome to my castle," the king said, and finally Alren's eyes went to his face, noting the short tusks and the featureless white eyes, whose color was closely matched by the king's spiky hair. A pair of short ivory horns jutted from his forehead. "I hope my form is not too intimidating for you," the ogre added.

"N-not at all," the hero replied. In truth, he found the lack of visible irises and pupils a little unsettling, but the inexpressiveness of the ogre's eyes made every other feature jump out at Alren that much more, from the set of his jaw, to the heartfelt smile on his lips.

"Pardon my indiscretion, but you are truly beautiful," the king said, wonderstruck. "The moment I laid eyes on you through the scrying mirror, I thought you were perfect, and seeing you in person has only confirmed my expectations. Oh, but where are my manners, I am called Rudran Śakra. May I know your name?"

"A-Alren Stadnent," the human replied, a bit overwhelmed by the vehement praise. "But I don't like being spied upon."

"My apologies, but can you fault me for being cautious when someone with your levels of mana teleports into my city?"

"Fair enough." A king who takes matters into his own hands, Alren could appreciate that. It was a stark contrast with the indolent rulers of his homeland. "So, did you invite me here because I'm a potential threat."

"Yes, but now that I've seen the colors of your soul, my worries are put to rest. I have never met someone with such a noble heart — the more I stand in your presence, the more I am convinced that you are the one I've been waiting for all these years. Alren, would you be my consort?"

Being a hero of legend, Alren was more than used to prophecies and fateful encounters by now, but *this* was a little too much. "Y-you can't approach a guy you don't even know and make this kind of proposal!"

"I can't?" The ogre chuckled, "Only my spouse would be so bold as to say it to my face."

"Well, you may be able to see into my soul somehow, and you may *think* you know me based on that, but I can assure you there's more than meets the eye. Not to mention I know next to nothing about you. I'm not about to deliver myself into the hands of a complete stranger."

The king shrugged, "I suppose you have a point; we should take our time getting to know each other. How about starting with dinner?"

The human considered rejecting, but... he had gone so long without feeling another man's touch, never mind actually dating one. When it came to socializing and romance, Alren just wasn't the sharpest sword in the armory — not to mention the dozens of political eyes keeping tabs on him, or trying to marry him to their daughters. It was part of the reason he had chosen to flee his homeland in the first place. To break the shackles that had been imposed on him from birth.

"Aren't you bothered that I'm a guy?" he asked at length.

Rudran sneered, "Not in the slightest." Alren had only recently come to terms with his own attraction to men, so the king's response was like a ray of sunshine.

Over the next few hours, the hero found himself taken to a bath, where he was allowed to wash and change in privacy, then he was treated to a magnificent banquet and a bardic presentation. Conversation was sparse, but the more he

drank of Rudran's presence, the more it seemed to intoxicate him. Alren could hardly keep his eyes from ogling the king's body in all its glory.

Catching him in the act, the ogre boomed with jovial laughter. "Well, I suppose we should retire to my chambers," he offered with a devilishly handsome grin that caused an involuntary stirring in Alren's loins. The hero hesitated but nodded. Rudran gave a soft, if rueful smile, "Don't worry, I promise never to do something you're uncomfortable with."

Rudran easily scooped Alren up with his six powerful arms and carried him upstairs. Up close, he caught the smell of Rudran's skin: a rich yet soft masculine scent that blended seamlessly with the almond fragrance of his lotion. *Wow, this is not bad at all...* The hero found himself leaning into those beefy pecs to take a deeper whiff, and the scent made him pleasantly lightheaded. At last, they reached a chamber whose main feature was a large oval bed, the white sheets sprinkled with petals.

"Why don't you take off your vestments?" the king suggested. Alren's hands moved without hesitation, baring himself before the ogre. The hero was proud of his battle-hardened body, vigorous and well-built, but the scars made him self-conscious. There were so many of them. Healing magic could only do so much if you didn't apply it immediately.

Rudran's gaze travelled over every inch of Alren's body. Scooping the human up once again, the ogre laid him on the bed and proceeded to shower his body with kisses, one on each scar. "You're truly beautiful," he said, caressing the hero's cheek. The ogre's hand was as large as the human's head, yet the tenderness expressed by those fingers was more eloquent than words could ever be. Alren's eyes welled up with happy tears, and he covered his face. Once the front of the hero's body had been properly worshipped, Rudran turned him around and did the same for his back.

A short pause, then Alren felt droplets of oil being sprinkled on his skin. By the fragrance, he recognized the same almond lotion he had smelled on Rudran's chest. A pair of hands started to rub the oil, kneading Alren's back muscles carefully yet firmly. A second pair moved to his sore shoulders, eliciting a moan of relief. The third and final pair start working on the hero's arms, rewarding them for years of

fighting. "Hnnnnnnn, why do your hands feel so goooood?" Alren moaned. The bliss of being massaged by so many fingers at once defied description.

The ogre chuckled. "Wait until you find out what else feels good," he said before moving to massage the hero's muscular thighs and asscheeks, drawing even more moans out of his throat.

Suddenly, Alren feels something wet caressing his pent-up balls. It tickled at first, causing him to let out an involuntary giggle, but the sensation quickly shifted into something very, very comfortable. Alren had never had someone service his balls, all of his previous experiences had been rushed and awkward. The ogre continued to lick them ever so slowly, sending a shiver of pleasure over the hero's skin. Alren could practically feel his nuts overflowing with sperm in response to Rudran's tongue.

After another minute of this, the king stopped. "Turn around." Alren did and immediately met with the sight of the ogre's massive phallus. Not only was it easily twice the hero's own length, but also fat and dripping precum. With a playful smile, Rudran let his cock rest atop Alren's, covering it completely.

"Nnnnn-- there's *no fucking way* this thing is gonna fit!" the hero interjected, despite the fact that his own shaft remained rock-hard, undaunted. *Fuck, I can actually feel the weight*, he thought, equal parts scared and excited.

The ogre laughed heartily. "Oh, but it will. One day. For now, I have something simpler in mind." He climbed on the bed and straddled the hero's chest, placing his shaft just a couple of inches from Alren's face. "So, how about it?"

The human gingerly tried to wrap his fingers around Rudran's member. The girth was too much for a single hand but not unmanageable, so he gave it a few tentative strokes, pulling the foreskin up and down at a leisurely pace as he admired the ogre's manhood. It had a slim head and was thickest in the middle. "Fuck, your cock is so beautiful..."

Rudran chuckled, "I assure you it has a great mouthfeel as well."

And I bet it smells great too. Giving in to his curiosity, the hero closed his eyes and took a couple of whiffs, delighting in the ogre's personal scent: manly yet clean,

musky yet subtle. It was as if Rudran's fragrance had awakened an animalistic desire in Alren's brain, he just couldn't get enough of it. His nose gradually guided him downwards, and when he opened his eyes again, he found himself nose-deep in the ogre's balls. Each was almost the size of an apple. The scent there was even more arousing, causing Alren's shaft to twitch with need. He brought his tongue out and started worshipping them while continuing to jerk off the ogre's cock. Alren's free hand couldn't resist going to his own dick and masturbating fiercely.

Rudran moaned languidly, one of his hands caressing the hero's hair as a reward. Soon enough, droplet after droplet of precum started trickling down the ogre's length and smearing Alren's face, prompting the hero to change his focus.

Alren sat back, adjusting his position so that he was directly facing the ogre's tool. It was bigger than the human's head. He gave it a lick from base to tip, collecting the salty precum along the way before parting his lips and slowly wrapping them around Rudran's crown. The cockhead alone left Alren's tongue with almost no room to move. Wasting no time, the hero started to bob on that delicious dick, his lips sliding over the sensitive crown while his hand worked on the shaft, pulling the foreskin up and down in tempo with the blowjob.

"D-damn, you're good," the king said with a hoarse voice, placing four of his hands on the wall for support while two stroked the hero's hair. Rudran's groans grew louder and more sensual as Alren continued to suck his cockhead without a shred of restraint.

At some point, the human stopped jerking off his own shaft and used the free hand to fondle Rudran's balls, encouraging them to brew a *big* load for him. After another minute of this, the king could hardly contain himself. "I'm getting close," he warned. Of course, his words had the opposite effect, encouraging the hero to redouble his efforts, and Rudran let out a loud, throaty groan of ecstasy as he quickly reached his climax.

Thick, salty cum gushed out of the ogre's cock, filling Alren's mouth all too quickly, and the human made a split-second decision to swallow it. However, that was only the first rope — he could feel it with his hand as gout after gout of spunk travelled Rudran's length before bursting into his mouth. Despite Alren's brave efforts, the

ogre's cock pumped cum slightly faster than he could drink it, and eventually the human found himself forced to pull back. It happened just in time for the last two ropes to splatter on his face, painting his skin and hair with Rudran's seed. Alren had never received a facial, but it felt *right* to be marked this way, like this was a testament to the pleasure he had given his lover.

The king breathed heavily as he recovered from his orgasm, and Alren took the chance to admire the movements of his heaving chest and abs. Seen from below, it was a vision of perfection. The hero smiled warmly when their eyes finally met, "Thank you, that was actually amazing."

"I'm the one who should be thanking you," the king smiled back. "Now, allow me to return the favor." His tone was final. Pulling all the way back to lie between the hero's legs, Rudran leaned down and took a whiff of Alren's cock. "The scent of your skin is most alluring."

Those words caused a deep blush to creep into Alren's cheeks. "D-don't say embarrassing things like AAAHHH--" his complaint turned into a high-pitched moan as the ogre's huge mouth enfolded his cockhead in one go. Two of Rudran's hands gripped Alren's hips, holding him firmly in place, while another two massaged his thighs, and the final pair stroked his abs. All the human could do was pant and moan as Rudran bobbed on his length, deepthroating him with practiced ease.

Alren's shaft, which was already quite worked up by that point, basted the king's tongue with abundant pre. Not knowing what to do with his own hands, the inexperienced human put them on the most intuitive place: Rudran's head. Apparently, this was the right answer, since the ogre redoubled his efforts, sucking the hero's cock like a hungry god.

"I-I'm close!" Alren meant that as a warning for Rudran to pull back, but the king merely adjusted his tongue, flicking the tip directly over the hero's cumhole. That was enough to send Alren right over the edge. The hero's fingers instinctively gripped Rudran's head and pulled it down roughly, his shaft spearing the king's throat right as the first jet of spunk was coming out. Pleasure surged through his rod with enough force to blot out the other senses. The hero's face contorted in

ecstasy, and he groaned his delight as rope after rope of cum burst out of his cockhead and down the ogre's gullet.

When his orgasm finally waned, he opened his eyes and met with the sight of the king's face, lips still wrapped around his cock. He could swear there was a smirk on the corners of Rudran's lips. Then, the ogre started pulling back with agonizing slowness, his mouth forming a seal around the hero's shaft so as not to let a single drop escape. Alren let out a cute whimper and quivered as his sensitized crown got teased along the way, until it finally popped free.

The king licked his lips, "Delicious. You are very virile, my spouse-to-be."

"S-sorry for pulling your head," the hero said, blushing fiercely. Alren was surprised he had even managed to get the words out.

Rudran chuckled, "Don't worry about it. Now, why don't we take a nap?" he offered, settling on the bed by the Alren's side.

Too tired to think of anything else, the hero half-climbed on the ogre's massive body and leaned his head on Rudran's pecs. *Wow, soft*, he thought. "You know, I think it wouldn't be too bad to marry you..."

Rudran wrapped three of his arms lovingly around the human's back. "One day, Alren, you will accede to becoming my spouse. But I have not earned this privilege yet, so I will take my time loving and seducing you, until you truly love me back. Now sleep, my sweet prince..." he whispered.

Alren felt the words flowing into his head and melting away whatever remained of his anxiety. His eyes closed of their own accord, and he dozed off into the most peaceful sleep he had in a long time.

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Special thanks to Avery Glendale for proofreading <3