

## Futaba and Haru's Orcish Outing

Ignoring the hustle and bustle of the people around her, Futaba kept her bespectacled eyes focused on her phone. Brushing aside a strand of her long red hair to leave it to hang over her shoulders, she tried to make sense of the readings the Metaverse was giving off in the area. Granted, her outfit of a green jacket and white, graphic t-shirt were a far cry from her Phantom Thieves attire, but it was still her duty to figure out what kind of distortions were occurring in the real world. Keeping a steady pace with her boots shuffling along the ground, she could feel herself inching ever closer to the truth.

“Hey!” Futaba called out as Haru took the phone out of her hands.

“I know that being in public isn't your strong suit,” Haru said, holding on to Futaba's phone with one hand while the other kept her head of fluffy, auburn hair in place in the Fall wind, “but you should still look where you're going.”

“I can't help it,” Futaba replied, watching as Haru tucked her confiscated phone into one of the pockets of her pink sweater. “The Metaverse has been going crazy lately and I don't know why.”

“Well, it's not like we can do much about it now,” Haru replied, gently taking Futaba's hand and leading her through the front entrance. “We can bring it up with the others tomorrow. For now, let's just take this day to enjoy ourselves.”

Begrudgingly following Haru's lead, the worries lingering inside of Futaba seemed to dissipate the more she looked around the fairgrounds. The various shop owners at the stands barked out to try and get people to look at their wares. In the distance the clang of metal could be heard from the jousting area, followed by the cry of an enthralled audience. Though these

authentic looking structures and the atmosphere were impressive by themselves, what got the brunt of Futaba's attention were the people themselves.

There were a few dressed in regular clothes like herself, but Futaba couldn't stop gawking at others dressed up in various costumes. Dirty peasant clothes seemed to be the common uniform of the volunteers, each one more than happy to fulfill their duties. Knights in full armor clanked around the grounds, waving hello to visitors, and bowing towards women dressed in full princess dresses.

Most astounding were the people made to look like various fantasy races. This ranged from people putting on pointed ears to imitate elves, to others standing no more than a few feet tall with green colored skin to appear like goblins. Wondering how someone was able to convince a child to stand still long enough for the costume to be put together, Futaba came to a halt as she and Haru were blocked by a sizable woman dressed in peasant attire.

"Where are your wristbands?" the woman asked.

"Wristbands?" Haru replied. "I didn't think we needed those. My company helps to fund this fair every year."

"Yeah, I'm sure it does," the woman said. "Look, I don't want to get you in trouble here, so either you pay up or I have to kick you out."

"I, um, didn't bring any money with me," Haru said, looking over towards Futaba to see a similar look of worry.

"That's too bad. I'll have to escort you out of here then."

"Wait," Futaba spoke up, sliding herself between Haru and the woman. "What if we did something to pay for the entry? Maybe we could volunteer to work the fair?"

The woman scratched her chin for a moment. “Hmm, that depends. Are you both over 18?”

Haru and Futaba nodded.

“Good, then I think I have the perfect position for you,” she said, gesturing for them to follow her.

“What kind of job did you have in mind?” Futaba asked.

“Let’s just say you’re going to have a one of a kind experience at the fair,” the woman replied as she brought them into a staff tent.

A small light hanging from the top of the tent lit up a wide collection of costume pieces. Recreations of the dresses and suits of armor could be seen, alongside more extravagant outfits of colored leathers and animal skins. Walking right past a weapon rack, the woman brought the girls’ attention towards a chest in the back. Undoing the latches, she pulled out a box covered in a collection of strange glyphs that intermittently glowed.

“So then,” the woman said, placing the box on a table. “What do you want to be?”

Haru raised her hand. “I beg your pardon, Ms...?”

“Ruth,” she answered. “And there’s no need to call me miss. We like to keep things casual here.”

“Um, okay. Ruth, what is that?”

“A necessity for your shift here at the fair.”

Undoing the lock, Ruth stood aside as she opened up the box. What was waiting inside were a wide collection of clear bottles holding differently colored liquids. Each container was marked with the name of a different fantasy race. A light green for the goblins they had seen earlier. An earthy brown for dwarves. Forestry green for elves. A rainbow of hues for fairies.

Even a shimmering red for a fearsome dragon. Though all of these were interesting in their own right, there was one that specifically caught the girls' attention.

"Which one is that?" Futaba asked, pointing towards a pair of dark green bottles.

They were latched together with a set of tape, with each being labeled as either B or H. Picking up the bottles in question, Ruth held them out for the girls to look at. "These are for orc actors," she explained. "It's a pretty demanding character, so it has to be done in a pair. One for the body and the other for the head."

"Wait, what do these bottles have to do with a costume?" Haru asked.

"These are special mixtures we whip up to help us get into character," Ruth explained. "Think of them kind of like makeup in a way. So, which one would you like?"

"I think we should do the orc," Haru suggested.

"Do you really want to walk around this place lugging around a huge costume?" Futaba asked her companion.

"I wouldn't be alone," Haru replied. "This is just the thing you need to get out there and learn how to be around large crowds of people. I'll be with you every step of the way."

Futaba paused for a moment as she thought it over. "If that's the case... then I'll pick the head," she said, looking back over to Ruth.

"That's the spirit," Haru replied. "I'll gladly take the body."

"Well that's a load off my back," Ruth commented, handing the appropriate bottles over to the girls. "Alright, let's get you two suited up. Girl in pink, you go first."

Raising up her bottle, Haru opened up the top and drank the mixture. Though she grimaced at the less than savory taste, she tried to keep up a smile for Futaba's sake.

"Now you," Ruth said, gesturing towards Futaba.

“Okay, here goes nothing,” Futaba replied, quickly downing her drink before handing the bottle back to Ruth. “Yeesh, that tasted worse than spoiled curry. I hope yours wasn’t nearly as-“

Futaba paused as she watched Haru’s hands take on a shade of deep green. The murky green hue was joined by tribal tattoos made up of black ink spread across her face and peeking out from beneath the sleeves of her sweater. These changes seemed almost quaint as a pair of tusks jutted out of her mouth. With Haru too busy gawking at her changes, the task fell to Futaba to try and figure out what was going on.

“What did you do to her?” Futaba asked to Ruth.

“I’m getting her into character,” the woman replied. “Oh this is nothing. You should see what happens when she-OH! It’s starting now. Guess the spellcasters made this batch extra strong.”

Whipping her head around, Futaba turned just in time to watch as Haru’s bulging, green belly began to peek out from beneath her sweater. The barrel-like gut was soon accompanied by a pair of massive mammaries that worked together to stretch out her sweater. No longer able to take the strain any longer, Haru used the gnarled tips of her black nails to tear apart the outfit. Only stopping once she had torn her bra asunder to let her tits freely flop around, she let out a relieved sigh as she dragged her fingers through the brown curls surrounding her deep belly button.

While one of Haru’s hands was busy scratching at the bushels of armpit hair beneath her bulky arms, the other got to work pulling down her pants. Her frustration led to her tearing apart the garment to make way for her widened hips and thick ass cheeks. Picking away at the thin fabric keeping her panties wrapped around her backside, she let out a grunt to coincide with a rumbling sound in her gut. She was able remove the last of her clothing thanks to a reverberating

fart that came tearing out of her backside to pop apart her underwear and fill the tent with a rank odor.

“Haru what are you \*cough\* doing?” Futaba asked.

“Who UUUUURRRRPP Haru?” the formerly dainty woman belched in response, letting the smell of rancid meat fly out of her mouth. “Me Rahu. Mighty orc warrior.”

Turning away from the revolting sight and smell of Haru freely scratching her ass while releasing another atrocious fart, Futaba turned back towards Ruth. “Stop this right now! You have to change her back.”

“Sorry, no can do,” Ruth nonchalantly replied. “Can’t really play the role without being big enough to fit the costume. Not to mention the mental changes will ensure she stays in character during her shift. Don’t worry, I’ll reverse the transformations by the end of your shift. She shouldn’t cause any issues. Well, as long as her ‘head’ gets ready soon.”

“What are you talking about?” Futaba hectically asked. “She already has a head on her shoulders, and it doesn’t seem to have anything in it aside from gas. Change her back now before she starts-“

Futaba was stopped as another series of coughing fits afflicted her. Though she was several feet away from Haru’s horrific gas expulsions, her lungs were still going into overdrive to hack something out of her system. Holding her hand to her mouth, she felt something wet fly out of her throat. Pulling back her fingers, her eyes went wide as she saw a wad of sticky cum clinging to her palm.

Going to brush her hands clean on her shirt, Futaba shuddered as she felt her chest begin to swell. Looking between her swelling mammaries and Haru, she wondered if she was going through a similar transformation. She realized something was different as her breasts grew into a

pair of enormous orbs that tore asunder her top. Popping out of the fabric, her tits pushed at the restraints of her bra in an attempt to break free. As the orbs finally tore asunder the undergarment, it was the lack of a certain something that made her worry more than the presence of the sagging pair.

“What happened to my nipples? Where are-“

Futaba was once more silenced by a coughing fit. As the sticky substances slipped down her lips, it trickled across her mutated bosom. Taking a look between the droplets of cum and her modified breasts, she noticed a series of veins creeping along just below the skin. That was when it clicked that her chest was made up of a pair of oversized testicles. This moment gave her a small amount of preparedness as she felt her neck begin to stretch out.

Higher and higher Futaba’s head rose until she was stretched out several feet from her torso. Though at first she towered over Ruth and Haru, that was soon remedied as everything below her ball breasts began to disappear. Toppling to the ground, she continued to let out wads of cum from her panicked screams as she felt her arms and legs shrivel up into her new form. At the brink of a panic attack, she paused as Ruth bent down and pulled her out of her discarded clothing.

“Don’t freak out, you’re completely safe,” Ruth said, running her hand along the length of the shaft making up Futaba’s neck. “You’re almost ready to hook up with your friend here.”

As Ruth continued to run her fingers along her body, Futaba noticed that her hand was getting bigger. Another glance over at Haru to see the orc woman was even larger than before let it sink in that in reality it was her own body that was shrinking down. This staggering sight became distorted as her eyes closed by themselves and seemingly dissolved away. Though she no longer possessed pupils she was still somehow able to see and witness the moment her entire

head became shaped into that of a tip of a penis. Her modified body felt a sense of extra calm as foreskin rose up from her body to cradle her head and complete her transformation.

“You make for a pretty sizable package,” Ruth commented as she picked up Futaba.

“Dick look good,” Haru spoke up. “Give to Rahu BWOOOOOORRRP now!”

“Alright, alright,” Ruth said with an exasperated sigh as she fearlessly approached the orc. “Just hold still and I’ll get you set up.”

Placing the base of Futaba’s body right above Haru’s womanhood, Ruth started reciting an incantation. As the magical words flowed from the woman’s lips, Futaba shuddered as she felt herself become connected to the fragrant orc. This coupling caused Futaba to turn into a dark green to match the rest of Haru’s body. The one exception to this was Futaba’s lingering strands of red hair sliding their way back to reform into a thick bushel of pubes around the orc’s crotch. Though her view was admittedly limited in her condition, Futaba was more than aware that they had been changed into a futa, a term she had seen many a times during her late night searches in the depths of the internet.

“So, how does it feel?” Ruth asked.

Futaba attempted to speak, but nothing came out. Though it was to be expected considering she no longer had lips, her words did get across through a different method.

“Cock say it weird,” Haru stammered out.

“Good, so the connection is up and running,” Ruth commented. “Listen here red head, it’ll be your job to keep your friend in check while you’re doing your rounds through the fair. Orcs by nature are a bit impulsive. We learned that the hard way back when we gave them prop weapons to lug around. This is the only way we found to steer them where they need to go and avoid any unnecessary pillaging. That and-“



Ruth paused to bat away Haru's hand as it tried to grasp Futaba.

"No!" Ruth said, unflinchingly pointing a finger at Haru's face. "Not here. I still have a lot of workers that need to use this space for work."

"But me so UUURRRP horny," Haru whined, stomping her feet into the ground.

"You can do it AFTER you do some work around here and in a place you won't make too much of a mess," Ruth replied as she rummaged through a chest of clothing items. "Now hold still while I get you dressed."

Either uncaring or accustomed to the smell of orc, Ruth began the arduous task of cladding Haru in armor. The tunic of furred leather was easy enough to put on after Ruth managed to squeeze it around the orc's meaty breasts and bulging gut. Less simple was getting a loincloth tied around the brute's waist. Squeezing hard to get the fabric in place had the adverse effect of releasing a billowing fart from Haru's backside. Though Ruth seemed unaffected, Futaba gut the brunt of it as the dingy underwear wrapped around her trapped a cloud of the fumes in with her. Once everything was set in place, Ruth stood back up and gave Haru a pat on the back.

"You're all set to go," Ruth said, guiding the odd pair over to the tent flap. "Now head on out onto the grounds and mingle with the guests. Just don't do anything too stupid. I'll be counting on red head to keep you in check. Have fun and I'll see you back here at sundown."

With a shove to the back, the orc stumbled their way out into the fair. With a snarl, Haru turned back towards the tent with her tusks bared. Feeling the rage coursing through her friend's veins, Futaba instinctively tried to stop her.

“No, don’t hurt her,” Futaba said, astounded that both her words and her order to stop had gotten through to Haru. “Just go wander around the fair for a bit and do the job. Ruth is the only one that can change us back.”

Haru stomped her foot into the ground. “What we do then?”

“I don’t know. We’re absolutely revolting. I can barely breath in here as it is. What kind of person would want to take a picture with a gross, gassy-“

“OMG is that an orc?”

Allowing Haru to turn towards the source of the voice, the odd couple beheld a group of college girls with their phones out. Reminding the pair a little of their teammate Ann with their blonde hair, the girls didn’t hesitate to run up to Haru with phones in hand.

“Like, can we get a picture?” one of them asked.

Giving a nod of her head, Haru took up a pose reminiscent of what an orc leader would do after defeating a powerful enemy. The constant snapping of photos captured every inch of the orc woman’s bulky form. Hoping that the cameras weren’t focusing on the sizable bulge she created in the orc’s pants, Futaba watched as one boldly approached and wrapped her arm around Haru’s waist. Squeezing around the orc’s bulging belly had the unintended effect of forcing out a rippling fart that managed to get the girls to back up.

“Ewww, was that real?” one of the girls asked.

“Of course not. It’s just, like, special effects,” another spoke up.

“Yeah, don’t be dumb. Orcs aren’t real,” added the third.

As the girls continued to talk amongst themselves, Futaba was left to deal with the lingering fart cloud. Though Futaba lacked a nose, the confined area of Haru’s loincloth did a good job enshrouding the fumes around her to make her inhale the stench. As disgusting as it

was, she felt a strange sense of pleasure from being soaked in the flatulence. As a heavy mist of strange desires began to fill her, she was thrown back to consciousness as she felt Haru mindlessly rub her fingers against her shaft.

“So UUURRRP soft,” Haru commented, drool leaking out the side of her mouth as she stared at the girls’ shapely curves.

“No, absolutely not,” Futaba said, fighting against her own burgeoning desires to be the voice of reason. “I know what orcs usually do, but you can’t let that control you. We’re already in enough trouble as it is. Let’s just calmly walk away and try to go unnoticed until the end of our shift.”

Though Haru followed Futaba’s directions, they were proven ineffective. Waiting for them around the corner was a group of people that were absolutely obsessed with the disgusting orc. A line started to form as more onlookers came by to get a picture with the creature and further test the pair’s ability of self-control.

One after another, a person would force through Haru’s aura of stink to get in close for a picture. These various hugs and squeezes on her pudgy figure always forced out a gas bubble from either her mouth or butt cheeks. Regardless if it was a man or woman that pressed up against their body, the sheer act of touch seemed to be enough to further rile up their monstrous libido. Futaba managed to keep Haru in check, but she could feel her own resistance beginning to wane. Upon having a woman “accidentally” bump her chest up against the duo’s sagging teats, Futaba’s body reached full rigidity and she didn’t know how much more she could handle before falling into the same state of mindless urges as her companion.

Suddenly breaking into a sprint, Haru tried to escape from the lingering line of people. Bouncing along within the confines of the loincloth, Futaba tried again and again to halt the

hulking beast. This rapid charge only stopped as they ducked inside a vacant tent. Managing to hold herself back long enough to make sure that she was alone, Haru began to undo the straps keeping her loincloth attached.

Flopping out of her fabric prison, Futaba waved about in the air to celebrate her release from the restraining garment. Her moment of freedom came alongside a rippling fart bursting out of Haru's rear to stink up the tent with her stench. Shuddering at the overwhelming feelings around her, Futaba let out a few droplets of pre-cum from her mouth as Haru grasped her shaft between her fingers. Feeling her foreskin get rolled back, she braced for the moment she would feel the brunt of the orc's strength. However, it did not come.

"Cock friend," Haru began, her fingers trembling as she tried to keep still. "Me want fuck, but me no want hurt you."

"It's... okay," Futaba said, more than aware of what Haru was feeling. "You can do it. I know how much you've been trying to hold back. Let's give it a try and see if it helps you... us out."

Given permission by her friend, Haru tightened her grip on her living cock. Pumping away at a slow pace, the orc began to let out a series of lustful grunts as she gradually picked up speed. Though the movements were far from tender, the rough motions were exactly what Futaba's altered form craved. The throbbing sensation that radiated across her length and through her testicles further entranced her to the feelings of pleasure. Farts began to billow out of Haru as she pushed herself to her limit to appease their shared libidos, turning the tent into a hot box of their own fumes. Though Futaba could not let out moans herself, the bestial grunts that interspersed Haru's belches were more than enough to express their rising pleasure. With a few

more tugs, the pair reached a simultaneous orgasm that released a surge of semen out of the tip of Futaba's body.

Momentarily drained, Haru plopped her ass down on the ground. Still basking in her euphoria and feeling the last few drops of cum fall out of her from the leftover twitches, Futaba tried to come to grips with what they had just done. Putting on a semblance of sense, she collected her thoughts and tried to take control of Haru again.

"Alright, that should do for now," Futaba said, getting Haru to stand up and put her loincloth back on. "That will keep you satisfied at least for a while. We can come back here and do it again if it becomes too much."

"Friend like fuck?" Haru asked.

Futaba remained silent for a moment, thinking back to the unique sensations provided by their bizarre form. "...yes."

Placing her palm up against her crotch, Haru tried her best to recreate a hug. "Me have fun too. Do again?"

"Like I said, later," Futaba said, commanding the orc to finished getting dressed. "For now, we have a job to do."

Striding back out of the tent and onto the fairgrounds, the orc woman couldn't help showing off her tusks with a wide grin. Though a few people were turned away by a rumbling fart erupting from her backside, there was a certain person more than willing to be bathed in the heavy musk. Already feeling herself become rigid again, Futaba reluctantly admitted to herself that she was enjoying her time at the fair. Even if it was far from the normal experience.