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GANENVVER

of spring

ALL CHARACTERS ARE CONSENTING, ADULT ACTORS PLAYING A ROLE

origin story

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CONTENT WARNINGS:

Fictional depictions of:

transphobia* | humiliation* | noncon* | racism against orcs* | tmpreg | dysphoria | exhibitionism | hyperbreasts

GO TO PAGE 09 TO SKIP THE TAGS MARKED WITH * AND GO TO THE MORE WHOLESOME PART



When Ganenver decided he could no longer keep lying to himself and pretending to be a girl just to make others happy, his life came crashing down.

The poor tiefling had been cast out of his village and paraded through the streets as punishment for "denying nature" or some shitty excuse like that. Although he had never expected acceptance from them, he at least had hoped he would only be banished or something of the sort, but he never imagined that they'd go as far as to inflict this level of public humiliation on him. He doubts even his family, the snakes who snitched on him, expected something like that. Alas, it seemed he had placed way too much hope on those people, as he got the worst punishment aside from a death penalty. Although some would agree death might be more merciful.

First, he was made to walk for hours, hands tied behind his back, completely naked. The crowd behind him jeered, cursed and laughed at his disgrace. He tried to tune out all the insults hurled at him but it was a battle he would eventually lose. The walk itself was led by two men on horseback, pulling him along by ropes tied to both his feet. The rhythm of the horses was too quick to follow by walking, but too slow to allow for running. If he didn't keep up, he would trip and fall as the ropes pulled on his legs. It did happen a couple of times, for the amusement of the masses. Yet another aspect of the torture he was made to endure.

Although he tried to hide his vulva from view using his tail, it wasn't much help. What he really wanted to cover were his breasts, the awkward almost-running rhythm made them jiggle and every other second someone pointed this out and laughed. But his tail just wouldn't reach that high.

After touring the whole village, it was already dark. But his disgrace wasn't over. They arrived back at the entrance, where he was blindfolded. The crowd dissipated and the two men alone led him somewhere far away from the village. It took even more hours of walking, Ganenver struggled to keep up the pace, falling even more than before, but eventually, they arrived.

The tiefling was then promptly gagged and shoved to the ground. His legs were tied in a way they would be forcibly spread open. He was so exhausted at this point he couldn't even think of fighting back. Before the two men left him, one of them walked closer, crouched down and started to speak.

To his horror, Ganenver recognized the voice.



"I know you'll finally understand you're a woman once those filthy orcs get their hands on you." He laughed, mockingly. "At least I doubt you'll still insist you're a man when the tenth or so orc has used each of your holes. With how stubborn you are, perhaps it will take a hundred. Maybe a thousand! Or maybe it will take your belly being filled with their babies for you to see reason?"

The man grabbed Ganenver's face, forcefully squishing his cheeks.

"It doesn't matter, though, does it? By then, it will have been too late though to regret your foolish choices. But don't worry, in a few years, once the orcs have made you their free use hole, I'll make sure to drop by to see your disgrace."

He tightened his grip "We could have had a nice life together you know? But you chose to be a rebellious little shit! So be it, have fun! Remember to scream real loud that you're guy once the orcs find you take you to their den, see if that saves you.~"

He spat on Ganenver's face before rubbing his hoof on his exposed vulva. He tried to fight his restraints with the little strength he still had left, but to no avail.

"I had thought of taking your virginity right here, you know? Buuuuut I figure you'll suffer more if those savages do it instead. The likes of you don't deserve my cock anyway."

The man continued to rub at the tender, exposed skin, chafing Ganenver's vulva raw. He wanted nothing more than to kick the man, spit on him, tell him to go to hell, but all he could do was lay there and take the humiliation.

Their families had made the decision to have both of them engaged years ago but Ganenver had always hated him. He was extremely influential and used to treat everyone else as beneath him due to this. If anyone dared deny him anything, he would make sure they were thoroughly punished.

By refusing to be his "proper wife", he had done just that. He knew the reason things turned out like that was because that asshole felt his fragile ego was wounded and wanted to "teach him a lesson". Or some shit like that.

That creep had wanted Ganenver ever since they were both kids. The man was obsessed in the worst way imaginable and his family had been happy to use him as a bargaining chip if it meant they could ascend socially even a little bit. He had always been a “troublesome kid” so in truth, they would have been glad to get rid of him as well.

He imagined that was why his family outed him to his ex-fianceé. Because they wanted to still be on his good side, and maybe because they thought he would “fix” him. Although his family members never had much love for him, he doubted they would do that if they knew this would be the consequences. Strained as their relationship had been, they weren’t completely heartless. They wanted him docile, not thrown to the wolves to die. Not wolves, orcs, actually.

He hoped the guilt was gnawing at them at this very moment. It was the only good part of all this mess.

Ganenver never had a problem with the concept of getting married and even having kids, he just wanted to have his real gender respected. Hell, he wanted to be a parent some day! As long as his family and his partner and kids saw him as true self, he wouldn’t even have minded to go on pretending to be a girl in public to keep them safe. He wasn’t delusional, he knew this type of thing was strictly forbidden, which is why he had been prepared to end up banished had things gone to shit.

How foolish had he been to think banishment would be the worst that could happen. In hindsight, this outcome was obvious.

After what seemed like an eternity, the two men got on back on their horses and trotted away. Ganenver was left alone. He just hoped whatever horrible fate would befall onto him that it would at least end quickly. Maybe the orcs wouldn’t be that bad. Maybe they would kill him after they got bored with him. Hopefully they were the type who got bored easily.

His thoughts slowly started to drift away, the exhaustion taking over his consciousness. He blacked out.



He woke up alone, in a barely furnished, but very clean room. Despite his situation, he felt weirdly calm. Perhaps because he had expected to wake up in some horrible way, likely being violated. Even the best case scenario he had pictured involved chains and some sort of dungeon.

But there he was. Fully clothed, laying on a mattress, with a soft blanket over him. His muscles hurt and his skin was bruised where the ropes had dug into, but other than that, he seemed completely unharmed.

It didn't make sense.

Had someone found him in that state and just... Rescued him? Taken him somewhere safe?

He sat up on the bed, hugging his knees. Maybe they were just waiting to do horrible things to him. Or maybe not, maybe there were good people out there. But would they still be good if they knew why he had been in that situation?

Or perhaps his fiancé just wanted to scare him. Maybe they waited for him to pass out and dragged him back to the village and now they will make him marry him. He would certainly make sure he would never be able to run away, he would force him to act as his wife...!!

"No, no, no!!" He thought. That would be almost as awful! No, worse! At least with any other random kidnapper he could still beg to be put out of his misery, but with that man, not even that would be a possibility.

He started to sob. But he was still too tired, his body too hurt to stay awake much longer. He soon drifted to sleep.



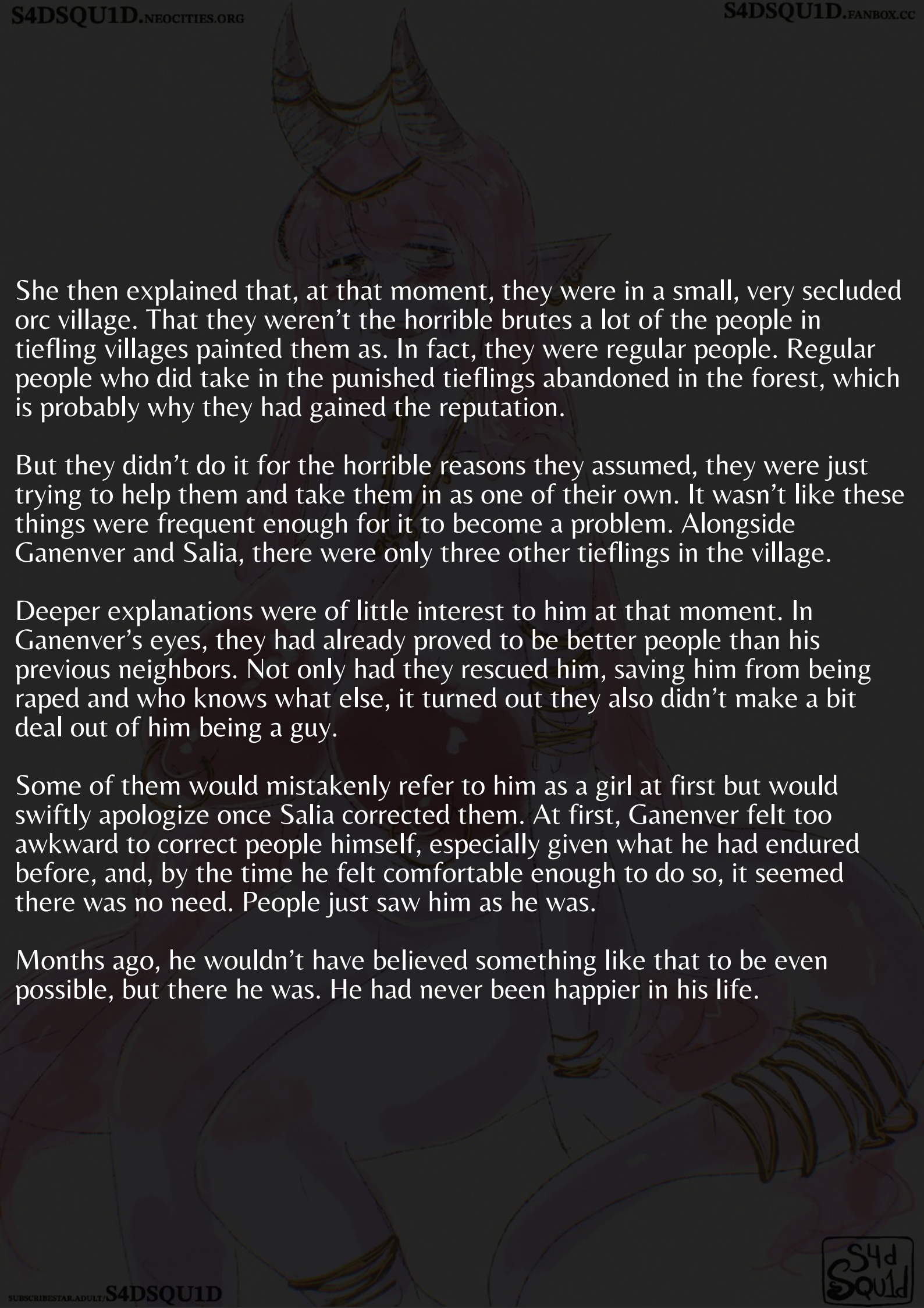
This time, when he woke up, someone else was in the room. A tiefling, just like him. She seemed much older, with a very kind face, smiling at him as soon as her eyes met with Ganenver's.

The relief he had felt quickly vanished upon seeing that she was completely naked. He froze up. Was she some sort of sex slave or something like that? Would he end up like that? Had she been sent here to groom him into accepting his fate? To show him something like "see if you behave you will be treated well" or something of the sort?

As if she could have read his thoughts, she quickly made an effort to calm him down and explain the whole situation. After gaining his trust, she insisted that he ate something. A very long conversation followed.

At the end of it, Ganenver finally allowed himself to feel relieved. To feel safe.

Her name was Salia and, decades ago, she too had been rescued and taken here, although her perceived "crimes" had been a bit different than Ganenver's. The reason why she walked around naked had nothing to do with it, she assured him. That was the way a soul-bearer like her, a highly respected role within the village, would typically "dress". She wasn't really required to be naked or anything, but since all the others like her did it, as was their tradition, she eventually adapted and felt comfortable like that. Although she conceded his initial shock was understandable.



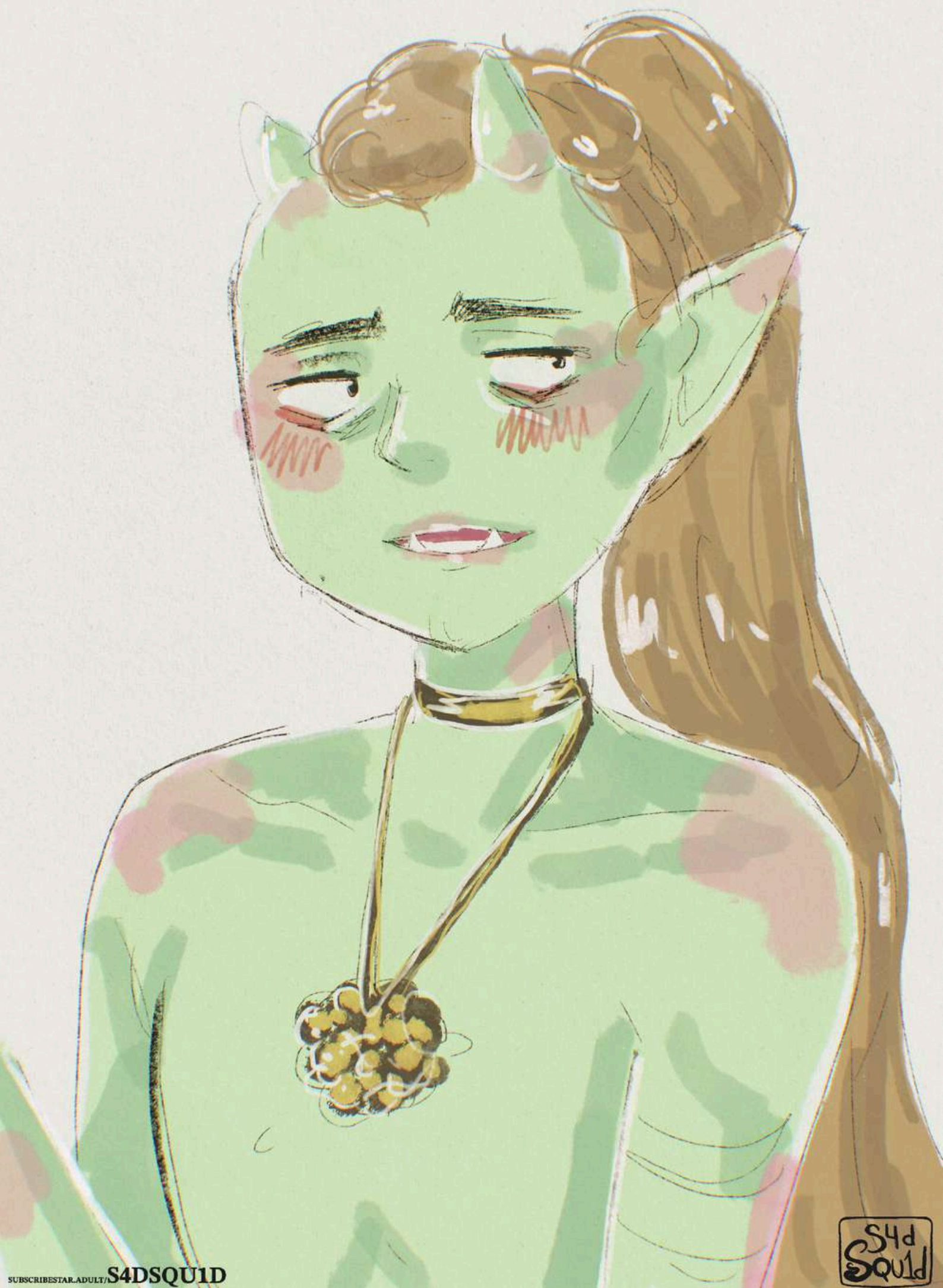
She then explained that, at that moment, they were in a small, very secluded orc village. That they weren't the horrible brutes a lot of the people in tiefling villages painted them as. In fact, they were regular people. Regular people who did take in the punished tieflings abandoned in the forest, which is probably why they had gained the reputation.

But they didn't do it for the horrible reasons they assumed, they were just trying to help them and take them in as one of their own. It wasn't like these things were frequent enough for it to become a problem. Alongside Ganenver and Salia, there were only three other tieflings in the village.

Deeper explanations were of little interest to him at that moment. In Ganenver's eyes, they had already proved to be better people than his previous neighbors. Not only had they rescued him, saving him from being raped and who knows what else, it turned out they also didn't make a bit deal out of him being a guy.

Some of them would mistakenly refer to him as a girl at first but would swiftly apologize once Salia corrected them. At first, Ganenver felt too awkward to correct people himself, especially given what he had endured before, and, by the time he felt comfortable enough to do so, it seemed there was no need. People just saw him as he was.

Months ago, he wouldn't have believed something like that to be even possible, but there he was. He had never been happier in his life.



After some time, Ganenver became quite close with one of the chosen, Sospe.

A chosen is an orc who has taken the role of “sowing the seeds of the future”, which is just a pretty way of saying that they are responsible for having kids and raising them.

The title is actually a bit misleading, as no one actually chooses them per se, they choose this role themselves, most of them due to having a passion for care taking in general, since that’s the bulk of the role.

They usually take four partners, which are called soul-bearers, who will also share similar duties, to carry the babies, each of them giving birth in a different season. Both roles are commitments for life.

At the time, there were a total of four chosen and 15 soul-bearers in the village.

Sospe was the only one missing a mate so he asked Gan to fill that role. He had felt that, not only because he had first come to the village in spring, but also because they had become close quite fast, that Gan was meant to be his spring mate. Or at least would be a good match.

He didn’t press the issue, of course. In fact, Sospe made it clear he only wanted Gan to accept if it was something he really wanted to do. He knew about what the tiefling had been through and would hate to add to his trauma.

Especially because of the “no clothes” part for the soul-bearers. Sure, he wouldn’t be forced to do it if he did end up accepting the role, especially at first, but still, there would be some expectation and he didn’t want him to feel pressured.

Ganenver had a long talk with Salia about it, asking all the questions he could, making sure to include all the ifs and buts he imagined.

He wanted to accept it, he really did. Why not? He had always wanted to be a parent, he was good with kids, he liked Sospe and he was already friends with one of his partners, Aestee.

But he couldn’t help but feel like people would stop seeing him as a man if he accepted. Not only were all of the current soul-bearers women, but also he was terrified of the changes his body would go through. He already felt dysphoric enough, multiple pregnancies would not help his situation at all, much less walking around naked and being seen, perceived by so many people like that!

After a lot of reassurances from Salia, Sospe and many of his friends and acquaintances, he finally decided to accept it.

“To hell with that people would think!” He thought.

He was a man and as long as those close to him could see it, he would be happy. This time, he would never have to settle down for “hiding it” like he thought he would have to in his previous life, no, this time, he knew he could count on his loved ones to always defend his honor and his true self.



Sospe was elated when Ganenver told him of his decision. Preparations for their first mating ceremony were quickly arranged. He needed to be ready to give birth to their first child come next spring, so they would need to do the ceremony at the very start of the coming month if they didn't want to wait for another full year.

Bruma, Lutea and Aestee, being Sospe's other partners', stuck around while Ganenver was being prepared, both for support and because it was expected. Not that they saw that as a chore, no, they were happy to finally welcome the fifth member of their home. Although the tiefling wasn't as close to the first two yet, he hoped he could become as good friends with them as he was with Aestee.

Soul-bearers usually wear lots of jewelry and a flower crown representing their season. Said crown is always hand-crafted by their chosen partner. Putting it all on was the first part of the preparations he'd have to go through that day.

Ganenver, being a tiefling, would require a little more done to him than an orc. Their reproductive systems are a bit different and his needed to be adapted. A tiefling's ovulation cycle functions similar to a human's. On a set schedule, outside of their control. But an orc must manually trigger each one. It's a quite lengthy process and requires at least two people to help perform the proper massaging movements. That means they have full control of their pregnancies and don't need to worry about accidental ones.

But that also means that the whole process must always be done before a mating ceremony. Before that, Ganenver's insides would have to be changed.

Thankfully, they had a concoction that when inserted inside a tiefling's uterus (or any humanoid species') it would permanently make it behave like an orc's and make their eggs compatible. It's not supposed to hurt or anything, in fact, some say it can even be a bit pleasurable. The only "downside" is that the effects are permanent, meaning that from that day onwards, one would only be able to carry orc children, but most don't see this as a bad thing.



Sospe had offered to keep their first ceremony together private in case Ganenver was feeling self conscious, but the tiefling had decided it would be better to do it the proper way from the start.

He knew it was something seen as good, not meant to be degrading or humiliating in any way. The earlier he could get rid of his own shame, the better. The creation of a new life was not seen in the same way as sex for pleasure or love. Hell, most didn't even consider it to be "sex".

It wasn't like the latter was viewed with bad eyes, but there was this notion that one was expected to be a public affair to be celebrated while the other a private thing people did for their own enjoyment.

To Ganenver, it was a bit hard to grasp the difference since, at the end of day, the act itself would look quite similar regardless, but it made sense for everyone else, so he hoped it would one day make sense for him as well.

Still, he couldn't help but feel embarrassed, keeping his eyes closed the whole way through. The ceremony required that the "union of parts" be visible at all times so any viable position would inevitably leave him completely exposed.

Sospe was trying to soothe him by gently touching his clit, coaxing him into feeling some sort of pleasure but it only made his shame worse when Ganenver could no longer contain his moaning. He was mortified when he actually came in front of all those people, so much so that he actually tried to cover his face, but stopped himself as he reached his cheeks.

He couldn't let them know he was feeling any sort of shame! It was a weird paradox but he felt embarrassed about being embarrassed.

Soon enough it was over.

Everyone, as usual, was nothing but nice to him. Sospe and everyone else seemed happy too. Finally, he too let his relief wash away to give room for him to feel joy.



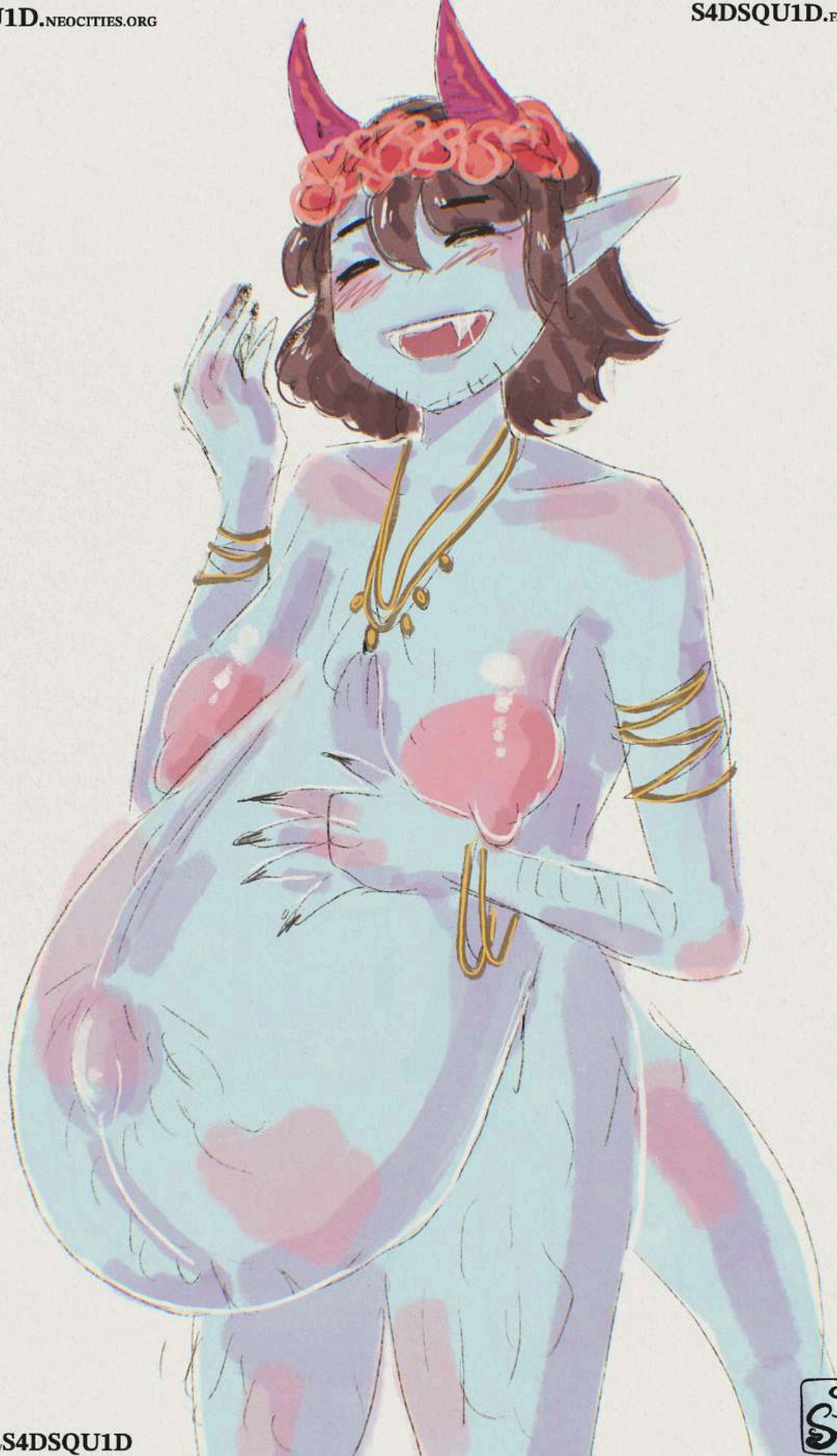
As his pregnancy advanced, Ganenver's belly started to swell, his first child growing inside of him. Although he knew it would happen, he couldn't help but feel uneasy as he realized his breasts too were swelling and becoming more tender to the touch. It wouldn't take long before they started producing milk, and that would not stop until Ganenver could retire from his role.

A soul-bearer is expected to get pregnant and give birth every single year until they physically cannot, either due to age, menopause or some health issue. They are also expected to feed their kids from their own body for at least two years each. If they have trouble producing enough milk, they have plenty of remedies for that so that's usually not an issue.

However, that usually meant that their breasts would keep growing more and more with each pregnancy. Most of them will end up having to use some potion to increase production at various points in their life and those are notorious for making their breasts swell more and more with each use. This was why Salia's and all the retired soul-bearer's breasts were so big.

Usually they were easy enough to ignore, but combined with all the rest that felt "wrong" in his body, the prospect of them growing so much filled him with nothing but despair. Even if it was for a good reason, he couldn't help but dread it. He felt guilty about it, after all, he had been made aware of that when he accepted his role, he just never thought it would feel this awful. He never dared voicing his worries though, afraid that speaking of it would make it even stronger.

To Ganenver's surprise, Aestee had been working hard on her alchemy studies to find something that would ease his discomfort. Although there weren't any others like him currently, he was far from being the very first male soul-bearer. This potion would make his body produce testosterone while protecting the babies and milk from being affected so it was safe to use even while pregnant and breastfeeding! Even though he was skeptical it would actually work, he happily agreed to try it.



It didn't take long for the brew's effect to start showing. Gan's voice dropped a bit and he even started to grow the very start of a beard! He was overjoyed by it and extremely thankful to Aestee.

As the changes became more and more obvious he soon found that the rest didn't bother him as much. He felt much more comfortable in his body, his pregnancy and breasts having stopped causing as much distress.

He knew nothing would ever make him really like his breasts, but this and the acceptance of the people around him made it much, much easier to handle. Most days, he even forgot he even had them.

Ganenver had finally fully adapted to his new life. He had thought being naked in public again after the ordeal in his old village would be frightening but he couldn't have been more wrong. He felt happy, loved. No one stared at him or hurled insults like at that time. He was treated the exact same as when he wore clothes. Maybe even better, since now he held an important role. The tiefling could finally understand what Salia had told him about feeling comfortable like that.

He had grown closer to Bruma and Lutea, although he still considered Aestee his best friend. He didn't have any children of his own to look after yet, but he was always happy to help with the other's. In fact, there seemed to be little distinction between whose child was who's as all five of them were equally responsible for them.

Kind of. Lutea was better with the babies, Sospe spent most of his time with the others who were a bit older while taking care of the cooking and the house, Aestee and Bruma acted more as teachers than anything else, each of them focusing on different subjects. Ganenver seemed to settle in taking the kids outside and doing physical activities with them, even taking the older ones hunting some times. This became more difficult as his pregnancy progressed, and he tried to focus his efforts in supporting the others.

That was usually how it went, the ones who weren't so far into pregnancy or dealing with a newborn would pick up the slack for those who were.



Finally, spring came again and Ganenver gave birth to a healthy baby!

Soul-bearers usually gave birth in a lake under an old tree, attended by a healer, their partner and anyone else they might want by their side. Gan asked to have Salia with him as well, as she was usually successful in calming him down when no one else could.

It was quite a long labor, but nothing out of the ordinary. At the end of it, he was so exhausted Sospe had to carry him home.

And so, life went on.

Ganenver was happy in a way he never had thought possible. Of course, there were hard days, no one can be happy all the time after all, but all in all, if asked, he would never change his life for anything else.

Sometimes he still thought of his old village, the family who betrayed him and the horrible man he was almost made to marry. Part of him wanted nothing more than to forget, but another wanted to see them suffer. He tried to stifle these thoughts, after all, he had all he ever wanted, vengeance wouldn't give him anything he didn't already have.

And yet, the thought of the man who tried to ruin his life walking free and happy, thinking he "won" filled him with nothing but rage. No, it wasn't just that. He hated to admit it but it was also fear. That thing he had said about "coming back for him" still gnawed at his mind.

Surely he didn't mean it, did he? And if he did, how would he even find him? The very fact that he believed that he would really be raped and tortured by orcs just proved he knew nothing of them and their villages and their way of life! He was safe, wasn't him?

For the moment, all he could do was hope he had truly forgotten about him.



Years have passed and Ganenver's life continued on, same as ever. He was now in his 10th year of being a soul-bearer, having just given birth to his 16th child. He had been blessed with twins thrice, triplets once!

Between him and the other soul-bearers, they could easily populate a whole village. Well, that was their goal of course, so this was a good thing.

His milk production however was extremely bad, making it so he needed to take potions for that at least twice a year. This, of course, made his breasts quickly balloon. They were now bigger even than some of some retired soul-bearers, and were likely to get even bigger, considering that, if things went well, he'd still have 30 or so more years of this.

Aestee was pretty sure the potion she makes him might be the cause of this, but in the end, Ganenver decided he'd rather deal with the huge breasts rather than stopping the other, since it made him feel better. To the point that the breasts no longer even mattered that much anymore.

He had grown used to them, especially now that the rest of his body truly felt like home to him. The weight was a bit bothersome but that can't really be helped.

In other news, Ganenver was finally able to completely forget that man who wronged him and, after all those years had passed, he no longer felt threatened by him.

Surely, he would not have waited that long if he intended to come back for him, right?

THANK YOU FOR READING!

Author's note:

I have two sides, one likes writing nothing but despair and the other likes writing characters escaping from horrible situations and finding happiness. This story is the second one LOL

Writing a trans guy being respected and accepted and achieving his dreams regardless of what he looks like is the purest form of wish fulfillment for me. I suppose that's obvious if you read this.

Anyway, I hope you liked it, even if the beginning was very distressing :X

Also I didn't find a way to fit this organically into the story but the chosen/soul-bearer relationship is not exclusive like a typical polygamic marriage. The only thing is that a soul-bearer can only have kids with the chosen but all of them are free to have other (romantic or sexual) partners. In fact, the chosen/soul-bearer relationship doesn't have to be romantic at all (most of the time it is, though), they only need to get along well and trust each other.

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