Dawn was a long time from now, a painfully long time. The drive so far had been even longer. The freightliner sat shivering the rain from its back behind him. Rai was young and some might say naive. He liked to think he was worldly wise for his 24 years on this earth but he was still young in most people’s eyes. Having never really gotten on with people he decided to take a job as a long distance trucker. It was perfect his own road and rules and most of all no one telling him when he could smoke and what volume the stereo could be.

He stood at the Fuel Pump, pouring gallons of diesel down the throat of the truck looking into the night, the gentle hiss of tyres on rain and the soft glow of distant headlights offset the fear of being so exposed and so alone at the card only all night rest stop. Shivering slightly he flicked the lock of thick brown hair over his exposed shoulders. Thick booted feet thudding on the tarmac where he impatiently tapped a foot, still he couldn’t shake the feeling of being watched, He pushed the thought out of the way and concluded his business and pulled back out into the rain soaked freeway. His heavy set frame felt good against the leather seat as he stretched back to get comfy for the drive. Heavy metal sang in orcish was blasting out at him from the speakers, singing a long he flexed his heavily tattooed arms and rearranged the contents of his boxers. His jeans whilst baggy had rucked up causing a pleasing bulge in the denim. Still there was time for that later Rai rumbled to no one.

Time for that later was going, however, to be truer then Rai thought. He had indeed been being watched. A Black Harley had been trailing him for some time. Since the lad had signed on with the trucking firm owned by his brother, Tor had been watching. The Huge Orc was big even by his peoples standards. Huge muscles constantly forced into tight black leather flexed under the light causing most girls in the area to stare. He knew a lot knew the rumours of what Orcs were like in bed, Or against walls, or over bookcases or pretty much anywhere. None of them had a chance with Tor mind you. His green skin had a sheen of sweat over the many tattoos covering every inch of his arms and chest shone in the light of his bike headlight. The engine ticking as oil dripped in to its sump as it rested on its side stand. He often stopped here, but tonight he had purpose, and as if on clock work that purpose slid into the parking lot and as its air brakes hissed Tor broke into a grin, his tusks slipping out from his lips as he waited for his purpose to emerge from the truck…