

# Olivia and the Orc

By C. Jade Wyton

*Olivia lives on the streets, but she thinks it's not that bad a life. She knows all the best places in the city to get food; like going through the dumpsters and robbing the service station. But she finds her entire life suddenly changed when a rather large orc in an RV takes her favourite screwdriver.*

***Contains depictions of homeless youth and mentions of child neglect and abuse.***

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She was so hungry, she was *sure* she was starving to death.

It had been at least two days since she'd last eaten. Since Marcel had been arrested, she hadn't dared go back to his house in case the cops showed up.

Olivia thought it was a shame. He'd been a real one; in the short time she'd crashed in the decrepit flat he called home, he'd let her have the run of the house— His only real rule was *never* to touch the drugs he was selling. That. And to go for a long walk downtown if he brought a girl home.

But otherwise he didn't care what she did or about the messes she made. Nor did he care how much food she'd taken from his (barely-stocked) fridge.

He'd been cool. And it was a shame he'd been arrested. Now, Liv supposed, she'd have to find someone else to crash with. Someone who *wasn't* weird about her being ten years old.

She supposed she could head back to the alley behind the Savers. The tree was a comfortable enough place to sleep, and the donations she stole sold for enough. But having to fight that frustrating gang of teens for the most valuable things sucked, and she wasn't sure it was worth having another knife drawn on her.

She thumbed at the screwdriver hanging from her belt-loop, and scowled.

*Luckily* for those arseholes, the owner had switched on the store's big lights and driven them all off. Because she would have *clobbered* them!

Olivia released the screwdriver and sighed, letting her shoulders droop as her stomach rumbled.

She needed to eat.

But *where* could she get food, at this hour? It was dark out and had been for hours. Everything was shut, and she was too tired (*not weak! Tired!*) to lift up the heavy lids of the bins behind the restaurants.

She cut her eyes as the lights of a large RV skimmed over her; the driver slowing down as they came up at her side. She flicked her gaze up to the window to meet the driver's own, and scowled. It was an orc man, whose massive fist on the wheel of the RV could have compared to the size of Olivia's own head.

'You alright, kiddo?' he asked, sounding genuine.... But, then, a *lot* of the worst people Olivia had met had sounded genuine. 'It's a little late for a little'un so young to be out on their own, isn't it? Do you need me to call someone for you, or—'

‘Keep driving, *pedo!*’ Olivia spat.

The man blinked, seemingly taken aback by the sudden accusation. ‘I’m not a.... *Huh?*’

His reaction reassured Olivia that he probably wasn’t actually intending to swipe her up, but she still fluffed herself up as much as she could and swung her tail viciously and scrunched up her snout and hissed like the big, scary, vicious catfolk she was. ‘Keep driving, before I give you *rabies!*’

‘Oh, hm.’

Olivia felt a victorious flutter in her chest as the man gave her a confused look and then moved on.

‘*Yeah, you better be scared!*’ she muttered, quietly, before sticking her hands in her pockets and continuing down the street. ‘*Coward.*’

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Hood pulled down over her ears and scarf affixed tightly over her snout, Olivia stood her ground in the almost-empty service station. She held the screwdriver out in the most threatening way she could muster, with her short stature and shaking hands, and gave a wavering growl.

‘Empty the *register!*’

The order was accompanied by a squeak of her voice, and a surprised laugh from the man behind the glass.

‘I said! Empty! The register!’

The clerk just shook his head with a disbelieving look as he tapped a finger against the glass. ‘Kid. This is *bullet* proof.’

‘And so am I!’ she retorted. ‘So empty the register before I climb back there and—’

Suddenly, before she knew what was happening, the screwdriver vanished from her hand and she whirled around. She was met with that orc —the annoying one who had been driving the RV— clad in a stupid-looking shirt that read “GHOSTED BY THE GUMS” and a colourful, thick kilt.

‘Oi! Give that back!’ Olivia cried, making a swipe for the screwdriver but instead finding her clawed hand engulfed by his own massive fist.

He held her, firm but not tight, and threw his shopping down on the counter alongside a bank card.

‘Just this,’ he said, calmly, as Olivia hissed and writhed in his grasp. ‘And pump five.’

The fact the clerk rang him up like nothing was going on made Olivia’s blood *boil* with rage.

‘Hey! Hey!’ she cried, furiously. ‘Ex- *fucking*-cuse you! You can’t just *ignore* that I’m *robbing* you!’

‘And here’s your card back, sir,’ he said, ignoring Olivia. ‘Have a good night.’

‘You too,’ the orc gave a little mock-salute, before gathering his things and releasing Olivia’s hand so he could scoop her up by around the waist and fling her over his shoulder like the box his shopping had been placed in.

‘I’M GOING TO KILL YOU, YOU CUNT!’ she shrieked as she was carried outside and around to the side of the service station. ‘PUT ME DOWN BEFORE I

BITE YOUR FUCKING EARS OFF—‘

She was deposited ungracefully on one of the outside benches, and gave a loud hiss of displeasure as the orc examined her screwdriver.

‘Give that back—‘

‘I don’t think so,’ it came out as more of a sigh, than anything else, as he deposited it in with his shopping. ‘You shouldn’t have this sort of thing.’

‘And *you* shouldn’t be allowed to breathe!’ Olivia growled, feeling herself fluff up again.

‘You know, you have a terrible mouth for a kid your age,’ he commented.

‘What’s your name?’

‘Eat shit and die!’

‘Well, Eat Shit and Die, I’m going to turn a blind eye to what I saw in there,’ he told her. ‘You should go home. Before the police show up.’

Olivia just huffed loudly at him, as he turned and headed back to that big, stupid, warm-looking RV.... Olivia shook her head and curled up her knees to her chest, pouting as the orc climbed inside and drove away.

She felt tears of humiliation at her situation —being *laughed* at, before having her favourite weapon taken away— welling in her eyes and tried to blink them back.

Then she saw a police car approaching and, though they didn’t turn into the service station, she thought it was best to quickly slip away and find something to eat elsewhere.

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Olivia could see that stupid RV, parked on the corner of Dawson Road. And it was making her bristle with anger.

She wanted her screwdriver back. And she was going to *get* it back! Even if she had to beat up that dumb orc and *take* it back!

So, slowly, skimming the best-lit parts of the street in order to stay hidden, Olivia snuck up to the RV and opened the door as quietly as she could....

The orc wasn’t in there, though he’d left the keys in the ignition, like an *idiot*.

Maybe she could just take the whole damn car.... But then she examined all the gears and mechanisms, and thought better of it. Especially when she heard a snore coming from the back room of the vehicle.

So instead she crept around as quietly as she could, scanning the dark with her sensitive eyes, until she found the orc’s shopping and retrieved her screwdriver.

She clutched it tight, giving it a loving kiss— And then gasped as she heard heavy boots meet the RV’s step. She flung herself into the bathroom as quickly as she could, closing the door over until there was only a small crack she could peek through, and watched as the orc stepped back into his home and deposited a half-eaten pizza on the kitchen bench.

Olivia’s stomach rumbled at her as the smell of cheese and meat touched her nose, and she shushed it.

It rumbled louder at her in response. Though, luckily, it went unheard as the orc flopped into the driver’s seat and started the engine.

The young kit cursed under her breath as the orc turned on the radio and, bobbing his head to the music that came on, began driving.

She held off moving (even trying to breathe as little as possible) for as long as she could; sure that he would have to pull over *sometime*.... But then, after close to an hour, when the bright and harsh lights of the city began to disappear from the window, Olivia realised that this was going to be a *long* drive....

And she just couldn't resist it, any more. Not when the pizza was *right there*. Stinking up the entire room! So she carefully pushed open the door and —quick as a flash, taking advantage of the orc waving at a passing truck— scrambled to the kitchen section, grabbed the pizza, and retreated back to the bathroom with it.

She'd seen through the windshield that they weren't in the city, anymore. They were somewhere new and unfamiliar, that she'd never been to before....

*Oh well*, she figured, munching on the pizza. It wasn't the first time she'd hitched a ride to nowhere in particular. *She'd just sneak back off the RV next time he pulled over, and reap the spoils of a new hunting ground.*

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It had been after hour three of driving, that Olivia had fallen asleep on the bathroom floor.

The pizza box had made a half-decent pillow, after being folded over twice, and the floor didn't stink as bad as the last bathroom she'd slept in. So, all in all, she counted it as a win—

She was jolted awake by a high-pitched, horrified scream of fright and fury. 'FARREN, WHY IS THERE A *GIRL* IN THE BATHROOM?!'

The RV braked, hard, as the orc gave his own surprised cry. And the woman who had shrieked lost her balance, stumbling forward and tripping on Olivia, as the kitten was slid across the floor into the wall.

She realised it was bright outside, now, with the light of early morning, and that she'd slept longer than she'd intended to.

'What?!' the orc man (Farren, his name must have been!) exclaimed; sounding half-asleep. 'What?! What?! Why are we screaming?! Girl?! What girl?! There's no girl?!'

Olivia, recovering from the feeling of a hoof in her side, rolled and stumbled to her feet, grabbing her screwdriver and aiming it at the woman— A short, goat-bodied taur with brown fur and only half the pyjamas she needed to be dressed decently.

'You stay on the floor or I'll fucking *shank* you!' Olivia threatened, twitching her whiskers to try and flick the dried cheese that had stuck to them from her pizza-box-pillow.

The goat-woman looked like she couldn't get up, if she tried, she was so stunned. So Olivia took the opportunity to turn and bolt....

Directly in the hands of that massive fucking asshole bastard orc, who scooped her up and removed her weapon from her as she tried to jam it up his nose.

'Oh, it's *you* again!' he exclaimed.

‘Get off me!’ Olivia hissed, before sinking her teeth into the man’s arm.

He didn’t even flinch as she wriggled and bit and writhed. In fact, it was poor *Olivia* who felt the pain; his skin was as tough as leather and her tiny teeth, with their gaps from the ones that had fallen out and not fully grown back yet, ached like she’d tried to bite a streetlight’s metal pole.

She gave a furious yowl as the goat-woman stumbled out of the bathroom, tugging up her pyjama shirt back over herself to cover her chest.

‘Farren, what is going *on?!*’ she exclaimed. ‘Her *again?!* Who is this?!’

‘That’s none of your business, old hag!’ Olivia growled.

‘Considering I almost just *pissed* myself, I think it *is* my business!’ she scolded; her tone so firm and motherly it made Olivia instinctively fold back her ears and shrink into herself. Despite her size, the energy as she furiously stomped her hoofs was a frightening one. ‘You are going to tell me your name *right now*, young lady! And then you’re going to tell me *what the hell you are doing in our bathroom!*’

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The police had been talking to the goat-woman (Sheshalan, she’d said her name was) and Farren for at least thirty minutes, now. And they had been *trying* to talk to Olivia for just as long; though she didn’t have anything to say to the pigs.

They’d eventually given up on her and, after several moments of sitting in frustrated silence, the officer got to his feet and headed outside. Olivia hurried to the window to watch as he approached his co-worker and said something to him, clearly annoyed by Olivia’s lack of cooperation.

The other officer sighed, and that was when the goat-woman pulled out some sort of ID badge and showed it off to the officer who had been talking to Olivia. And Olivia, as she squinted out the window, felt her hackles raise as she recognised it— Sheshalan was a *social worker*. UGH! That was *all* she needed.... She’d had enough dealing with social workers when she’d *first* come to this stupid city!

The adults all began muttering, and Olivia tried her best to listen through the RV’s thick glass windows. But she couldn’t hear anyone properly, and only understood snippets of the conversation.

‘She’s been... foster care... in and out,’ said one officer. ‘Flight risk.... No parents.... Violent and erratic....’

‘I’ve seen her around... city,’ said the other. ‘I remember when.... And then when... and when John Beasley... arrested, I saw her climb... window....’

Sheshalan and Farren nodded along, until Sheshalan’s gaze flicked up to Olivia, and the young kit blushed and quickly moved away from the window so she couldn’t be seen spying.

She kept herself ducked down for probably another five-or-so minutes before daring to peek back out; just in time to see the police climbing back into their car.

Olivia gave a low growl. *Were they really leaving without her?*

Wow. Just, *wow*. She was really just going to be *dumped* out here?!

What was she supposed to do? They were on a *huge* stretch of road! And she—

She shrunk back down as Farren and Sheshalan (in that order) returned to the RV.

‘Well, that was an eventful morning!’ it was almost a chuckle, and it made Olivia bristle.

‘Take this seriously, Farren!’ Sheshalan snapped. Then, she looked to Olivia and, taking a deep and frustrated breath, raised her brow. ‘Well? Do you have anything to say for yourself, young lady?’

Olivia just sighed, heavily, and made for the door.

*She knew the drill...*

‘Excuse me? Where do you think you’re going?’ Sheshalan asked, quirking a brow as she put out a hand to stop the girl from passing her.

Olivia blinked, confused. ‘You’re kicking me out, right?’

‘Wrong,’ Sheshalan answered, firmly, as she took out her ID again and held it up for Olivia to see; not that the girl *wanted* to see it. ‘I’ve just been told *all* about you and the trouble you’ve been getting into, and quite frankly, I’m *disgusted* with what I heard—’

Olivia braced herself, ready for a scolding. Ready for that angry adult authority that always blamed her for doing what she had to do to survive....

‘—You should *never* have been able to find yourself in those situations. It’s a *gross* negligence that *any* of that was allowed to happen to you, let alone for how long it went on! I *will* be writing a report on your last social worker’s incompetence. And if they’re not investigated and removed from their position for how *horribly* they’ve been failing to care for their clients, I’ll drag them from that office with my own damn hands!’

A long, long moment of quiet passed as Olivia processed Sheshalan’s words. Her brow slowly furrowed and her expression grew confused, as she realised exactly *what* had been said.

‘*What?*’ she finally managed, her voice high and confused.

‘What, what?’ Sheshalan’s own brow furrowed, now. ‘I’m not sending you back to that city, if *that’s* how they handle things! Absolutely *not!*’

‘What Sha is saying is that it’s all going to be alright, now,’ Farren commented softly, his hand resting on Olivia’s shoulder with a surprising gentleness. ‘We’re going to make *sure* you get everything you need.’

—END—

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