

“Is this really necessary?” Nathanos asks.

Sylvanas clicks her tongue. “Of course it is necessary. It is a uniform. If you haven't noticed, Nathanos, all forsaken that work directly beneath me have a uniform.” Nathanos is standing behind a curtain. Sylvanas identifies accurately that she is dressed, but hesitant to come out, so she pulls the curtain aside abruptly to reveal the dark ranger. If Sylvanas could blush, she would.

“My lady... You stopped wearing this attire years ago because you thought it was degrading and silly.” He argues, remembering the day she shed the attire in favor of some more practical attire. Thinking back on it, he could never understand her purpose for wearing such a thing, but that it only seemed to stop after his persistence in not acknowledging how scantily clad she was. 'Strange.'

Sylvanas feigns ignorance and covers her mouth to hide her growing smirk. “Oh? I don't think that was the reason. I would have continued wearing that, if it weren't for an unusually dense roadblock.” She does a spinning motion with her finger. “Come on, girl. Do a spin for me.” Nathanos's now slender shoulders slump as she slowly turns around to show the back of the ensemble. “Yes. Very nice.” She licks her lips subtly. “You know... I have never really noticed or considered the bodies of my dark rangers until you began inhabiting one.”

“That is certainly...Something, My Lady.” Nathanos returns to stand facing Sylvanas. He is wearing her old, discarded attire. Thigh high boots ending in a six-inch heel and only what amounts to a thong and bikini to cover both her private areas between the elegant pauldrons that sit on Nathanos's shoulders. “Would you be opposed to wearing something similar again?” Nathanos asks cluelessly.

Sylvanas can not hide her excitement from that question. “Would you like to see me in it again? You've never expressed interest before.” She looks down, imagining herself in the ensemble. If Nathanos would notice her in it, it is certainly not out of the question.

“I was just curious.” Nathanos says flatly, shutting down her fantasizing.

“Your tone really hasn't changed, despite changing bodies... I thought since you'd become a woman you would become more...”

“Emotional?” Nathanos finishes as she trails off.

“What are you suggesting?” Sylvanas snaps, leaning forward with a confrontational posture.

Nathanos covers her mouth to hide a growing smirk. “Nothing, my lady.”

Sylvanas leans back, crossing her arms. “You don't mind being stuck like this for quite a while, do you?”

“It does not make too much of a difference. As an undead I always considered myself fairly sexless, anyway.” Sylvanas huffs, rolling her eyes knowingly after hearing him say that. He continues. “So long as I can aim and shoot a bow.” Nathanos sees Sylvanas's expression shift when he mentions aiming and shooting. “What?” Sylvanas averts her gaze awkwardly. “What, My Lady?”

“The woman who's body you have taken was fairly inept, as far as my direct servants go.” She gives a small shrug. “We will find other uses for you, I'm sure...” Thinking, Sylvanas adds. “You are correct,

though. Aside from some brief fancies, we are not exactly predisposed to any type of... Physical intimacy. You would never catch a dark ranger getting distracted by such meaningless things. No matter how much we may want one too.” She gives him a long stare after imparting that thought.

“It is among our strengths, I believe.” Nathanos nods, uncovering her mouth to reveal bright, charming smile. “I have always respected your coldness and calculation in particular, My Queen.”

Sylvanas's eyes widen at the blessed sight. It is almost enough to cause her heart to start beating again. “Of course it is, dear.” She has to avert her gaze after a few moments so that she can resist jumping on the new Nathanos.

Somewhere in Silverpine, Kitara Starshadow pulls dark stockings over her long, pale legs. She had already donned the silly, frilly underwear that had been provided. She is under the opinion that some is better than none. The next hurdles are easily jumped. The outfit is not nearly as intimidating as she thought when seeing it for the first time. A frilly black and white skirt, a black blouse that shows enough cleavage that she may as well be naked, a white apron and a pair of black heels. “So I am supposed to be some type of servant?” She comments, staring into the mirror. She is forced to admit to herself that the dominant, deep black of the ensemble compliments her pale skin and long silver hair nicely. Looking over at the armor dummy, there is one piece left that she does not see any point in wearing. In fact, it is the one piece that she is still nervous about. “Couldn't tell if it was an eye-mask or a blindfold. But the fact that there is a collar attached is a bit much...”

“It is the most important part.” The gruff voice of Ivar enters before he does. She turns to watch the huge, hunched figure duck inside the tent. He stops and looks over her briefly, offering a slight nod before approaching the dummy. He picks up the small metal mask that is meant to go over ones eyes. There is a solid frame meant to fit around ones head that attaches the mask to a tight metal collar with a simple rune etched in the front. He turns and steps towards her with it in his hand. Kitara steps back until there is nowhere left to go. Even then she leans back as he approaches her with the foreboding item.

“What does it do?” She asks hesitantly as he gets within a few feet.

“There was a banned practice for dealing with rebels that was deemed a bit too inhumane. Those who wore these were still citizens, after all.” He lifts it slowly, opening the solid collar at the back so that it is able to easily slip onto her neck and close once it is in place, like a handcuff.

Kitara leans back as much as she can. “Can we talk about this, Ivar?” She asks nervously. “This is not necessary, I swear! Whatever that does, I-I'll cooperate without it!” It moves closer and closer to her face and neck. She closes her eyes and waits for the cold metal to close and seal her fate. She does not know what it does, but it can not be pleasant. She waits for just long enough that she stops cringing and begins wondering when it is going to happen. She opens her eyes and sees Ivar placing the mask on the dummy.

“Sure. Should save these for the ones who really deserve punishment anyway.” He turns and grins, showing off the pearl-white maw he is so proud of. “Besides, you seem willing to cooperate under the

threat of... Well, let's not dwell too much on what would happen.” He stops, staring at her for a few seconds. “Is that right?”

Kitala nods desperately. “Yes!”

“Yes! Yes!” Kitala pants, her tongue falling out over her bottom lip. Her face has become a mask of ecstasy. With Ivar's strange divinity she marvels at the fact that she is actually able to pant and run out of breath and salivate. The dark ranger looks down, her drool pooling on the floor beneath her. Her eyes wander to the second pool, caused by the clear liquid streaming down her thigh. She is constantly being bucked forward by his tremendous canine member as it rams into her continuously. She expected his 'training' to be far harsher, but with this type of reward, Kitala could never imagine refusing when Ivar requests she bend over at the waist and flip the back of her skirt up.

“No speaking out of turn!” He gives her pale ass a rough smack that only serves to bring her closer to orgasm again, for what is now a handful of times. “Let's go over this again. What are you?”

“M-maid...” Kitala utters in a pleased tone.

“Who do you belong to?” He continues pumping into her steadily as he goes through the questions.

“Master Ivar!” She is rewarded with a particularly strong pump into her cunt that sends her off her toes. She groans gutturally, but not in pain. More from the jarring feeling of sudden movement inside of her. The pain half of what is happening can not be felt by her. She is only treated to the warping pleasure. 'W-we've been doing this for an hour...' Is all she can think. Her body is extremely enduring, so the hour long fuck session is only putting a toll on her mind.

“Why do you deserve to serve me?” he asks harshly.

It is the question she has faltered on the most over the past hour, but the hour of mind-bending sex has twisted her emotional state enough that she can fairly naturally utter. “Because I love you! I worship you, Ivar...” She admits.

He gives her ass another harsh smack. “Oh? How can a bitch that's loyally served the banshee know love and devotion to anything other than death?”

“I can change.” She moans. With that he lifts her up off her feet and holds her vertical, bouncing her up and down on his cock like a toy.

“You wish you lived a different life, pet?” Ivar grunts, his canine cock throbbing inside of her. If her mind is bending from the hour long session, his body is absolutely close to giving in.

“Yes!” her voice is shaking now from the sudden rough pounding she is being treated to.

“Then live it! Quickly, before I explode, you dumb bitch!” Ivar says hurriedly.

Kitala is pretty close again, herself, so it is difficult to think in this situation, however she begins rattling off things that come to mind. "I-I've served Master Ivar all my life and unlife!"

"Good, keep going." He coaxes her to continue, enjoying the odd play to satisfy him.

She racks her brain. "I continued serving through your transformation and my undeath. I would never serve the banshee and her ilk!"

Ivar laughs. "I can work with that." He finally releases. It is a load so full and thick that her belly distends. The rough parts of the acts obviously do not affect her, however. She just feels the pleasant warmth inside, his fur on her back and his strong arms around her mid-section. "Huh. Do you need to cum as well? I teased you for quite a while."

Kitala shakes her head as she is let down gently. "No, Master Ivar. It's fine. I have cum plenty enough already throughout the training." She turns around and smiles politely.

He marvels at how much she decided to change. "It's incredible. A normal girl would be limping. She'd be completely spent and close to passing out. Broken." Ivar eyes her up and down slowly, taking in just how unfazed she is. "But you're just perfectly fine, aren't you? Can I really just be as rough with you as I please?"

Kitala nods. "One of the advantages of not feeling fatigue or pain." She feels a pang of lust and bites her bottom lip lightly. "Thanks to you, I can feel pleasure and joy, however." She drops to her knees. "I can smell and taste..." Kitala begins cleaning his cock lovingly, dragging her tongue into all the crevices and ridges of his monster member. The former dark ranger shudders as she provides the service.

"Is it that good, little maid?" Ivar asks curiously.

"Your scent... Your taste. They are both intoxicating. The first things I've tasted and smelled in decades. Perhaps I've latched onto them?" She inhales deeply, nuzzling into his balls. "Mmn... I love you Master Ivar. I love you sooo much. I want to serve you for the rest of my unlife!"

He looks down at her skeptically. "I didn't do anything to change your past or warp your mind. Are you messing with me? If you are trying to trick me-"

She grips his cock with her delicate hand, stroking it. While kissing around his balls she shakes her head. "I'm just coming to terms with the fact that you are the only thing in the world that can make me feel like this. That can make me feel at all... You are my one and only way of getting close to actually living again. Possibly living forever like this! It is incredible." She gasps, her eyes rolling back as her free hand slips between her legs to begin fingering her own slit. "But not just living! Living in pleasure! Without pain... Do you have any idea what that is like?" She stares up at him in pure infatuation. "I didn't need training... I was sold from the start."

Ivar's eyes widen. "Do you think the other girls would be this easy?"

"They all want a piece of life, whether they'll admit it or not. Even Sylvanas. When treated to pleasure, taste, smell. Sensations that they've lost... I think they'll be like clay in your hands, Master Ivar." The look she gives him is so erotic and submissive that it makes the hardened Bloodfang Leader shudder. It

is enough to make him hard once more.

“G-good. Then, pet-” He is surprised. He does not even have to prompt her to begin feeding the hardening member between her tight lips. Her immortal body easily accepts the impossible length directly into her throat. An act that would be impossible for any other creature to do comfortably. He can see the way his thick cock is distending her throat out. Saliva leaks from her lips as she takes it right down to his furry sheath. His tip is poking into her stomach, without a doubt. Once she has held him like that for a few seconds she pulls back. Kitala uses her throat as a comfortable sleeve that he can fuck, bobbing back and forth easily. Unlike before, Ivar has no will to hold back or prolong his release. He simply cums when he finds that he is able to, shooting a still impressive load directly into her stomach. The maid moans gratefully, slowly drawing back until his limp dick pops free from her lips and flops in her tight hand.

“I can keep going.” She offers casually, licking around it. “I can do this indefinitely. I will never tire.” She kisses from the tip down to the base. “I WANT to do it indefinitely.” She clarifies intensely.

“T-trying to kill me! What are you thinking!?” Ivar cringes. “You are going to suck the life from me...” He plants his face in his heavy palm. “Just go and grab me something to drink.” He uncovers his face to see her use her shadowstep to appear next to the table, then return to him in an instant. She extends the pitcher of water towards him with both hands.

“It was not my intention to kill you, Master. Surely you can go again in just a few minutes? I know for a fact that you are strong enough.” Kitala offers. Her eyes widen as she stares obsessively. “So strong and powerful... MY pack leader.” She gushes.

Ivar stares at her with disbelief, grabbing the water and chugging it. “Let me just replenish some fluids.”