

Saurfang snorts in frustration as another tiny glass breaks between his large hands. A Nelgka attendant sees this and immediately springs into action. The women in charge of serving the party-goers have deliberateness and agility of Guerrilla fighters. Despite that, they seem content sweeping up messes. He looks down at the woman cleaning up his mess. All of the elves at the party have veils covering the top half of their face. They wear little more than that, and a collar with a small bow-tie stuck on the front. They are completely topless and devoid of any clothing right down to their thighs, which are adorned with tall stockings that extend down into impractical looking high-heels. "Where're you from?" Saurfang grunts.

"Oh, I dunno." She says sweetly, stopping what she is doing to look up at him. "But I was employed in Orgrimmar and moved here to the pleasure palace."

Saurfang nods. The rolling green hills of the pleasure palace are in stark contrast to the land of Azshara below that seems to be in a perpetual state of autumn. He does not know why the pleasure palace is so temperate and green, just that it is some form of Goblin engineering. "Got it." The orc lifts his head while the woman finishes picking glass out of the grass. He has other things on his mind. It had been about a year since the disappearance of the Nelgka faction leaders. He still feels somewhat bad for losing them, but ultimately decided that there is not much to do about a race that is so easily cowed. As far as Saurfang knows, a cure is not forthcoming and the Nelgka truly enjoy being dominated in the meantime. He eyes the elf curiously as she stands up with the shards cupped in her hands, turns and walks them over to the nearest trash. "Huh." He feels something stir inside of him when he sees her ass bouncing away. All elves are above average when it comes to looks, but the shapeliness of this one's rear is on a divine level. He stares at it.

"Oh?" She turns and notices where he was looking. "Do you need relief, sir?" She asks politely, dusting her hands off. The way she says it makes it sound like he would be the one doing her a favor.

Saurfang sighs, considering the offer. He looks around at the entirety of the party. It is not an odd thing at all to start having sex with an elf in the middle of everything. Such acts have been more or less normalized since the conquest of the Kaldorei. Looking at her more closely, every part of her seems to radiate holiness. This, in Nelgka terms, means that her breasts are full while remaining perfectly perky and her hips are wide and seem to beg for his large member to split her open from any direction. Looking at her conjures images of an elf that will be heavily pregnant and still looking amazing. He knows that this is the goddesses new prerogative; to make her chosen children as attractive and fuckable as possible. In a way, it is a better boon than they ever had. No race would ever consider harming a Nelgka, as one that is alive and unmarred can do so much more. Even knowing all this, there is something just a bit more about this woman's aura. Her attractiveness is on another level. The way she carries herself seems quite reserved and elegant without effort. "Yeah." Saurfang decides. "I almost never do this." He admits.

The elf's face, or at least the parts he can see, light up. Her plump lips curl into a wide smile. "Consider me honored, Warchief!" His ears perk. The way she says that sounds oddly familiar, but he can't place it. She steps towards him and wastes no time leaning up to plant a kiss on his lips. Her hand reaches down into his leggings, gripping his trunk-like member. She spends a little while just teasing it. Stroking and rubbing it in his pants while she kisses him. Saurfang can not help but think that she is incredibly good at this. Most elves are desperate for it. They slobber and salivate on their knees at the first inclination that they are going to get fucked. Not this one.

"What is the Warchief's preference?" She asks gently.

“What do you mean?” Saurfang asks. Once he is half-hard she draws his cock out of his pants and strokes it freely without looking down. A normal Nelgka would be obsessed with it, but she is staring up at his face through her sightless veil.

“Front or back or mouth.” She parts her lips into a wide 'O' after saying that.

“Have you had children?”

“Quite a few. All Orcs. I am known for being fertile.”

“Is that so?” He extends his arms around her back and rests both hands on the rear he was admiring. She moans as his digits knead into her soft ass. Looking down, he can see her starting to drip down the inside of her thigh, already, but he recognizes that it is possible she has been dripping this whole time and he just did not notice. “How flexible are you?”

“I can be packed neatly into an average-sized piece of luggage.” She says proudly.

Saurfang looks up in thought at that statement and imagines how she would know that. Some of his kin are exceedingly kinky. “All I need you to do is lift your leg all the way up. Straight up.” He asks.

“Right away!” The woman effortlessly kicks her leg up and, without even needing to pull it by hand, presses her knee into her shoulder. Saurfang steps back and releases her ass and her support. He admires her ability to balance in the position she is in. “I can stay like this indefinitely. I am quite well-balanced.”

“Uh-huh?” Saurfang does not need to stroke himself hard. He is already pretty solid from her efforts, and the sight of her presenting herself in this upright, gymnastic position. He stares at her nethers. The lips are spread and the hole is open, drooling. It shows how well-worn she is by numerous encounters. Even his massive member will not have any issue filling her. “Well... Ready?” He asks considerately.

“Yes Warchief!” She nods, panting. By her expression, she is begging for it. He steps into her and uses one hand on her opposite hip to steady her and uses his other to guide his cock to her entrance. Just as he suspected, there is no resistance as his tip pushes between her wet folds. That is not to say she is not tight. In fact, he feels her almost tightening around him as he pushes inside. She moans.”P-patrons say I have the feel of a-a veteran AND a virgin...”

“I can see why...” Saurfang marvels. The old Orc's heart beats rapidly. 'This woman's cunt might be the end of me... One way or another, an elf fells the Warchief? Is that how it happens? Ironic...' He muses, fully hilted inside of her. He looks down in shock, unsure how such a small woman could accommodate all of him at once. 'Insane... Is this the blessing of their goddess at work?' He can see her belly distending slightly from his member. He confirms that is what it is by pulling out and seeing the bump in her stomach go down.

“Warchief...” Her soft voice moaning in his ear is too much for him to take. His member throbs as the simple act of being inside of her seems to stimulate him. He grunts, thrusting back inside of her fully just to see how she reacts to a rough, animalistic thrust. When she gasps in pleasure it is all that he needs. Saurfang pulls free one last time before ramming in and out of her impossibly tight pussy madly. It almost feels like he has the bloodrage again, just with lust. He almost thinks that he can see pink as,

with a few more solid, harsh thrusts his cock is poised to explode. He stares at her pleased expression.

“You want to give birth to a warrior!?” He asks breathlessly between grunts and pants.

“Yes Warchief!” She moans. “Fill me full of warriors, please!”

Pushing into her one last time, he completely unloads an overdue amount of semen into her waiting womb. As he unloads into her, her pussy seems to be trying to suck his cock in to keep it in place. None of his seed leaks or spurts out. Instead, her belly distends further and balloons out until his balls are empty and his cock stops pumping. “Ugh... My head.” It is pounding, but thankfully all the blood that had rushed to his cock is slowly starting to circulate back through his body. He pulls his softening member free from her sucking pussy with a pop. ‘Like it or not, they’re practically built for this.’

“Can I lower my leg, Warchief?” She asks politely.

“Yeah, yeah.” He waves a hand, staring down at her sex. It has not let go of a single drop of seed, despite gaping wide from the encounter. “Wait...” Her legs stop lowering. “No, not that.” He grabs her by the ankle and stares at her belly, spotting an odd rune. “Where’d you get that mark?”

He is grabbing her leg and her hip now, so she can not move. The elf shrugs uncomfortably. “I don’t know. I’ve always had it.”

Saurfang narrows his eyes, searching his memory for when he had seen that mark. He thinks back to an encounter in the command tent, before he left for Orgrimmar over a year ago. That mark was present on all three of the women. He lets her ankle go so she can lower her leg and instead grips the bottom of her veil, pulling it up. “I can’t believe it.” He sees Tyrande gazing up at him with a confused look.

“Y-yes? Hello?” She squints as the light hits her pink, heart-shaped eyes.

“You are Tyrande, right?” Saurfang commands.

“I don’t know?” The woman shrugs, looking down distractedly. “Should I clean your cock, Warchief?” As she asks that he merely plants his face in his palm and throws her up over his shoulder. She does not fight this action. In fact, she seems very used to being carried around like this and simply goes limp on his shoulder. Her ass bouncing near his face is somewhat distracting, but he endures.

Saurfang wanders the pleasure palace until he is able to find Gazlowe. The fat goblin is sitting on a throne that is being carried by four Lightforged-Draenei mounts adorned in gold. “Oh, hey Warchief. Glad you managed to find a good time. Was worried about you, pal.”

“Enough chit-chat. This is Tyrande.” Saurfang announces.

“Oh.” Gazlowe does not know how to respond to that. “So... You want her?”

Saurfang sighs. “I want to know where you got her from.”

The fat Goblin shakes his head. “Yeah, I dunno. I buy elves from all over. They’re all signed and consenting. You know...”

“Yes. I do know.” The old Orc shakes his head. He knows that it is very likely that Tyrande has a very detailed paper trail where she agreed in an official manner at every point in the line. “Fine, yes. I do want this one, and her paperwork.”

Gazlowe's face lights up. “Great! Now... That one is pretty valuable in that she produces offspring about a week at a time. So I'm gonna need-” He stops seeing Saurfang's stern face is enough to stop him from pushing further. “Nothing! Nothing at all. You have fun with that gal.” The goblin lowers his voice and utters under his breath. “You old battle-axe...”

Saurfang lets Tyrande down and looks her over. “Do you remember anything?”

She tilts her head to one side quizzically. “Clean up after patrons. Offer myself to patrons. Serve drinks and be chatty.”

“She a smart one. You want us to pack that one up for you to go?” Gazlowe asks.

“No.” Saurfang continues looking down at Tyrande. Her purely pink eyes lack intelligence and recognition of the situation.

“Why you so hung up on this? She's an elf, they love being told what to do by orcs.” Gazlowe questions delicately.

“I gave my word. Through some means, that word was broken by someone. I need to find out who.” He announces harshly.

“Ah. Okay. Well, good luck with that. I'm gonna get back to partying. Ladies?” He reaches down with a crop and smacks one of the Draenei's bare asses. They begin carrying him off.

Saurfang is surprised to see Tyrande is extremely pregnant with her child just five days later. Even while she is in such an immobile state, she is still extremely attentive to his needs and desires. This is in spite of him convincing her that her actions are unnecessary. He stares down from his seat at a man that is there to report his findings. “We had great luck finding the other two.”

“How-” Saurfang adjusts himself. Tyrande's lips wrap around his cock, taking it deep into her throat in one gulp, which would be enough to jar any man. “How did you find them?”

“We cooperated with Craven to track down the marks he put on the two. We confirmed that he was able to track Tyrande and then proceeded with the search form there.”

“Good, good.” Saurfang rests a bit more in his chair knowing that they are found. He rests a hand on Tyrande's head as she gently massages his cock between her lips. “In what state are they in?”

“We found Maiev assigned to a glory hole in the gladiator's quarters within the arena. Shandris was transported to the crossroads where she was used as a morale-saving tool. Both are in similar states to the one between your legs. They do not answer to their names and they do not remember much of anything beyond working for a year. We took the liberty of bringing them back.”

“Good-” Saurfang twitches as Tyrande's skilled lips coax a casual orgasm out of him. He shoots directly down her throat. He can see that she is holding her breath and waiting patiently for him to finish unloading his balls before she slowly pulls free and lets his cock flop out of her mouth.

“Thank you for the meal.” She whispers up at him.

“Right... As I was saying. Good work. I will work at re-rehabilitating them personally. This may be an unpopular order, but we are going to work in earnest to find a cure instead of just pretending. The damage to their culture is irreparable, but we can at least stop their minds from frying in our presence. That may be the only way for me to keep my word.”

“Very honorable, Warchief. You are going to be met with a lot of opposition. Both from Nelgka and Orcs.”

“I've endured opposition before. We do what is right. Go send a request to the forsaken.”

“Understood.”

When the attendant breaks and leaves the room, Saurfang looks down to see Tyrande kissing his balls gently. “Fill up again soon...” She whispers into them. The Orc rolls his eyes.