

When Garf first contacted Kaelin on a whim he was not completely sure what his plan was. His actions were born out of frustration, jealousy and lust but were not driven by any higher goal. The Highborne rising-star was under his spell, for the most part, but he was not sure what he wanted to do with that power short of simply fucking her senseless. Deep down he knew that, while satisfying, it was a short-sighted desire. The higher ups at Dalaran noticing that a bunch of elves are suddenly getting dominated by a single Orc will undoubtedly begin an investigation. As that thought crossed his mind he realized just how reckless he had been to drag Kaelin off in front of so many witnesses and in such a bold manner. To cool off and calm down he took a walk through the courtyard. "Gotta figure out what I actually want, then find a safe way to do it." He pondered out loud.

The courtyard was a common area, but it was for the most part a hangout that was exclusively used by students due to its placement between the younger mages quarters, the teaching buildings and many of the shops. He spied on some of the students from afar as he racked his brain for a way to mask his activities. Even while he is considering how to best cover his ass, his one-track-mind inevitably wanders back to the ideal targets. Smart elves that in his opinion, do not deserve what they have. Many of the top students had some type of Elven heritage. It would have been simple for him with his new gift to simply walk over each of them and completely dominate their lives in an instant. As pleasant as that was for him to consider, that exciting idea was like a match that would only burn brightly for a few seconds before inevitably burning him. "Maybe I should just focus on the one I have." As he muttered that thought he stopped, overhearing female voices just a little ways away.

"Really, having a curls is just an excuse to not take care of yourself." There was a chorus of laughter from the group. "Straightening isn't difficult, like, come on. Right?" The group seems to state their approval of the comment, following the girls lead.

Garf ducked behind a pillar and leaned against it casually so it would not be immediately obvious he was eavesdropping. He waited for another girl to speak and sure enough another one of the women in the group chimed in. "Actually I think I saw Mallerie go back to having curls, right?" The group was silent. From everything he gathered about group dynamics in this school, the girl should have been crucified for going against the mood.

"That's kind of awkward. Were you trying to put down Mallerie?" Another of the girls challenged the mood unexpectedly. As he thought about it some more he realized. 'No... It's more like the mood has changed just at the mention of that name.' The group became a bit more tense. The jovial attitudes turned rapidly to scorn, centered exclusively on the girl he heard speak originally to the extent that she held up her hands nervously and conceded.

"I-I really didn't know. I wasn't trying anything." She tried to defend herself and the group laughed again, but this time it was at her expense.

"Come on, ladies. Some people will do anything to be popular..." With those simple words the group parted from the unsuspecting mark. Garf had no idea how cut-throat the mage social circles could be, as he had never made any attempt at entering one. He wandered off to consider what he just witnessed. His mind was racing at the implications.

"It's like there's some sort of tier system." He mused. Garf remembered Mallerie, to the extent that she was an attractive, intelligent elf. A prime target. In the school it was not adequate to just be good looking, as most of the elves and humans were. To become popular one had to also have some type of status or legacy. Among the students at the school that had both he could only pick out a few off-hand.

“Mallerie, Tael...” He smirked. “Kaelin.”

Garf approached Kaelin that night behind the dorms. He called on her and she came. It was that simple. With the serum running through his veins he felt like on of those Sanlayn from the creepy romance novels he sometimes saw in the Library. Only, he was nobodies dreamboat. As he stood in front of the Highborne she stared up at him through what he knew were masked eyes. They were blue and had an unusual sparkle to them. Not unusual for her kind, but completely different from what he knew them to be in reality. A color that had been named 'Infatuation Pink.' “Yes?” She asked. He knew just by her expression that he had her complete and undivided attention. She looked the same way she did in class taking notes.

“I figured out what I wanna do with you.” Garf said simply, giving little else before she responded. He enjoyed the idea of leading her on and teasing her.

Her eyes widened and her breathing became a bit more erratic, to Garf's amusement. “Is that so?”

“Yeah. You curious?”

She nodded, puffing out her chest and leaning up unobtrusively to bring her face close to his. “Yes!”

“I'm gonna turn you into a perv.”

The flow of the conversation stopped. The announcement was enough to crack the enchantment that had fallen over her briefly. She had expected a back-alley, bent-over, raw orc fucking. What she got was confusion. “What?” She looked like her old self after that moment and stared up with a measured amount of frustration. It was not leveled at him, but more so at the feeling of not getting what she has been desiring ever since they first met.

“The school's culture's a little bland so I'm gonna need a 'trend-setter' like you to spice things up a bit.”

“I don't understand.” She was quick to proclaim her ignorance and to Garf it looked genuine enough that he was not going to call her out for playing dumb.

“You really don't know the effect you got on the other girls in this school? Especially the elves.”

She shrugged. “I'm not sure? They look up to me, I suppose?”

Garf placed his head in his hands. “This girl...” He tried his best to explain it, despite the fact that he himself was new to the concept. “You ever wear something just because you liked it, then suddenly noticed a bunch of other people suddenly got the same thing on?”

“Yeah. It's interesting when that happens. But it's like... A psychological trick.”

“A trick?”

“After I wear it I notice it because I am thinking about it, but I am sure there were plenty of girls

wearing those things while I wasn't thinking about it, so I did not notice those instances and the only sample size I actually have access to is a cross section of people I witness after thoughts of the item are on my mind. But, if we stepped outside of my perception and expanded our observations to everyone around me over a period of time we should find-”

Garf stared blankly at her for a full minute while she studiously explained her theory. He was so stunned that it wasn't until she was almost done explaining that he interrupted her. “That's... Very logical. But it's because of you, idiot! Just trust me!”

“I trust you. I guess it's because of me somehow?” She said instantly. Though he could tell she did not believe him beyond a superficial 'saying what he wanted to hear' level.

“Look, forget about explaining it! We're doing an experiment.”

“I like experiments. Will this be what you present to the school?”

“God no!”

“I will be happy to help, regardless. What is the experiment? Is it to do with this theory of yours?”

Garf nodded. “It is. So smart... We did get there eventually.” Kaelin smiled widely in response to the compliment. He continued. “The Experiment is this; I'm gonna turn you into a horny, perverted orc lover and we'll see if any of those traits get passed down.”

After hearing the plan she quickly returned to being interested and more than a little enchanted. “How are we going to go about accomplishing this?”

Garf shrugged, dipping his large hand between his robes. Kaelin's eyes widened and she stood by even more attentively as she saw some movement with his member and his hand beneath his robes. “You just gotta get into a certain mindset.”

“Mindset...” She stared down expectantly.

“Never mention me, obviously.” He explained.

“Obv- Wait, why?” She was interested, but could not lift her hungry gaze from where his hand was in his robes.

“Because we're not 'together.’” Garf stated sternly. He needed to make sure she understood, because it was his ass that was on the line. He waited for her to nod in acknowledgment before he continued. “You're just a virgin elf that's got a thing for orc men. It's just come to the surface recently just how much you adore orc dick.” To punctuate that sentence he drew his cock from his robes. She fell to her knees easily without any prompting from him and leaned forward, ready to take all of it and give all of herself. Garf rested a hand on her head and held her a few inches away to stop her from touching it. She whined and drooled over it, finally resorting to looking up and pouting because he would not let her have it. “But, you've never had one before, you've never tasted or smelled it.” He said that as the intoxicating smell of his unwashed dick entered her lungs through her nostrils.

“But-” She tried to argue.

“But.” He interrupted. “You want to. So you find replicas, pictures in magazines that you're going to read and look at in class. People should catch you 'by accident.' You're going to masturbate to them and fantasize about what they feel like... To get closer to orcs you're gonna start dressing the way 'you' think we want to see you. Acting the way we wanna see you act...” He smirked, staring down at her desperate expression. She was nodding and listening intently but her eyes were not moving from their target and her mouth could not stop leaking. Her tongue had fallen out over her bottom lip. 'She looks like an out-of-breath dog.' He thought. “I'll help you with that stuff when we meet privately to 'study.’”

“I want to taste it.” She pants.

“That's good. Use that feeling.” He chuckled.

“N-no! I REALLY want to taste it... Lick it...”

“Finally able to look down on you stupid elves. It's a good feeling.” It is the only thing he could say in response to such a comment. He enjoyed the feeling of having something she would do anything for.

Kaelin ignored the demeaning remark and looked up, reiterating. “C-can I? Please?”

“If you're good and you play your roll well, I'll let you approach me publicly and ask me out on a date. Until then, do what you're best at.”

“What?”

“Studying.”