

When Kaelin had time to herself she was able to think again. She looked upon the way she fawned over the orc critically. She did not know why she was heeding his every word, or why she felt like she was addicted to seeing him. The truly odd thing was, she knew she was being affected by him and she still wanted to see him again as if she were an addict. Despite those being definite red flags, she also did not feel the desire to seek help, justifying it in her mind that she would be able to handle him herself. If she dug deeper on what she herself meant by 'handle' she imagined herself pinned against a wall by him with her face at waist level. The picture of his cock still vividly present in her mind, as is the smell. With a healthy amount of shame she craves to know what it tastes like more than anything.

“Kaelin? Hey, Kaelin.” Bian's voice snaps the Highborne out of her spiral.

“Sorry.” She exhales lightly and attempts to refocus.

“You still haven't told me what happened with Garf after you left.” He tried to follow them, but he lost them at one point and continued on into the dorms, since that is where he presumed they were going, but there was no sign of them. He did not see Kaelin again until later that night, as well, and she looked very out of it.

“What happened after we left... We studied.” She said distantly.

Bian has obvious skepticism. Her tone was not convincing at all. “Is that really all?” He shifts focus, still a bit incensed on her behalf. “Besides! The way he treated you was gross. You shouldn't tolerate that sort of thing.”

“I mean...” Kaelin blushes, remembering the time well. Garf's hands went wherever they wanted. They were rough and inexperienced but somehow none of that mattered. Nothing he had done to her should've been effective. It had never been anything she truly desired, yet she could not get enough of it at the time.

“Could you do something like that to me?” She asked the high elf boy pointedly.

Bian stammered. “W-what? You mean... Smack your b-but?”

“Yeah.” She was practically begging for it with the way her ass looked in her tight robes while she walked.

He barely felt comfortable staring, let alone touching the tall, attractive goddess-like woman. The Highborne elf's plump, round ass was a tantalizing target and he would be lying if he claimed he did not fantasize about groping it or smacking it. Bian's hands shook at the thought but he eventually crossed his arms tightly and shook his head vehemently in the negative.

“I couldn't! But he shouldn't, either! Are you saying it's alright?”

Kaelin knows the question is rhetorical, but she simply can not help herself. “I think it is alright.” It was a scandalous admission, but one in line with what Garf asked her to do. Her attitude was supposed to set the example going forward, apparently. She wasn't too sure that it would work like that and assumed it more likely that she'll be outcast, but it was always at the back of her mind that if she did well he would let her jump on his dick.

Bian gulped. “Sorry?”

“When he wants to knead my ass or even my breasts he does. I think that's kind of endearing.” She argued shamelessly.

“Not like someone who pines after me but never does anything.”

“What? He's touched your-” Bian looks down, blushing deeply. Her second remark digs deep. After a moment he looks up at her again. “This is weird. None of this is right. Why're you suddenly like this?”

Kaelin shrugged. “It is what it is. I think I just like men who are like that now that I've experienced it once.”

Bian piped down significantly after that. They had been walking in a direction within the city for a while. “Where are we going?” He asked meekly.

“I just need to pick up some things, but I did not want to go alone because it is a strange place.” As she said that they stopped in front of a small hole-in-the-wall goblin shop near the underbelly. Kaelin walked inside without much hesitation, despite her claim that she did not want to go in alone.

“H-hey wait! What is this?” Bian called after her.

Once inside they are both greeted by an average-looking goblin male. Short, green, greasy. The shop that he is overseeing is an embarrassing, wall-to-wall display center of sex toys and strange pornographic material.

“Heey. You the girl I talked to through the sympathetic link?” The goblin asked. Kaelin nodded. She approached the desk while Bian began to get lost in the various strange items. On the wall he is just as likely to see an oddly-shaped dildo as he is a Draenei-sized saddle. As he is distracted the goblin drops several magazines on the desk in front of Kaelin. She slides the gold back across in exchange.

“So that's everything you ordered. Thick Orc Coxxx, The Green Mile, so-on and so-on...” He looks over.

“What's your girlfriend looking for?”

Bian's ears perked. “I'm not a girl.” He approached the desk as Kaelin was stuffing the reading material into her bag.

The goblin smirked. “Well, now that I got you girl's attention...” Bian bristled at that remark, but endured the teasing to listen to what he has to say.

“We got a new product in that I think you'll both find interesting.”

Kaelin looks at the goblin flatly. “What is it?” She was not sure what to expect, but when he drew a fairly accurate-looking green dildo out from under the desk her heart skipped a beat.

“Hehe. Yep. This baby is fresh from Kalimdor. Now, it's technically illegal, but you ladies aren't going to tattle on me, are ya?” The goblin glanced between them. Kaelin shook her head while Bian seemed more hesitant. During his hesitation, Kaelin offers him a stern look, after which he felt obligated to shake his head as well.

“I wont tell... W-what is it?” Bian asked.

“Glad you asked, dear!” As the goblin spoke he held the large item awkwardly, causing it to flop around in front of both of their faces. Bian blushed and tried not to look, while Kaelin's eyes followed it

intently.

“This fella is infused with orc flavor and musk. Stuff's like catnip for elves.” He shrugged, adding.

“That's why it's illegal, partly. Aaanyway. Which of you wants to take this guy home today? I only got one, is the only thing.”

Kaelin was completely resolved to take the dildo home with her and it showed in her expression. She was infatuated with it. Her mouth was essentially watering as all that went through her head was the thought of tasting it and using it on herself. Bian noticed her enthusiasm towards the product and became worried. He was already crestfallen by her sudden turn, but he knew for a fact that her having that item would not help the situation in his favor. He slapped gold on the table.

“I'll take it! Mine!”

“He's not even going to use it!” Kaelin snapped back angrily.

Bian was taken aback by the anger that his friend showed, but he stood firm and claimed meekly. “I-I'll use it. Besides, what do you care, I got money.”

“I do care.” The goblin explained. “If what this girly says is true, I may have to prioritize her business over yours.”

“I want it and I will use it. It is perfect...” Kaelin uttered shamelessly. Losing it was not an option for her.

“Well, that's pretty definitive, unless you can show me you want it more.” The goblin said to Bian with a smirk, wagging the fake cock in his face.

“She's lying... I'll use it.” Bian says quietly.

“Huh? That's not too convincing. You even into this stuff?”

“Yeah!” Bian argues, getting annoyed by the man's persistence.

“Sorry, I'm not buying it. Alright hon, looks like it's all-”

As the goblin was quite obviously fixing to give the dildo to Kaelin, Bian mustered up all the courage and willpower he could. It was embarrassing, but he knew for a fact that her owning that item would not be good for her, especially considering her race. The history with highborne and orcs spoke for itself. With all that in mind Bian blurted out awkwardly.

“I love orc dick! I'm gonna take this home and use it right away! Here, actually-” Bian leans over the desk and presses his nose to the underside of the fake cock, inhaling deeply. Kaelin plants her face in her palm and shakes her head.

“I can't believe this.” She muttered.

“Uuh...” Bian did not understand before, but he began to in that moment as he stopped inhaling out of necessity and started to out of desire. The goblin let go of the item, allowing the elf boy to take it with both of his slender hands and pull it towards him. Salivating, he let his tongue out to slide over the smooth surface from base to tip. Immediately he felt his pants tighten and his whole body shudder.

“O-oh...” He intoned shamefully and thought to himself.

'I kinda get it now...'

“Sorry, hun.” The goblin said to Kaelin. “I think she wants it more.”

The Highborne clicked her tongue angrily and stomped out of the shop with the items she had already bought, leaving Bian with the shopkeeper. He was still licking around the tip of the member idly, hypnotized by the taste and smell. Seeing a mark, the goblin pulls out a few more devices. A small egg, a collar with some headphone-looking devices attached and some potion bottles.

“I think you and your husband here'll like these items, as well.”

Bian, by some miracle, manages to stop before he becomes a complete mess. He was still panting, however, holding the dildo tightly. “Husband?” He asked, blushing deeply at the embarrassment of what he realized he was doing for an audience. Audience of one, but still.

“That's what it's called. Well... It's actually called the 'Orc Husband' edition.” He clarifies.

“Okay? I mean, it's just a t-toy, right?”

“You feel that it isn't, thought, don't you.” The goblin asked. Bian looked at it and felt magic within it, the same he would feel were he holding a mid-grade magical item. The goblin sighed.

“Listen... You don't think it'd be illegal here just because it smells nice, do you?”

“I guess not? What's it actually do?” Bian asked astutely.

“Now, even me, with my moral compass being so low feels like I should ask you... You ready to have your life taken over by a toy?”

“How is a toy gonna take over my life?” Bian was skeptical. It was an enjoyable taste and smell, but he could not imagine there being much else to it aside from addiction.

“Pour some magic into it.”

“how much?”

“It's customary to give it more than half. The activation phrase is 'I do.' But, I'm warning you again, don't say that unless-”

“I do?” Bian dumbly stated the phrase while channeling into the magical item. It floated out of his hands and away from the desk and hovered off to the side. He watched a large, muscular body materialize from it. A realistic orc body. “I-Illusion?”

“What did you just call me?” The orc flicked Bian's forehead roughly, causing him to recoil.

“Ow!” Bian gulps, looking up at the orc. He is not even all that attractive and looks to be built more like an average worker. His eyes widen as the orc illusion rested both hands on his shoulders and insistently pressed the elf boy onto his knees.

“W-what do I do?” He looks up at the goblin.

“Say 'divorce' to dismiss.”

As the orc was about to smack Bian with his realistic-looking member the elf shouted. “D-divorce! Divorce!”

The dildo fell to the ground. “May wanna wash that. These floors aren't... Eh, let's just leave it at that. You wanna wash that.” The goblin shook his head lightly. “Anyway, you still interested?”

Bian looked down at it. Against his better judgment he looked up at the goblin with a nervous smile and said. “With the other things you suggested?”