

"I don't think balloons are all that practical, Thalyssra." Valtrois comments with a hint of concern in her voice. The assistant Arcanist says that out of the blue as the duo are staring out at the horizon from the ship they are riding in.

Thelyssra mulls over that statement for a few seconds, then finally returns with. "What do you mean?"

Valtrois tilts her chin up in a gesture that seems haughty, when she is really just staring up at the large balloon over head.. "That thing that is keeping us up in the air is filled with explosive gas."

"It is held inside by-"

"By thin fabric, yes." She points. "Look, you could shoot something into that and it would go up in flames extremely easily. Because it's the only thing keeping us up it's not like we'll glide safely to the ground, either. We'll just drop right out of the sky!"

"I think you are offending our captain..." The arcanist looks a few feet away to the wheel, where the Goblin captain is sneering at them.

"Don't get me started, there. These dangerous contraptions are piloted by creatures obsessed with explosions!"

"Let us not stereotype, dear." Thalyssra rests her head in her hand, shaking it lightly. "Goodness." She lifts her head to offer a short rebuttal that will hopefully satisfy the Goblins within earshot. "These things are so high up that it is unlikely anything will hit them to cause the problems you are talking about. The fact that you can cross the ocean AND the land without changing transport is marvelous as well."

Valtrois considers those points carefully and seems inclined to agree, except for one point. "They are awfully big targets, though. You have to agree?"

"I supp-" There is a loud pop, followed by bright lights and many powerful bangs all over the ship. Thalyssra grabs Valtrois around the waist and concentrates as the woman screams something akin to 'I told you so!' It is far too loud for the First Arcanist to understand what she is saying fully, however. Just as was described, there is no gliding once the balloon opens up. Instead they feel a falling sensation. Thalyssra concentrates on her own retinue within the craft and, as she senses they are nearing the ground, she performs a mass blink many yards ahead to cancel the momentum of the fall and take she and her people away from the location of the wreckage. The spell effectively drains her of all but a bit of her mana, but she knows that her people should be safe from the fall, at the very least.

She releases Valtrois and turns around to see the aircraft crash into the ground. The rest of the ordinance in it then explodes, sending wreckage over their heads. Thelyssra is, first of all, stunned. After the initial shock wears off she can't help but admit. "Okay, you may have had a point."

"I know!" Valtrois gasps, shakily keeping herself up. "Where are we?"

"It looks as though we landed in a dense forest. I think, however, that it would be wise to stay near the crash, as it is a beacon that will show where we are to our allies."

Valtrois nods, but offers in return. "It is also a beacon that shows us to whomever shot us down... If

indeed that contraption did not just spontaneously combust. Which I highly... Consider.” The Nightborne smirks.

“Very well... I do not favor the chances of any enemies standing against us deep in Forsaken territory. We have not been alerted to any problems within their realm. We shall attempt to stay here and will defend ourselves if necessary, regardless. Where did the others land? They should be close.” Thalyssra begins look around her immediate surroundings, but much of the view around her is blocked by dense brush. “Shoot.”

“Thalyssra! I hear something.” Valtrois shouts, pushing her way to the other side of a thick bush. The Arcanist slowly follows after her second in command, but loses sight of the woman. 'Why did she stop talking?' Thalyssra pushes through to the other side and sees Valtrois standing stone still.

“What is-” She stops, staring past Valtrois at a nearby tree. One of their kin has had her clothes torn off and is being railed by a large Worgen that is hunched over her. He rutting like an animal in heat and, surprising to the two Arcanists, the woman seems extremely into it. Looking around more, there is another of their kin a few yards away being bent over a felled tree by another large, feral-looking Worgen.

“What is the meaning of-” Valtroi begins indignantly before Thalyssra manages to stifle her and pull her back into the brush.

“Do you want them to hear? We need to join up with the others. Come...” The two understand each other quite well, so there does not need to be further discussion after that. They step out at another point and hear speech in common. Something they understand easily due to their cooperation with the alliance just a few years prior.

“How's that mage-lookin' girl you got?” A gruff voice asks. The two women look out to see two Worgen speaking casually while they fuck two more of their kin.

“Submissive and breedable. Barely took a minute to turn this smarty into a bimbo.”

The other worgen grunts, loosing his seed inside the elf he is fucking. He sighs happily before continuing to speak. “Elune must be pretty glad to see these gals brought back into the fold, I guess. But who cares about that?”

“Why aren't any of them fighting back?” Valtrois whispers. “I don't get it.”

Thalyssra shakes her head. “I don't know why that is, but we need to get out of here, quickly.” They both do an about-face and move quietly through the brush. Valtrois is the first to try and exit and Thalyssra sees her stop suddenly once more. “What is it this-” Moving beside the woman, Thelyssra covers her mouth to stifle a gasp. A few feet away she sees that Valtrois had run face first into a long, girthy Worgen member.

“Oh, you got one sneaking around?” She hears through the brush above them.

“Walked right into it.” There is a chuckle from the one that the member likely belongs to. Valtrois weakly attempts to pull away but a heavy Worgen paw lands on the back of her head and presses her face into his cock. He begins unceremoniously rubbing it up and down her face. To Thalyssra's

surprise, the normally proud Nightborn woman is passive. Her mouth hangs open loosely, saliva dripping over her bottom lip. The promising mage's eyes roll back unintelligently as the man pushes her nose into his balls.

“Haha! This is downright mean!” The other Worgen shouts, apparently getting a kick out of what he is seeing his companion do to Valtrois. Thalyssra fills with seething rage, but she is not sure what she can do at the moment, as the number of enemies present is unclear.

“We're feral... No one expects us to be nice. Besides. Pack Leader said we should make it quick.” As he says that he pushes the length of his cock down her throat in one thrust, then pulls out. Thalyssra, who had taught students for thousands of years and has learned to measure potential quite easily looks into the eyes of Valtrois. The First Arcanist shakes with anger and bites her lip, practically drawing blood. Within Valtrois she sees nothing. As the Worgen draws his long cock from her lips, she sees no potential left. No skill, no willpower or magical ability. 'She's just-'

“Oh, I got another one.” Thalyssra hears sudden movement in front of her and looks up, readying a spell. She gulps, staring up to see a very large, meaty member drape over her face. Her arms go limp and the spell gets caught in her throat as the heavy member rolls over her face. She inhales it's scent deeply and feels her head begin to spin.

“N-not fffair...” She groans quietly.

“Who do you think the leader is?” The Worgen over her asks casually, not even treating Thalyssra as anyone worth his full attention.

“Doesn't matter. They're all the same.” The other Worgen comments, turning Valtrois around to begin the process of breeding her. His cock lands between her exposed cheeks, sliding down between the round mounds until his tip reaches her sex, at which point he abruptly enters her to the former-mage's delight.

“Sure, sure. You don't think the leader one will be all tough and able to resist or anything?” He asks conversationally. 'Damn... Right!' Thalyssra tries to pull her head back, but whimpers and tears up as his strong hand drops onto the back of her head and presses her easily back into place.

“Not at all. Gotta wonder, though. What do you think's going on in their heads while it's happening?”

“Who cares?” Her Worgen utters harshly, dragging Thalyssra's face down his long, stiffening member to press her nose into his balls.

“W-wait, I'm-” She can barely speak audibly, but she wants to get out that she is different. To beg for some kind of mercy or special treatment that will give her another chance, however she is stopped after smelling his balls. Her mind hits a wall. 'I don't want to-' Her thoughts are interrupted by primal urges. 'Male! Strong male! Balls... Cum... Offspring...!' She tries her best to keep it together. 'No! Stop it... I'm still here. I-'

The Worgen over her pats her head and reels back. “Well, time to finish this one off.” He looks down at her with a wide grin. Thalyssra is powerless to do anything but stare up with fearful eyes as he steadily pushes his cock between her lips and down her throat. Surprisingly, it isn't painful. Her body just seems to open up to him, as if she is under some type of warped divine spell. The taste and feeling of it causes

her mind to vibrate. She feels what she saw happen to Valtrois and it is happening startlingly quickly. Everything that is Thalyssra begins rapidly emptying from her like water pouring down a sieve. Her experiences, her magic, her skills. Everything. When he pulls his cock free slowly, she no longer perceives things the same way. She is vaguely aware that something is different, but can not explain what. As she is trying to put together what it is, she obediently lets herself be turned around by the male that is standing over her. "I really would like to find the leader bitch somewhere. It's gotta feel different, breaking her. I just know it." He comments hopefully, entering Thalyssra without any resistance at all from the powerful leader. She is so wet and ready and the moment his cock touches her sex her uncertain mind fills with everything it needs. Thoughts, goals and desires. She smiles and moans as she is fucked like an animal. 'Do good for the pack! Offspring... Fuck strong males. Breed, breed, breed!'

"Yeah, I dunno about that. Maybe you're right. Bitch probably got away."

"Meh. Her cunt probably sucks, anyway." The Worgen fucking her rationalizes.