

Elves of Azeroth were somewhat asexual. That is not to say they had no libido. Just that, their longevity meant that there was no rush after adulthood to set out and find a partner. Living over the span of centuries allowed them the luxury of not needing to rush to spread their genes and that, therefore increased the importance of bonding over features other than one's body. For that reason it was quite novel when the honor student, Kaelin, made her social debut with her new look.

The Highborne elf appeared to a group lesson one day showing off more of her smooth purple skin than ever before. Her Dalaran robes were replaced with a much more showy ensemble. It was still one piece, but instead of reaching her ankles, the robe stopped somewhere below her hips and only just managed to hide the bottom of her ass while she was standing up perfectly straight. It left one to wonder what would be visible if she had to bend over for any reason. Dress-code did specify that robes must reach the shoulders and neck, but there were workarounds. The cloth making up the upper half of the robe was a second skin, essentially. It provided a perfect outline of her tits, as the first workaround. As the second, placed at the center of her chest was a window that showed a generous amount of her purple cleavage. Typically footwear is not a big concern for the mages of Dalaran, as robes would tend to hide such things. However her long legs were visible from her thighs all the way down to her ankles and it was quite clear that she was wearing the most impractical, showy heels that anyone in the city was used to seeing.

While the city of Dalaran was ahead magically, technologically and culturally the city was still very much stuck in the post-third-war period. Down in the gutters of Gadgetzan, or in the streets of Orgrimmar her appearance would not manage to turn heads. In Dalaran, however, at that time, it was revolutionary.

“Don't you think Kaelin looks a little...” The young mage began before trailing off. She was staring from her clique at Kaelin, who was seated nearby studying something rather intently. The group was uncertain on how to broach the topic in a socially acceptable manner but they all seemed hesitant to Garf, who was watching and listening from an inconspicuous distance. He wanted to witness first-hand the fruits of his bullying. He was becoming worried that her look would simply outcast her from society. That outcome, while not a total loss, would put a serious damper on his plans.

“A little much, right?” Another girl chimed in, taking the plunge to win social points. With the go-ahead of two of the groups members, all of the girls began whispering and throwing out their own version of what amounts to the exact same sentiment given by the first two speakers.

Just as Garf felt like he needed to cut his losses a quiet girl from the back cleared her throat. He nodded with recognition, noting that it was the first girl that he saw being chastised for speaking out of turn before.

“Kaelin runs in different circles than us. Maybe this is just something new that you all are behind on.” The group becomes silent. The girl smirks, then goes in for the kill.

“I think you're all just a little upset that you don't know where she got the idea. A bit slow and close minded, if you ask me. I'm sure I could just bring all your concerns to her and ask directly.” There was a collective gulp.

“Then again, I actually do know where she got the idea.”

“You do?” One of the others asked skeptically.

To Garf surprise, the outcast girl reaches into her bags and pulls out one of the goblin magazines. "Here. It's super trendy, but I guess you girls are kind of behind, since you don't ever look outside the city."

"Can you even read that?"

"A-a bit." You can tell when the girl speaks that she is lying, but it did not matter. Her simplistic arguments had already caused the wheels in the other girl's heads to spin.

"Give me that!" The new head of the group swiped the magazine and began looking through it. She flipped through pages and pages of images degrading elves. Every single article, picture and piece shown in that magazine was a tear-down of her kind and it would be clear to anyone that Kaelin was following it's advice. The girl brought it close to her face, trying to discern the orcish text and failing. The publication wasn't made for her, or any of them. It was a magazine he had a few editions of under his bed, as it is specifically written for Garf's sensibilities. The girl furrowed her brow skeptically as she flipped through, but then looked up and passed a quick glance across her friends, then over to Kaelin.

"Yeah... I mean, I basically get it. It's meant to be empowering." She looked to the original owner of the magazine in the group for recognition.

"Exactly!" The original elf owner responded.

"Isn't it just so progressive?"

"So progressive!" The other girls began echoing that sentiment.

The one holding the magazine held up a page. "Think I could pull this off?" She held open a page of an elf girl in a belt-like skirt and platform heels. Her lips had been blown up into being embarrassingly plump and her tits had obviously been worked on as well in the same fashion. If any of them could read orcish they would be able to read the caption as saying: The pinnacle of elven evolution. Words like fuck-meat and brainless stood out in the write-up, which was of course lost on them. All they saw was the picture and all they knew about it was through the lens of their own made-up context.

"Totally!" They were all in agreement.

Garf walked away, thinking that it all was just so ridiculous and easy. He had not influenced them at all, except to warp one of their idols. He wondered how much it would affect the city if he went after another.

Mallerie was already the picture of elven beauty that the goblin magazines portrayed, to an extent. Though it was entirely unintentional on her part. On the part of both parents and grandparents before them it was incredibly intentional, of course. Each generation of her family joined together with the perfect partner to create even more beautiful and talented offspring and she had always assumed that it would be the same for her. Eventually, she would find an elf man that looked suspiciously similar to her, only lacking a few secondary sexual characteristics, and they would both create a handsome or beautiful boy or girl. Those thoughts had not surfaced in quite a while, though. She had thought them over time, but they were not the most concerning thing to her. Mostly Mallerie was concerned with

remaining in the top 3 of the schools student mages. As she was quietly reviewing a mock test she had taken for fun she looked up to see the antithesis of everything she was destined for.

Though she did not conceptualize it in such a way, Garf, the orc standing in front of her with an undeserved cocky grin, was the opposite of everything she was meant for. He was not in good shape and not good looking in general. He was not talented or outstanding in any particular trade or craft. He was poor and barely holding onto the scholarships that allow him to attend. If all of that weren't enough, in contrast to the fairytale image of such a man that lacks all of that but for a heart of gold, Garf did not. He had a poor attitude, he was often gross and rude and clearly sexist. There was nothing good about him. Yet, as he stood over Mallerie in that moment something clicked into place.

“Hello? I've seen you around but I don't think I know your name.”

“Garf.” He said simply.

“Okay...” She stood up from where she was sitting, getting ready to leave. Only, to sit up she had to slide towards him and stand just a foot from him. While she was standing there she was forced face to face with him. Mallerie let her gaze trail from the bulge in his robes, up his overhanging belly towards his big, dumb face. For some unknown reason she felt weak in the legs and couldn't move.

“I heard a rumor that you're obsessed with me.” Garf said frankly, as if it were to him just an annoying fact.

Mallerie blinked and shook her head. “I'm not! I'm definitely...” She lowered her gaze. 'Wait, did I really just see that big bulge in his robes? Is it just on display?' Seeing it again, she was able to confirm the rough shape and outline of a sizable, stereotypical orc member. 'That is... Really, really...' She wanted to think that it was obscene, but she could not bring herself to insult the display of something so attractive.

“Listen. It's fine.”

“Huh?” She was snapped out of a trance-like state by his voice. Smooth to her long ears. Easy to listen to. The more she looked at him, the easier he was on her eyes as well. He was not a perfect elf with similar, compatible genes, he was a man. Pure, dominant maleness. 'He's not pretty or well-kept, or anything... He's just a man.' Mallerie licked her lips unconsciously. 'This is the part where he asks to fuck me? Am I really going to have my first time with an ugly, stupid orc like this? Get it together Mallerie... Just say no to this bastard and get back to your studies.'

“But I'm gonna have to decline.”

Mallerie's eyes widen in shock. “Sorry?”

“No, no. I'm sorry. I just don't think you're all that pretty or interesting. If you're looking to impress me, put down the books and pick up a magazine. It'll show you how to act if you want a real man.” Garf shrugged, then turned and left without speaking another word to her. He left Mallerie, one of the school's 'queen's in silent distress.

“Th-this is insane!” She shouted, covering her mouth as she realized she raised her voice for no reason. Looking down at her books she contemplated what he said. 'I don't need his approval. I'm not obsessed

with him...' As her thoughts went quiet the outline of his cock in his robes was clearly visible in her mind to fill in the gaps. 'Damn.'