

Tyrande leaves the facility a month later. 'I can't believe I fell for such a simple trick...' She ended up giving birth at least two more times to Craven's children, alongside Maiev and Shandris. The two girls are behind her, giggling like they just left the carnival. "I can't wait to go visit our sons a few years down the line." Shandris comments.

"Apparently we have produced exceptional babies. I am looking forward to it as well." Maiev agrees.

"What about you, mother?" Shandris asks. Both Maiev and Shandris close the distance, each taking one of Tyrande's arms as they walk. "Are you looking forward to seeing your children grow up?"

She considers the question. 'Of course...' She can not deny her maternal instinct. The children will be raised by Craven, obviously, but they are still hers. "Lets return to Saurfang quickly and waste no more time." Tyrande utters to avoid answering out loud. Both the Warden and the General seem to agree enthusiastically and forget all about the handful of children they gave birth to over the past month. For the moment, at least. Tyrande looks down over their bodies. As toned as ever. 'I have to admit... His Enchantment is useful. No one would ever suspect I gave birth to four children in a months time if they looked at my body.' She shrugs.

The three women enter Saurfang's tent at the camp and find it empty, save for an elf attendant. "The Warchief told me you would be here around this time."

"Where is he?" Tyrande asks, looking over the woman. She is fairly small and is wearing a cloth getup, much like Tyrande's priestess garb. However, by the way it is colored and laid out it seems more fit for a scribe of some sort.

The woman bows. "The Warchief has returned to Orgrimmar and asked that you report there as soon as possible. A luxury transport has been made available for your overland trip."

Tyrande nods to the woman. "Well done, thank you. You are dismissed." She notes that the woman follows her orders obediently and returns to whatever it is she does when she is not performing a task like this. Tyrande looks to her companions. "Luxury transport? He must like us."

"Of course he does, mother!"

"Priestess, he chose us for these roles. Do not forget."

"Right." Tyrande sighs. 'Hard to get used to just how loyal these two are. Perhaps it is time for me to start adapting to this new reality, as well?' She thinks that as they step outside and come face to face with a large cart piloted by a goblin. The first thing Tyrande notices about the cart is that it is being pulled by two lightforged Draenei that have been converted into mounts, complete with armor, harnesses and blinders.

"All aboard!" The goblin calls out.

"I am not going to question it." Tyrande steps into the cart. Maiev and Shandris step in after her and, despite there being two sides, both girls sit next to her, practically leaning on her.

For the entire trip Shandris leans on Tyrande and Maiev looks out the window of the cart. Tyrande looks out as well. 'The forest has... Surprisingly not changed that much.' She muses. She expected the orcs to go back on their word and immediately ramp up logging, but all the way from Darkshore to Auberdine the roads are manned by Sentinels and the forests are untouched and at peace. In fact, they look far more peaceful than they did before the invasion. "Isn't it wonderful?" Maiev comments.

"Hmm?"

"We were in constant strife while we were alone, or being misled by the Alliance. I am extremely pleased that our true masters have returned to focus us." Maiev explains contentedly.

Tyrande has to consider the Warden's words. 'Is this better?' As she ponders that question, the cart stops in Auberdine and lets them out. Tyrande looks up at the goblin. "Why are we stopping?"

"I gotta feed and rest the horses." The goblin claims. Tyrande looks down at the two exhausted lightforged draenei and thinks. 'I am still not going to ask.' She turns and gives the town a glance. On its face it is completely unfamiliar. Horde buildings have replaced many of the lodges, but they predominantly have elves coming and going from them. There are of course orcs and trolls and all other races of the horde, but everyone just seems to be leading a relatively mundane existence. 'This does not seem so bad, after all.' Tyrande smiles. She looks back to spot Maiev now taking the place of supporting a sleeping Shandris. The Warden waves. "We got about a day. But I'm obviously not leaving without you, so..." The goblin shrugs. Tyrande nods at him.

"I am going to explore." She explains to Maiev.

"Understood. Stay safe, High Priestess."

Tyrande wanders through Auberdine, observing what everything has become. 'Maybe I was wrong.' As she thinks that, near the end of the row of businesses she spots something that is more in line with what she would expect. A group of sentinels in their people's 'traditional' armor are approached by an orc. Tyrande gets closer and begins to listen. "You girls want some maternity leave? Guard duty is tough." They giggle. 'Ridiculous...' She thinks. The orc continues. "Well, I only got enough for one load, so I need to know which one of you is the most devoted."

The girls clamor for attention. "I am not very smart!" One announces.

"That's not bad. A bimbo is an exemplary example of what your race should be. Anything from the other two?"

The two girls glare at the one that spoke first. The second immediately chimes in with. "I'm not just dumb, I worship orcs! I need your seed so bad because I've ALWAYS wanted an orc child!"

"That's good! Better!" He grins at the last Sentinel. "You're gonna have to step it up."

The last one takes a deep, shuddering breath, drops down and kisses the orcs feet. "I'll quit... I'll devote

myself to you if you allow me to accept your seed, sir.”

He whistles. “You’ll tank your career? Ding ding ding. You two can scam, we have a winner.” He announces. The other two slump their shoulders dejectedly, but stop suddenly and stand at attention as Tyrande appears before them. The orc lifts a confused brow. “Eh?” The Sentinel that was close to tanking her career also notices and stands up, moving to also be at attention.

“My lady.” The three say at once as they bow.

“Run along, girls.” Tyrande orders. She smiles and feels a rush of confidence as the elf sentinels follow her orders over the orc’s. Although, she can tell that they are not enthusiastic about it. ‘All I need is for them to follow orders. Saurfang has carried out most of his promises. I am pleasantly surprised.’ She turns her attention to the stunned orc.

“Hey!” He grunts in frustration. “How are you gonna pay me back for losing a premium gal like that for my club!?”

“Club?” Tyrande does not understand what he is saying, but she understands the essence of why he is upset and offers. “You will have to make do without, I suppose.”

He plants his palm over his face and drags down, pulling at the bags in his eyes as he rubs them. The man looks Tyrande over carefully. “What about you? You doing anything?”

Still not quite understanding, Tyrande shakes her head. “I have one day to kill before I risk being late.”

The orc’s face lights up. “You want to come check out my club? We offer services for elves like you, too?”

“Elves like me? I don’t understand.”

“Most of your kind that are like you and don’t respond the same way to my kind hate it. You wanna feel small” He explains excitedly.

“What? I am honestly not interested...”

The orc taps his chin thoughtfully. “You know... Maybe you’re actually just looking for work.”

“I am not.” Tyrande says flatly.

“I promise, honey. I can train even the frumpiest, most powerful elves into giggly bimbo strippers.”

Tyrande groans. “What?” She can not stand this man. ‘Is he just going to keep going on and on?’

“You got a day, right? Nothing better to do? Wanna have some fun?” He offers in three different ways. Tyrande stares blankly at him for a full minute.

All it took was a second for Tyrande to falter before she was being dragged off to the orc's club. The clientele are within her expectations. Orcs being served by elves. Elves dancing on stage for coin. It is unusual, but she gets the idea right away. Off to one side, isolated, she also spots what looks like a high ranking Nelgka getting dominated by a grunt. "That orc is one of our most popular workers. Your officers come in a lot for the full 'Horde Treatment.'" He chuckles.

"Right... I am really not interested." Tyrande explains. Slowly, though, as she looks around she remembers something he said. "What was that bimbo thing you mentioned?"

"It's easier just to show you. Amber!" The orc waves over one of his elven workers. The one he called Amber happily struts over and puffs her chest out, choosing to display her balloon-like tits prominently. "Amber here used to be one of your... Mages? I guess you had mages near the end? Anyway, point is, you used to be real smart, right Amber?"

"Yup!" The woman's mouth is hanging open slightly and she is drooling while staring at the orc with a blank, aroused expression. Amber is wearing nothing except a tight purple thong and heels.

"Her brain doesn't work too well. She's what we call a 'bimbo.'"

Tyrande lifts a brow, eyeing the girl's expression. 'Completely vacant.' She switches her attention back to the orc. "Well... Like I said, I am not interested, so-"

"Amber, bring me a muzzle." The orc orders softly.

"Yes daddy!" The girl prances off surprisingly quickly in her ridiculous heels. Tyrande watches her plump ass bounce away.

"Okay... No." Tyrande begins. The orc smiles. Surprisingly, he seems content to listen. "I was willing to come and see this place, because I wanted to see where this society had gone wrong. It was especially important after having seen so much that was actually promising." The orc nods his head. Tyrande smiles, feeling rather empowered to continue her rant. "I am glad I've come here, because I've seen something that has steeled my resolve. I do not regret my decision, but I am no longer under the illusion that this deal I made was entirely good."

"Uh huh?" The orc finishes listen and stares over Tyrande's shoulder. "Amber?"

"Yes!" Tyrande blinks and wretches as she feels a cup placed in front of her mouth attached to a tube. It stinks. The cup is locked to her head by a strap that amber quickly tightens to the point that no air can get in or out. Tyrande begins to panic as she starts to suffocate, but thankfully air begins to flow slowly. She inhales and her eyes start to water. 'Oh goddess... What...!' Amber holds up the tank connected to the cup. It clearly says 'concentrated orc pheromone.' Tyrande would fight, but she feels her strength leaving her.

"Just enough gas mixed in to keep you up, but not enough to feed your brain properly. The rest of what's in there is so powerful it turns a normal elf's brain to mush." He chuckles. Tyrande glares at him. "We gave it one turn, but when Amber turns this baby open all the way..." He sighs happily. "Well, I

just like counting back from ten to see how long you can last.” Tyrande swallows her pride and lifts her hands, showing a begging expression. She can not speak through the tight cup,

“Amber!”

“Yes, daddy!”

“Turn it all the way.” The orc demands. The canister is opened completely and Tyrande is immediately assaulted with the most concentrated, arousing mixture of foul smelling orc and oxygen that she has ever experienced. “look at me, sweetheart.” The orc directs Tyrande's attention to his fingers, holding up ten. “Nine.” He lowers one, then another. When he reaches five she starts to feel different. Her anger and fear has washed into a more light, bubbly feeling. A building, cheerful excitement. The colors of the club begin to look more pretty to her and stand out, while the strong orc in front of her takes up a large portion of her mind's real estate. 'He's... hot...' By the time he lowers one more finger to make “Four.” Tyrande's eyes are streaming with tears from the smell and the cup is filling rapidly with drool. Tyrande begins to forget what brought her here. She looks around through wet eyes and sees plenty of reasons to stay, however. 'Pretty lights... Hot orcs.' The bubbly excitement within her grows rapidly. He counts down to three and suddenly the elf does not even know who she is anymore. If her clothing acted as any indication, the one called amber strips her of it skillfully until she too is just wearing heels and a tight thong. She stares in utter confusion as he reaches two. 'Peace? Huh? Oh... Conting?' Tyrande giggles at the mixup. 'Why?' When there are no more fingers left the 'muzzle' is removed.

Tyrande inhales deeply from the relatively fresh air of the club. She looks around in wonder of the bright lights and is a little surprised when Amber hugs her tightly. “Sis!” The girl looks at her and where before her dull, empty expression was a shock, now it is like looking into a mirror. Tyrande can barely think. “Having an empty head feels good, right?” Amber asks.

Tyrande giggles and nods. “Yeah!”

The orc rests a hand on Tyrande's shoulder and looks at her benevolently. “So long as you 'consent,' I can take care of you and give you some work that you're fit to do.”

Tyrande tears up. “Omigosh! That is, like, sooo nice-”

“Daddy. He's our daddy, sis.” Amber advises.

Tyrande smiles widely. “Daddy.” She finishes in a sultry tone. She hugs Amber back tightly, their tits pressing together pleasantly. Tyrande does not remember having a sister, but she is immediately willing to accept that into her reality. She, after all, does not remember much of anything.

Amber looks up seriously. “Sis, you need to ask for the muzzle every day!”

“Huh?” Tyrande is confused. Looking over at the orc, he seems troubled.

“Listen, Amber. If I give her the muzzle every day, eventually her brain will turn completely into mush for good. She'll never be able to think or remember or do anything other than work here.” His acting is terrible, but Tyrande is completely entrapped by his performance in her current state. “That's against Saurfang's rules... Unless.” He looks at her. “Unless you want that?” He rubs the back of his neck. “Do you want that? I mean.. It would make me happy, but you should really consider it carefully.”

Tyrande furrows her brow. "It would... make you happy?" She looks up for approval. The orc nods, triggering Tyrande to grin. "Then I'll do it! To make daddy happy!" The two girls embrace and close their eyes.

"Yay! Finally a sister." Amber says cheerily.

"I know, right?" Tyrande giggles. "Like, finally!" They break off the embrace and notice things have gone rather silent. Tyrande looks around. The pretty lights have gone out and it is hard to see. More concerning, however, is the orc she calls 'daddy' is nowhere. Her eyes slowly adjust to the light, but before that happens fully she sees two reflective masks with purple symbols planted in the center that give off a dull glow..

"So many traitors in our midst, sister." One voice says coldly.

"The fun is over, mother. I apologize." The other utters with a callousness to mirror the first.

"What's-" Tyrande's eyes adjust fully and she sees the entire club has been either pacified by chains enforcing an eerie silence or killed, in the case of the staff. The orc she had met is laying in two pieces on the ground in front of her. She is flanked on both side by the frightening women, each with copious amounts of blood splashed over their masks, lips and tits. Tyrande screams and tries to get away. "No! Nonono!" She is completely and utterly terrified by the monsters.

"It's a class 2 bimbofication..." The goblin observes once Tyrande is brought back to the cart sedated.

"Will she recover?" Shandris asks, holding her mother tightly.

"Yeah, but it'll take a little bit. She'll be like that until we reach Orgrimmar, so take good care of her." The goblin smirks. "Or give her to me." Still covered in blood, Shandris glares up at the goblin. "Joking! Listen... Just keep her out of trouble and she'll recover. Her actual brain is fine."

"Thank goodness." Maiev sighs. "We should get going as soon as possible. These lands are filled with those that would go against the Warchief's wishes... Disgusting."

"I agree, sister. It is disturbing that an orc would do this to my mother... Our beloved high priestess."