

Orgrimmar is a city surrounded by steep mountains on all sides. The western side is particularly sheer, with a natural river blocking any would-be invaders. Thankfully for the three Nelgka stumbling across the bridge into the city, they have not arrived as invaders. Two grunts block their way. The orc men are in high spirits and look to the women expectantly.

“You girls get lost in the Barrens?” One asks.

“You look dirty, girls. How 'bout I take you back to my place, get you cleaned up and see how long it takes for us to get dirty again?” The other orc offers, extending a hand towards Tyrande.

Maiev slaps the hand away. “Back off!”

“Wuh?” The orc carries the look of a child that just had it's toy taken away. First he is surprised, then he is taken by a sudden anger.

Shandris defuses the situation. “By order of the Warchief we are to meet with him as soon as possible.”

The other grunt pulls his partner aside. “You trying to steal meat off an old worg's plate? Idiot.” Tyrande hears him say. She shrugs and the three of them continue walking.

“Do we know where we are going?” Tyrande asks.

“It should all lead to the center, right?” Maiev guesses.

“Should we stop and ask for directions?” Shandris offers sensibly.

Tyrande considers the offer and scans the part of the city they are in. It has been a long time since both factions laid siege to Orgrimmar, but she can tell a bit has changed since then. For one, there are elves walking around. Not as slaves, exactly. Many of the women look quite pleased, but ultimately the dress of these 'horde citizens' is best suited for a brothel and the work these women are doing is ultimately pretty close to that. “This is what our people have been reduced to in the Horde's capital? How can we be called members in this faction if we are relegated to prostitutes and dancers?” Just as she finishes saying that, another orc stands in their way. This one is not a soldier or a grunt. His clothes suggest he is a civilian.

“Do you have a death-wish as well?” Maiev leans forward aggressively.

The orc raises his hands, half-surrendering. He does not look worried or threatened, however. “I heard what your priestess friend said and I thought she might like an answer?”

Tyrande nods. “I might. Do not seek to try anything.” She smiles and looks to the warrior and warden on either side of her. Both are at the ready. “Believe me, it is for your own sake.”

The man lifts his brow curiously. “That's interesting... You aren't affected by the pheromone and can actually threaten me?”

Shandris explains. “One less orc in the world is regrettable, but we exist to carry out the Warchief's orders, not yours.”

He clicks his tongue and nods. "Ah, I get it. Alright. So you're all under orders which contradict any funny business."

"Yes." Tyrande confirms, looking upon the man suspiciously. Every orc they have encountered so far has attempted to subvert their will in some way. The one thing she is grateful for is that the same programming that doomed her kind also saved all three of their lives, in the case of the various orcs they faced on the road. "So, if you would not mind explaining AND telling us how to reach Saurfang--"

"I'll explain both." The man interrupts. "If you don't mind following me and humoring me for just a bit. I won't keep you all for too long." He winks. "Trust."

"Are you withholding information that would allow us to follow the Warchief's orders?" Maiev looks like she is about to jump the man.

He takes a step back as she takes a step towards him. Suddenly, in an outburst of dominant emotion he leans forward and utters. "Hey! Nelgka slut! Am I required by any law to give you ANY sort of attention or time?" Maiev leans back and stops in her tracks. She looks to Shandris, who shakes her head. "That's what I thought!" He straightens out his collar, calming down in an instant. "What I'm offering is for you all to give me some of your time before I tell you exactly where you need to go. Alternately, you can take your chances and keep wandering aimlessly."

Tyrande is about to reject the man's offer, as she has no issue keeping Saurfang waiting. As she opens her mouth however, both girls step forward. "Understood." Shandris inclines her head politely while Maiev simply walks forward neutrally. The fire she had shown before is gone.

"If it will get us there faster overall, why did you not just say that?" Maiev sighs. Tyrande plants her face in both her palms. "What is wrong, Priestess? This is the most pragmatic option."

"Of course." Tyrande says through clenched teeth. "Let us go, then." They follow the orc through the winding canyon streets of Orgrimmar. "Can you tell us, then, why the guards can not simply take us to Saurfang? Also, explain what you were going to explain."

The man looks back and begins talking as they walk. "Why would the guards do anything? You're just elves to them."

"Is that why the Nelgka in the city are reduced to such stations?" Tyrande asks.

"Is that why? No. They are like that because they want those stations. You are a race of hookers and dancers and servants pretending to still be fit for combat." The orc states bluntly. Despite the fact that both Maiev and Shandris have felled their fair share of orcs since their indoctrination, neither seem fazed by the insult. He notices Tyrande's expression and smiles. "You're wondering why these two don't care that I said that?"

"What does it matter what I am wondering? Are you going to tell us where to go?"

"Soonish." He shrugs, stopping in front of a decently-sized dwelling that slots into the cliff-face. "And it matters because I'm wondering what makes you so special." He grips Maiev by the hair and pulls her into him. He kisses her deeply. Tyrande notes she actually seems to enjoy the roughness of it. A strand of saliva connects their lips as he separates from her. "See, this one would gladly become a

fucktoy if she wasn't under orders.” He points to Shandris. “Same with that one.” He moves closer to Tyrande. “But you... It seems like you're a bit tougher for some reason. I don't think it's because you're under orders.”

Tyrande smiles cockily. “It must frustrate you that you are so close to having a few more elven slaves, if it weren't for the Warchief's order.”

He opens the door to the dwelling and guides the girls inside as he adds. “Honestly, it would've been easier if all of you were under the same spell. I'm not sure what I'm gonna do with you.”

“What do you-” Tyrande's eyes adjust to the light in the building. At the center of the room is a ritual circle that she can not fully understand. She only knows that it is used in some type of spell that requires components. The orc steps beside it and snaps his fingers. The lights go up and both girls stand at attention as a convincing image of Saurfang appears on the circle. Tyrande shakes her head in disbelief. “That's obviously a fake?”

“Is it?” The orc asks, playing dumb. “Warchief?”

With Saurfang's voice, the image says. “Of course I'm real. I asked you to report to me so that I could say this. I am releasing you from my command. Do whatever you like from now on.”

“That's obviously fa-”

Tyrande is interrupted by both girls nodding at once and saying with relief. “Understood.”

The orc opens his arms as the image disappears. “Isn't that great, girls? As celebration, why don't you come over here and indulge a little!” he unbuttons his fine leggings, allowing his sizable orc member to flop out.

“W-wait!” Tyrande tries to stop them, but they are not listening.

Shandris does look back as they are moving towards the man. “Isn't it great, mother?” She knees beside his member, gripping it with one hand. She looks to Maiev who has knelt on the other side. “Do you want the cock or the balls, sister?”

“Hey hey. Ignoring me?” The orc asks, resting a hand on each of their heads. “You both take a ball in your mouth and just inhale to start. I want your brains nice and melty.”

Tyrande tries in vain to get their attention. “Stop! Don't-” She cringes as he lifts his cock, allowing Maiev and Shandris to each suck one of his large, dirty green balls between their lips. Tyrande hastily steps forward as she watches their eyes well up with infatuation. It is evident that Tyrande is not sure what she is going to do. ‘Wait... I should be running to get help, not-’ She is close enough. Too close. She feels two heavy hands on her shoulders that cause her legs to buckle. Suddenly, she is staring up at a strong orc cock with an overpowering scent. The sucking of the two Nelgka has caused his dick to grow rock-hard. It is long enough that it looms over Tyrande, casting a thick shadow onto her face. She blinks as a bit of pre leaks onto her lips. She seals her fate by licking around her lips unconsciously.

“You're still just an elf, after all. Nothing special.” He taps her lips with the leaking tip of his cock. Tyrande can't stop herself from licking around it, lapping up all the clear, wet discharge. ‘Damn... I'm

just so... Horny.' She realizes she has been spoiled by having Shandris and Maiev so close. She never thought she would be begging in her mind for the Warchief's command. 'His cock tastes so good. Just a bit...' She takes his crown into her mouth and lets her lips glide down his length. 'Just a bit more.' She tells herself. 'Just-' her eyes wide as her lips kiss the base of his cock. She did not even realize how much she had taken. It was effortless. She feels her throat with one hand and does in fact feel his length distending it from the outside. 'Amazing! It doesn't feel like anything, even with it lodged in my throat. It just feels... Good!' She marvels. 'I am not even gagging. Not at all.' Tyrande bobs mindlessly over the orc's length. 'Was I worried about something?' She becomes aware of the throbbing feeling between her lips. 'Was it his pleasure? Was that it or was there-' She gulps down a load of pre and loses that thought. 'He's close to cumming.' She tightens her lips and takes his full length again, allowing him to pump a full, mind-altering load right into her stomach. Tyrande's eyes roll back. Her whole body relaxes. 'So good...'