

Saurfang smiles as he looks over the report from his agent. His mood is boosted even more by the frustrated elven warchief standing impatiently before him. As soon as he lowers his report to regard her, she glares at him. “Things have not been going to plan, Saurfang. I requested blood. Have you and your orcs turned into pacifists?” The war against the Kaldorei, she expected, would yield at least some bodies that she could raise and some dead that would be of use to her true master. However the war had unexpectedly gone off without a hitch.

“You should be glad. We have won and now it is just a matter of how we treat the defeated.”

“Execute-” The banshee begins before being interrupt.

“I would like to preserve my honor and to some extent, the honor of those we've conquered.” He remembers Icecrown and the Siege of Orgrimmar. “I believe it the smallest favor we owe.”

Sylvanas tenses, slamming the table in front of her. “Honor does not matter and I am your Warchief! You will follow my commands or I will find an orc to replace you. One that will.” She leans back once she realizes Saurfang is unimpressed by her threats. “What do you think you have to gain by disobeying me?” She asks pointedly.

“The Horde stands to gain quite a bit.” He looks at her curiously. “Currently, your orders only serve to weaken both the Horde and the Alliance and I just can't figure out why my Warchief would seek to do such a thing.” He gives her a sharp stare.

Sylvanas stops and thinks. She considers killing the old orc right away. His loyalty is in question and this is the most advantageous moment. It is her camp, where forsaken are mixed with orc guards and other horde agents. The confusion would be enough to regain control after it is done, and she is certain that she could do it quite easily. She smiles, glancing over her shoulder. Sylvanas also knows Nathanos is waiting outside. She lifts her chin confidently, staring down her nose at him. “Well, Saurfang, I believe-”

He grunts, furrowing his brow deeply. “I believe I should introduce you to some of 'our' new allies.”

“What?” Sylvanas is stopped in her tracks by the curious threat. It is Saurfang's turn to lift his chin proudly. He stands up and straightens out to his full height. On either side of him two athletic elves step out from the dark shadows in the corner of the room.

He motions to his right with his right hand. “Maiev.” The elf nods. On the top-half of her face she wears a blank silver mask that hides her eyes and all but the nostrils of her nose. At the center of it, like an eye, is a purple Horde symbol with a moon-crescent in the middle instead of a dot. He motions to his left with his left hand, triggering the other elf to nod. “Shandris.” She is wearing a similar mask. Both of the Nelgka are smiling cockily, staring at Sylvanas, seemingly without sight, due to the strange eyeless masks.

Sylvanas grits her teeth. “You've been busy...” Is all she can say at first. Both women are wearing tight metal collars with the same Horde symbol on the front. Their chests are completely bare except for crescent piercings dangling from their nipples. Over their sex they wear nothing but a thin, tight purple thong. Where they are heavily armored are their shoulders right down to their wrists and their thighs, down to their feet. Sylvanas notes that it is the same distasteful armor as before, just with more of a traditional flare. If it weren't for the modified Horde symbol, she could assume it is something they

would naturally wear, since the race is for some reason predisposed to kinky attire. Their shoulders are adorned with purple and silver plate with silver feathers poking out from underneath the edge of the pauldrons. Their arms are covered in more traditional plate down to their wrists, leaving their hands bare. Their legs are decorated by thigh-high plate armor boots that extend all the way down their legs into an impractical High-heeled boot.

Saurfang, arms still extended, turns his palms upwards. Shandris and Maiev each offer one of their hands, placing it on top of his obediently. "Is there a problem, Warchief? It is good for the Horde, after all." He says with a knowing smirk. "Isn't that right?" He asks the elves.

"Yes, High Overlord." Shandris says with a smile, keep her focus trained on Sylvanas.

"Indeed, High Overlord." Maiev adds, training her gaze on the door behind the Banshee.

Sylvanas rolls her eyes. "What will you do when your disgusting sweat ceases to have an effect on them, Overlord?" She asks with a hint of malice. "Won't it be unfortunate when they turn on you? A humiliating end... And there was nothing I could do to stop such skilled fighters." She grabs two pocketed vials and crushes them in her hands, filling the room with purple smoke that is immediately inhaled by the two women. She stumble onto one knee, coughing and holding their head. To her surprise, Saurfang does not look worried in the least. After a moment, both girls stand and look at each other.

"What happened, sister?" Shandris asks curiously.

"I believe she 'freed' us, sister." Maiev says in an amused tone.

"Oh my." Shandris covers her mouth in feigned shock. "What shall we do?"

"I am not sure..." Sylvanas is dumbfounded to see the former Warden looks to Saurfang. "What are your orders, High Overlord. What shall we do?" Shandris looks to him for orders, as well.

Sylvanas steps back. "What...What is this?"

Saurfang clicks his tongue as he takes a step forward to match her step back. His hand moves to his axe. "Loyalty, bitch. Something you have no concept of."

Sylvanas stumbles out of the camp, clutching her side. Nathanos appears behind her. "What happened, my Queen? What are your orders?" Inside the camp the sounds of battle can be heard. Orcs and other Horde forces, with the aid of the 'Sisters' completely outmatch the Forsaken stationed at the camp.

She waves a hand dismissively, wiping a bit of blood from her lips. "We return to Undercity. Our plans will need to be changed. The Horde can no longer be used by us." She considers her options as she begins walking away. "Fool the Sin'Dorei and Shal'Dorei with a missive saying we were betrayed by Saurfang. Did you know he plans to subjugate them the same we he subjugated the Kaldorei?"

Nathanos smiles. "I did not, my Queen."

"The 'revelation' will cause enough confusion to at least keep them from fighting against us for the time being."

"What of the Worgen problem that has come back into focus recently?" He asks.

"There is nothing we can do about them. All we can do now is request help from 'you know who.'" When Nathanos hears Sylvanas mention him, even indirectly, he frowns but still offers a short nod. The two forsaken attempt to disappear into the night but quickly find themselves in a quiet, moon-touched clearing without realizing. They slow to a stop. "This is a bad omen." Sylvanas comments before being unceremoniously chained around neck and dragged kicking off the ground. She tries to grip the chain, but it burns her hands. "No!" She cries out impotently as she soon feels her arms being behind her back as well. She is only lucky that she does not need to breath, otherwise she would quickly hang and die in quite an embarrassing and abrupt fashion. To her right she sees Nathanos bound where he stands with his feet stuck to the ground and his arms behind his back. The same chains. He looks over to Sylvanas with a worried expression.

Just overhead their attention is drawn to an elegantly dressed elf sitting on a tree-branch looking down on them. The woman has teal hair that is tied back and more importantly, pitch black eyes. She hums happily for a minute, just looking at them with a bright smile. The moment a blue spectral owl comes to land on the branch beside her she pushes off of her perch and lands in front of both of them gently. "No one is coming to get you." She says in an almost orgasmic tone. "No one is with you." She adds, shuddering. Sylvanas does not want to know the thoughts that are going through this elf's mind. "Nothing to cheat me out of this kill." She is practically salivating.

"Tyrande?" She calls out. "You must release us at once!"

The woman giggles, walking in front of Sylvanas and looking up. "Why?" She is amused by the demand.

Sylvanas looks a bit closer. She is sure the woman standing in front of her is Tyrande, but her behavior is off. She stares into the Night Warrior's eyes and notices that on the rim of each of her pitch-black eyes is a halo of pink that seems to be constantly waning and reappearing. "You... Are fighting your goddesses influence, aren't you?"

"Fool!" Tyrande snaps. "How should I fight the influence of the one that granted me this power?" As she says that she cringes. The halo in her eyes deepens, shrinking the deep black for just a moment before retreating. "No... The real Elune still exists. Not the impostor. I will bring her back." Tyrande smiles madly, looking up at Sylvanas who is hanging a foot off the ground. "The first step is to kill the ones that started this war."

"Killing us will do you no good, Priestess. Not anymore." Nathanos announces to draw the seemingly mad woman away. She does step towards him, instead, as was intended.

"How so?" Tyrande huffs, eyeing Nathanos's muscles. She plucks at the straps to her dress a little and bites her lip. "You're no orc, but you are quite handsome, aren't you." She smiles, looking over at Sylvanas coyly. "You stole my love, Banshee. Perhaps I should steal yours right in front of you?"

“With all due respect, Priestess, that is impossible and you should listen to what we have to say.”
Nathanos warns.

Tyrande pouts. “I could kill you and take you away like that.” She snaps her fingers, tightening his bonds. “Like that.”

“Wait!” Sylvanas shouts. “Don't!”

Tyrande throws her head back, enjoying Sylvanas's pained shouts. She slides both hands down her body, both of them eventually finding their way under the hem of her dress and beneath her legs. “Just like that... Scream just like that while I kill him.”

“Sa- Saurfang is the one y- you want.” Nathanos manages, which actually causes the squeezing to cease.

“That's true.” She says, her eyes brightening. “I do want that big... Strong... Orc man-” She cringes, drawing her hands out from between her legs to hold her head. “No! Stop it!” She turns and glares up at the pink moon. “I am not YOUR priestess! You are fake!”

“You want to kill him, right?” Sylvanas coos, seeing an opportunity.

Tyrande turns around and nods. “Yes! I want to kill all of you, but especially the ones who have done this to us.” She comments.

When Sylvanas thinks she has the erratic priestesses ear she adds. “We have been betrayed, as well, dear priestess... We are attempting to escape.”

Nathanos continues that thought. “If you leave now, the fighting may still be going on. You could get in through all of the confusion and confront the orc directly.”

Tyrande gulps. “I want to confront the orc...” The halo of pink grows briefly, then subsides completely. “Not in that way! Be quiet, false goddess!” She inhales deeply. “I need to act fast!”

“Yes, priestess! You-” Tyrande abruptly stabs Nathanos through the chest, then beheads him.

Sylvanas screams out in pain, struggling against her bonds in vain. “You cunt! You absolute-” Tyrande turns to Sylvanas and without even considering her actions, thrusts her glaive into the banshee's heart. The queen goes limp.

“I must go, quickly!” Tyrande does not even wipe her blade before leaving the two corpses. The chains release and the owl lingers for a few seconds, then takes off as well in the direction of the camp.

Tyrande ignores the unimportant forsaken and only drools over all of the strong orcs just a bit. Her owl had gone ahead of her and surveyed the camp, so she knows where her primary target is waiting. In the

building where the fight between Saurfang, Sylvanas and the Sisters took place the old orc wipes the Banshee's blood off of his axe. The two girls stretch a little. "Stupid tricks..." Shandris spits.

"Don't spit on our master's floor, Sister..." Maiev sighs.

"It's fine." Saurfang gives a minor shrug and glances around the ruined room. "She should've just run from the start. Now we'll have to replace the war room."

"Should we chase after them, Overlord?" Shandris asks.

"You both should go. Make sure she doesn't get away. The Night Warrior can wait." Saurfang orders. Both of the women disappear into the rooms shadows and are gone instantly. Saurfang massages his old shoulders with a sigh. "Damn... Getting too old for this-"

"Shit?" A feminine voice finishes his sentence behind him. Saurfang feels a pain in his shoulder that is deeper and far sharper than the fatigue his old bones were face. He gulps, looking down to see the tip of a blade poking through.

"Shit..." He groans, stumbling forward and dropping his axe as the glaive is pulled free. The wound barely oozes. The orc turns cautiously to see an incredibly erratic female elf with pitch-black eyes. It only takes him a second to put it together. "Ah... Why didn't you just go for a killing blow?"

Tyrande appears frustrated. "I did!" She stomps her foot down a few times, holding her head with one hand and her blood glaive in the other. "Why won't you let me kill him!?! Gah! Just die!" She steps forward, filling Saurfang with even more glancing wounds. Each one somehow manages to avoid his vitals despite him not moving. He is bleeding, but no worse for wear even after sustaining at least seven more stabs and slashes. Tyrande screams. "Damn, damn, damn! Curse you!" She goes from angry to sad. Her eyes begin tearing up. "This isn't fair." In that moment the powerful priestess seems somewhat pitiful to the Overlord.

"Alright, alright. Calm down." He raises his hands in an appeasing gesture. "Your goddess just doesn't want you to kill me."

Tyrande wipes her eyes. "Not MY goddess..." Her shoulders slump and she looks about ready to drop her glaive, as well.

Saurfang knows she is beat. He could let the woman stew and pick up the pieces in the end. It would be an easy victory. However, he can not resolve those actions in his conscience. "Let me help you with that." He has no clue how to communicate with a goddess, but what just happened tells him that her eyes are on them in this moment so he concentrates on freeing the priestesses mind. After a little waiting, Tyrande regains the grip on her weapon and gasps. Her whole body shudders violently. After that, she is just standing there, staring at him dumbfounded.

"What did you do?" Tyrande asks.

"Feeling a little less insane, now? Your Goddess is should be leaving you alone right now."

Tyrande looks at him skeptically, but after searching her mind and waiting, she feels no more unwanted influence from the perverted version of Elune she had been fighting ever since the moon turned to it's

pure pink hue. She realizes where she is standing and steps back, putting up her guard. “So you are going to overcome me with your scent?! What is the point of freeing me just to do that.”

Saurfang waves his hand dismissively. “No, no.” He hobbles over and grabs one chair, then another. He plops them down in the center of the ruined room, then slumps down into one of them. “Please, sit.”

Tyrande waits. She does not feel any pull to follow his commands. The only person in her head at this time is her. Reluctantly she takes a seat across from the orc and glares at him. “Well, scum? What do you have to say?”

“I deserve that.” Saurfang groans, covering some of his more pressing wounds. “Just wanna say I'm sorry for what we did to your people and your goddess. It's just... Once we started we couldn't really stop it. It was like a boulder rolling down a hill once Teldrassil fell, along with that big temple.”

“Sorry does not bring my people back.” Tyrande says astutely.

“No, and your people aren't coming back. Not the way they were.” Tyrande grips her glaive tightly where she sits. “Just listen!” Saurfang says sharply. Tyrande reluctantly backs down, lowering her glaive.

“Very well. Say your piece, orc.” She says reluctantly. She knows she could kill him easily now. He had no reason to release her mind and put himself at her mercy so the least she could do is hear him out while she is sane.

“My people are conquerors. There's nothing we can do about that.” Staring at her quite intently he adds. “You and your people are conquered. Whatever the methods, no matter how distasteful they are to me, that is the reality.”

Tyrande laughs lightly and gives a mocking little shrug. “Just like that. We're conquered. You could be dead in a few moments. Then what?”

“I would be dead and nothing would change except that your people would either get bred out of existence or turned into brainless housekeepers.”

Tyrande blinks at the options presented. “How does that differ from where we are already headed?”

“If I have my way, I'll see your people join the Horde, rather than become slaves of it.” Saurfang offers.

“What if we-”

“Saurfang interjects quickly. He does not have to hear what she is going to say. “Not an option.”

Tyrande frowns and looks up at the old orc male. She is not under his influence, but to her right now he exudes a dominant and experienced air. She marvels that this is despite all of the heavy wounds he has sustained. She never could have expected a dying orc to present such a confident argument. “You... Truly believe in this, don't you?”

Saurfang coughs. “What do you take me for? I didn't need to release you only to trick you. With your head clear, do you think you'll have a chance if you leave without making a favorable deal on behalf of

your race? If I let your goddess have her way with your mind like she was before, how long do you think you'll last? Do you truly think that your endless struggling is not simply that of someone who is slowly but inevitably drowning?"

"You pulled me up to let me breath, so to speak." Tyrande comments, looking down now. "So why should I doubt you?" She closes her eyes and sighs deeply before opening them to look at Saurfang. "What are your terms?"

Saurfang smiles. "First term is the chair."

"The chair?" She asks curiously, looking down at it. "What about it?" Saurfang holds out his hand, offering it to her. Tyrande stares at it for a few seconds, then takes it. The large green hand closes around hers, pulling her out of her chair and onto her knees in front of him rather abruptly. She stares up in shock. The Night warrior is now seated on her knees between the old orc's muscular legs.

"Would you believe I haven't partook in a single captive?" He asks her.

"Oddly enough... Yes." She responds truthfully. "This is far less favorable position for me to be negotiating from."

"That is because this is not a negotiation but a formal surrender." He says casually, resting a hand on her messy teal bun of hair. He pulls at the pin holding it together, causing her long hair to cascade down around her shoulders.

Tyrande stares up with a flustered expression. "If you simply wanted me subjugated, why did you free me?"

"You just seemed so pitiful so I offered you mercy." Saurfang says in earnest.

Tyrande averts her gaze slightly, avoiding looking into his eyes out of embarrassment. "Right... Do we need to speak on these terms of surrender, or are they already decided."

"They are already decided, but I do want to see you accept them."

"Go ahead and speak, them." Tyrande states. "I can not promise I will react favorably."

Saurfang coughs to clear his throat. "Your people don't get to return to the way they were. Not exactly. We need to make some changes so that you'll all settle into your new faction and... Your new roll. We don't want to have to worry about you all suddenly putting up a fight if we leave you unattended for too long." As he speaks he draws his cock from his leggings.

Tyrande gasps as she comes face to face with the thing. She can barely remember the points he brought up. "You are really going to soil the discussion by bringing that- that THING out in front of me?"

"Familiarize yourself with that thing. Don't just disregard it automatically. Also, acknowledge what I told you. Unless... Are you unable to focus on two things at once?" He smirks.

Tyrande gives a little huff, brushing messy strands of teal hair behind her ear and out of her face. "New

faction is not inherently bad, however it all hinges on the new role, I suppose.” With that answered she turns her attention to his cock. Looking at it closely she can see it throbbing in front of her. Blood is rushing to it quickly. It is a powerful thing that is completely unlike Malfurion's. She can not help but think that it is more akin to the Archdruids arm than his member.

Saurfang nods, weaving his fingers into her hair. “Taste it.” He begins by saying. “On the topic of your role, you are going to be more devoted than a regular ally. You'll never be able to betray us and you'll be... Closer to us. That's all there is to it, however. You remain warriors. You keep your culture to some extent. You retain control over your own lands and actually regain far more in the process. Azshara, Hyjal. Winterspring. We wont contest your sovereignty over any of it.”

“Which is a lovely gesture until we consider that you are going to hold our leash and control our territory through us.” She says, reluctant to actually taste his cock until he uses his grip on her hair to pull her into nuzzling his hardening member. Tyrande rolls her eyes and finally just gives it a few licks. In particular she slides her tongue over the thick veins and ridges. She can not help but marvel that the entire thing is like a powerful muscle. Surprisingly, the taste is not terrible.

“Kiss it.” He orders. Without thinking she presses her lips to the base of his member, giving it a small kiss. He pats her head affectionately. “Good. When the alliance wants to set up bases in these areas?”

“We... Are not required to comply but-”

“It is hardly a choice, isn't that right?” He says, still stroking her hair. “What other surrender is there where you end up with more than what you started with, priestess?” He lifts his hand off of her head. “Answer, then start sucking.”

“How bold!” She snaps at him. Despite her initial reaction she finds her eyes focusing on the tip. “We... Get to keep our territory, but we're members of the Horde?” Her lips part shakily. 'I am not subservient to him yet, so why?' She looks up, finding something of an answer. The orc is looking down on her with complete dominance. It sends a shiver down her spine and it is enough of an answer for her to slowly envelope the crown of his monster cock. The Night Warrior begins sucking gently on his head.

“You are powerful, Tyrande. You fought your goddesses influence and you are fighting mine without even noticing. There is a good chance you might never be completely warped by us.” She finds that surprising as she is sucking the tip of his dick and taking even more of the thick member between her lips. “I still want you to lead your faction, however.”

Tyrande is shocked by that train of thought so much that she pulls back and lets his cock pop free of her mouth. “Isn't that just foolish? Putting someone you can't control completely in charge?”

“We have lots of time to work out the kinks. For now, I need your answer. Are you going to be able to live with what we are going to do with your people or will you remain struggling until your inevitable end?”

Tyrande becomes flustered. “There is not much to think about right now. It is this, or an even worse death for my people.”

“That's very wise but with all due respect this isn't the alliance and you don't make decisions like that.” Saurfang says sternly, stunning the High Priestess. “Listen to me Tyrande.” He stops. “Are you

listening?” With wide eyes, Tyrande stares up at Saurfang and nods. “For the good of your people I have decided you will be surrendering and accepting all of my conditions. Is there a problem?”

She shakes her head. “No, Warchief.”

“For whom do you serve?” He asks loudly.

“F-for the horde?” She asks.

“We can work on that response.” He says with a shrug. “I need you to take care of my dick. Can you do that for me? Elune is sad that I have gone unserved and she is missing her High Priestess dearly. Are you going to disappoint both her and me?”

Feeling a bit bowled over, Tyrande shakes her head. “No Warchief.”