

The moment the Orc impregnated her, the symbol shifted, but rather than changing back completely to what it was, it becomes a mix of the two. Without knowing exactly what it means, Tyrande can only sit in her room and watch as, just as the warlock promised, her pregnancy progresses each day as though a month has passed. A day in, a bump is already beginning to form, and all she can think is. 'I hope he shows up early, before it becomes so hard for me to move. I may actually be able to give him a piece of my mind.' The priestess smiles at the thought, jumping a bit as, as if on cue, the door to the room opens. She looks up to see Craven enter. "You!"

The old orc feigns surprise. "Your brain is still working?" Craven whistles, surprise turning to admiration very quickly. "You really are a stunning example of your race, Tyrande. I can see why Saurfang would actually want to keep you around unhindered."

"If you can see that, then stop this and let us go." Tyrande reasons.

"There's an easy way for you to be let go sooner." Craven offers casually, walking right up to her without any worry as to what she can do to him.

"I assume there is a catch?"

"There's actually no catch. It's the same thing that's going to happen regardless, just, it'll happen sooner rather than later." He grins, leaning in close.

Tyrande leans back so that the orc is no longer breathing directly onto her face and gives him a confused look. "What is that supposed to mean? What do I need to do that is already going to happen to me?"

Craven rubs his chin in thought, dragging his eyes from hers, down to her belly that is already showing. "All I want is to have the fun that was denied to me. Break the priestess. At least get the satisfaction for a few days that I was denied. That's all. If you just give in, I'll get bored after a day or two and let you go." He lifts his gaze back up, making direct eye contact as he adds. "That being said, if you resist it goes without saying that I'm going to take all the time I have allotted to me." He opens his arms welcomingly. "What do you say?" As he asks, lowering his arms to undo his pants casually.

Tyrande considers the offer seriously. 'All I have to lose is my pride. Do I even have that, anymore?' She shakes her head lightly. 'If I give in to this then it is not even a question. Am I even worthy anymore if I just give in and let him do what he pleases?' She glares at the man who, while she was thinking, had drawn his cock out and is now stroking it slowly. "I refuse!" She says sternly, even while her attention is dragged down to his attractive orc member.

"Oh, good." In response, Craven calmly leans down and hooks his palm under her knee to lift her leg up. He pushes her until she is forced to lean back onto the wall she had been backed into. He abruptly enters her and begins fucking her in a way that seems far more considerate to her than before.

"W-what are you-" Tyrande's eyes roll back. She grits her teeth, trying desperately to hold on to her senses. "Doing?" Each thrust brings a small gasp. "Just get it over with, like last time!" She commands desperately.

"You're in no position to give orders, priestess." Craven chuckles. "No. The last time we did this was solely for the purpose of breeding. This time is for fun. Can't impregnate you twice, after all." With his

main hand lifting her leg, he exerts full control over whatever position she takes. Rather than the quick, bestial fucking she had received previously, Craven goes slow. Almost agonizingly so. His orcish member is so thick that she can feel every ridge and pumping vein at this speed. “You could've pretended to give in. Now I'm not even going to give you the option.” Craven mocks. “I am going to take my time warping and shaping you.” Tyrande tenses and throws her head back. Just as she feels the spasm of a powerful orgasm about to take hold, his cock drags out and pops free from her cunt to leave her twitching, gaped sex completely wanting.

“What are you doing!?” Tyrande whimpers. She catches herself. 'What am I doing? Ugh... Don't beg.'

“The warchief's command is strong. One thing I've noticed is you and other strong elves in particular only seem to be affected under continuous application of the pheromone. The same is true over longer periods of time for normal elves, but for you it is extremely quick...” Craven waits, then slowly pushes his cock back inside, fucking her even more methodically than before. As she feels his cock once again bless her eager sex she lets out a deep breath she had been holding in. 'This is ridiculous... This feeling is too much.' Craven smiles. “We have somewhat lost track of the old ways. We have had too much of a reliance on this musk. What we really need for bitches like you is some old fashioned training and brainwashing.”

“Disgusting...” Tyrande utters.

“Hmm?” Craven intones curiously, lowering the pace of his thrusting down to be even more dissatisfying, to the point that Tyrande is being consistently teased close to her limit, but never over it.

“That will never work... The only thing you have is the damned pheromone.” Tyrande practically spits at him as she speaks. She turns her gaze down, watching him push most of his length inside of her. From this angle she is actually able to appreciate just how much she is being stretched out by Craven's dick. “There... There will be these brief moments where I am overcome with infatuation.” As she says that, she looks up into his eyes and feels her face flush with the lust and admiration she was bringing up. The effects of his sweat and scent entering her for such an elongated period of time. “B-but just as you described, I will recover and I will be fine.” Just as she is getting used to the persistent easing he buries his cock deep inside of her and keeps pushing against her cervix with his wide, ram-like crown. 'That's-' Tyrande lets out a low groan, her lips curling into a guilt-ridden grin of pure pleasure.

“No, Tyrande. You're not like that. You are a far better woman than you give yourself credit.” Craven says softly. “You are a mother without equal.” His words, particularly 'woman' and 'mother', seem to penetrate her psyche about as well as his member is penetrating her slick sex. She finds herself nodding without even really considering the content of what he is saying. “Such a good, polite woman.” Tyrande salivates a bit like a dog that just had her bell rang. The words 'polite' and 'woman' once again seem to trigger something inside of her. Nothing too intense. Just a feeling. If she were to look down, she would see the symbol of femininity glowing, but her eyes are locked to his. “So... Is that any way to speak to a man that has so far shown you mercy and kindness?” Tyrande's eyes widen as the word 'man' is brought up.

Tyrande is a bit floored. Her mouth falls agape and she feels something between guilt and intense arousal. “I am sorry.”

“Is that all you have to say to the FATHER of your child?” Where the other words subtly wormed their way into her psyche, the word 'Father' is like a drum that in her head that drowns out all other thoughts

until she repeats it.

“Father-” When she does first repeat it, it seems to fill her mind further for a brief moment with all sorts of feelings and images. First she feels relief, then paradoxically a sense of anxiety washes over her until she finishes what she was saying. “Father of my child I- I apologize.” His image seems to grow both in her mind and outside. Where, in her mind she feels his looming presence and outside, her posture shrinks. Her leg shakes, to the point that she is unsure if she could support herself.

Craven stops fucking her and lets her down just so that she can immediately fall to her knees. “Relax.” He offers his hand. “You're a good woman, aren't you? A polite woman?” Tyrande looks up and nods. “Say it. Use your own words.” He grins, obviously leading her.

“I am a g-” She bites her bottom lip to stop the words from escaping. Tyrande can sense the intent behind what he is doing. “No!”

Craven shrugs. He hides his disappointment. “Oh, fine.” He grips his rock-hard member and wags it over her head. “You can at least be polite and stroke me off.” Tyrande nods. 'It would only be polite...!' Tyrande thinks, gripping his cock with both hands. After some effort, Craven shoots over her head against the wall. The priestess drools a bit at the load she missed out on. 'It could have been inside me...!' Her attention is drawn to her aching sex. 'I could have had that inside of me.' He presses the tip to her lips. “Be polite. Clean me after you make a mess, woman.” He orders. Tyrande's mind begins to wander as she licks around his large crown to clean it. 'I could've had this if I was a better woman. Why am I so impolite to the father of my child? This man...!' She snaps herself out of it and finishes eagerly cleaning his cock. Tyrande wipes her lips after, licking her hand. She does not like him, but his taste and smell is still divine to her. 'Delicious bastard...!' Craven does not say anything else to her and simply leaves. She is unsure, but Tyrande swears he looks a bit dejected as he goes.

There is nothing else for two days. Then, three days into her pregnancy the elven midwives show up and help Tyrande up and out of the room. Her legs are still weak, and only weakening by the day so the support is welcome. “Where are we going?” As she is walked through the facility, she is able to spot several other Nelgka who are just sitting quietly, keeping to themselves.

“The Master has decided you should be able to visit the other two that joined us with you.” The one to her right says cheerfully.

“Oh, good...” Tyrande is not excited. Maiev and Shandris have proven time and time again to only be a corrupting influence on her. She is not sure what to expect when she encounters them both, but she is not surprised to find them content within their room. Both girls carry a contented expression and regard Tyrande happily.

Shandris is the first to speak. “Mother!” She moves in to hug Tyrande and presses her hand to her mother's belly. “How is my newest younger brother?”

“He is... Fine, presumably.” Tyrande grumbles. “How do you know it is a brother?”

“The father of our children told us so. We only have sons.” Maiev chimes in.

“Isn't it wonderful? Bringing more orc men into this world is such an honor, isn't it, mother?” Shandris lets out a happy sigh.

Tyrande notes the empty looks they both have. “You have adjusted quickly to this place.” She comments.

Shandris and Maiev seem to take note of Tyrande's lack of excitement and exchange a worried look. Both girls walk forward and take one arm. They bring their lips close to Tyrande's long ears, which twitch as the warden's and general's breath reaches them. “Mother...” Shandris begins. Each time she says that word it triggers something in Tyrande. “Craven, the father of your child and mine has told us you are being impolite.”

The grip both have on her arms tighten as Maiev speaks as well. “He told us you are intent on being a bad woman. A bad mother.” The warden's lips are extremely close to her ear.

“W-what!? No! I am not impolite, or bad in any respect!” Tyrande defends herself, but is unsure where the fire of her argument is coming from. There is just something about the accusations that dig particularly deep.

Tyrande cringes as both women giggle directly into her sensitive ears. “So, Mother. The opposite of an impolite, bad woman would be?” Shandris asks directly.

“Tell us.” Maiev adds.

“I am a-” Tyrande stops. The words were on the tip of her tongue, but she manages to stop herself. “No.. I do not need to say it.” Both Shandris and Maiev share a look of disappointment. Behind them, the door opens. They release her as Craven steps inside.

Shandris and Maiev instead both move to take on of his arms, their breasts pressing around his biceps. “Welcome back, dear!” They both say in unison. He takes a handful of each of their ass and leads them inside until they are standing together in front of Tyrande.

“What did you do to them?” Tyrande asks sternly, her heart beating quickly before the man that is permanently large within her perception. Even as they share roughly the same height, she can not help but shrink before him and feel that he is much bigger. Still, she is not completely lost and can still talk back to some extent. 'Thankfully...'

“Their heads are emptied of unimportant things.” Craven says frankly. Both Maiev and Shandris only seem to regard this statement with a little nod. “My plans for your people were to turn you all into wives and mothers.” He shakes free of the clingy Maiev and turns to focus on Shandris. “The symbol is my master-work. Created in concert with your corrupt goddess.” He reaches up, cupping Shandris's breast and giving it a squeeze. A little spurt of milk drizzles down. “It shapes your bodies...” He pokes at her arm, squeezing it a little to show that there is no longer any muscle whatsoever. “No strength.” He begins moving his finger in front of her face. “Catch my finger, dear.” Shandris giggles and tries, failing each time to catch his hand. “No coordination.” Craven continues, reaching into the former General's mouth to pull out her tongue. “No aggression.” He releases it and reaches down, pushing to thick fingers into her cunt to trigger an immediate orgasm. “Just sex drive.”

“S-so what? You're going to keep going until you can do that to me?” Tyrande asks, admittedly aroused.

Craven sighs. “No... I want to keep my head. I was hoping you would break sooner. It was enough to get a few more heirs out of you all. Once you give birth I will remove the part of the seal that inconveniences you and send you back to the Warchief in good order.” The old orc smirks, eyeing Tyrande up and down. “You are stronger than I gave you credit for. You did not react to my stimulus. You tested my theories about training your kind without the pheromone and defeated them. With that, I have to go back to the drawing board and find even better methods.”

“So... That's it?” Tyrande looks at Craven skeptically. “After I give birth we're done?”

“Yes. You can go back. You'll all be relatively fine once I remove the inconvenient aspects of the seal. The portion that causes your pregnancy to be shorter has to stay, however. It makes things easier with the way this society works. If there is something to be said, that aspect of this experiment is a complete success and should probably be implemented on most of your kind.”

Tyrande plants her head in her hand and sighs. “Okay... Well, there is some good news in there.”

“Is there any reason why we can't have fun in the last few days? You're dripping, High Priestess.” Craven grins.

Looking down, Tyrande can both see and feel her sex begging for the old orc. “I mean...You can not impregnate me again, right?” She smiles and steps towards him. “It's only polite for me to help you out, since you also seem rock hard.” Tyrande chuckles. “I'm such a good woman, aren't I?” Craven laughs.

“Well said!”