

Saurfang passes an unimpressed gaze over the three assembled Nelgka. "From those two I did not expect too much, but I didn't expect to have to keep such a close eye on you, High Priestess." The old orc says flatly.

"Perhaps you SHOULD have kept a closer eye on us!" Tyrande complains, holding her pregnant, protruding belly with one hand. 'This feels disgusting. I can barely move and I am actually going to give birth in a few months.' With those thoughts swirling around in her head she glares at Saurfang. "What exactly were you doing while we were being dominated and impregnated!?"

Maiev and Shandris gasp. "You shouldn't talk back to the Warchief, mother." Shandris warns timidly.

Maiev tuts. "Remember what you are High Priestess of. Why talk back to our greatest benefactor?"

Tyrande turns away from Saurfang to glare at the two girls. "Oh? Are you quite happy with this?" She points to their own Pregnant stomachs, obviously making it exceedingly hard for them to move around normally. She is immediately not sure why she even asked, as both merely offer a light shrug, exuding pure indifference. "Right..." Tyrande sighs, her back arching as she feels the large figure of Saurfang embrace her from behind. He rubs her belly with one hand gently, while the other cups one of her enlarged breasts.

"This inconveniences me as much as it does you." His hand digs into her soft flesh, squeezing and groping the full mammary until a faint trickle of white drizzles from her nipple. Maiev and Shandris stare on hungrily while Tyrande's legs almost buckle under the affectionate petting. "I raised you three up to lead, not to be reduced to this..." He speaks as though he is thinking out loud. "For knowing what was happening to you and turning a blind eye, I apologize."

Tyrande deflates after taking in the responsible words uttered by her Warchief. "It is not... Completely your fault." She admits.

"Oh? What responsibility do you accept?" He asks, holding her tightly. His thick mouth presses down against her neck and sucks on her soft purple skin. 'It is happening again... I'm becoming taken with him.' She grits her teeth. "High Priestess?" He presses the question.

"I was weak." She answers in a shaky tone. Even now she has trouble keeping herself measured. Her arousal is quickly beginning to take over and fill her mind with thoughts of submission.

"Can I expect you to fail to maintain your composure again if I leave you three alone?" Tyrande nods. Realistically, she is not sure if she can fully resist any orc's advances without some help. Saurfang sighs deeply, shaking his head. "So it looks like I'll have to oversee you three directly, as well. I do actually need you in good shape for what comes next." He releases her from his embrace. Even without his arms around her, Tyrande is in quite a state. She is dripping, salivating and craving his cock. However, she is able to pull herself together enough to turn around and stand at attention about as well as a horny pregnant woman is able to. Her appearance is made less comical beside Maiev and Shandris who are doing the same and feeling much the same as her. He returns to his seat and motions towards the door. "Before I brief you, we need to see to having your.. 'feminine issues' taken care of." He states, showing how out of touch he is when it comes to women.

Tyrande's heart begins beating rapidly. Her face flushes in response to the implication. "You don't mean-"

“Relax.” His words do have a relaxing effect on her, but she is no less guarded and is now holding herself with both hands defensively. As unwanted as this pregnancy is in the moment, she still feels some vague protective instincts for the child she is carrying. “Ah.” He shows some recognition. “I see where the confusion is coming from. I'm offended you think that little of me. No. There is a method one of the other Horde factions came up with and put into use. Seems I'll have to negotiate with them for their expertise.” Tyrande identifies that Saurfang looks quite annoyed at the prospect.

“We will do what we can to help.” Tyrande offers. The other two girls nod in the affirmative, as well.

“Good. It may be needed since they are so bitter after losing and having their methods taken out of practice.” He seem to consider something, adding. “I stand by my order, even if I have to think about it a second time.”

Tyrande becomes a bit uncertain. “What exactly are we talking about, here?”

“We are talking about speeding this along so that the next part of our overall plan can begin.” Saurfang says impatiently.

“What? You still haven't told us-” She stops, seeing him give her a harsh look. She zips her lips. “We will do what is needed of us, Warchief.”

“Perfect. Go do that.” Saurfang waves them away.

The three women are given time to rest far away from the influence of the rank and file orcs that have the potential to put them once again into 'the state.' After a week or so, they are called back to a recently constructed building in Ashenvale where they meet a completely bald, green-skinned orc male wearing dark robes. He ushers them towards him. “Greetings! Come, come. I've been wanting to meet you three for so long. Ever since this invasion started, in fact.” He chuckles. “That is irrelevant, however. My name is Craven Drok and I was given a month to find a solution to this...” He points to their protruding bellies. “Problem.” Tyrande notes that he seems reluctant to call it as such.

“It is not a problem.” Shandris corrects. “It is an honor. Even though the father was a traitor.”

“Agreed.” Maiev nods. “Well said, sister.”

“Well said indeed, girls.” Craven smiles widely, recognizing the two warriors with an approving stare. He turns his attention a bit more dismissively towards Tyrande.

“I will be happy to be lighter on my feet once more.” She says earnestly. “What solution do you have for us?” Tyrande looks upon the man suspiciously. “I trust it will be humane?”

“Of course, High Priestess.” Craven rolls his eyes. “The solution is fairly simple and very humane towards the child. It will actually be done in just a few moments if you will allow it?”

Tyrande is surprised. Such a simple, quick solution should come with a catch, but she will not complain if it can be over in a matter of moments, no matter what that catch happens to be. “Please proceed, sir. I am glad that you take this so seriously.”

“Oh, I take this very seriously. There is nothing more serious than the future of the Horde.” Craven approaches Tyrande and with his finger he carves a green hourglass on her belly. He then does the same for both Shandris and Maiev. “There.” he dusts his hands off, green powder brushing off into the air.

“What is that?” Tyrande asks curiously.

“Ritual powder. Expensive. Essentially, your pregnancy will be reduced from 9 months to 9 days. Since you are six months pregnant already you will all rapidly come to term over the next 3 days and give birth to your children.” He informs them.

Tyrande's expression brightens significantly. “So we are done? Excellent! I was expecting this to be more drawn out.” Though enduring birth so soon was not within her expectations, it is better than having to wait significantly longer to the same effect.

The two sisters are happy as well, though for different reasons. “With the pregnancy only lasting 9 days, we can have many more babies than we would otherwise!” Maiev comments excitedly. Shandris shares Maiev's excitement and is overcome with joy. She embraces Maiev cheerily.

“More orcs, faster!” She exclaims.

Craven looks over the two sisters. He then rests his gaze on Tyrande. “Well, actually High Priestess, I was given a month. I am nothing if not thorough.”

“What is there to do over a month if this pregnancy will be done within days?” She asks, giving him a quizzical look. Realization creeps over her expression rapidly. “There is no way you intend to-”

Craven sighs loudly. “When Saurfang won, things weren't all bad. Can't say the old guy doesn't deserve it and we all still share in the spoils, anyway. That being said, I never got to enact my plans for you and your people.” He grins widely, showing off a maw of darkened teeth. “So I want to use this month to at least experience to some extent what I missed out on.”

“You are absolutely insane! This is pointless.” Tyrande argues. She expects to be contradicted from both ends by the sisters, but surprisingly she feels them step up beside her. Looking to her left and right, they both are equally defiant.

“As fun as that sounds, it is wasting valuable time that the Warchief may need.” Shandris points out.

In a reasonable tone, Maiev adds. “We were meant to be reporting to him for an important task. I am not in favor of delaying any more than we have to.”

Craven furrows his brow and lets out a disappointed grunt. “I thought better of you two, but I must admit, it will be more accurate and fun this way.” He muses. “I'll simply carry on whether you three

want to or not. That is how it was always going to go, so I am grateful for the resistance.”

“If you believe you can, try it!” Maiev warns, readying herself for a fight. “We are far more resistant to your influence when acting within the interest of a higher power.” The sound of chains rattling together can be heard as the former warden begins activating the abilities awarded to her when she became a warden.

“The task has already been completed sister, mother... We can technically dispose of him and report to the Warchief sooner.” Shandris smiles. “He will be pleased if we return sooner than expected.”

“He will.” Tyrande reiterates confidently. It feels good to have these two at her side once more. In moments like these, she is extremely glad Saurfang is the one who took them in. “All at once, sisters.” She orders, adopting an aggressive stance.”

Craven looks over them all and shrugs. He snaps his fingers and one by one Maiev, Shandris and finally Tyrande all fall to their knees, groaning in pain. Each of them are overcome by weakness and a dull pain that affects their whole bodies. “You're all forgetting that I am master warlock and you are six months into a very intense pregnancy. More pregnant by the hour, as well due to my little trick.” He is confident enough to approach them and pat each of them on the head once, adding intense lethargy to what they are feeling. “Just relax, ladies. You'll give birth, then we'll touch base on what my plans are once you've recovered.” The gradually collapse and fall into a deep sleep with Tyrande being the last one to remain conscious. She hears Craven speaking over them to a subordinate. “Take them to the rooms near the nursery. Keep them comfortable.”

The three Nelgka are isolated in their own rooms within the large building. Once they are separated and under constant watch, it becomes exceedingly difficult to escape, even after the curses Craven placed on them wear off. This is without even considering that, over the next three days, each of them rapidly progresses through the last three months of their pregnancy.

Tyrande is dreading the fateful day, but thankfully the accommodations are very good within the building. She is given a Nelgka midwife and surprisingly the pain from the birth itself is close to non-existent. She knows exactly why, and the source of relief does not offer her much comfort. The warmth of Elune surrounds her prominently as she gives birth. Even with a child that is far larger than anything she should be giving birth to, Elune seems intent on having her only experience the fondness and none of the exertion or pain. Even Tyrande, who is more in her right mind than the others, has to admit that the feeling that falls over her once it is over and she is holding the orc baby are quite real and intense. Regardless of race, he is something she birthed.

After a short couple of hours the child is whisked away to be taken care of in a nursery within the building that she now realizes must be set up something like a large medical building. She is not yet done being shocked as in that same day her belly tightens to the extent that there is barely any evidence she was pregnant at all. On further inspection, she does notice that her breasts have remained the same size as when she had just given birth. 'Awfully convenient... Time magic truly does wonders. I wonder what the bronze flight would have to say about all of this.' Thinking further on that topic, she is not positive the flights are even still active. 'I have so many questions about the way the world has changed... It has already been six months. Why did Saurfang call upon us now and not sooner?' As she

is agonizing over all of that, the door to her room opens. She stands to face Craven. “You!”

“Me!” He shouts back at her cheerfully.

“What are you planning?” Tyrande asks, showing unfiltered disdain for the warlock. “Unlike before, I am unhindered. So what are you going to do?” She opens her arms, challenging the man. 'I would normally feel less confident, but those two are correct. While we are not doing what is in Saurfang's interest it seems as though we can be bolder to lower orcs.'

“It's not about what I'm going to do, it's about what I've already done.” Craven comments confidently. Tyrande follows his stare, noticing that he is eyeing where he placed the hourglass marking on her belly. 'What is he-' She stops, noticing that the mark is just finishing its transformation from an hourglass to a Kadorei symbol of femininity. Her face twists with confusion. 'Why would he-' She then begins to understand. It is not a symbol that coincides with any recent values and has in fact fallen out of favor. It is a very old symbol that predates the empowerment of the sentinels in Kaldorei society. Predates any female empowerment.

“What is this supposed to accompli...” Tyrande falters a bit in her speech. She reaches up, placing her head in her hand. Her mind feels foggy. Pink. Breathing heavily, she stumbles over to the full length mirror in her room and looks into it. Moving independently of her, her reflection is posing sexily as a mockery of her. Large breasts, thick lips and a belly far more pregnant than she had even just hours before she was ready to give birth. Her skin is a black field of pink stars in some places and her pupils are ludicrous glowing hearts. 'Elune?' In her own voice the reflection talks back to her. 'That's right! Don't worry, we're only gonna have fun for a month, then you can get back to normal. Personally, I don't see what's so bad about that symbol... We should bring it back, just like Craven wanted. I really liked his plans for you. Don't get me wrong, I loooove Saurfang. I just think it's neat.' Tyrande rolls her eyes, stumbling back from the mirror into Craven's waiting arms. He holds her from behind, caressing her side gently. 'Don't worry, I'm not going to take over this time. Saurfang made it clear that wasn't okay. I'm just going to help you along her and there.'

“Oh good...” Tyrande utters sarcastically. “But could you kindly...” She concentrates all of her effort into her psyche, trying to force the perverted goddess out. “Just...” The grip the goddess has on her begins to diminish, surprisingly. 'H-hey! No fair!' Her voice becomes more faint in her head. “Leave!” Tyrande pants, trying to think. 'I'm all here?' She gasps and pumps a fist in triumph. 'Yes!' A feeling that is rapidly undermined by the feeling of Craven's hand on her ass.

“Do you want to have my child, elf?” He asks, squeezing her butt and pulling at her short robe.

“What?” Tyrande grumbles.

He turns her around abruptly, forcing her to look up into his deep, dark eyes. “I asked if you want to have my child, elf.” Craven repeats frankly.

Her eyes widen and her jaw drops as an intense need fills her. 'Just say no... Just-' Tyrande whimpers, her hand moving over the glowing green symbol. She is suddenly aware of her whole body. Her dripping sex and her aching womb. Her whole form that is whining and crying out to experience the changes that pregnancy brought her before. Time seems to skip around and move, or she at the very least loses track of what is happening as the next thing she knows, she is being lifted up gently. Tyrande looks down, saliva dribbling from her parted lips as she is slowly lowered over his thick green member.

While his cock pushes inside she can easily forget about having an orgasm in that moment. Simply having his thickness fill her and instill in her the thought and promise of his seed is ecstasy. “First one is free, Priestess. For next time you're going to need to learn to act like a better mother and lover.” Craven warns.

“W-what?” Tyrande pants, shaking her head of her thoughts and doubt. “Yeah... Okay.” She is not really aware in the moment, as she is overcome with passion. With that passion, she leans forward and embraces him, draping her arms over his shoulders. Once her hands join behind his neck she rides his cock enthusiastically and kisses the Warlock deeply on his large mouth. 'Future father of my child... Future father of my child...' She repeats in her mind, only breaking the kiss to throw her head back in pleasure as his throbbing cock pumps an unbelievably hot, full load into her womb. They stay embraced for another minute, then he lowers her gently onto the bed, leaving her alone. In the hours that pass afterwards Tyrande slowly comes back to her senses and can not help but fear for her sanity. She avoids glancing at the mirror, but can swear that she hears the goddess giggling at her. 'I need to steel my resolve...'