

Mack and Marna exit the shop to the sight of a few goblins gawking at a Draenei that had been turned into a mount. Despite the situation, she does not seem too dissatisfied. One of the assembled goblins stares at the draenei, then at Mack and Marna who are coming out of the same door that the Livestalker had left through. “Yo, the spider thing said this is this free?” The goblin asks, pointing at the hapless mount.

“I mean-” Marna begins before being interrupted by Mack.

“No! Not free at all! You think I'm running a charity over here?” Mack shouts, causing the goblin to raise his hands and step back. Mack walks over and ushers the mount into the shop, locking the door. “Alright, that's settled for now.”

Marna stares at the men. “Which direction did the machine go?”

The two goblins smirk, exchanging a glance. “How much is that info worth to ya? Does it look like we're running a charity?” He says with a heavy amount of snark.

“Yeah, doll. We ain't workin' for free.” The other man adds, snickering.

Mack marches up to them. “Listen here you bastards! I got more rodent test pilots in that shop than you got braincells. If you know what's good for you, you'll tell us where that thing went or I'm gonna open the cages and treat this town to a plague of epic proportions! You like rats? Snakes!?”

“No! Gods no!” The goblins start running. As they are leaving, one of them points. “It climbed a building and went that way, you psycho!”

Marna looks at Mack proudly. “Good job! But we need to get moving before this entire towns population of draenei are turned into cattle or livestock.”

“Agreed. If they go away that's half the customers gone for your inferior magi-tech machinery.” Mack says offhandedly, eliciting a glare from his partner.

Nimea hears whirring. Not an unusual sound, as she is used to living in a goblin town where she is bound to be surrounded by whirring gizmos and the occasional explosion. This sounds close, however. The mage lowers her tome and jumps when she sees a large mechanical spider standing in front of the bench where she is sitting. [Draenei Detected] She blinks. “Yes, I am a draenei. What is this?” She looks for a rider, in case it is a mount, then looks around for a controller once she has confirmed it is solo. She inspects the machine a bit more closely, standing up to circle it. It turns to continue facing her as she does, scanning her with a purple laser. 'This actually looks a bit like a draenei machine.' She muses, touching her chin in thought. It begins speaking again in a robotic tone. [Status:Bipedal Draenei][Muscle:Medium][Intelligence:High][Mental Status:Curious][Body Fat:Low] She smiles. “Wow, thanks.” [You are welcome]

The Livestalker suddenly lowers, in position to pounce. [Initiating Mount Procedures] Nimea gasps.

“What procedures?” As the Livestalker jumps at her she casually casts a frost nova that binds the machine in place, freezing it's joints. “No, I don't think so... Now.” She begins glancing around again in earnest. “Who is your owner?”

[Livestalker immobile:Initiating Politeness] “Being polite now isn't going to help you.” Nimea comments bluntly. [Please climb under my chassis so that I may initiate Mount Procedures] “No?” She utters in confusion. [Pretty please] “Still no.” She furrows her brow. The Livestalker's mechanical head droops. Nimea turns her head and notices another Draenei approaching. She smiles. “Faraah!”

The vindicator looks at Nimea curiously, as she is standing in front of a frozen machine. “What's this?”

“Some type of strange machine that wants to turn me into a mount, I guess.” The mage shrugs. As Faraah comes to stand beside Nimea, the Livestalker scans the vindicator. [Status:Bipedal Draenei] [Muscle:High][Intelligence:Low][Mental Status:Curious][Body Fat:Low]

“Intelligence low? That's pretty mean.” Faraah complains. [Assessment is accurate] Faraah pokes the machine's head. “You want to turn us into mounts?” She asks. [Correct]

“Permanently?” Nimea asks to clarify. [Activating Lying Protocols] Something in it's mechanical head begins whirring faster. [No]

“It said no.” Faraah says innocently. Nimea looks upon her low intelligence friend with pity.

Nimea shakes her head. “Goodness. How does this work, Livestalker?” [You are captured][You are turned into mount][Goblin rider is attracted to location and assigned to you] The Livestalker stops, scanning her again. [Mental Status:Intrigued and aroused] Nimea gulps. “I am not! That just sounds... Very abrupt and simple.” [Activating Dominance Protocols][Mount 01 Assume Position][Mount 02 stand back] Nimea's eyes widen and she blushes. 'Is this machine trying to dom me?' The mage bites her bottom lip lightly.

“Is it talking to us?” [Brutal Honesty Protocols Activating][Mount 01 Life:Over][Mount 01 Career:Over][Mount 01 Class:Mount]

Nimea gulps, pointing to herself. “I am mount 01?” [Mount 01 remove questioning tone and repeat] Her heart beats quickly. Faraah merely looks on with confusion. 'Damn, why is this thing so good at playing this kind of role? Even with that dull, robotic tone it seems to know exactly what buttons to press.' [Mount 01 respond] The livestalker says, somehow able to sound stern. “I-I am mount zero one.” She admits, feeling shame and a bit of excitement wash over her. It scans her again. [Status:Bipedal Mount][Muscle:Medium][Intelligence:High][Mental Status:Submissive][Body Fat:Low]

“Nimea?” Faraah looks to her friend questioningly. [Initiating Humiliation Protocols][Mount 01 tell Mount 02 what you are.]

Nimea's legs begin to shake. She grinds her thighs together beneath her robes where she stands. Blushing deeply, she turns to her friend and admits. “I am a mount.” It scans her again. [Response to Humiliation:Extreme][Mental Status:Extreme Arousal][Calling Goblin Rider prematurely for added effect] The Livestalker sends out a small drone that quickly returns with a confused goblin male. “Oh light...” Nimea mutters, hiding her face in her hands.

“What's going on here?” He asks, holding the small drone in his hand. He looks up at the Draenei, then the machine. [Draenei Mount 01 needs a rider] The goblin looks up skeptically. [Free] The livestalker adds, triggering a wide smile to form across the goblins face. “Well shit, alright.” He looks up at Nimea. “I'll call you... Daisy.” [Typical] “What?” [Entering Name] “That's what I thought.” The goblin huffs. Slowly the Livestalker begins to move again as the ice thaws and breaks. Rather than reactivate her frost nova, which she could easily do, Nimea submissively allows herself to be overtaken. Faraah gasps, stepping back.

“Do you need help?” Faraah asks, her muscles tensing. She is prepared to throw this thing off of Nimea at a moments notice.

[Answer] The Livestalker waits. Nimea shakes her head. “N-no. I'm fine.”

“Oh. Okay.” Faraah looks skeptical, but shrugs and steps back to watch what is happening curiously.

“Sooo, what happens now?” The goblin asks as the Livestalker puts Nimea on all fours bellow it. A crystal lowers and presses to her head. [Training][Bonding] The Livestalker answers curtly. It scans the goblin. [Name] “Kurtz.” [Thank you Rider Kurtz] 'Oh light, what have I done? What is going to happen to me because of a stupid fetish.' She laments. [Mount Daisy direct attention to Rider Kurtz] she looks at him, feeling unimpressed by his appearance. Suddenly, as that thought enters her mind there is a shock that rolls over her entire body, causing her to convulse. [Think no bad thoughts about Rider Kurtz] She stops thinking about him. 'Fine!' The shocking stops for a second only to start again. [Think only about Rider Kurtz] Her eyes widen. 'B-but- Urk!' The shocking continues as she thinks of Kurtz and only stops when she astutely starts thinking good things. 'Smart! Handsome! Amazing! Happy?' There is a sudden rush of pleasure. 'V-very happy!' She moans, shuddering. [Acceptable thoughts] [Loyalty to Rider Kurtz][Service to Rider Kurtz][Satisfaction in belonging to Rider Kurtz] Over the next minute, at a rapid pace, or at least as fast as Nimea can think, her mind is punished for every thought that falls outside parameters and rewarded for every thought inside until gradually it stops having to punish her. All the while it is preparing her body, transforming it with it's multiple arms into a mount.

“Are you sure you're... Okay?” Faraah utters nervously. As she stands, she sees Nimea suddenly being plated with armor. Her hands are pushed into gauntlets that resemble hooves and her head is installed with blinders and reigns. Finally a saddle is placed over her back and she is released. The crystal withdraws.

Daisy completely ignores her former friend and approaches Kurtz. “So wait, what happened?” Kurtz asks, patting the mount on her head. He looks up at the Livestalker. [Personality Supplanted] [Intelligence lowered][Loyalty to Rider Absolute] “Woah! Great. Alright...” He thinks. “What about the other one?”

“Me!? What about my friend!?” Even as dumb as she is, hearing 'personality supplanted' is not good. She stares at the goblin angrily. “What is wrong with you?” She turns her attention to the Livestalker. “And you! Turn her back.” She looks pleadingly at Nimea. “Nimea, remember me?” The mount simply ignores her. All of it's attention is on Kurtz who merely shrugs, climbs up onto his mounts back and begins riding off.

She runs quickly after them, but feels herself being pushed forward as the Livestalker jumps on top of

her. [Status:Bipedal Draenei][Muscle:High][Intelligence:Low][Mental Status:worried][Body Fat:Low] “Cut that out!” Faraah fights to get out but ends up being bound by one of it's many appendages. [Negative][Intelligence at acceptable levels for mount] “What's that supposed to mean!?” Faraah yells angrily. [Exactly what it sounds like dummy] Faraah can't stop the Livestalker from pushing her hands into gauntlets that cause her to lose feeling in them. Instead she now has range of movement on two hooves that replace her hands and sit flat on the ground in front of her. “Stop it.” She whines, feeling her back beginning to straighten out as her natural resting position slowly shifts to being on all fours. She is slowly plated up in mount armor like Nimea was. A collar is wrapped around her neck, blinders are places on her head and a saddle is lowered onto her back. She gasps as a crystal is lowered and pressed to her forehead. [Minimal training is required for low intelligence draenei] It states. Even though it is in a monotone droll, Faraah still finds it insulting. “Don't be mean!” [Acceptable thoughts] [Acceptance of being a mount][Excitement for being a mount] “You think I'm going to-” She feels a sudden shock that resonates throughout her entire body.

Faraah's eyes roll back. “S-shit! W-what am I supposed to do?” She groans. The Livestalker reiterates patiently. [Acceptable thoughts][Acceptance of being a mount][Excitement for being a mount] Still being shocked, Faraah gasps. “I'm not excited though, what am I supposed to do if I don't accept it either!? Just get shocked!?” It is hard for her to think. There is a long pause, then it reiterates. [Acceptable thoughts][Acceptance of being a mount][Excitement for being a mount][Stupid] “O-oh...” She begins to get it. “Y-you want me to think those things only?” While she is still being shocked she hastily utters. “M-maybe being a mount wont be so bad.” The shocking stops and unexpectedly, a wave of pleasure opposite to the pain she was feeling washes over. She blushes. “B-being a mount might be fun?” She utters questioningly, spurring the pleasure to keep rolling over her whole body. “I-” [You do not have to think out loud] The Livestalker criticizes bluntly. [This works better if you do not][Please give in more quietly] If machines could sigh, she feels like she would have heard it after those three sentences. 'Wait, do I really want to give i-' She jolts as pain resumes, a stark contrast to what she was feeling just moments before. It is almost just natural reflex to resume the good thoughts. 'N-never mind. I love being a mount. I can't wait to be assigned a rider.' Second thoughts seep in slowly as she thinks that, but before the shocking can begin she corrects them herself. 'I-I am a mount. Being a mount is fun. I love being a mount!' The crystal withdraws. [Training complete][Personality Supplanted]

Faraah hears that and is quite surprised, as she can still think. “Wait... My personality is supplanted?” [Yes] “But I am still...” She realizes that she can not even begin to have a bad thought about being a mount. 'I mean, there are only good points to it, after all. I get taken care of by a goblin. My life is my work. I don't need to make decisions. It's all good!' She smiles widely. “Thanks, Livestalker! When do I get a rider?”

A confused goblin rounds the corner. “Uh... I was told there was a free mount?” Faraah's eyes light up. [Mount 02 is available][Accept or Decline] “Wont say no to free.” He shrugs, looking at Faraah skeptically. “You're supposed to be a mount?” She nods. “You're happy carrying me around?” She nods ecstatically. “Huh. Alright. I can call you whatever I want?”

“Yes! My other friend got a new name, too.” Faraah says excitedly. The Livestalker climbs off, begins scanning, and climbs up the nearby building, disappearing out of sight.

The Goblin furrows his brow at the suspicious sight, but quickly pushes any concerns to the back of his mind. “Oookay. How about... Dummy?” He smirks at her.

Faraah stops, taking it in. A wider smile forms on her lips. “Dummy is great, master!”

As Daisy is carrying Kurtz, they are stopped by Mack and Marna. Kurtz looks up at her. "Careful honey. There's some weird machine running around turning girls into mounts."

"We know!" Mack rolls his eyes.

"We need you to release that Draenei so we can- Wait, is that Nimea, the mage?" Marna smiles widely, circling them. She almost looks a bit too proud of her work, given the circumstance. "How is she?"

"Oh, 100% loyal. It's actually fantastic." Kurtz responds casually.

"You know, I actually made that machine?" Marna brags.

"Oh? Way to go, girl. Stellar results!" He laughs.

Mack places his head in his hands. "This is not the time to jerk ourselves off! Where did the Livestalker go!?"

Kurtz shrugs and directs his mount to start walking. "Dunno. Left before it did."

Mack screams. "Marna! How are we gonna fix this!? Every draenei in this damn town is going to be a mount or a cow by the time we find this thing."

"Yeah... I did a really good job." She frowns. He glares up at her. Getting the hint, Marna adds. "Well. I know where most of the Draenei live in this town. We could go there."

"Good idea!" Mack motions for her to lead.

"Hope we aren't too late." Marna says with a worried look on her face. "This machine is designed to learn and adapt. If it's already mountified and cattle-ized three girls then it will have enough data to take on entire groups of Draenei at once."

"W-what!? How would that even work? Also... Why did you create a weapon of mass destruction that ONLY works on your own race." He is panting.

Marna blushes. "I-I thought it was hot and that the off switch would work?"

"God dammit, Marna. If you weren't so hot, I'd- I'd... Eh, who am I kidding." Her shrugs. Marna giggles. "Let's go to the Draenei side of town."