

Shandris has spent a good portion of the trip trying to restrain her mother from sneaking up to visit the goblin piloting the cart. “This is impossible! How is she still so strong?” Shandris complains. “Mother, stop! He isn't even an orc...” She is confused how a Nelgka can be so horny in general. She feels the urge around orcs, but a goblin is just a man.

Tyrande stops for a moment, then shrugs. “Uhm, green is green. He's, like, kinda cute.” She giggles, finally slipping out of the warrior's grasp.

Shandris looks to Maiev as Tyrande is slipping from her arms. “Help!” But the Warden merely shakes her head.

“Let her go, sister. We are wasting our effort. It is like the goblin said; she will recover on her own in time. As the only two mentally sound members of our party, we should conserve our strength in case something happens.”

Shandris is unable to find any fault in what her sister says. “You make a good point. If we want to protect her, we should instead focus on identifying actual threats.” Shandis smiles playfully. “She'll be embarrassed that she knelt for a goblin, but what could we do? She insisted.”

Maiev laughs and offers a subtle wink. “Indeed. Luckily we are not the types to hold it over her head.” Shandris shares a chuckle with the Warden.

Tyrande crawls up, startling the goblin. The Cart veers off course briefly before he brings it back under control. “Woah! Don't scare me like that! What do you-” He notices who it is and pauses. “Uh. Hey.” He adds coolly. “What's up, priestess?”

Tyrande smiles widely. “Hi! I'm, like, pretty horny. I need dick and I wonder if yours is big enough, you know?” The goblin audibly gulps.

“Oh... Yeah? Well let's check right now.” He moves both reins carefully over to one hand and unzips his pants, drawing a small green member out for her to look at.

Tyrande's shoulders slump. “Kinda small.” She says bluntly.

“It's a grower! Stroke it a bit... I wouldn't be able to walk around if it was the same size all the time.” The goblin explains hastily, stroking himself before the lady.

“Kay.” Tyrande slides between his legs without much fuss and trades with him, pushing his hand away so that she can begin stroking his green member with her own slender fingers. The goblin once again takes the reins with both hands. Tyrande is unimpressed at first, but a few seconds after she starts stroking him herself, his cock begins to rapidly expand out of it's foreskin. She gasps. “Green IS green!” The goblin's cock keeps growing and thickening to the point that blood drains from his cheeks. The member grows to about a foot in length. For thickness, she can only just fit her hand around it.

“See, I told you?” The goblin smirks. “You should leave the thinking to the men, sweetheart.”

Tyrande looks up, frowning with regret. “Sorry.” Her hand is still gliding up and down his excessively-

sized cock.

The goblin's heart skips, due in no small part to much of his bodies blood rushing through his dick. A far bigger contributing factor, however, is the formerly powerful, intelligent High Priestess of the Nelgka looking up at him with a brain-dead stare. 'Probably never get an opportunity like this, again.' He thinks, knowing full-well what those other two did to the last guy that tried something. 'Probably gotta keep it toned down, but I can fool around a bit, right?' He grins. "You proud to be a brain-dead slut?"

She looks confused. "Uhm-"

"You should be!" He clarifies.

"Oh!" Tyrande giggles and nods. "I'm like, so proud!"

"Hey, honey, don't bother swallowing saliva. Just let it fall out your mouth. A moron like you should drool like a moron." He gulps, waiting for his fantasy to come to an end at any point due to his odd requests and jabs at her intelligence.

"Okay, sure." Tyrande shrugs. After a few moments, drool freely flows over her plump lips, down her chin and onto her ample chest. "Does this look hot or something? Am I cute?" She asks with wide eyes, pointing to her mouth.

The goblin takes a deep breath and tries not to just burst right then. "Yeah." He takes it in. 'The leader of the elves is a drooling moron between my legs. But there's something else I wanna confirm.' He had heard stories, but is not positive what is real and what is propaganda. "Hey, uh... You're still a priestess, right."

"Yep!"

"I hears she's a bimbo, like you. Think you could confirm that for me?" he asks cautiously.

Tyrande is a bit surprised. "Wait, really? If that's true, then..." She begins praying for the first time in a long while, purposefully calling upon Elune. The priestess hears a gasp in side her head. 'My favourite child! Welcome back. Oh my, what happened to you?' Tyrande shrugs. "I dunno." The goblin lifts a brow, wondering who she's talking to. 'I like this version of you better, in any case. What is the occasion for calling on me?' Tyrande smiles and points up. "This guy told me to." In her head, the goddess giggles. 'Oooh. Not exactly an orc, but he's cute and has a big dick.' Tyrande nods in agreement. 'Should we take good care of him, dear? I feel like I owe him one for reconnecting you to me.' Tyrande nods again in agreement. Looking up at the goblin she states. "Elune says you should get one thing you want, for doing something nice for her."

He blinks. "S-shit, really? Anything?"

"Uhm, anything within her power, she says."

"What's that?" He asks to clarify the deal, in true goblin fashion.

Tyrande seems to be conversing in her head. After a few seconds she looks up again. "Anything to do

with elves.”

He seems overwhelmed by that answer. “Well shit... I've got one powerful elf bimbo in front of me that I can do whatever the fuck I want with” He exhales and shakes his head. “But I gotta get greedy, here, since that favor is just so broad.”

“Elune likes that answer, but she wants to know what a bimbo is.”

“She doesn't know?” That single statement gives him an idea. “Is Elune with us right now?” Tyrande nods. “Can I explain it to her directly, along with what I want?”

“Yep.” Tyrande nods, her eyes becoming a far brighter shade of pink. Her subtle aura elicits a pink hue around the area. “Go ahead and talk and I'll repeat her words.”

He takes a deep breath. “Okay. So you wanted to know what a bimbo, is?”

“Yes. Enthusiastically.”

The goblin excitedly explains. “The bimbo is basically the perfect broad. No skills, no brains, no strength or coordination just sex-drive and love.”

“I like it. What is your request? Is it related to that? Keep in mind, Saurfang does not allow me to do anything that is permanently damaging anymore.”

“Look, I get that and I've seen what happens to guys that try some crazy shit with these broads, so I'm looking to workshop with you what I can get that is good, but still lets me keep my head. You know?”

“Oh, sure, sure. How about this. I could make it a part of my boon. A simple buff that will fall off over time. No harm done whatsoever.” The goddess explains, downplaying the implications of such a thing.

“Oh, that's interesting.” They spend a few minutes discussing the details before an agreement is worked out.

Tyrande finishes the discussion by saying. “Naturally, Elune wants you to have the ability to cast the buff, since you came up with such a fun idea!” The goddess giggles. 'Also, dear, I could have simply cured this affliction if you weren't so opposed to accepting my help.' With that, Tyrande's mental state begins to clear. Her body tenses. She realizes her chest and mouth are covered in drool and she is sitting between a goblin's legs. “Uhm...” She looks around. The goddess adds. 'Tyrande, we're not enemies. I only want to help you. Your master is my master and we only want what is best for our peoples.' She lowers her head skeptically, seeing her hand is unconsciously caressing a goblin cock. “You did cure me of that affliction.”

'That's the spirit!' Elune giggles.

“But! I am not going to forgive you for what you did to the souls of my people that you claimed before Saurfang took control.” She utters harshly.

'That is why you are being called to Orgrimmar. We have been working on a solution to that issue. Be patient, dear. I am unequivocally on your side.' The goddess coos.

“I am not so sure, but I will give you a chance. Now begone, I need to deal with this situation I am in.”

“Uhm. What situation?” The goblin asks nervously.

Tyrande stops stroking him and instead stares up angrily. “You took advantage of me in that state and added another degenerate tool to the goddesses arsenal.” She stands up, looking down on the small man. “Are you prepared for the consequences.”

The goblin acts panicked to a point. “What's wrong with it!? I think it's pretty fun and useful.”

She rolls her eyes. “Fun and useful...”

“Yeah. What's wrong with it?” He leads her.

“What is wrong with Nelgka being able to offer their intelligence, strength and agility, power and magic in the form of a blessing to another? It is completely-”

The goblin interrupts her rant. “There's a restriction, though!”

“What restriction? Requiring both party's to say Soulbind?” At the same time she says soulbind, the goblin also says it. Tyrande pauses as a pink string of light connects her heart to his. She slowly plops by down to her knees. “Uhm... What was I even talking about?” She tilts her head to one side curiously.

“You were asking if you could suck me off.” She nods slowly, giving him a blank look. “You can.” She gasps happily and presses her lips to his dick, enthusiastically kissing from the base to the tip. The priestess engulfs his member between her lips and takes it all in with one gulp. The goblin groans, throwing his head back. He feels the incredible power and strength of Tyrande flowing through him and marvels at just how intensely strong this buff is for the other party. His goblin senses almost can't handle how unfair it is for the elf between his legs. His mind begins racing and planning. “Damn... Maybe I should trick those other two girls into buffing me so I can become a god.” As he is talking, he notices he is surrounded on both sides of the cart by Maiev and Shandris. There is a pink string of light moving from them in his general directions.

“Uhm, that's like, not nice!” Shandris exclaims cutely, her hands balled into fists. She is staring at him with an angry, pouty expression and all the tone on her body is gone.

Maiev is stumbling to keep her footing on the other side. “It's like, so hard to stand? Why is this thing moving all the time... Where we going?”

The goblin chuckles. “Wait, did it already happen?” He thinks for a second. “That's... not right, is it?” He looks down curiously, feeling his dick no longer being sucked.

“It is a good thing that Elune does actually seem to be on our side.” Tyrande stands up once more. The pink strings of light connect her with the other two girls. The goblin tries to utilize her own power against her, but the combined strength, intelligence, agility and power of Shandris and Maiev bear down on him in one body. Shackles surround him and tighten rapidly to the point that he can not

breath. Tyrande knocks him into the back of the cart effortlessly to get him out of the way while he is dying and takes the reins of the two draenei pulling the cart. She clicks her tongue. Ridiculous... This buff is a disaster. Hopefully no one else will ever hear word of it." She comments to herself.

"Mooom." Shandris stumbles over, falling on her plump butt to sit beside Tyrande. "Why didn't you say being dumb was sooo much fun?" She giggles.

"It isn't..." Tyrande corrects, canceling the buff once her own power returns to her.

"Huh?" Shandris comes to. "I just felt the goddesses power enter me, then nothing? Was I acting drunk?"

"That's so silly! Why do you need to be smart if a big strong orc can be smart better!" Maiev insists, stumbling beside the two of them on the other side. "I-" Tyrande returns Maiev's intelligence as well. "Feel strange... Was I drunk, as well? What happened."

"Elune rescued us from a bad situation while you two were not paying attention." Tyrande scolds.

"Oh." Shandris looks down ashamedly.

"My apologies, Priestess." Maiev sits down beside Tyrande, looking quite bashful. "Failure is not something I am used to."

"The goblin was concerned about not dying, but showed such disgusting intent when given even an ounce of power beyond what he is used to. Men are truly the worst." Tyrande rants.

"He's a goblin, mother. What do you expect?" Shandris covers her mouth to laugh.

"Orcs are different." Maiev agrees. "They are a different breed of man all together."

Tyrande rolls her eyes. "Right."