

Shandris looks at the three vials on her vanity, planning what to do with them. For her it is obvious that the first is for Maiev. The second, she decides, should be for Tyrande. 'Wherever she is...' That just leaves the third for her to think about. One she can simply spend on whoever is convenient for her. Shandris places her mask back on and picks up the first vial, hiding it on her person. The other two she places in a locked drawer. "It doesn't really matter. It's all over, anyway. What could anyone do, even if they found out." She sighs, sitting up from her stool. Shandris leaves the tent.

The hidden encampment contains the majority of the uncorrupted elves and ancients. Escapees from Teldrassil and rallied troops from all across the ancient forests. She muses that there is no real plan for them other than to simply disrupt the Horde wherever possible. When she had the perspective of someone doing her best to fight and persevere it seemed like a necessary struggle but now as someone who is slowly losing attachment towards her own kind, it just seems convenient. "It's just a strategy to lose as slowly as possible." She comments under her breath, slowly walking past the various tents.

"You think so, too?" Maieve asks beside her, appearing like a ghost, as per usual.

Shandris jumps. "Stop that!"

Maiev ignores the General's annoyance and goes on. "There probably needs to be a change if we are going to actually persevere. What do you think about withdrawing?" With Maiev staring at Shandris through her helm, it makes it impossible to easily discern the warden's true thoughts and emotions, but Shandris feels as though she is being tested. 'There is no way she suspects something. But why does she feel off?'

"Perhaps it would be best. Rejoin with the alliance. It no longer feels like we are fighting on our own turf." It is a sensible answer, but one lacking in pride. To make it seem more like something she would suggest, Shandris adds. "It is more important to protect the people we still have."

"A good assessment. I feel the same way. But we should find a way to tell Tyrande. We can not simply leave her here." Maiev stops. "You are her daughter. Do you know where the High- No... The Night Warrior is?"

'It is logical to want to withdraw with Min'do, but it's strange that she is the one asking.' Shandris nods. "I agree, but I am also wondering where she is. She does not communicate with me. It has made things rather difficult."

"What a shame. We can not afford to leave her behind." Maiev says with a hint of annoyance.

"You are good at tracking people down, Maiev, perhaps you and I could go looking for her together?" Shandris offers. 'Using her may be a good solution. I have been wanting to target Min'do and I am not sure if I could find her on my own.'

Maiev's helm lists faintly to one side. "I could try. Empowered by Elune as she is, Tyrande is a hard woman to pin down. I am sure if we put our heads together we can come up with something."

Shandris, runs her fingers over the vial in her pocket. "We should come up with a plan on how to find her quickly." After a moment of consideration, Shandris realizes withdrawal may be too sensible of a solution. 'If we leave, it would deny Lökk quite a few valuable resources.' Shandris comments. "Are we of the same mind that leaving is not an option until we find Min'do?"

“We are of like mind.” Maiev agrees easily, drawing Shandris's suspicion. “Shall we go make a plan? We should not just stand here talking in the open.” She states with a cold tone.

“Obviously.” Shandris turns, walking back to her tent. The warden follows closely behind, putting Shandris on edge. It only takes a minute for them both to reach the General's tent and step inside. Once the flap is closed, Shandris smiles. “We can talk face-to-face in here. No need for the helm.” She offers slyly.

Maiev counters. “I could say the same. Do you wear that thing in private?”

Shandris remains calm. “Of course not. Allow me to put it away.” Shandris turns and walks towards her armor rack. With her back to Maiev she carefully removes her mask and places it on the head of the rack. She also pulls out the vial and before she takes the white liquid into her mouth she asks. “Just place it down on the vanity. I don't have an extra rack.” She almost whimpers as she lifts the vial to her lips and knocks it back, filling her mouth. It takes all her strength not to just guzzle the delicious cocktail down instantly. She believes she hears Maiev placing her helm down and steps back, turning on her heels to act before the woman has a chance to react.

Both girls stare at each other with wide eyes and full mouths. Shandris sees Maiev, smooth purple hair falling around her shoulders. The Warden stares back at her with beautiful pink eyes. They step closer cautiously, neither of them really acting appalled, just shocked. Maiev is the first to tilt her head back and open her mouth wide. Her tongue falls out over her bottom lip. She shows off a hefty amount of white liquid sitting in her mouth. Shandris can not get over how erotic the sight is and opens her own mouth to mirror to mirror the act and show Maiev they are one and the same.

Both Kaldorei close the distance and begin exchanging what is in their mouths back and forth, now swallowing freely as they trade it, along with their own saliva. Their tongues curl together in the midst of the thick cocktail mixing in their mouths. Armor pieces fall off and are ripped off hastily as their interaction moves onto the bed. Once the last bit of the orc's present was swallowed by each of them in equal parts they stare into each other's eyes a little longer. Shandris is the first to break the silence. “He got you, too?”

Maiev slows down her own pace. She can feel that her prey is beginning to grow tired. The chains she placed around his neck illuminate the path he has taken. She knows where he is going and knows for sure that there is no way he will make it. She breaks through the foliage and sees him panting, leaning against a tree. She cautiously steps towards him. The helm she wears is enchanted to not allow any scents or liquids to make it inside, but she also knows it is no reason to become complacent. “Looks like you got me.” The male huffs. ”What are you gonna do, sweetheart?”

“Deciding. As enticing as it is to lock your entire kind up for what you've done, it seems impractical. That in itself presents a problem, as I am a Warden, not a mere killer.” He laughs, triggering her to add more chains, surrounding and binding his limbs. “Name.” She demands impassively.

“Lokk.” he announces proudly.

“What were you planning out here all by yourself? Have your kind grown so cocky?” She steps close to him, a bit of cockiness showing in her own actions as she relies on her helm to keep her safe from his influence.

“Part of it is I think I can convince someone like you, even without you being under the influence.”

Maiev clicks her tongue. “My... How delusional. You have a bit of luck with women due to this boon you've been granted and now you believe you are capable of anything.” She crouches down in front of him, getting eye to eye.

“If it's delusion then you'll have no problem hearing me out?” He asks confidently.

“Go ahead and speak.” She offers. “It gives me time to consider what to do about you.” Maiev stares at him through her helm patiently.

The orc breaths out with relief. “Alright. Good. First thing's first. What's your name, 'darlin'?”

“Maiev.” She answers simply.

His eyes widen briefly before he returns to a more composed state that he has been holding from the start of the encounter. “Is that a common name, or...”

“Shadowsong.” She adds, to clarify.

“Well...”

“Has your confidence been shaken a bit, orc?” Maiev asks with a mild chuckle.

“Not at all. Just thinking.” He nods slowly. “You aren't really part of the whole night elf establishment. You were originally pretty neutral.”

“Some situations dictate that I should take sides. Are you suggesting I should remain neutral? You have to do better than that.”

“No, I think you should join us.” He offers.

“Ah, you've convinced me with your skilled tongue.” She answers sarcastically.

Lokk smirks. “You should join us because your kind are losing.”

“Giving up because we are losing is not a reason. For as long as we hold out there is a chance the situation will change, while a situation like that will not arise if we do not hold out.” She explains logically. “It's all very simple.”

“If there was no benefit I wouldn't have offered such a simple solution. Do you want to hear the benefit?” Maiev sighs and motions with her hand for him to continue. “There's differences in opinion as to how your kind should be treated after you all fall. First option, the one in the lead is breeding slaves. Keep your kind alive forever to breed generations of near-immortal half-orc warriors.”

“Are you trying to make me angry?”

“You should be angry. That isn't my side. I'm just explaining. Can I continue, hon?” She does not like his tone or attitude, but reluctantly nods. “Good. The runner up is pets. House helpers. Give you to average orcs and let them do whatever they want with you. Probably not a great life, but a little better.”

“They are both equally bad.” Maiev states.

“Interesting you say that. I agree. There's a third camp that is currently losing badly to both options. Integration.”

“Isn't that what you are already doing?”

“In a sense. Integration here means we take you girls and instead of destroying your culture we alter it. You retain some of your pride and nature. We just tweak your priorities a bit and bam.” Lokk explains it in a way that gets him animated near the end.

Maiev does not feel any more impressed, but acknowledges the offer as being different from the others. “We remain warriors, but for the horde?” He nods. “We retain our culture, but it is tweaked.” He offers another nod. “Would we retain value as something other than an object?” He is hesitant to nod towards that question. Maiev shakes her head. “Of course, why expect anything different... What of Elune?”

Lokk just casually points up at the moon. “Elune is on our side.”

Maiev nods begrudgingly. She can not deny that is how it seems. “How do you propose to actually put forth this idea that seems to be losing to all the others?”

“If we can get you, Shandris and Tyrande it all changes. You're the big three. If we integrate you they are suddenly going to understand why armed warriors submissive to us are the right option.”

“Through force. Clever. What stops you from changing the deal once we are all 'integrated?' Also, you say 'we' but who else is on your side of this disagreement?” Maiev asks pointedly.

“Saurfang.”

“Big name.” She comments, standing up. “But I am not convinced. I just do not believe a total loss is inevitable enough for me to even consider this deal.”

“I have a piece of info that might change your mind. Do you know what's happened to your 'brother?’”

Her ears perk. “No.” She says simply. She is not sure how she feels about Jarod, but one thing she understands is his genius. His planning and leadership could have turned the tide if they had it from the start. “What of Jarod?”

“She sees things from a different perspective now and is another 'big name' on our side.”

“She?” Maiev cringes at the indirect revelation. “That means...”

“It's just something that happens to your men. You realize that even if this ends tomorrow, there's no

way for your race to continue? You were pretty matriarchal before, but now it's guaranteed. With our compromise we'll find a way for you to be able to produce night elves instead of half-orcs. Hell, there'll probably be more of you than there ever was after a few decades, considering how virile we are in comparison.”

“Kaldorei loyal to-”

“I said it was a compromise.” He calrifies, undoing his leggings and drawing his massive cock out.

“What are you doing?” Maiev averts her eyes nervously.

“I'm chained up. Your mind is clear and free of influence. All we did was talk. You can do whatever you want to me at this point but what I want is for YOU to surrender of your own accord.” He begins stroking himself to the point that he is hard. “I'll integrate you myself, right here.”

Maiev is given pause. She truly is free to do whatever she wants with him. His words swirl around in her mind. The points he made weren't bad and the information added about her brother and the Kaldorei males sticks in her head. Never, she thinks, was her races existence itself more threatened than it is now. “A loss does not just mean subjugation but...”

“An end.” He finishes that thought, preying upon what he sees as a weakness. “You realistically have the choice between annihilation and continuation of your race as close to it was originally as you can get.”

Maiev hesitates. “Annihilation... I do not want that.” She lifts her helm, staring down at the man. “How do you want me to do this?” His scent wafts over her rather quickly. He motions her down. She slowly lowers herself to her knees and leans forward towards his cock. “This is surrender? Should I unchain you?” She asks.

“Don't worry about that for now. You'll feel it.” He speaks in a soothingly calm tone.

She gets dizzy as she leans closer to his cock. Saliva builds in her mouth. She becomes aware at a point that there is no longer any return. Surrender is not just an act in this case, but a feeling that now washes over her. A heavy hand that she does not fight or try to avoid rests on top of her head and urges her to nuzzle up against his stone-hard cock. “Now is the time to altar the deal.” She comments with a tone of pure infatuation. If he told her she was his tool, a mere slave for him to breed and nothing else and he went back on everything he said she would not be able to stop adoring him. The thought is both terrifying and exciting to her. With that, the feeling of surrender seeps even deeper into her very being as she begins licking up his cock submissively.”

“The deal stands.” The words seriously surprise her. She looks up with wide eyes, whose glowing silver pupils slowly give way to a bright pink. Maiev felt surrender and knows she would eventually forget any sense of betrayal were it to occur, but those words fill her with something else.

“How do you feel?” Lökk asks, staring down into her eyes.

“Loyal.” Maiev says, surprising herself. It is a true emotion.

Lökk smiles and lowers his tip to her lips. She wants to just envelop it and begins throating the amazing

member, but his hand keeps her at bay. “Think for yourself. Stop being brainwashed for just a moment.” He pats her head reassuringly as her entire body begins shuddering and forcing out the feelings of submission like a poison being rejected. She gasps and sweats, her eyes wide like she just awoke from a nightmare. The cock in front of her still smells amazing, but she sees it for what it is. A pure and simple end to Maiev the kaldorei Warden. “How do you feel?” He asks again.

Maiev gulps and considers the question. Forced submission and feelings of infatuation are gone, but they do leave something in their wake. She stares up, surprised by her own answer. “L-loyal.”

“You are free to do what you like.” He says confidently.

Maiev looks over the man, the picture of masculinity and honor. He could have her so easily, but he let her go. Lokk is still bound and is not using his massive body at all. She is in his grasp. His muscles could restrain her and force her over his intoxicating member but he is instead just looking down at her with an infuriatingly calm, cocky demeanor. “Don't look at me like that.” She whines, releasing him from the confines she put him in.

“Is this what you want, Maiev?” He asks, as though coaxing her to say no. When she look at him she sees a man with no hesitation or regret in giving her the free will to strike him down. Leaving everything else aside, that in itself is intoxicating to her.

Her eyes lower to his dick for a moment before turning back up to stare into his own dark pupils. “My answer...” She brushes her long purple hair out of her face and parts her lips wide, taking the crown of his cock between them. She tightens around it and starts sucking and swirling her tongue around it in a circular motion. She feels it twitch in her mouth. Even his words that released her mind earlier can not save it from the assault that the flavor levels against her psyche. She feels subtle conditioning beginning to seep back in. Submission and desire. This time, however, she sees them as feelings she unambiguously brought upon herself. Lokk stares down at her encouragingly. Maiev melts under his gaze and moans, taking his dick deeper into her mouth. She bobs up and down enthusiastically. It is not the first blowjob the warden has ever given but it is absolutely the best. She continues to stare up considerably, watching his expression to see how well she is doing. Lokk's expression twists in pleasure. It is a look that brings her tremendous satisfaction.

“I'm close! Maiev, back off!” The words cut deeply into her. She obeys, but wonders what she had been doing wrong. He pulls her off of his cock, keeping her at bay. She looks up, her face incredibly messy. She wears a hurt expression from the sudden stop. The seasoned soldier's eyes are welling up with uncertainty. Saliva is dripping from the corners of her lips. “Don't look at me like that..” He sighs. “Sorry, you did a great job.” Maiev's face brightens. “It's just... I need you to fill these vials, so finish me off, but don't swallow. Understand?” He smirks, tussling her beautiful hair. “A dunce like you, in the state you're in. I thought there was a chance you wouldn't hear me.”

“I could hear you and listen perfect, sir.” Maiev offers. “I would do anything you asked me to. There is no chance your voice could not reach my ears.”

“What an excellent subordinate.” Maiev smiles widely at the compliment and goes back in, sucking him to completion but not allowing any of it to seep down her throat out of her mouth. It is easier said than done, however. As he keeps pumping potent seed between her lips she just can not hold it all so she holds out her hands, allowing the overflow to pool in them. It feels a bit shameful to not be able to do exactly as he asked, but looks up to see him staring down at her proudly. Relief washes over her.

He pulls out several vials, bringing them to her lips to spit into until her mouth is empty. She then lifts her cupped hands back up to her mouth, sucking what dripped down into her mouth so that she could finish filling the rest more easily. "Such ingenuity. I can tell you are going to be an incredibly useful asset, Maiev. You are going to help me hunt down Tyrande, aren't you?"

"Yes!" She says obediently. "For the Horde." She adds with a bright smile.