

Shandris and Maiev cautiously enter the clearing together and approach a circle of three dead and spent Val'kyr. The two nelgka exchange a glance. "It appears she got away, sister." Shandris comments.

"I believe she only has one left after this, no?" Maiev adds, counting in her head. She takes a few steps and stops in front of a pool of putrid fluid. "Another undead was wounded here." She adds, kneeling down to get a closer look.

"Nathanos? Should we try and chase them down or return to the Warchief? Whatever did this may be a danger to him. Do you think my Minn'do did this?" Shandris asks pensively.

Maiev looks up in thought. "Tyrande... I am not sure who else could have done this." Saurfang is currently the life-line that allows them to continue to be warriors. If he dies, they are likely going to be forced to submit to the next orc in line. That is not particularly bad to them at this point, but Maiev is able to see pretty simply what would be preferable. "We should return. If Tyrande did this then it is likely she will be headed for the Warchief."

Shandris frowns and stares back in the direction of the camp with worried expression. "Agreed, sister. We must hurry." The two elves quickly move to return to the camp.

Nearby, feeling incredibly lucky, Sylvanas sheaths her daggers and limps out of the shadows. Brynja spreads her wings and begins flapping to take flight. "I can carry you both." She offers.

Sylvanas waves her away. "No! You are already weighed down. You must take the body to Undercity as quickly as possible. If we wait too long there will be no chance of saving him." She curses herself for being caught so easily. The night warrior was child's play to them before, when they were relying on the orcs power, but she seems to have only increased in power over time.

"I am sorry that my power alone is not enough." The val'kyr says through gritted teeth.

"As much as I would like to trade my people's future, the last of your kind, for his life... It can not be helped. Stop moping and go. Quickly! Tell the priests and apothecaries to do whatever they can." With that the winged undead shoots off out of the forest with Sylvanas trailing slowly behind.

The two Nelgka breach into the room and are startled to see Tyrande standing next to Saurfang. They are noticeably guarded until the old orc makes a lowering gesture with his hand which allows them to be at ease. Shandris is immediately excited by the development. "Minn'do! Did you come around?" She asks hopefully.

Tyrande looks at the Saurfang, then offers a quizzical look to the former general. "Somewhat..." She traces her gaze from the heeled plate boots to her bare chest. "I see you have 'adapted' quite well to 'our' new faction."

"You sound uncertain, priestess." Maiev says suspiciously. Saurfang takes a few steps forward, leaving Tyrande's side to flick Maiev's mask lightly. She looks up with a confused expression.

"That's High Priestess, Nelgka." Saurfang corrects her sternly.

Maiev bows. "My apologies, Warchief." She turns and bows to Tyrande, as well. "High Priestess." She adds with genuine humility. The former warden steps back into line.

Tyrande can not hide her surprise. She whispers to Saurfang as he returns to her side. "You really tamed such a person. I almost can't believe it." Shandris steps forward, smiling widely and staring with her blank, eyeless mask at Tyrande. Tyrande blushes lightly under the woman's admiring gaze. The fact that the fresh negka is capable of such admiration for her seems to imply some of what Saurfang promises is true. "Y-yes. Daughter? I can hardly recognize you." She comments, unsure what else to say.

Shandris nods, looking herself over. She is not hurt by the remark, as she is quite proud of her station. "It is the uniform. I take it off when I am not on duty, so we should meet then." Shandris offers.

"Ah, yes... We may, whenever you happen to be off duty." She looks to Saurfang questioningly.

"I am not a slave-driver. These girls will be able to rest relatively soon. They have been working hard." He lifts his chin. "Speaking of..." He waits for them to anticipate what he is asking.

Both girls kneel. "The banshee had been wounded with Nathanos in a clearing, but no bodies were present other than three dead val'kyr. The presence of those tells us that the Banshee may have died." Maiev reports.

Tyrande groans. "The witch. She escaped by sacrificing her own yet again."

Saurfang pats Tyrande gently on the shoulder. "She has one left. You crippled her. That should be enough for now." He lowers his hand, patting the priestess on the butt encouragingly. "You did excellently. I look forward to your future performance, as well." Keeping his hand on her ass, he looks her over. "But... Perhaps we should think about getting you into your own uniform." Looking back at the other two Nelgka in the room, Saurfang nods. "You both can leave and rest however you choose." They nod, standing and exiting the room.

Tyrande sighs deeply. "A uniform?"

"What is this?" Tyrande holds a metal choker in her hand, but focuses on the horde symbol dangling from the front. It has a crescent moon in the center instead of a dot.

"It is your faction's symbol." Saurfang explains bluntly.

The explanation fills Tyrande with anger for just a moment before reality sinks in. "It... Shows some effort and respect that probably did not even need to be paid." She admits. 'It could've been a horde symbol with no mind at all paid to us.' She turns it around to inspect the back. There is no clasp. "This is one of those collars where it is permanent. Or at least... There is no simple way to remove it."

"Put it on." He requests without confirming what she is saying.

She huffs. "I thought you were going to offer us some relative freedom. Aside from that, wouldn't you gain pleasure in forcing it onto me yourself?"

Tyrande is surprised by a faint smirk that crosses his lips at her mild defiance. "It's part of 'your' culture. Why should I get off to anything your kind insists on doing to themselves? Should I start questioning all of your strange customs?" He throws his hands up in feigned wonder. "Like why... Why did you girls decide to worship a goddess that wants green dick so bad." He winks.

She rolls her eyes. "Ah.. This altered history and culture you are presenting as reality."

"It is closer to reality than reality, now that the majority of your people believe in it. You're going to need to give into it if we're to make this work. You are OUR high priestess, now."

Tyrande shakes her head reluctantly. "I will go along with this farce, but I will not believe in it."

"You think you will be able to hold out?" Saurfang asks.

"I think that I have, so far. I am confident it will not change much."

"Is that why the 'High Priestess' continues to close herself off from Elune?" He teases. "Because she is confident?" Tyrande gulps. "Or is she deeply worried?" Saurfang says astutely.

"I-I could-" She stops, quickly deciding to hold her tongue. She is unsure what she could really do with both Saurfang and Elune trying to influence her from both sides. She looks down and whimpers as he begins drawing his member from his pants. "Could you stop that? Please?"

"Why? You are confident, no?" He chuckles, knowing his effect on her is not non-existent. "Strip." he says simply. Tyrande sighs, putting the collar down. She slowly slips out of her robes until her attractive, naked form is laid out for him. She gasps as Saurfang reaches forward rather abruptly and begins squeezing her tits with his large hands. "You know, most of you elves don't have enough meat here to fill our hands, but your body is just so obscene. You truly are Elune's chosen." He taunts. Tyrande squirms, looking down to see her tits filling his hands and even spilling out some due to how large they are. 'These were too much for Malfurion to even handle at times, yet he is testing them so easily like ripe fruits...' She finally gives in, leaning into him. "You know, priestess. I am actually far more kind than your goddess."

"What do you mean?" She is immediately brought out of the moment by that cryptic sentence.

"Just be a good girl and open your mind." Saurfang orders, urging her onto her knees in front of him.

Tyrande furrows her brow curiously. She is not eager to welcome the perverted version of the Goddess back into her mind, but she can not resist trying to uncover what exactly he means. "Just a little." The moment she stops blocking out Elune, even just a little bit, she realizes it is too late. Tyrande's eyes become purely pink and, while she is still aware, she is also aware that she has no control over her body. It is moving on its own.

"That you, Elune?" Saurfang asks coyly. Tyrande is immediately confused as she nods, but not of her own accord.

“That's right, my love. This vessel is actually strong enough that I can speak through her.” Tyrande hears the words coming from her lips, but did not wish to speak them. She tries and fails to speak for herself a few times. 'What is going on?' She questions, panicking. “She put up a good fight. Thank you for weakening her enough that I could enter.” Tyrande says gratefully.

“Honestly, I can't say I am into this, Goddess. I promised things to these elves.” Saurfang utters with a tinge of regret.

“Relax. It is just a few and besides, they already gave their lives to me when they became priestesses.” Tyrande giggles. 'What am I saying?' She voices internally. “Anyway, Master. This priestess is gone, just like all the others. Kind of disappointing, really.” Tyrande snaps her fingers and feels like she can move her lips again, sort of. “What ha-”

Saurfang shrugs. “I am ready.” He strokes his hardening member idly. Tyrande lets out a gasp and immediately leans forward, gripping Saurfang's cock and nuzzling it. “What were you saying, High Priestess?”

“Ha-happy to serve.” She says with a bright, wide smile. Tyrande blinks and is confused as to why she said that, but also can not understand why there is confusion at all.

“Trying to think?” Saurfang asks. “Looking for that voice inside your head for reason?” Tyrande looks up at the orc lovingly and offers a nod. “You don't do that anymore.”

“That's strange.” Tyrande says in good spirits, kissing up the length of his cock to the tip. “So it is just over for me? I no longer have an inner voice? I don't think?” She tilts her head to one side, then nods. “Ah, I understand.” She suddenly seems satisfied without even having her questions answered, as if filled with the knowledge automatically.

“From what I understand, Elune has merged you into her, like she did for all the priestesses.” Saurfang explains, patting her gently on the top of her head as she licks around the wide crown of his dick. “Sorry. From what I understand, she basically tore out your spirit, sent it off to some bimbo in another dimension to feed some drought and left your body behind with your memories and part of your personality merged with her so she can fulfill her desire to suck off my entire race personally.”

“That's pretty smart.” Tyrande compliments, kissing the head of his cock some more. “Being a part of Elune is actually a great honor. I don't mind being a hollow shell because she is with me constantly. Permanently.” Tyrande comments, wetting every inch of his cock before standing up and turning around.

“Oh?” He watches her bend over at the waist and spread her ass-cheeks wide.

“It's still me, I'm just-” She pauses, groaning as Saurfang steps forward and enters her asshole with his huge orcish cock.

“You're just?” He asks for her to finish what she was saying while feeding the entire length of his member into her tight ass.

“Ah, who am I fooling. I'm basically an undead and I know through Elune that the other priestesses that

are not as strong as me are just empty shells at this point, acting as fucktoys.” Tyrande comments with a jaunty tone.

Once his cock is buried to the base in her ass he starts pulling out slowly. “You don't sound too upset.”

“Well, I know it was for the best. I am still me. I am just... Better at handling the inevitable and closer than ever to my Goddess.” She utters, panting.

“Good way of looking at it. Me? I'm not too excited about the whole thing. Like I said.” He pumps back into her ass after pulling back to the tip. He elicits a lewd moan from the woman.

“W-wow. I didn't know I could feel worried.” She comments, shaking her ass. “At the end of the day, both me and Elune just want to make you happy.”

“I am happy, in the moment.” Saurfang grunts, feeling incredibly close after pumping just a few times into Tyrande's divine asshole. “After this, I know I'll want the high priestess to not have had her soul sent to satisfy some strange drought. It feels... Unsatisfying.”

Tyrande begins to panic a bit. Her asshole tightens due to the anxiety she feels. “W-well... You could learn to get used to it, right?”

Saurfang rubs his chin, idly burying his dick inside, unloading into her tight sphincter. “Probably not.” He shakes his head, sighing. “Honestly, this goddess does not seem to love us enough to listen to what we are saying.”

Tyrande gasps, coming to fully while her ass is being filled with a huge amount of orc cum. She wriggles a bit, finding it hard to move with his throbbing dick lodged inside her ass. “C-could you... Pull free please?” Tyrande asks. “You brute...” She adds breathlessly.

Saurfang smirks. “At least she listens to one of us, huh?” He gives her ass a smack.

Tyrande yelps. “S-stop joking! I was so close to going into what looked like hell before I was dragged back!”

Saurfang blinks. “Well, that doesn't sound right.”

A voice in Tyrande's head seems to concur. “Apparently it does not, but... Wow...” The priestess sighs deeply.

“What?” Saurfang pulls free of her ass, causing a stream of white liquid to begin steadily leaking out after it from the gaping hole.

“Apparently the goddess is going to 'sleep.' It took her too much 'Anima' to pull me back. I suppose she will be taking a less active role.” Tyrande looks down, spying the white liquid trailing down her leg. 'Thank goodness.' She smiles, hearing herself again.