

Beria kicks a stone into the stream with her hoof as she glances upstream cautiously at the devourers. She then takes a few steps to the edge of the falls and peeks over. "Am I in the right place?" She asks herself out loud. Revendreth is not a kind place to camp out, and she had been waiting for a few hours prior on the tip that a mount will appear, given enough time; a rare spectral horse shaded the color of blood. She thought it sounded so extremely cool that she just had to have it. Now that she is just standing around waiting, it feels a bit less worthwhile. "I don't even know if I'm in the right place." The Draenei huffs.

Somewhere to her left she hears a distinct rustling that could very easily be an animal. 'A mount!?' She corrects her optimism and places a hand on her weapon, guarding herself. She knows it could just as easily be a stray devourer. The rustling continues in the midst of the tense situation when, abruptly, a goblin appears from the brush. It startles her a bit, but she is far larger than him and he is a far more welcome sight than any Revendreth wildlife. The man is just over knee-height to her and looks to be some type of rogue based on how his gear is set up. 'If he wanted to catch me off guard he wouldn't have made so much noise. Still..' She eyes him cautiously. 'I wonder if he's here for the mount as well?' The draenei clears her throat, turning to face the small green man. "Hey-"

He abruptly reaches into his backpack and hands Beria a small bag of oats. "Here you go."

"What?" She stares down in utter confusion as all of the remaining tense air is drained by that unusual gift offering. "That's-"

The goblin looks up, returning a look of frustration. He shakes the bag in front of her aggressively. "Here. You. Go. Come on!"

"I don't get it." Beria crosses her arms and looks around to see if she is being set up for an ambush or something. "Are you also here for the mount?"

"Obviously." The man responds curtly. She feels him giving her a cryptically appropriate look upon offering the oats again. "You gonna take these or not?"

"I guess. Free oats are free oats. I can use these for something." Beria grabs the bag and inspects it. As a mount owner, she can tell immediately that it is a feed bag and that it is filled with oats specifically. Looking at it closely, she notes that this particular bag has traveled a very long way due to it being from Westfall. "Why are you giving me this, anyway?"

"You look hungry." She can tell immediately that there is more intent behind that answer.

"I don't eat raw oats."

"Of course you do. At least..." He pauses, thinking. "At least, you should. They're good for your kind. Have you ever tried?"

"No, but..." Beria looks down into the bag curiously. She grabs a small handful and brings it to her mouth. The goblin looks on approvingly as she pours some of the dry oats from her hand into her mouth as though she were reaching into a box of cereal. "I hate to admit it, but it's not bad." She finishes her current handful and takes another. There is a faint taste of honey, or something else sweet, so they are not simply raw oats. 'I have been pretty hungry. The rations they sell here are pretty bad.' Food from Azeroth, even if it is mount feed, is a welcome relief from the stuff the Shadowlands calls

food. Beria feels a bit more comfortable around the man at this point, so she asks more openly. “What's the deal with this mount? Does it ever show up.”

“Oh yeah. She'll show up. Just gotta be patient.” He smirks.

“Okay, that's actually a relief.” She feels a rush of relief that she has not been wasting her time. “I was worried this was a joke, or that I was waiting in the wrong spot. What's your name? Mine is B-”

The goblin nods, watching her closely. He picks an opportune point to cut her off. “Keep eating your oats, Blanchy.”

The draenei lifts a brow. “Beria. My name is Beria.” She does shovel another handful of oats into her mouth, however, as directed. 'Still good.'

“Blanchy is a better name.” The goblin states assertively up at the powerful looking dreanei warrior.

Beria is given pause. She gives the little man a quizzical look, finishing what is in her mouth before saying sternly. “It's a fine name, but not-”

“It is a fine name, isn't it Blanchy?” The goblin says innocently with a wide smile. Through sheer repetition and insistence the name begins to take hold. Even if she does not acknowledge it, it is now on her mind. 'Where the fel does he get off calling me Blanchy? I mean, it's not a bad name, but still.' She waits, making sure he has nothing else before speaking. She hopes that she will be able to get a word out before she is interrupted again by the goblin, who's dominance over this conversation far exceeds his size. Beria opens her mouth, only to be immediately met with another interruption. “Eat your oats, girl.”

“But-” Beria feels completely bowled over by a man less than half her size. 'This is ridiculous...'

“Oats.” He reiterates. She reluctantly grabs another handful and shovels it into her mouth. The man looks at his wrist suddenly. “Look at the time! No more conversation. I've gotta get going. Don't worry, Blanchy, you are definitely in the right place. Just keep waiting and eventually a mount will appear here, almost exactly where you're standing.”

Beria smiles. Although he misnamed her again, his words do offer her a sense of relief. 'So all I do is wait and keep a look out. Alright. That information is worth a weird encounter like this.' She waves, unable to say goodbye since he quickly disappears while her mouth is full.

Beria camps out in that spot for the night, idly shoveling Westfall oats into her mouth until the bag is almost gone. The next morning she wakes up to the goblin standing over her. She jumps up, incredibly startled. “Wuh- Where!?” She then realizes where she is and looks towards the stream. “It didn't show up while I was asleep, did it?”

The goblin shakes his head. He is holding his hands behind his back suspiciously. “Nope. The mount hasn't shown up yet. Just be patient.”

“What do you have there?” She asks, unable to get over the fact that he is definitely hiding something.

“Oh, this?” He brings his hands to the front. Within them he is holding a small brush geared towards mounts. Horses specifically. “Your hair is pretty messy from sleeping on the ground, but this is all I got.”

Beria blushes, feeling her hair. It has definitely turned into a nest from camping out in the Shadowlands. 'Who would've thought the climate in the land of the dead would be so odd.' She holds out her hand expectantly. “It'll do.”

The goblin shakes his head. “Here, let me help you out, Blanchy.” He steps forward. Beria is hesitant at first, but he is surprisingly good at running the brush through her tangled hair. 'Is he some type of stylist? I haven't been to a barber in a while.' Beria shifts her seating position to get comfortable. “Why do you care so much about my hair looking nice?” She asks conversationally. A combination of the goblins small stature and his helpfulness so far has disarmed her somewhat. “What do you do? Are you a rogue?”

“Oh, yeah. I'm a rogue, but what I really enjoy is collecting rare mounts.” The goblin skillfully straightens her messy hair with the brush as he speaks.

“Me too!” Beria feels a sudden kinship with the man. “I am a warrior, but I only really live to take care of rare or interesting mounts.” She hums, feeling like she has finally found someone she can chat with on the obscure topic.

“What do you like about mounts, Blanchy?” She ignores the fact that he is misnaming her at this point and just bypasses it to consider the question seriously. She brings a finger to her chin and looks down in thought, only lifting her head after she has put together a satisfying response. 'I have to be very concise to impress a fellow mount lover.' She looks at him. “First and foremost, mounts are useful. Second, mounts are loyal. Lastly, depending on the type of mounts you own, they can serve as status symbols.” She waits pensively for him to react to her reasons.

She feels a wave of relief as he offers a short nod. “Yeah, I agree with all those reasons, pretty much.” He finishes brushing her hair. Feeling it, Beria is quite impressed by the job he did. She would not be surprised if he also moonlighted as a stylist. The goblin grins at her. “So, what do you think of a mount that isn't loyal or useful?”

“Like a wild mount?” She questions, thinking out loud. “Well... They are still nice to have as a status symbol, but ultimately you want to train the mount to be loyal and useful, right?”

“Oh, totally. Good answer, Blanchy.” He offers patronizingly. She watches the goblin reach into the near-empty bag of oats and pull out a small handful. “Mount training is incredibly important.” He states, making direct eye contact as he says that. “You know the look you give to a mount? The one that subdues them? It's like a challenge. They can either submit or fight.” He keeps his oat-filled hand outstretched in front of her. Beria's mind is spinning. 'He's talking about mount training... It's what we were talking about but am I wrong? Is he giving me a weird look? Also...' She breaks eye contact timidly, looking down at his hand. “If the mount breaks eye contact and acts shy, it is the first inclination that she can be completely and utterly broken down.”

For some reason, the conversion brings her discomfort, even if it could still easily have perfectly innocent connotations. “Uh, yeah. Something like th-”

“Oats, Blanchy.” The goblin orders. Beria flinches at the sudden change of tone from conversational to commanding. She instinctively dips her head down and begins eating from his hand. They taste particularly nice when eaten in such a way, oddly. 'What am I doing? This is kinky...!' She feels his other hand patting her head gently between her elegant, curved horns. Though it is not too bad, yet, she becomes quickly aware that her sex is wet and her tail is swinging rapidly. “It is important to dominate your mount completely. No talking back. No letting them slip back into old, bad habits.”

“D-dominate?” Beria breaths, hazarding a look up at the goblin's face from her low, bent over position. Even though she is large compared to him, in this position he feels far bigger. The goblin stares right back down into her flushed expression, meeting her hesitant gaze with his dominant look. The look he gives her is one of absolute assurance. 'As a mount trainer...!' she muses. 'He must have to dominate beasts of far greater size than me. That must require some intense presence...!' Beria gulps. As she feels a sense of complete loss, she thinks cluelessly. 'I wonder what it feels like to be so thoroughly dominated?'

“Oats.” He orders, ignoring her singular word. Beria dips her head down and obediently continues eating from his hand until the bag is completely empty. She suddenly feels incredibly thirsty and looks up at the goblin, panting. He smiles and drags a full bucket of water in front of her. The draenei does not think before immediately lowering herself to drink from it directly. She drinks an unusual amount from the large bucket and feels completely refreshed by the cool water. When she looks up she sees the goblin standing over a set of equipment. A saddle, some shoes, a comfortable blanket and some other assorted gear. It all looks very small for a horse, but quite right for something just a bit smaller.

It begins to sink in. Beria leans back. Her pussy is positively drooling at this point and her tail just wont stop. She breaths heavily. “W-what's next when it comes to breaking in a mount?”

The goblin gives her a serious look. “It depends if we are talking about a mount or a perverted draenei.” Looking into his eyes, she can tell that his words demand a quick, short answer.

“Draenei.” Beria responds.

The goblin pauses to think. “In that case, the most important thing is to completely dehumanize her.”

“O-oh?” Beria's pussy twitches. She reaches down with both hands to start masturbating right in front of the goblin male. 'Dehumanize? Why is that so hot...!'

He looks at her disapprovingly. “Hands!” She flinches, dragging her hands from her sex and holding them out for him. He easily slips a pair of hoof gauntlets onto them that quickly tighten to the point that she can no longer feel anything at all below her wrist.

Beria gulps, looking down at her new front hooves. “M-my hands... I can't feel-”

“You don't have any.” He interrupts harshly. “Plant yourself, Blanchy.” Shakily, she moves herself onto all fours with her hooves planted in the dirt. “If someone looks at you, what would they see?” He asks, stripping her of her armor. The way he handles her is how any stablemaster would handle an animal. Bold, impersonal and very casual. 'It's like he's done it a hundred times before.'

“A mount...” She responds truthfully.

“If someone described you to someone else, the conclusion the other person would reach is..?” The goblin asks again.

“She's a mount.” She feels her dignity completely stripped away as all of her undergarments are cut and removed, replaced with straps that hold no purpose other than to hold equipment to her securely. They make no attempt to hide her dripping sex or her ample cleavage. In places, they even seem to accentuate those features. He tosses a saddle over her back and tightens it in place. Beria feels like her fate is very quickly being sealed, like so many tightening straps.

“What are you, then?” He asks, testing the straps that now wrap her like a roast.

“I am a m-mount.” Reigns are thrown over her head and tightened.

“A very rare mount... What was your name again?” He smirks, climbing onto her back abruptly, as though her purpose is already set.

Beria gulps. It has all been leading up to this. The name that has stuck in her mind. The name she had been conditioned with all this time. Her old name seems to hold no meaning at this point, to the extent that almost immediately after hearing that question, the words leave her lips almost automatically.

“Blanchy.”

Satisfied with that response, the goblin flicks her reigns and digs his heels into her side, driving her forward. “The only thing left is to get the mount used to moving in their new equipment and to show them off in front of all the other wild mounts.” He chuckles.

“T-that means...” Blanchy's becomes overwhelmed at the thought of being seen like this. For some reason it did not occur to her as she was submitting so easily that she would be shown quite proudly off to the public at the behest of her rider.

“Any friends or family in the shadowlands?” He asks.

Blushing, Blanchy nods. As much as she is loath to admit it, her dripping sex twitches at the thought of being seen like this and is especially sensitive to the thought of being shown to her companions.

“Yes...”