

Sylvanas lands in the Undercity a few hours behind the Val'kyr, Bynja . “Where is he!?” She questions a nearby royal guard that has come to meet her. He looks at her nervously, which to her is not a great sign. Though it could simply be due to her consistently bad temperament. She traces her gaze across the pale, speechless faces of the elite guards she surrounds herself with. For each second of silence she rapidly searches her recollection for adequate replacements that could fill an empty seat.

Finally one of them speaks up, saving the rest of them. “Ahem... He is actually fine.” Sylvanas is overcome by frustration. If her face could be red with anger it would be, however instead she must settle for a scowl to both mask the relief she is feeling and deride the foolish soldiers. 'So long as he is alright there is no bad news that could counter-weight this boon.' The soldier gulps, being urged to continue by the worried stares of his fellow forsaken at his flanks. “Yes. Well, he is fine but...” He finds an adequate cop out in the last few moments of the explanation he is stumbling through. “Perhaps it is better to see for yourself?”

Sylvanas brushes past them, literally walking through some of them so that she can make her way to the Apothecaries. A few of the Royal Apothecaries duck out of sight as she takes a direct path through anything that is unfortunate enough to be standing in her way. As Sylvanas enters the main lab an unfamiliar dark ranger stands in her way, only to be pushed off to the side before she can get a word in. The pale elven girl falls onto her behind as the Queen confronts the Chief Apothecary. “I do not see him. Where is he? I was told that he is fine. I hope that I have not been misled.” She says. Everyone in the room can feel the deathly aura emanating from her. The alchemist meekly points over Sylvanas's shoulder, behind her. “Right there, my queen. That was the only volunteer body that we had on hand which did not have compatibility issues.”

“Volunteer!? You don't need anyone to vol-” She stops, noticing the queer look that the staff is giving her. 'Ah... Forgot that I am Still pretending I care about my own people.' She forces a smile. “You did the best that you could, given the circumstances. She turns around, grateful that the problem was able to be solved at all without her having to beseech Zoval that a soul to be returned. If that would even possible. She eyes the dark ranger curiously. “Nathanos?”

He nods and with a tone that matches his feminine form says. “Yes, my Queen. I have yet to anchor myself fully, so this body's coordination is off.”

“Sorry I pushed you.” Sylvanas says, offering him a hand up.

Nathanos takes it, and as she grips the hand, notes how strange it is to be calling another woman so affectionately. In spirit it is Nathanos, but in body, the extremity she is holding is pale and slender with cutely manicured nails. “Not at all, my Queen. I am flattered.” The small, feminine face offering a bright smile that Nathanos could not normally pull off is downright adorable. She eyes 'his' new body more closely once he is up. Slim waist, wide hips, plump butt and large breasts. The body's lips are thick and seem to be constantly parted somewhat to reveal surprisingly well-kept white teeth. Sylvanas finds herself getting lost a bit in Nathanos's sharp, red eyes and blinks, averting her gaze so as to avoid becoming enamoured. He gives her a curious look. “My Queen?”

“You should... Probably avoid going out.” She cringes a little at the implications of her saying that so protectively, adding. “Until you are fully anchored and have all of your abilities and strength back fully.”

“It goes without saying, My Queen. However, I will perform any action that you want me to, regardless

of my state.”

Sylvanas stares at Nathanos flatly. “Right...”

“It does not sit well with me, Saurfang!” Tyrande insists.

“I'm telling you, I know! I did not exactly intend for that to happen. The temple was taken over by another camp and your Goddess, surprisingly, just went a long with a lot of what happened.” His hand that had been planted on his face drags down as he lets out a deep sigh. “Honestly... Being good is far more difficult than anything else. Exponentially so. I am starting to understand how Garrosh ended up doing the things he did.” Tyrande shoots him a look from beneath his dick. “Not saying I agree, just that I understand.” He adds. She slowly goes back to licking around his balls. Her delicate hands gently stroke his monstrous member off above her head.

She speaks while her tongue drags over the wrinkled skin of his balls. “I do not WANT to be the high priestess of an Elune that is capable of sacrificing the souls of her people. That is not the Goddess I devoted myself to.” She explains vehemently.

“I don't WANT you to be mindless husks, either. Which is why I stepped in on the only case I had a say in.” He groans, having explained himself a few times over at this point. “The hope was that things would be different for her High priestess, but it looks like she would have just sacrificed you, too.”

Tyrande looks up, reminded of the fact that he literally saved her soul. He was the one responsible for it almost going away, to begin with, but she understands perfectly that he did not have to, nor did he have any real incentive to bring her back. She continues lovingly cleaning his balls with her tongue, giving them a kiss once they are made wet all over by her saliva. Part of it is gratitude, while an equal part is the intense musk that seeps into her every thought and claws at her sanity. 'I can hold it together surprisingly well, but I can not stop the arousal. The attraction. I will never be able to look at a Kaldorei male the same way, if such a thing even still exists. If... Malfurion is still-' She stares up at Saurfang. The priestess has never had biological children and she can not stop being reminded by her libido that Saurfang seems to be the most capable suitor to finally make it happen.

“You look like a lovesick girl.” Saurfang comments crudely, snapping her out of whatever daze she was in that had her giving him that look. “I was prepared to let you go. Govern. Do whatever you see fit. Do you want something more?”

Tyrande furrows her brow deeply and bares her canines at the man. “You know how unfair it is to ask me that question. I am at the mercy of this insidious mixture. Your sweat and seed... Your smell itself is like- like...” She blushing, having to stop herself. She can not stop herself from leaning in and inhaling deeply with her nose pressed to the base of his member.

“A bit irresponsible, I know.” He weaves his thick fingers into her long, teal hair. “You're not completely helpless, though. You should probably come to terms with the fact that a small part of you wants this.”

“Small.” Tyrande reiterates in agreement, wiping saliva from her plump lips. “Positively tiny!” She smiles, feeling a rush of confidence. “In fact, there is barely any part of me that-”

“Priestess.” His voice is soft, but stern enough to capture her attention.

Her ears twitch. “Yes?”

“You're still stroking me off.” He points down with a smirk. Tyrande blushes deeply. Her eyes don't have to follow where he is pointing. His thick, veiny member is looming over her and her hand is undoubtedly rolling over it idly. Saurfang leans down, bringing his face closer so that he can speak in a low, deliberate tone at her. “If, and I am saying 'If' for a reason. If you decide to get down and assume a position, nothing will stop me from making your pussy mine permanently. I'll own you, Priestess. No one else will touch you.”

Tyrande is staring up, completely captured by the ultimatum. She realizes after a few moments that her free hand had moved between her legs, fingers pushing up into her dripping cunt. She quickly withdraws them. “You said... I would rule my lands and more would be given back to my people.”

“I mean what I say. More accurately, I also said that we are conquerors and your people are conquered. You will get your lands and administrate them as members of the Horde.” He stops, thinking of a way to explain what he is trying to get across. “Think about it like this, priestess. There are two paths before you. There is one where you refuse to acknowledge my advances. You get to act like a strong leader that made the best choice possible for her people given the circumstances. You get to pretend to hold power and agency beyond your station. Behind the scenes you answer unquestioningly to the Warchief, whoever it will end up being after I step down.” Seeing her stunned expression makes him smile.

“The other path?” She asks, mouth agape.

“The other path is where you lean into serving the Horde fully. No pretending. No splitting hairs. You submit openly and... I fuck your little pussy into something only an orc could love.” He sits back. “Your choice.”

“Is it actually?” She wonders out loud at him, shakily standing up. Inhaling his scent constantly and consuming his sweat is just enough to make her body weak and dizzy. She looks down at his cock, unable to stop herself from drooling at the sight of it. She wipes her lips with her wrist. 'It is my choice.' She drags her gaze from it and turns around, taking a few steps away. 'Nothing is stopping me from taking the better deal.' She stops, biting her lip to the point where she almost draws blood. 'The only things stopping me...' Tyrande is fully aware of her arousal and her weakness to him. These are things that could destroy her, were he trying to force her to submit. When he is allowing her to walk away like this, however, they are things she can simply ignore. They are feelings that will also become weaker the more she stays away from him and other orcs. Tyrande smiles and takes a few more steps before stopping again.

Saurfang sares at her back pensively as she stops a second and hopefully a final time. Letting her go is objectively a bad idea, but he knows from experience that giving a worg a little slack in it's chain is usually enough to cause it to warm up to it's owner. As he expects, Tyrande begins lowering herself a few meters away on the floor of the room. “I see you-”

“Perhaps we should begin talking about how I can properly devote myself to the Horde?” Tyrande asks. While she is on her knees she leans forward, crossing her arms on the ground in front of her and resting her chin on them. “Thinking about it carefully, the best position for me to be in to help my broken people is-” She grunts, lifting her ass up high while she splits her legs wide apart. She uses all the muscles on her inner thighs to hold a pose where her arms are crossed lazily on the ground, her head is resting on them and her ass is almost vertical with her legs spread wide apart. “At the side of the Warchief.” She finishes. “And the best position to show that I have made my decision is... This.”

Saurfang stares with wide eyes. From where he is sitting, Tyrande is presenting herself in an oddly impractical, yet arousing position. Her legs are shaking trying to keep the pose and her feet are extended fully to the pads before her toes. He stands up, not wishing to turn down the offering. Saurfang licks his broad lips and nods, resting both hands on either side of her raised hips. “I think... We can discuss your contribution after.” He gives his member a few more strokes, then guides it down to her upturned pussy. In the unusual position he is forced to brace her upright and thrust down into her wet, waiting cunt.

Tyrande comes to terms with her submission as she feels the thick flared head of his orcish cock ramming past every inch of her elvish pussy before slamming into her cervix roughly. Even then it tries to push further, causing her to let out an low, embarrassing groan. She knows her pussy has stretched around his cock significantly and she is amazed it even fit first try. It is a testament to just how wet and willing to surrender she truly is. She feels every pronounced vein and ridge on his old member as it remains lodged inside. “Where... Where did you learn this pose?” Saurfang grunts.

Tyrande responds breathlessly. “I- I saw one of your Nelgka doing it for a grunt. It seemed like a strange act of total submission.”

Saurfang chuckles. “I can see how you would think that. Is that what you are doing now, Priestess? Submitting totally?” If there was any way for her to say no, it disappears and fades completely from her mind as Saurfang draws his cock from her cunt slowly. The fit is so tight that she can feel every inch of it leaving her, right up to the point when the tip pops free, leaving her gaping slightly in it's wake. “Safe to say... That sub-male of a husband would never feel satisfied in this hole ever again.”

“Neither would I...” She muses out loud, already breathing rather heavily. “With his.”

“If he were around right now, what would you say to him?” Saurfang asks curiously.

“I would say I do not regret my choice. This is for the best. I only hope that you can enjoy orc dick as much as I am!” She gasps as he pounds into her, but does not stop this time. Each thrust loosens her tiny elven hole into an orc cunt that will never be satisfied by any tiny elven prick ever again. As she cums around his dick, squirting past the thick member that is jammed inside of her, he flips her up out of the awkward pose she is in. She is now getting rammed into like a toy and can feel his sweaty, bare chest on her slender back. Tyrande turns her head expectantly and is not disappointed. Saurfang's grizzled face is wait there and he presses his tongue between he eager lips. Tyrande moans, her eyes welling up with moisture as she cums a second time during the embrace of their lips.

“You are a woman of the Horde, Tyrande. No regrets, indeed.” Saurfang lets out, unable to hold himself back any longer. He fills the woman's womb up like a balloon, distending her stomach by a few inches with the sheer amount of seed he unloads into her tight sex.

“No regrets.” Tyrande slurs, content to lean back against his chest and let him fill her up while his hand slides up her body to massage one of her tits.

Tyrande dons a cloth version of what the warrior sisters wear before she presents herself to Saurfang in uniform. Her arms are covered by long, tight red purple sleeves of mooncloth that reach from her wrists up to just below her shoulders. She wears high heels, as is normal for her, and on her legs she has purple mooncloth stockings. Instead of being mostly bare, for her chest she is wearing a largely see-through dress that reveals piercings in her nipples of the new 'Nelgka' faction symbol. A Horde emblem with a moon instead of a dot. Around her neck the priestess has a collar that is slightly nicer than the others, made of cloth to make it seem more like a choker. Covering her face above her nose is an obtuse cloth veil that is held up by thin silver chains that circle her head and attach to piercings running up her long ears.

The two sisters that helped put this all on, Shandris and Maiev, stand at either side of her proudly. “I am glad you finally came around, Minn'Do. With you back at our side we can officially receive Elune's guidance again.”

Tyrande frowns, causing both girls to stop and look at her curiously. “What is wrong, High Priestess?” Maiev asks.

Tyrande shakes her head idly. “Just be glad that Elune listens to the orcs.” This answer seems to win them back. “We should not keep our Warchief waiting. Come. I believe there are plans to unify the remaining Kaldorei opposition in Kalmidor as Nelgka and chase the banshee down with our combined force.”

“For the Horde.” Shandris says proudly.

“For the Horde.” Maiev repeats with a smile.

Tyrande pauses for a moment. 'No reason to be hesitant.' She decides. 'This was my choice.' Tyrande proudly repeats in front of the girls. “For the Horde!”