

“Is this necessary, my Queen?” Nathanos mutters in her newly feminine tone. The Undercity's hair stylist is preening her messy hair into something fashionable while she sits in the chair stiffly with her hands resting on her knees.

“Obviously, or we wouldn't be doing it!” Sylvanas snaps back. “You're no longer the only male dark ranger. You actually have to begin looking good, in line with my other girls.” She explains.

“I don't think I ever looked bad, even as a man.”

“As a man you could disregard your appearance and manage to look rugged.” Sylvanas smiles, remembering it well. Her smile fades as she realizes she may never see those handsome features again. She channels her annoyance into what is in front of her. “Now, you actually need to put in a bit of effort.” Her neutral expression curls into a frown, eyeing the newly feminized form of her second in command. “You are somewhat attractive now, so you will probably have to learn to fight off advances.”

“Is that not a bit sexist?” Nathanos sighs. “Besides, if someone advances on me, I just kill them.”

“No killing allies without my permission. I'll have no talking back, either, young lady. Everything needs to look perfect for the elven summit. We need to convince the Sin'Dorei and the Shal'dorei that Saurfang is their enemy before Saurfang convinces them that we are evil.”

“Are we evil, my Queen? Are we officially doing evil, now?” Nathanos asks passively.

“No, Nathanos. We are morally gray. Repeat it after I do. Morally gray.”

“Morally gray...” Nathanos repeats. “Why are we morally gray?”

Sylvanas looks at the stylist. “You. How do you feel about evil?”

“I'm so so.” The forsaken rasps with disinterest.

“What if I told you that everything we do has a slightly sympathetic aspect to it, and is for a greater cause with a greater meaning behind it that will only be revealed later.” The Banshee explains. “like a sad backstory that explains our actions, or a hidden motive that I can just make up later in an emergency.”

“Sounds manipulative.” The stylist utters, spraying product on Nathanos's hair to seal it. “I like it.” She brings the mirror up to Nathanos, allowing her to view her dark, wavy, finely trimmed hair that now falls neatly around her shoulders.

“Now makeup.” Sylvanas orders.

“W-what!?” Nathanos blinks. The mirror is pulled away as the stylist begins.

Dark Rangers are the elite commandos of the Forsaken. Their appearance often signals the end of a battle for the enemy. Their terrifying reputation alone is usually enough to route an opponent. Their skills with martial weaponry along with their mastery over certain dark powers make them some of the most dangerous women on Azeroth. That is what Kitara Starshadow would like to think, as she is reapplying makeup and preening her silver hair in a mirror. "Seriously... Glorified cheerleaders at this point." She comments to herself lazily, a battle raging around her.

In the past few years there have been few engagements where Dark Rangers have turned the tide. Regular forsaken take the spotlight more and more and prove their skill time and time again. With Forsaken unlife becoming more and more tenuous as more and more Val'kyr fall, Sylvanas put more and more value on reputation and appearance and less on dangerous action. Utilizing a valuable undead killing machine that may end up getting hurt or destroyed would be a waste as it not only affects the reputation but the combat effectiveness of her army. "Our reputation is sooo good, but what's the point if that's all we're using." Kitara complains out loud from atop her intimidating skeletal mount. The duty laid out for Kitara, as stated by the Dark Lady, is to sit around on a mount and look 'mean' to instill confidence in their troops and terror in the enemy. "What is the point if our enemy doesn't care?" She watches as several green recruits run into the grinder that are the Bloodfang worgen. Impossibly large, unbelievably numerous and unusually vigorous; even as far as worgen are concerned. "Alright, that's enough. These dogs wont roll over, this is a lost cause..." She lifts her horn, getting ready to blow it.

"M-miss!" She looks down. One of the forsaken captains working alongside her is shouting.

"What?" She lowers her horn.

"We are supposed to hold the line! We- we can't retreat." He utters desperately.

Kitara nods. "Oh, go on then." The man seems confused. "What? If you are eager to die, then die. I'll blow my horn after." The man suddenly goes quiet, his brow lifting over empty, glowing sockets. "Are you scared or brave? I can't tell... This is getting annoying." Kitara rolls her eyes. She suddenly notices a shadow looming over them from behind.

"Sorry to interrupt, ladies." A gruff, deep voice calls out from behind.

Kitara smiles, turning to view the imposing figure of a named worgen she is quite familiar with. "Oh! Thank you for showing your ugly self." She reaches for her bow. "I'll turn your shitty mane into armor." The worgen chuckles, cracking his large knuckles.

Kitara comes to with her hands tied behind her back. 'I thought I had him.' She groans. 'But I just could not focus during the fight for some reason.' Her eyes pan over the dimly lit tent. She is seated on a bed of furs. "How embarrassing. Captured and... What else?" She feels strange, looking down to notice that she has been stripped down to her panties. "Ugh, disgusting creatures. Do they have no values?"

“That's what I'm wondering” The tent flap opens. A large worgen male with graying fur ducks under and steps inside. He is wearing tight leather leggings and a leather harness over his chest.

“Ivar.” She growls, beginning to fiddle with her restraints behind her back.

He looks pleased. “Oh, that's cute. Can you bark, too?”

Kitala narrows her eyes at him. “Just kill me. I'm not going to talk. You can't make me.” She turns up her nose, trying to find the knot in the rope.

“I'm not going to need to make you do anything, according to our new benefactor.” Ivar says happily.

“Benef- What are you doing!?” She exclaims in frustration, watching him undoing his harness and leggings. He quickly discards those items, standing in front of her completely nude. She tries to avoid staring at his impressive member. 'I'll be out of here in just a minute while you waste time. Idiot.' She muses, loosening the restraints little by little.

Ivar rolls his shoulders a few times, gripping his member to stroke it. “Ever since the moon turned pink we've been feeling fantastic. We weren't sure what it was, but then one of our druids started cummuning with the Goddess. Apparently she likes us a LOT. More than I would've expected.” He is saying this as his member gradually hardens, emerging from it's sheath to loom over her head.

“Remember that thing you did with the orcs?”

Kitala's eyes widen in recognition. She remembers it well. “That... What does that matter?” She feels her restraints are almost to the point where she can slip out of them.

“The Goddess wants followers and we like dominating prissy elven bitches.” Ivar announces proudly. “I always hated that moon-bitch shit, but now she's a slut and we got a perfect working relationship!”

“This is stupid.” Kitala claims, glaring up at Ivar, past his massive erect cock. He places a hand on top of her head, patting it gently. She continues, unabated. “I am undead so that stuff-” He wags his cock over her head enticingly. The smell seems to seep into her nose and mouth. Her eyes start following it unintentionally. “Wont work on...” She feels a tingle of light swirling around in her head. It is a feeling not totally unlike when she is being healed by the light. A singeing, cauterizing feeling followed quickly by relief. Before she even understands what is happening, her saliva begins flowing along with her tear ducts. Her taste-buds and her sense of smell also begin to go into overdrive. “What the f-f-” Her eyes cross to look at his dick and her lips tingle as the tip is pushed against her lips.

“You know what I was?” Ivar says conversationally, watching with a wide, toothy grin as the Dark ranger bellow him has a complete crisis of sense and mind. “Son of a low noble. I embraced my fate quickly. Gathered a pack. But I never forgot what it was like to live the high life. Servants, bitches like you in frilly outfits...” Ivar salivates a little at the thought. “So, what do you say?”

“F-fuck you!” She finally manages to finish, pulling her head away from his cock.

“Your face is a mess.” he comments, noting her eyes welling up and drool trickling from the corner of her mouth.

“So what...” She wipes her mouth.

“Your hands are free.” He adds with amusement. “When did that happen?”

Kitala gulps, looking down at her freed hands. 'When... When did that happen? I obviously freed myself at some point but now I've literally showed my hand.' She quickly goes in for the attack, gripping his cock with one hand tightly. The dark ranger smirks, beginning to stroke it as she looks up at Ivar triumphantly. After a few seconds she realizes. 'Wait. What am I doing?' She asks herself, looking up to see her delicate, pale hand stroking his rock-hard member. 'I know, I'll bite it!' She leans up with definite intent, parts her lips and gently kisses the underside of his cock. “Mwah.” Kitala blushes deeply as she even makes such an embarrassing sound with her mouth as she does it.

“Good girl.” Ivar says, patting her on the head.

“Gah!” She shudders and her eyes roll back as she feels that same holy, cauterizing feeling in her head followed by euphoric relief.

Ivar claps and laughs. “Praise Elune!” Kitala grits her teeth. 'No! Not that... I'll BITE it.' She parts her lips wide, gets close and exhales hot, humid breath onto his dick before enveloping it between her lips. 'Bite.' She tells herself desperately, sucking his cock deeper into her mouth. 'Okay, get more of it, then bite.' She takes his cock until it begins to push down her throat. 'B-bite it at the base?' She takes it right to the base, sucking on it while it is lodged in her throat. As her body is that of a forsaken, she can stay like this for quite a while on even a casual breath. 'Why...!' She turns her head, pulling back to the tip and taking it all into her throat once more in a consistent, bobbing motion that she completes a few more times before feeling an incredibly hot liquid fill her stomach. Her eyes widen and she tries to pull back, but Ivar is holding her head. “Take it all.” She relaxes as that same hot, cauterizing feeling starts in her stomach then slowly spreads to her entire body, especially her pussy. Suddenly her body is on fire with need. It is then that he allows her to pull out and let out a long, deep gasp. Her hands thrust between her legs quickly to thrust and rub to no effect. 'Dammit... Why? I feel so...!' Her hands are cold and feel numb on her skin. There is no reaction. “Look at me.” She runs her hands all over her body and it just feels like nothing. Like normal. “Look at me!” He growls, capturing her attention.

Kitala looks up. “Ivar?” He touches her face. It is warm and brings a tingling sensation. His hand runs down her body to her breast, flicking her perky nipple. She flinches. “A-ah...” Ivar chuckles, running his hands down further, causing her body to shudder from the faint tickling feeling. When it finally reaches between her thighs he slides a rough, padded finger up her slit and around her clit just once, even through her thin panties it is almost enough to get her to cum. A feeling she has not felt since she was alive. It is definitely enough to bring her pleasure where her cold hands were unable to illicit any reaction at all. He points down. She looks to see him holding restraints open in one hand, like the ones she had on but more inescapable.

“I want to make you submit, but just having you say it is no fun. Hands.” He orders. Kitala cringes. 'He expects me to push my hands into those restraints on my own? What? To show that I want to be bound?' Ivar smiles. “You're uncertain? No one else in the world is gonna make you feel good. Never again.” He finishes by ordering again, more firmly. “Hands.” Kitala shakily pushes her hands through the restraints that are meant to bind her wrists together. He tightens them, sealing her fate. “Good girl.” he pats her head gently. Ivar turns away for a minute, returning with another item. A metal collar. “Neck.” He is holding it a bit away and obviously expects her to lean in to it. Kitala submissively leans in until the front of her neck presses against the cold metal. He seals it at the back. She lowers her head

as he taunts. “See? That says far more than a few words, doesn't it, pet?”

“Y-yes.” She says timidly, still looking down. 'What have I done?'

He grips her hair and pulls her up. “Yes what!?” He growls, bringing his face close to hers. She can almost see her reflection in his sharp, pearl-white teeth.

“Yes sir, Ivar!” She watches, shaking a little as he releases her and lays down beside her on the furs. She waits for a little while, then he looks over at her, a little annoyed.

“What? You want to feel good, don't you? Get on.” He points down at his throbbing hard cock.

'H-he just came but he's still...' She gulps and takes some care climbing over to straddle him. With her hands bound together she still manages to guide his cock so that the tip is poised to enter her cunt. Not sure what to expect, she cautiously lowers herself onto it. Immediately she feels that same cauterizing feeling inside but this time it is followed by pure ecstasy once the pain is done. Just taking his entire cock inside is enough to send her into an intense, shuddering orgasm. As she is leaning back and drooling from the pleasure she feels the front of her collar being grabbed. One of his fingers hooks under it and pulls her forward. “Selfish slut. I want to feel good, too.” He says in a disappointed tone.

“Y-yes!” Kitala nods ecstatically and begins riding his member relentlessly. “Sir...” She adds, able to feel again with it inside. Feel it's every throb. She can feel each thick vein passing over her walls. Her head goes completely blank as she cums a second time just from riding him rhythmically. Once she is finished however she becomes aware that she can not lift herself off of his cock. It is also beginning to throb and awful lot. With his hands on her hips to keep her pressed down over his member he begins cumming again, this time shooting the hot load inside her.

“Praise Elune, you bitch!” Ivar grunts.

“P-praise Eune?” Kitala repeats uncertainly. She gasps as her entire body begins to slowly regain feeling. Not just at his touch, but she can feel the warmth of the tent and the softness of the furs they are laying on. Her eyes widen and with a bit more passion she smiles widely and shouts. “Praise Elune!” She is pulled down by her collar again, this time into a deep embrace. Ivar is still rutting inside of her, filling her womb with hot, thick seed. She feels like it, so she does it, kissing him gently on the muzzle. He licks around her lips, then presses his long tongue between. Kitala moans as she is treated to her first kiss in decades. 'It- It's with a damn mo-mongrel.' She complains weakly. It does not stop her from keeping the kiss going until he stops rutting and cumming inside of her. When he is done he pushes her off of him. She blinks, laying on the furs, watching him get up.

“Where are you going?” She asks desperately. As he leaves, feeling starts to leave her in general.

“Ugh, needy bitch. I'll be back. Make sure you're made up and ready by the time I'm back.” Kitala looks around, finding an intimidating bit of apparel waiting for her on the opposite wall. It seems to be calling for her on the armor rack. “Ugh.. Really?”