

Shandris walks slowly down the line of captured 'Nelgka.' As much as she hates to admit it, that is what the elves that stay with the orcs for too long become. "Miss?" The soft voice of her aid draws the general's attention. The Sentinel gulps after seeing the disdainful look on Shandris's face. She continues, holding up a clipboard, almost as if she were holding a shield. "One of them can still speak something other than orcish. I thought you may be interested.."

"What?" Shandris utters, shocked by the new. "Show me." She begins following the aid down the line of women. All of them are, or at least were, Kaldorei. All of them are now heavily pregnant. Orc children are not pleasant to carry, Shandris guesses. They are big, in terms of weight upon birth, and she assumes they would break a non-orc mother coming out. Luckily, Kaldorei are naturally resilient. 'Natural mothers.' She hears it as barely a voice in the back of her head. It could be her own, or someone else's, she can not tell. The fight against the Horde has taken a toll on her that she tries to make as imperceptible to her troops as possible.

"We pulled her into a tent, since she could have valuable information and should be separated from the others." The aid explains as they leave the line of pregnant women, approaching a purple barracks tent.

"Good call." Shandris comments, pulling the flap of the tent to the side. She looks back at the aid and offers a short nod. "I will be fine, please continue tending to the others. Shandris let's the flap close behind her. She observes a Kaldorei woman sitting in a chair near the center, surrounded by a blanket. She is not as pregnant as the others but still has a noticeable bump. The woman's head is lowered and she is shuddering. "It's okay, you are-" Shandris stop as she is within just two feet of the woman. She notices a big slick vial full of the faintest trace of thick white liquid. It is discarded in the dirt behind the chair. Shandris tries to jump back but she is too late and surprisingly slow verses the woman.

Shandris falls onto her back with the other Kaldorei on top of her. She is able to quickly see that the other elf's mouth is full of something. Shandris remembers the vial and begins struggling more beneath her. The woman is surprisingly strong and fierce. Her eyes, she sees, carry a heavy pink glow. "Give it up!" Shandris groans, keeping her at bay with a hand up around the woman's chin. "You can't-" As she opens her mouth to speak again the woman opens hers, letting down a sudden flow of white liquid that lands in and all around Shandris's own mouth. She whimpers as the sweet tasting, thick white liquid mixes with her saliva and slides down her throat. Her cheeks flush deeply. 'I have to spit it out! I have to-' She loses strength just long enough for the woman to close the distance. Before Shandris can spit it out, the woman locks lips with her and shoves her tongue into Shandris's mouth.

'What is... Happening.' Shandris loses track of time. She also loses track of where she is. All strength leaves her extremities as she is embraced by the woman tightly. The Nelgka takes the opportunity to use her tongue to spread and coat every inch of Shandris's mouth with the sticky liquid. Once she is sure that Shandris will never be able to get the taste out of her mouth, she pulls back, straddling the General while panting. Both girls are very red, seeming to be in heat. She looks down with a pleased expression. "W-why?" Shandris asks. The woman tilts her head to one side curiously, reaching down to remove Shandris's mask.

"Without this on your eyes are so pink!" She says admiringly. "It's such a good look on you, General."

Shandris shudders and shakes her head, arguing weakly. "No! It's not true..."

The woman runs her fingers over Shandris's head gently. "It's okay. Just relax and listen."

Shandris struggles uselessly beneath the woman. She looks light, but to Shandris, in this moment, she is so incredibly heavy. “Stop this.” She begs.

She places a finger up to Shandris's lips. “Shh shh.” She then leans down, seeming to savor overpowering the Sentinel General. “Sorry, I know you won't listen to a silly elf like me. Imagine an orc in your head, because that's who I answer to. Big... Strong... Dominant.” She looks to be getting aroused just describing it..

Shandris is not sure what the woman is doing at first, but as the image of a typical orc forms in her head she is surprised by how effectively it calms her down. She looks up at the woman with wide eyes. “Uhh... What?” She utters in confusion.

“That's right.” She coos. “He told me to tell you that you aren't allowed to tell anyone what happened here with me.” Shandris nods slowly. “Good.” She places Shandris' mask back on gently, which also masks her pink eyes. “He says you need to keep this on around others... Because even though he LOVES your cute pink eyes-” Shandris gasps, feeling a sudden rush of pleasure and emotion. “I know, he LOVES you. Isn't it amazing?” Shandris nods, wholeheartedly believing that it is. “Anyway. He'll meet you...” She leans down and whispers in Shandris's ear the location. Far outside the camp where sound wouldn't reach. North side.

Shandris feels hollow as she trudges back to her tent, avoiding contact with anyone else. She shuts herself in and the moment she is alone throws her mask off to the side violently and slams her vanity with her fist. She looks in the mirror, leaning in extremely close to confirm her fears. “This wasn't supposed to happen to me.” She laments, seeing in her reflection a love-sick girl with vibrant pink eyes. “This isn't right. I should tell someone. I am compromised!” She suddenly hears a soft voice outside the tent.

“Miss?” The aid trailed behind Shandris, noticing that she was leaving without telling her what had happened. “Is everything alright? What did the woman have to say?”

Shandris knows this is the perfect chance but she feels a sense of dread like she has never felt before at the thought of alerting this woman to the truth. She drops down, finding her mask on the ground. She places it back on carefully.

“Miss?” Shandris exits the tent with her usual, stoic air about her. The aid smiles. “Is everything alright?”

“Why are you asking?” Shandris says sternly.

The aid blushes deeply, looking down. She seems to shrink before the tall, powerful image of her general standing right in front of her. “We... Were ordered by you to scrutinize-”

Shandris realizes her mistake quickly and smiles, catching the aid off guard. “Good girl. I am fine. Thank you. The woman had nothing to say. She is a bit too traumatized so we will treat her delicately but keep her under watch, just like the others.” The woman seems to accept that answer and offers a short nod. “Dismissed.” The aid takes a few steps back, then quickly returns to her work.

Shandris grits her teeth. 'What am I doing? I should have told her.' She sighs deeply. 'Told her that I'm weak and addicted to orc cum?' She shakes her head. "My head is-"

"What about your head?" Maiev inquires, appearing beside her like a specter.

Shandris jumps. "Goddess! What are you doing?" Maieve merely shrugs, seeming to not understand the question. She assumes her purpose here is so obvious that it does not need to be said. Shandris understands this, too, once she is no longer startled and rolls her eyes behind her mask. "I am... Feeling the workload. My head hurts." Shandris's lips quiver. 'This is my chance to tell her that I am compromised. She will do what needs to be done. She can restrain me. She has the power to do so.' Even while thinking all that she merely continues as normal. "The prisoner that could speak was too shocked to say anything. She is still... Under their spell and... Is unable to relay information at this point so we should keep her under close watch in case she is still compromised."

"Yes, anyone that is compromised should be taken in and observed carefully. Good choice. Is there anything else?" Maiev asks, leaning forward.

Shandris blinks and leans back. "Yes?" She cringes, catching herself being uncertain. "Yes." She says more confidently.

Maiev shrugs and steps past her. "Understood. Good work, General. Do not work yourself too hard." As Maiev is walking she stops for a moment to stare up at the bright, pink moon. She shakes her head lightly and moves on.

Shandris exhales deeply and retreats back into her tent. "I can't say anything..." It is not just out of fear of being found to be weak. She feels a block in her mind that stops her from doing the things the woman advised her not to. "This is too powerful... This thing they can do." Her shoulders slump and she pulls herself back over to the vanity. Shandris shakily removes her mask. Her face beneath it is a mask of lust and desire. "It's not fair..." She utters sadly while admiring her beautiful, glowing pink eyes in the mirror.

Just as she can not compel herself to give herself up or tell anyone what happened Shandris could not bring herself to keep away from the place that she was advised to visit. The object of her obsession would be waiting for her, there. North of the camp is an old ruin. The remains of a small Highborne town. She steps around the ruined frame of a house and catches sight of a blue, wispy humanoid shape sitting on air, as though they were on a short stool. It is brushing it's hair and staring at a spot that must have been a wall holding a mirror at some point. "Isn't it interesting?" She hears a deep, gruff voice from around the corner. The ghostly figure fades with the sudden sound. Shandris quickly turns her head to where she heard the man's voice. A large orc male steps out from around a pillar. He is wearing a dark cloak. She can't help but soften as she sees his wide, orcish features. His face. 'So handsome...' He steps closer to her without an ounce of caution. "This place is like your people. The spirits here are also still holding on desperately to what they had before." He smirks, now within a few feet of her looking down. "Even though it's already gone."

"They just don't know better." Shandris comments absentmindedly, staring in awe up at him. She is tall, but he is still just a bit taller than her. "You... You could have been walking into a trap. What if I had subdued the one you sent and figured out what you were doing?"

His expression shifts to one of pity as he reaches over with one hand. Shandris doesn't flinch or try to stop him at all as he pulls her mask away. Once her mask is taken away her purple cheeks darken slightly and she drags her gaze from his face to look down in shame. "Look at me." Shandris tilts her head up almost instantly in response to the command, revealing bright, pink eyes that mirror the moon. "There was never a possibility that the one I sent would fail. Even if she did... She would die before she told you anything I did not want you to know." He explains.

"So what happens now?" Shandris asks.

"Are you eager to betray your people?" He asks curiously.

She shakes her head insistently. "I am not!"

He appears to be in thought. "Oh no... Well, what would convince you?"

Shandris gives him a confused look. "I don't understand... You can make me change. Make me do whatever you want, so-

The orc chuckles and walks around her, sitting on a piece of worn-down Highborne masonry. He pats the spot next to him. "Sit." Shandris obediently turns and plants herself next to him on the worn structure as though she is on strings. "You're special, Shandris." Hearing him say that makes her head spin. 'Special? I am... Special to him?' He continues. "You are strong." Her lips quiver and slowly curl into a smile. "I need you to be strong, too."

Shandris snaps herself out of it and shakes her head. "No. I am weak! I lost... How could I be strong and why would you want that? You are simply trying to play with me."

"Oh, you are so strong." He states. "A normal girl would have no way of resisting." Shandris furrows her brow. 'I don't think I can-' He interrupts her thought process. "But you can resist, if you want to. Just do it." Those words resonate through her like a real, physical vibration. She shudders and begins feeling a little like an addict that had been denied for too long.

"Yes!" She realizes in an instant that she can. She stands up. "I can resist you!" She stares down at the orc, feeling her will coming back. She notices her reflection in one of his metal pieces that her eyes are slowly shifting to a paler color. Part of her knows that this is still his doing, however. "Why would you free me? This is surely a mistake..."

He laughs, shaking his head. "No, I don't think so. Because I know you'll make the right choice." He unbuckles his pants while Shandris watches. She steps back and covers her mouth and nose in a panic. "Relax. I gave you the command that frees your senses. You are completely immune." He explains.

"Wait, what?" Shandris looks to him suspiciously. He finally pulls his cock free. Shandris is amazed at it's size and thickness, and she even gets a whiff of it's strong smell from where she is standing, but that is it. 'I am not losing my mind? Right?' She looks around. 'I can focus on things other than it.' To her knowledge, she is not affected by the trick the orcs use. "You- You seriously made a mistake here. I am telling you." She advises the orc hesitantly. She can not understand it at all. "Why did you do this? I- I am going to kill you." She adds frankly.

“Then why don't you kill me? You would stay immune. No orc would be able to touch you. It would be the push your people need to fight back.” He advises, widening his legs and leaning back. He lets his cock just swing freely. His posture is all openings, Shandris notes. He is making no attempt to defend himself.

“Why?” She asks again. She is agonizingly curious what this orc has planned.

“My name is Lokk. I hate this thing they've done to me. I figured out a lot of quirks with how it works and even some cases like this where it can stop working. Turns out, the brainwashing is so strong that if I tell you to stop being brainwashed it just kinda works.”

“Again... Why? Because you are dissatisfied with how this war is being carried out?” She smiles. “If so-”

He wags his fingers. “I love the horde. I think our cause is just. I think this war is great. I just have a difference in opinion with how we subjugate your race.” Shandris looks at him skeptically. “See, that's the look I love. I want you to be able to think and fight. Sure, you could completely destroy me, here. But... Like I said, I think you'll make the right choice.”

“How are you so confident?” Shandris asks.

“Come here.” He motions her forward. “It's fine, you can say no. You won't get mind controlled, or whatever by getting too close and I honestly don't care too much if you just leave.” Shandris considers all the options presented and after deliberation steps towards him slowly. Just like he says, she feels no additional connection or desire for the man. She can clearly pick up his scent and see his cock in plain view. “Aren't you curious?”

“Curious?”

“What it's like?” As he says that, Shandris stares down at his cock. It is stronger, longer and thicker than any elf male's she has ever seen.

“A little.” She admits, blushing.

“Feel free.” He motions. Shandris slowly drops down between his knees, keeping her eyes looking up cautiously at him.

“I don't have to do this?” She asks, to which he quickly nods. Shandris pulls her gaze down slowly and begins staring at his cock. Even if she is not taken by it or controlled by it, it is still an attractive thing to her. It's smell is something else. It overwhelms her senses and, even though she is no longer controlled by it's release, the sweet taste of it is still stuck in her mouth. She grips his member with one hand and lifts it. As she squeezes and strokes it just a little, a stream of liquid escapes the tip, rolls down his cock and over her hand. She inhales deeply, feeling no destruction of herself from being in proximity to this thing. Even without that, it does, she realizes, have some hold over her. But it is not a strong hold. She manages to drag her attention from it to look up at Lokk. He is staring down at her with a mix of curiosity and amusement. “You are enjoying this.”

“How could I not enjoy it when a beautiful woman is holding my dick?”

She bites the inside of her lips to stop herself from smiling. She exhales. "You think flattery will convince me to betray my people?" She asks skeptically.

"No, I don't think that." He points up at the moon. Shandris turns to look where he is pointing. Seeing it brings faint feelings of dread and loss, as it is a representation of exactly how far her people have fallen. "Up there is what should convince you. It is over for your people. Even if you kill me, or refuse me, I am one orc and you are one elf. Up there... That is the result of a great majority of your people imagining their goddess as a slutty bitch that worships orc cock. Are you a follower of Elune?" Shandris nods. "Right now, that means loving orcs. Obeying orcs. Elune LOVES us and up there is the proof."

Shandris shakes slightly as he gives his speech. She finds herself looking away from the moon and moving her glance between his cock and his face as he lectures her. "That is not entirely true..." manages.

"Ah. You still feel a weak light from your goddess, no?"

Shandris stares up at him sharply. "How did you know that? That it is weak?"

"We're winning. We know everything." He stops, looking down at her uncertain expression. He nods slowly and smiles. "I want you to do something that not a lot of your kind get a chance to do." She nods to let him know she is listening. "Tap into your goddess's power. Not the kind you are holding onto, the kind that is real. It's up there, shining down on us, and you know it."

Shandris frowns. "I don't know-"

"Are you afraid?" he asks. She considers the question. 'I am.' Gradually she comes around to trying. Shandris stares up at the moon and for the first time since the color changed, she tries to call upon her goddess. The one that is shining on them. The first thing she feels is a rush of warmth and power akin to what she felt before the fall. Elune's light as though it had never waned. The second thing she feels is a sense of safety and protection that did not used to be a part of her light. She gulps, afraid to turn and look at Lokk for a solid minute, as she thinks she knows what it is. It is a familiar feeling to being blessed, or being around those that are blessed or favored. She takes a deep breath and slowly pans her gaze back, seeing exactly what she feared. An aura around the orc that showed not just passive blessing, but divine favor. "Your eyes are turning pink, Shandris." He advises her. She closes her eyes tightly, panicking a little. 'No no no...' He rests his hand on her shoulder. "Are you alright? You look scared." Shandris keeps her eyes shut tightly, thinking. 'Do I want this light to leave me? No... I don't. But holding this light within me means..' Shandris slowly opens her eyes.

"It is fine." She says, smiling. "No... Better than fine." Shandris admits, noticing that she still has his cock in her hand. She bends down and places her lips over the tip and strokes him off to let precum flow into her mouth. It is sweet to her, but not overwhelming or controlling. She pulls back as the trickle fades, even while she is still stroking. Shandris look up at him with a serious expression. "I can disobey you. I can betray you and think for myself." She says, noting in the reflection of a piece of his armor that her eyes are brighter and more vibrantly pink than before, even with her solemn announcement.

Lok smirks. "That's what I want. I want to know that you can, and still wont." Shandris exhales, feeling a bit hot as he says that. There is a growing feeling between her legs that she begins taking care of with

her free hand. She sloppily laps at his thick, hardening member. "I want to hear YOU say For The Horde." She looks up somewhat uncertainly at first. "I want to hear you call yourself Nelgka and accept it wholeheartedly." He adds, causing Shandris's heart to beat wildly. "I want to see you prostrate yourself before me. I want all that, knowing it is you, not some pheromone." He is fully hard. Shandris leans back, panting.

"F-fuck..." She groans, her fingers thrusting in and out of her nethers. "Not enough..." She looks up, acknowledging all of his words. She heard everything and after a bit of thought she stares at him and gives a nod.

He shudders at the sight and grins widely. "Amazing... Agent, at attention." Shandris stands up, raising her arm in a salute. "Who do you fight f?"

Shandris Feathermoon, general of the resistance, surprises him by shouting wholeheartedly with a wide, perverted smile. "For the Horde!"

"What are you?" Lokk asks, excitedly leaning forward. Even he was not sure that his plan would meet with this much success.

Shandris announces proudly, pure, pink eyes shining in the moonlight. "I am Nelgka!"

He gulps, stroking himself. "Prove it." He watches as she returns to her knees, then goes lower, pushing her forehead into the dirt at his feet. "Get up..." He groans. Shandris rises, observing him closely. "Turn around, I can't take it anymore... I'm gonna take you. I'm gonna ruin you, Nelgka whore. What do you think about that, 'general?'"

She looks surprised and almost hesitant for a moment, but after that moment she relaxes, smiles and turns around, obediently bending over at the waist. "Nelgka are perfect mothers." The voice that was a scratching at the back of her head before is now loud in her mind. Her inner voice. She is not controlled by anything, but infatuation has taken her. She looks upon the orc as though he was a god. It is close enough, she thinks. He is favored by hers to the extent that is true. She feels a warmth in believing in him that is just like that she found with Elune before all this.

Lokk enters her abruptly, but she is so slick and ready that it doesn't matter how big he is, or how tight she is. He slides into her cunt, expanding it with his monster cock well past the point of no return. "You'll never feel satisfied by anything other than this, again." He taunts, but that only elicits a pleasures gasp as he bottoms out inside of her, pressing against her insides.

"Y-your cock is divine!" She exclaims in a way that could be literal.

"When your mission is complete I'll let your muscles atrophy. You'll never be a warrior again." He draws back slowly, then begins pounding into her rapidly, causing her voice to escape in high yelps and gasps. She is almost incomprehensible now. "How many orcs do you think you'll give birth to?" He asks.

All Shandris can think to say while she is being pounded relentlessly is. "Hun-Hundreds? Thousands?"

He is a bit surprised, but then remembers. "Ah, that's right. You're people live a really long time... Can't wait for your tits and belly to swell up. You'll be useless for everything other than birthing the next

generation of Horde Warriors.”

“Yes!” Shandris pants, ramming her hips and thick ass back against his pelvis to aid his harsh thrusts, eager to let him slam even more roughly into her cervix. “Another generation loved by elune...” She moans. As she accepts her place she feels that same sense of divinity she was wrapped in while near him surround her, as well. In that moment her body tenses all over and she cums. Shandris's eyes roll back as her body suddenly loses all strength in that moment. Luckily she is supported by Lekk.

“Shit...” He grunts. Her tightening sends him over the edge. He holds her waist like a vice and buries himself inside, filling her with the thickest, most plentiful load she has ever received. Shandris is slowly let down by him onto the ground after he finishes pumping her with seed. Her belly is a bit distended from the sheer amount. “You still in there?”

Shandris nods happily. “Yessir...”

“Good. I need you up and aware to complete your mission.”

“F-for the horde...” The Sentinel General says weakly.