

Yrel regarded the champion warmly. The silver haired, 8 foot tall draenei was a feast for the eyes of the goblin hero who stood at a little less than half her height. Dressed in nothing but the rags that the shadowmoon orcs would let them have to work the mines, she was clearly stacked in every regard. Heavy breasts, large ass and extremely thick hips and thighs. Last but not least, her extremely cute, naive expression as she waited for the goblin hero to speak. Her long tail wagged back and forth idly. Chazix cleared his throat.

“I'm sure you're grateful and all-”

“Very. I am indebted to you, Champion.” Yrel said, almost making it too easy.

Chazix sighed. “Alright... Yeah, so you're probably willing to-”

“If you need anything, please let me know.” Yrel interrupted insistently, dropping to one knee to get closer to the goblin's level. Just taking one look at the burgeoning draenei, Chazix could tell that he could convince her to do whatever he wanted in the moment. She'd be wrapped around his finger and there was nothing she or anyone else could do about it. But that was not what he wanted. He had played that game a few times. His race had already corrupted one reality of hoofed women. Being presented with another presented new opportunities.

“Huh. Okay, let me think... Just uh...” As he was think about how to approach this fairly straightforward scenario and idea crossed his mind. Chazix smiled up at her and patted her on the shoulder.

“Thanks, toots. Sorry, was just a bit thrown off.”

“Thrown off by what?” Yrel asked with interest that was impossible to not notice. The woman wore everything she was feeling on her sleeve with very little nuance.

“You're a draenei, right?”

“Yes. I apologize, you know of my kind but I am unfamiliar with yours.”

Chazix waved a hand dismissively. “No no. That's fine. I'm actually from another time. Another planet, too. A goblin.”

Yrel immediately showed confusion. “That is a lot of 'another's.’”

“It is! Anyway... We got draenei where I'm from, too.”

“You do!?”

Chazix was lead by an eager Yrel to meet with the people of her town, then eventually the Exarchs near Karabour to discuss the Iron Horde and the Legion. The whole time he remained more or less neutral and silent. Strategic. He spoke with his young guide throughout, of course, but it was mostly conversational in nature. Finally, after fighting a few more battles with the young woman he decided to begin planting the seed.

“The draenei where I'm from are a bit different.”

“How so?” Yrel asked casually. She had grown comfortable with the goblin, since she saw him as a hero. Never mind the fact that he mostly stood in the back while large, 8 foot tall women did all of the work for him.

He chose his words carefully. “Oh, I just thought it was interesting when I met your leaders. Most of them are men, which is weird, first of all.”

“Are draenei lead by women where you are from?” She looked intrigued by that.

“I mean, it's just that women tend to be the most useful of your race.” With that statement Yrel swelled faintly with pride, though she seemed to be holding onto the equality that her race valued fairly tightly. Chazix went on.

“Where I'm from draenei follow the tenets of usefulness, devotion and...” He fought with himself over how far to take it, but just could not resist adding.

“Ignorance.” He looked up to see if he lost her. She was a little curious, still, which was good for him.

“I follow most of that.” She said politely.

“So, usefulness and devotion and the other one.” He could tell when she said it like that it would be a hard sell.

“Do our leaders not hold those qualities? What struck you?”

Chazix feigned a sigh. “Damn... I dunno, this is some pretty advanced stuff. You're a few decades behind your peers in this timeline. I'll keep it to myself. I should let you figure it out on your own, naturally.” He knew that would be a tease. Looking up at her expression of awe and light annoyance he could tell it had the intended effect.

“You wont tell me?”

“Sorry.” They continue walking down the path in Shadowmoon Valley in silence. It is broken when Chazix sees what he was hoping he would. A Draenei wrangler riding a talbuk in training. The talbuk were the draenei's most trusted companions. Their fates were joined the moment draenei landed on Draenor and tamed the first one.

“Such useful creatures.” Chazix said with subtle emphasis on 'useful.' Yrel's pointed ears perked. She looked where he was looking curiously. Observing her, Chaz could see the wheels turning, though he wasn't sure how slow.

“Honestly-” He pushed.

“The devotion they show for their masters is pretty incredible.” He added subtle emphasis again to 'devotion' and left that thought hanging in silence.

“Yes? Yes, I suppose.” Yrel commented, a few miles away in thought.

He wasn't sure if she was getting it in a way that she would feel as if she was coming up with it on her own, but he continued pushing.

“Talbuk are pretty smart?”

“Very intelligent.”

“How so?” Chaz asked curiously.

“Well... They take direction very easily and learn commands. Their emotional maturity as animals makes them perfect partners.” Yrel explained proudly.

Chazix chuckled. “A bit ignorant when it comes to politics, or the reasons they're being ridden into battle, though.” He made the statement sound off-handed. Almost accidental.

Yrel looked a bit incredulous when she heard that. “They don't really need-” She stopped for a few moments. Just a minor hesitation.

“To know those things.” The physically powerful woman looked down in thought as they walked together.

“You know, I think you're right. Sorry, wasn't sure what I was thinking.” Chaz conceded. He swung his gaze around to a field with several wild talbuk grazing.

“Look at those lazy buggers.” He cackled.

“I bet they think they know everything. When they're wild and in their herd I bet they're set to take on the world.” He realized that may have been a bit obscure, so he carefully added for emphasis.

“Well, the world as they know it, anyway.”

Yrel nodded slowly. “As they know it...” Looking down, she asked carefully.

“What you were talking about earlier. It was a conclusion that your world's draenei came to easily?”

Chaz sighed happily, feeling like he is going to have quite a good time when all these seeds start growing.

“Oh, no no.” He looked up at Yrel with feigned reverence.

“Only the smartest, most useful and most devoted draenei could. It took them a long time. I don't wanna interfere in your development too much, though, toots. Even though making that realization early could be the difference between winning or losing Draenor.” She would not get it, but he understood what he was doing perfectly in framing it like that. Her obsessing over this was a matter of life or death. Victor or defeat.

“You said ignorance.” Yrel added astutely.

He pretended to be surprised, as though she picked apart pieces of his sentences that he did not intend to include. He tried not to smile, since what she had actually done is water the seeds.

“Well-” He began to explain with an amount of caution.

“I think I can give you this.” Yrel leaned down, completely captured by his promise of an explanation.

“Sometimes smartness is being able to understand what you do and do not need to know.”

“Interesting.” Yrel said genuinely. They stopped at the flight master.

“Listen, toots. I got some business to attend to around Draenor. Iron Horde to beat. You figure things out for your people and think on what I told you.” He winked.

“When I come back, let me know if you've come to any realizations.”

“I will!” Yrel promised, helping him up onto the flying mount. She waved as he flew away.