

# OAKSONG – CHRONICLES OF THE TITTY DRUID

## Chapter 7 – Patreon Preview

The bonfire at the center of the great central tent burned brightly, illuminating the faces of all those present. The Tauren elders of Ekalu'ata all kept their gazes fixed on Shalendris as she walked in, accompanied by Tau'kale. There were probably thirty or so people gathered in the tent, and the whole room went quiet once the Night Elf had reached the edge of that central fire pit.

Talena was also present there, cuddled up to two large Tauren women on either side of her. The priestess had also been making friends, Shalendris inwardly remarked, failing to suppress a slight grin.

“Shalendris of the Oaksong,” came a powerful yet decidedly feminine voice from behind the flames. “Your friend, Talena of the Sisterhood of Elune, has already spoken for you,” she continued.

The flames died down suddenly, far faster than should have been naturally possible, allowing Shalendris to see past them to the person speaking. Sitting but a dozen or so feet away was a Tauren woman, with streaks of grey in her mane and a gaze overflowing with years of wisdom. Her fur was almost entirely white with a few brown spots spattered here and there.

This woman, however, was unlike any other living thing the Night Elf had ever seen, for her chest was positively gigantic. So large was a single one of those great Tauren breasts that Shalendris could probably have comfortably fit inside. With fist-sized nipples that seemed to constantly be dripping with milk, the sitting Tauren was truly a sight to behold, an icon of unsurpassed femininity.

“Greatseer Au'lah,” came Shalendris's reply, and the night elf bowed slowly towards the woman. The descriptions Tau'kale had given of his mother did not come close to fully capturing the sheer volume of breastflesh that lay there on the ground, like two enormous bean bags filled with milk. “It is an honor to meet you,” she finally continued, trying to keep her composure in front of the woman who, by all accounts, led this tribe.

The Greatseer smiled. A smile filled with motherly warmth that contrasted with the rather formal feel of the meeting.

“I have brought you here for many reasons, young Kaldorei. The Earthmother has given me, for many years, visions of a great emerald flame consuming this world and all who live upon it.” Au'lah's tone was serious, her eyes locked onto Shalendris's silver orbs.

“The Earthmother has also blessed me with the ability to briefly transfer this astral sight upon others, if they partake of my bounty,” explained the woman, eyeing her own chest briefly.

Shalendris found it quite difficult not to stare at those two colossal teats, wanting nothing more in that moment than to wrap her lips around one of them. But now was not the time for such thoughts, and she briskly brushed them aside. “I know of the threat you speak of and have seen firsthand the destruction wrought by these creatures. A few of your warriors here have probably encountered some of these demons as well,” Shalendris said, gaze searching for the familiar faces of those who’d rescued her only a few days prior.

The Greatseer nodded. “We have, but only a few of them. Their origin seems to be near the heart of your empire, is it not? Early on, we had thought that these creatures were brought to this world by your people to conquer the rest of Kalimdor... But these hypotheses were proven false almost immediately when our Pathfinders stumbled across some of your soldiers fighting off an attack from the fiends. Unsuccessfully, might I add,” and a compassionate look crossed the Tauren’s fair features.

Shalendris and all those around, listened on.

“From what your friend has told us, you are also blessed by the Earthmother’s spirits, is this correct?” asked Au’lah, the older woman’s eyes darting down to Shalendris’s abundant cleavage briefly and then to Brightbeak, Shalendris’s faithful bird companion who was perched on a vertical beam near the top of the tent.

The lavender-skinned elf gave a nod, smiling up at her slightly translucent feathered friend. “I have, in many ways. But my gifts... I don’t see how they could help us? The Burning Legion is concentrated in and around Zin-Azshari. My... gifts... won’t be of much use against spears and infernal fireballs,” the purple-haired woman admitted, trying to understand where the Greatseer was headed in these explanations.

“You are blessed by the Earthmother, you have been to Zin-Azshari, you know where the Night Elf resistance is... I will grant you my boon so that you may see where the enemy is and where our allies are. We will attempt to map out what you see, and we will join with this resistance. You see, our Pathfinders know well these plains, but they have travelled only a few miles into the elven forests... So my lack of knowledge of these places limits my sight,” the Greatseer explained, trying to make her words as clear as possible to Shalendris and to those listening.

“But what about Allendril...?” a worried Shalendris asked, looking around for any sign of the mage who had journeyed alongside she and Talena.

Au’lah shook her head. “The curse upon him can only be broken by the death of he who has cast it,” she said. “All we can do is wait and hope, for now.”

“I don’t believe you!” suddenly came a shout from behind and Shalendris turned sideways to see the priestess, Talena, standing up. “There’s got to be some other way to wake him! We can’t sit around waiting for a *demon* to die!” the visibly outraged elf continued, her exaggerated movements only causing her enhanced chest to bounce and wobble about.

“When hunting, it is often easier to lure one’s prey to a trap than to search blindly, is it not?” Tau’kale chimed in, grinning at Shalendris and Talena.

“Quite so,” the Greatseer replied, staring at her son on the other side of the great fire pit, waiting for him to continue.

“As hunters, we have learned that all beasts, no matter their perceived intelligence, will fall prey to enticing enough bait. Why would these demons be any different?” the great, black-furred male explained, the other Tauren present nodding in approval.

“You speak wisely, my son,” the Greatseer added, nodded approvingly. “Yet... what shall we use as bait? And is it so wise to entice such powerful demons to our doorstep?”

“We have faced this particular demon in battle before, mother. This one is no match for our warriors,” the proud Tauren declared, puffing out his chest. “As for the bait, I am not so-”

“The demon sought me out when he confronted us in the forests,” Shalendris interjected. “I will serve as bait, I will lure them to us, and we will destroy them,” she continued, Brightbeak swooping down from the rafters above to land on Shalendris’s shoulder for dramatic effect, blowing some hair into her face with the beat of his wings.

Blowing the hair out of her face, she continued. “The tiny demon that accompanied Tarraxis at the rapids said that their commander sought *me* out specifically...” Shalendris knew she was leaving out key details, most notably the commander in question’s name was Othros and that she was sought out by the demons to become part of his so-called pleasure palace. But these details, she thought, would probably end up being too distracting to the cause.

“I know not if heading into the forests would be so wise... They seem to be gaining in numbers and in strength and your people seem to be more suited to battle on the open plains,” Talena chimed in, visibly unsure about the whole plan, trying to make herself seem a little more educated in the ways of war than she truly was.

“If this young night elf is to act as bait, then it will be so. We have little time to act, and we must save as many of your people as possible.” Au’lah’s gaze had drifted to Shalendris, studying the woman for a few moments, frowning a little as she pondered their next steps. “You will travel to Zin-Azshari, but you will travel through the spirit realm, where our ancestors reside, and I will act as your anchor.” The Greatseer spoke with determination yet seemed uneasy with the thought of sending another to accomplish such a risky task. “I would go in your stead, but it is not me that they seek. I would not attract the attention we need.”

Standing up behind Talena, the two Tauren women she’d befriended stood up, clearing their throats. Shalendris noted that the pair were indeed twins as they flanked Talena. “Before, however, we must rescue those night elves that remain in the refugee camp,” said the one on the left, smiling down at Talena. This one had a small crown of white flowers on her hair and spoke in gentle tones.

“Indeed! They are already running low on resources, as our friend here has told us,” the second twin added with a gentle pat on the teal-haired elf’s head. “We must send a party out immediately to escort them to Ekalu’ata. It is not so far, less than a week’s ride. We could save a

hundred or more lives!” This one seemed the more muscular of the two twins, sporting a necklace of what seemed like lions’ teeth.

“I will allow it, but you two will remain here with Shalendris and Talena,” ordered a grim-faced Au’lah. “If we are to fight these demons, then preparations must be made. I entrust this task to you.”

Tau’kale took a single step forward, throwing his colossal war-totem on his shoulder, every muscle of his sculpted physique bulging with the movement. “Then I will once again venture into the elven forests, mother. We were not so numerous when we went out to seek the three night elves. This time, we have a clear target, as I am certain that these two can point out the location of the camp on a map.”

Shalendris and Talena exchanged a look. Neither of them were certain they could pinpoint the exact location of the camp, as Allendril was the one with the actual navigational skills.

“I uh...” Shalendris hesitated.

“We’ll do our best to point you in the right direction, Tau’kale,” a smiling Talena completed.

*Hoo-hoo-hoot!*

All eyes turned to Brightbeak, still perched upon Shalendris’s shoulder, agitating his head as if to keep attention on him.

“Though I do not yet speak *bird*, it seems this one wants to participate, hm?” Tau’kale grinned at the ethereal bird who’d already begun bobbing his head up and down rapidly. “Then I am certain he will be able to guide us properly!”

Shalendris felt her stomach drop. She’d already lost her family to the Burning Legion... Though she’d only known Brightbeak for a few weeks by now, losing this friend would devastate her. But she couldn’t keep him here, she knew. He wouldn’t let her, and Tau’kale needed him. “Fine, go,” said Shalendris, giving the spirit animal a few scratches behind the head, prompting more happy hoots from him. “But you’d better come back, ok?”

Nuzzling its head against Shalendris’s cheek, Brightbeak then fluttered over to Tau’kale, landing upon his horn.

“Well, then. It seems a course of action has been decided. You will depart soon, then, Tau’kale?” Au’lah asked, her fat teats still leaking milk constantly into the ground.

“I will allow my warriors this night to rest, and we will leave as the first rays of An’she pass the horizon,” said the hulking warrior, referring to the sun god of Tauren myth.

And so concluded the council for the evening, the villagers returning to their homes.

As she headed to her own room, mind swirling with images of things to come, Shalendris was intercepted by a cheerful Talena. “Shally!” she shouted, running towards her friend, the two Tauren twins not too far behind.

"I want you to meet Awna and Ohnta! I had such interesting discussions with them before the council. Did you know that Elune is called Mu'sha here? They also worship her! Isn't that neat?" Talena was simply bursting with energy, it seemed. "Awna, Ohnta, this is Shalendris, a friend I made back at the refugee camp."

Shalendris gave polite bow, her enormous elven chest nearly spilling out of her outfit, to the delight of those present. "It is a pleasure to meet you both, I am certain we have much to learn from each other."

The twin with the white flowers in her hair, Awna, gave a gentle smile. "It is a pleasure to meet you as well, Shalendris. Talena speaks very highly of you."

Shalendris remained polite enough not to stare at their bodies too much, but the robe Awna wore showed enough cleavage that Shalendris could not help but glance briefly downwards. The woman was, by all accounts, rather curvy, showing a little bit of a belly through the thin, flowy fabric of her robes.

"I have been told you know how to wield a bow... Though I am quite curious as to *how* you would accomplish such a feat," Ohnta said teasingly, eyes lingering on the Kaldorei's overflowing knockers.

While she had fur of the same dark brown as her sister and a nearly identical face, Ohnta did not have the soft curves of her sibling. They were of the same height, being an imposing 10 feet tall, but Ohnta was entirely muscle, the woman's muscles flexing alluringly as she placed her fists onto her hips, wearing little but a leather harness to cover her decently sized chest. Upon her back, she carried an enormous greataxe, large enough that its head was nearly a few inches from the ground.

Shalendris looked down at her bust for a moment. Indeed, her chest had far outgrown what she'd had only a few months ago, but she had always been a bit larger in the chest department and, with the proper equipment, it had never been much of an issue. Perhaps she wouldn't be as agile, carrying all the extra weight around, but she could still draw a bowstring with her current endowments. "I'll manage," she replied to Ohnta, unsure if the fighter's words were meant as an insult or simply playful ribbing.

Awna pulled her fur cape around her shoulders tightly, shivering slightly. "Let's head inside, it's getting chilly."

The twins' home was nothing remarkable to Shalendris, who had lived a good portion of her life among the great white spires of Zin-Azshari. Those constructions were beautiful, but cold, devoid of any semblance of the coziness that radiated from this small Tauren home.

A few training dummies, stuffed with straw, had been set up outside, with a small garden on the opposite side of the stone-and-wood structure.

All four of them stepped inside, and Shalendris got a good look at Awna's workstation. Dried herbs hung from the ceiling above it, filling the room with pleasant aromas. The purple-haired night elf recognized a few of the plants there, but others seemed to only grow in this region of

Kalimdor, and she had never encountered them. On the table below, dozens of potions of different colors and patterns were visible alongside some potioncrafting paraphernalia.

Contrary to Awna, Ohnta did not have a workstation of any kind. Instead, she simply had a multitude of weapons hanging from hooks on the wall, some far more exotic than others. It seemed that she somehow had acquired an elven glaive as well, though Shalendris wondered if she knew how to use it at all, as it typically took years to properly master the things and anyone who attempted to use them without proper guidance was likely to severely injure themselves.

"It isn't much, but it's home!" Ohnta declared, letting herself fall onto a large straw-filled mattress as Awna carefully sprinkled a little reddish powder onto a candle, setting the wick aflame.

Curious, Shalendris approached Awna, trying to get a look at what she'd sprinkled onto the candle.

"Flamebud powder," Awna said, smiling at Shalendris. "When put into contact with the right catalyst, it'll set fire to just about anything. In this case, I added strands of peacebloom stalk to the wick so that the flame burns for longer and doesn't go wild," the Tauren explained to Shalendris who seemed positively amazed. "I've been told you have a keen interest in plants and potions, hm?"

"I've... only ever made some healing salves..." admitted Shalendris, laughing softly. "I'm quite inexperienced, to be honest. My parents used to have a business making healing salves and potions, but that's about it. They weren't the best at it, but it was enough to get by. They then converted the business to a simple flower shop when we moved to Zin-Azshari..."

A soft chuckle slipped from Awna's lips. "Ah, well, I'm going to show you what I know, then! Our knowledge comes not from books, but from our elders and our own experiences. I'll be needing your help to prepare as many potions as we can while we bring your people back to the village! Our warriors will need them if we're to fend off this Burning Legion and help your mage friend."

The two women shared a smile, suddenly noticing that other than their voices, the room had become far too quiet. Looking around, they quickly concluded that Talena and Ohnta had left during their discussion.

"She always hates when I start talking about plants and potions... She'd rather be hitting stuff," bemoaned the flower-crowned Tauren, giggling softly. "What do elves like to drink? I'm afraid we don't have much in the way of wine in Ekalu'ata."

It was then that it struck Shalendris. A feeling of safety. A feeling of belonging. She had felt relatively safe in Zin-Azshari, but she never felt like she belonged. She had felt like she belonged, in her small village on the borders of the Kaldorei Empire, but she had never felt safe, there, for trolls were always prowling about.

Though the Legion was still a great threat, there was no immediate danger among the Tauren, no one judging her for her commoner's upbringing. For a few days, at least, Shalendris could simply focus on what Awna would be teaching her and brush her worries aside.

A wave of emotion swept over the night elf, and though she did her best to hold it back, tears welled up in her eyes, prompting a worried look from her friend. Gently resting a hand on her back, Awna leaned in to look into Shalendris's eyes.

"Are you ok, dear?" asked the tauren, concerned. Awna did not know how to react, thinking she'd probably said or done something to upset her guest.

The young elf shook her head, strands of hair obscuring parts of her face. Tucking her hair behind an ear, she lifted her head up to return Awna's kind gaze. "No... Everything's fine. I've just... I've been on the run for weeks and weeks... And even before that... Thank you. Thank you and your people for allowing us to stay here, for trusting us, for saving us. I promise, I'll do all I can to repay this kindness," Shalendris said, managing (though barely) to hold back the happy sobs.

"We wouldn't let anyone suffer, no matter the political issues between our nations," Awna said, straightening her back and heading to the small kitchen, pouring some water into a kettle. "So, tea?"

Shalendris nodded, smiling.