

Elise steps off the boat and stares up at Stormwind's tall walls. 'Maybe this place will be safe?' she wonders, gasping as she is knocked aside by more refugees coming out after her. "Keep it moving!" a dock worker shouts. "We've got more boats to unload, and more coming tomorrow!" Elise rushes past the man towards the city. 'By Elune... I hope they have somewhere for us to stay. Perhaps I could offer my services somewhere.' She smiles hopefully, ascending the long ramp into the city proper with tens of other Kaldorei.

Archer holds his cape up to moonlight, squinting at it. "Sod." He slaps it a few times to dust it off. Once it seems a bit cleaner than usual he stares up at the pink moon. A representation of what is happening thousands of miles away. The downsides are obvious. The upside is of course, to him at least, that the conflict is hard to ignore for those sitting comfortably in Stormwind. They'll know the war is still going on for as long as the moon is such a warped color, and they will know that they are ultimately still losing. "Not that I am doing much to help." He shrugs, draping his cape over his back. "Just some silly idealist." Archer had been a rebel before the outbreak, and even a little after. He is no stranger to fighting a losing battle, but he has dulled somewhat with age. Unlike the elves that are flooding into the city. 'Well, aren't they just dull? Losing in such an embarrassing fashion. Do we need to go over and solve all their problems?' As he begins moving again he feels something bounce off of his chest. He looks down and sees a small Kaldorei girl with glasses and long purple hair in a single braid. She is peculiar in that she seems to be dressed more like a human than any elf he has observed. He reaches a large, clawed hand down to help her up. "I don't really take any blame for this, but I am sorry you fell." Archer offers.

Elise rubs her head. She had fallen on her behind rather suddenly. She agrees with him that it was not his fault. She was not paying attention. She takes the hand, looking up at the Worgen male it belongs to. As he pulls her up closer, she sniffs a little. A peculiar scent filling the air, turning her face slightly red. She ponders what it is, unable to really take her mind off of it. She feels the same sort of obsession as when she is tracking down an artifact, or entering a new dig site. 'It's... Musky, but sweet. Not unpleasant but at the same time it is kind of strong and gross.' She tilts her head to one side. 'How does any of that make sense? It's a strong, gross smell like body odor, but I like it!'

"Miss." His soft, deep voice lifts her gaze to his immediately, as though it commands her attention.

"Y-yes!" She utters, eyes widening as she observes his features.

"Are you alright?" Archer asks. He begins feeling as though the woman may be a little delicate and high maintenance. She required quite a bit of time recover from a simple fall, seemingly, and still looks out of it. 'I suppose I can be a gentleman and stay until she has collected herself.' He sighs, rolling his eyes.

Elise's ears droop as the man rolls his eyes at her. 'Did I do something?' She asks herself, becoming worried. All she was doing was standing, taking in his features. She had never really considered a worgen as anything, let alone attractive, but this one undoubtedly was. His long muzzle, his pitch-black fur with a little white on the front of his neck, spreading down over his chest. His sharp blue eyes and even his shining white predatory maw of sharp canines. 'His muscles aren't bad. Gosh... Wait, what am I thinking?' She cringes where she stands.

Archer stares at the girl curiously. 'What is she doing? She is obviously uncomfortable.' He raises his

hands, nearly touching her, but then thinks. 'Wait, is she going to claim that I hurt her, somehow? Is this one of those schemes? I thought better of the elves.' The large worgen crosses his arms, leaning back. He stares firmly at the elf. "You aren't getting anything out of me. I am not poor, but I am not wealthy, either. You are barking up the wrong tree, my dear."

Elise panics. She realizes she did something to offend the man, and now he wanted her gone. "W-wait! I'm sorry, it's just..." She stops, finding it difficult to admit to what she is feeling.

"Yes?" He asks patiently.

"You..." She blushes deeply, planting her face in both hands. She is shaking.

"What?" He asks again, growing less patient.

"It's just that-"

She only hesitates for a few moments before Archer interrupts her. "Spit it out, you slag!" He barks. "What. Do. You. Want? I'll take you to a clinic if you're ill, but my charity stops there." He huffs, the hot air from his muzzle wafting down over her face.

Elise's whole body shudders and her eyes become a little misty. "O-ohhh goddess." She moans, getting an intense feeling in her nether region. She gasps, realizing what just happened, and pulls the hem of her shirt down, trying to cover up as a small wet spot forms in her leggings.

Archer's eyes widen. He recoils a little. "Daft woman! Did you just- Just..." He glances around nervously, wondering if anyone saw. Thankfully the streets are not packed at night. He observes the Kaldorei girl shaking in front of him and lets out a low groan. He removes his cape and places it over her. "You damn minx. You've ensnared me. Congratulations." He utters in an unenthusiastic tone. "Where do you want me to take you for... Whatever this problem is?"

Elise looks up at him. Her head is spinning. The cape he draped over her is absolutely inundated with his scent. "T-take me anywhere you want!" She sputters.

"Fine. Follow me..."

Elise keeps the cloak wrapped tightly around her. It is comforting, as if she is being wrapped in his smell. He had taken her to a small cafe just off of the Canal district. The place is manned by a single elderly human. It is the type of establishment she would be utterly infatuated with were this a normal situation. The elderly human serves personalized hot drinks while offering for the visitor to sample any of the many books decorating his shelves. 'I could sit here for hours just drinking caffeinated beverages and reading, normally. But...' She looks up and lets out a low whimper as the man sits down across from her, dropping a comically small cup down in front of each of them. "I want to be nocturnal most nights, but my body doesn't agree so I drink this stuff to stay awake." Archer explains, eyeing the woman cautiously. "Are you going to tell me-"

"You are potentially the most attractive being I've ever laid eyes on!" She blurts out.

Archer performs a spit-take. “Me!? Are you dull, woman?”

Elise bites the inside of her bottom lip and desperately tries to keep herself contained. “I'm not like this usually, I swear. I just feel as though you are essentially... Perfect.”

“Sure love. When is the part where your friends jump out at me and tell me what a fool I am?” Archer clicks his tongue. He has always had a fairly skeptical mindset and simply can not believe that this bookish-looking night elf is attracted to a wolf like him.

“Never! I'm being completely honest with you.” Elise pleads.

“Oh? Right, love. Get under the table and prove it.” He orders in a mocking tone. He observes the girl beginning to shake in front of him. Her purple cheeks darken, just like before. “See? Quite the act and-” He stops and gulps, seeing the girl slip down under the table without even looking around. “W-what? You wouldn't...” His furry brow furrows in disbelief. They are sat in a little corner, out of sight of the owner and only other inhabitant of the shop. It is still a public place, however.

In Elise's mind, all that is running through her head is. 'I have to prove myself to him!' She leaves the cloak on the chair and crawls adeptly between his legs. Under the table is a small space, but she is used to small spaces. She goes for his leggings without even questioning her own actions and reaches in. What she pulls free is absolutely mind-rending on it's own. She sees a colossal cock still in it's sheath that she can only just fit her hands around, along with a good sized pair of balls to match. “I want it...” She moans. “I really really want it!” Elise places her other hand under his balls, weighing them at first before finally starting to massage them.

“What are you doing?” He tries to be firm while whispering. Archer nervously looks around to make sure they are not being noticed. “I have a good relationship with this shop-” As he feels her hand wrap around his canine sheath. “Owner a-and...” When he feels her other hand on his balls he can no longer ignore his own desires. Archer leans back in the small chair and exhales deeply. “Sod it all. I haven't bathed in a little while. Have fun contending with that, you daft woman.” He whispers down at her.

With one hand stroking his cock and the other massaging each of his balls she leans in, hypnotized by the dirty, yet somehow pleasant smell. It has her mouth watering. She pushes her tongue into the sheath. Just a little to try at first. 'I never would have dreamed I'd be doing something like this to... A man like this.' Her eyes roll back as she tastes it. The pure, unfiltered flavoring of worgen cock that had not seen a bath in who knows how long. After coming to the realization that she absolutely adores it she pushes her tongue deeper, finding his crown deep within. She circle it with her tongue inside his sheath while she strokes.

Archer's muzzle twitches. “Gods, you are an absolute demon... What is wrong with you?” He groans. His cock begins to grow out from the sheath.

If Elise believed that she was hypnotized by this man before, she realizes how wrong she was the moment his true member begins growing out from the sheath. A big pink thing that dominates her thoughts the moment it makes itself known. She begins panting, feeling the same stirring in her sex as before. The wet spot in her pants grows. 'Ooh, Elune. I want it to fuck me. I want it to- to breed me? I want his kids!?' Can I even... That doesn't matter, I just want... Want...' Her eyes begin to shift to a light shade of pink. “Waaant.” She moans, opening her lips wide to engulf the canine member.

Elise feels a large hand on her forehead. She giggles happily into his cock, gently sucking more and more of it between her lips. Archer tries to gently urge her off of it. He allowed his urges to take over for a moment, but he is in the process of having second thoughts as he remembers where they are. "Don't you think you've-" His jaw drops a little. Her lips are like heaven to him, a man that has not had the best luck with women. He knows it is his personality. He looks down after realizing the gentle prying is not working. Elise is stuck to his dick. The suctioning power of her lips over it is just too powerful. He blinks, seeing her gazing lovingly up at him, her eyes a warm shade of pink. "Wait.." He remembers the shade of the moon rather quickly. Archer whispers down at her. "Listen, you foolish woman! You are not well!" He finally pulls her off with a loud popping sound. It makes him recoil and wonder if the owner is hearing any of this.

Elise whines, moving back in, but only managing to smear her face into Archer's hard, wet cock. It slaps her cheek a few times, then slides against her face. She looks up with confusion, still being held at bay by his steady hand. She contents herself by licking at the shaft while looking up at him. Her ears perk, to show him that she is listening to whatever he has to say. Archer facepalms with his free hand. The girl between his legs looks completely drunk. "Are you listening now, waif?" He whispers harshly down at her. She nods dizzily. "Good! You are sick. You need to stop and think."

Even she feels the strangeness of this deep down. 'I'm so smart... And reserved... So why...!' She finds it hard to think as every time she puts two thoughts together she has to contend with his glorious member being so close. She has to lick it or nuzzle into it or even simply inhale deeply near it. None of that is satisfying enough, however. The thing she truly wants to do with it is. "I want your pups." She whines. "Breed me."

"You want to-" He gulps, releasing her head by mistake. She takes the chance to wrap her plush purple lips around his cock in a now unbreakable seal. She rolls her eyes back, sucking him off in a way that weakens him to the extent that he does not believe he will be able to pry her away again. His own instincts are beginning to play a role, now. His words reverberate through his skull, making his cock throb with desire and his balls ache. He leans down, almost growling as he says in a low tone. "You want to have my pups?" She nods, making him throb again. "Let me tell you what is going to happen, you little harlot." He goes on. The tone he is using causes Elise to shudder and give him her full attention. She actually loosens her hold on his cock slightly as she listens, but still sucks on it idly. Archer feels a darker, more feral side take a hold of him. "You are going to release my cock from your devilish maw." She nods and releases him, letting his cock free from her lips. "You are going to leave this place with me and use my cloak to cover it as we go." She slides out from under the table, grabbing the cloak obediently. Elise holds it up in front of his cock and walks out with him. He brings a large paw down to grip her rear, squeezing it and pulling her close to him. He leans his head down, giving her a predatory look. "You are going to follow me into a dark alley where no one will hear you."

Elise gulps. She realizes that what she is hearing sounds startlingly close to the end of the line for most girls. Following a dark predator into an alley. Somehow, even knowing that she may be waling to a premature end to her career, she continues placing one foot in front of the other right up until they arrive in a desolate part of the city where it seems like even rats wont visit. The dark, empty alley greets them with an unpleasant smell, but luckily for her, his is overpowering. He presses her up against the wall of the alley with her ass poking up and places both of her hands under one of his to keep her pinned and upright. "You have no right, now." He muses, dragging a sharp claw down her leggings, splitting them open along with her underwear. An extremely wet, shaved purple pussy and neat little purple asshole greet him. "You've heard the story, right? If you have merely been leading me

on... Crying wolf. Well, you will still have to accept the consequences.”

Elise whimpers, wagging her ass. She is not scared. Not in the least. She only feels need. “I-I'm sorry, mister w-wolf.” She whines.

“Oh, no need to be sorry.” He lets his throbbing member fall down between her plump cheeks, humping a bit up and down. He sighs deeply, inhaling her arousal. “This is actually fantastic. You want to have my kids? My 'pups?’” He asks.

“Y-yes!”

“Then you must be a Bitch. A stray in heat wagging her cute little tail for attention.” Elise is panting like one. Her tongue is lolling out of her mouth as her breath wets the wall in front of her. “Are you my-” He smacks her ass roughly. “Bitch!?”

She yelps and nods ecstatically. “I'm your bitch!”

“Then bark for me, you elven harlot.” He demands, smirking cruelly. The satisfaction he gets out of the complete and utter domination, he understands, is purely primal but the enjoyment of hearing her bark for him is his. Elise gains humiliation to mix with the rest of her emotions as she lets out a few quick and cute 'arf's for him. He finally slides his cock down her ass and poises the tip at the entrance to her dripping cunt. He cruelly pushes her further down the wall so that she is bent over at a right angle at the waist with her hands pinned high above her.

Her infatuation reaches another stage of evolution once he finally pushes his canine cock into her waiting sex. Her mouth becomes a faucet leaking onto the ground. As Archer relishes splitting her pussy apart with his monster cock, he taunts her. “Do you have an identity? Interests? A profession.” She nods her head up and down quickly in affirmation. “Oh? That is unfortunate...” He makes himself sound as disappointed as he can while fucking a pretty elf.

Elise panics. “W-what do you want?” She begs.

Archer throbs with predatory glee. The woman gave him the equivalent of offering a raw steak to a dog. With a blank bank-note in front of him he goes wild. “I don't want you to have any identity outside of... outside of...” He thinks quickly. “Outside of being my woman.”

“Yes!” Elise says submissively.

Archer grins. 'Really? Alright...' He goes on. “You don't have a profession.” He announces.

Elise groans, as that one stings. Up until this point she had made a name for herself. She enjoys what she does, but, as she considers a life without his cock pushing into her over and over again as it is currently, she can't help but cringe. “Y-yes!”

Archer exhales deeply onto her back, getting close from what seems to be the breaking down and reconstitution of the former individual in front of him. “You don't have interests outside of my sphere. You are interested in pleasing me. You are interested in being bred by me. You are interested in... in... Just me!”

His eyes widen. 'Surely she won't-' Elise nods emphatically. "Yes!" As she says that Archer releases inside of her, filling her thirsty elven cunt with what she seems to desire so bad. Her belly distends a little as his balls empty inside of her, completely spending the lucky man. He pants, leaning over her. His free hand is under her, feeling her belly up and down.

He whispers into her ear, his maw getting extremely close. "If you are capable of getting pregnant, I am going to keep you pregnant for the rest of your life... You will never have respite." he warns, trying to ward her off, now that his animalistic urges are fading.

Against his expectations she simply nods in the affirmative and says breathlessly. "O-okay."