

Kaelin admired her new horde tramp stamp in the full-length mirror, having to turn her body awkwardly to see it. Her room had become awash with absurd items for an elf like her. Her apparel, her collection of posters and magazines and her attitude itself gave off the impression that she was some kind of crazed fangirl. She wore mostly red cloth. Her conservative robes had been replaced with something skimpy amounting to a crop-top, a minor cloth to barely cover her rear and long stockings trailing down into ridiculously high heels. She even donned some striking ruby horde ear-rings. Her roommate, a Kaldorei, looked on in abject horror.

"I can't believe you're wearing all that... You know there's actual elves down below that don't have a choice? I thought your people got distance from all that for a reason."

Kaelin rolled her eyes. "You don't get it."

"Do you get it?" Faeris asked with disbelief from where she sat. The Kaldorei had kept distance from the conflict by being one of the few who broke with traditions to learn magic. She was a slow learner, but it actually served her quite well, considering what happened.

"I've got family on Kalimdor that are brainwashed. I've got two 'mothers' now, thanks to the Horde." She watched Kaelin get ready, clicking her tongue as none of her words seemed to reach the girl.

"My original mother keeps sending letters asking me to just come down and try to give being an orc breeder a try."

"Maybe you should. Might be fun." Kaelin said absentmindedly. She was not listening. All she could think about was going to see Garf, and what that might lead to. She had become a bit obsessed with the young orc as of late. Classmates would see her stalking him, trying to talk to him, it all seemed very shameless. It all served to boost Garf's image, as well.

"Fun? What are you smoking, Kaelin?" Faeris crossed her arms tightly.

"You know how offensive this is?"

"Yeah. Yeah. I mean, if you're interested I've been buying up all the Horde stuff I can find." Kaelin bent down at the waist to reach under her bed and pull out a long box. Faeris shielded her eyes as the Highborn's minor piece of cloth covering her ass rode up and revealed far more than she would like to see. Kaelin turned around and shoved the box into Faeris's arms.

"I gotta go. Have fun." With that, Kaelin left abruptly.

Faeris sighed. "Worried about that girl." She looked down at the box. It was long and made of sturdy wood. There was a latch where it could be opened, and it was not locked. On top was a small pamphlet that she could read.

"Class and Job Change: Quick Orientation and Training Kit."

"Wow. This seems evil." She tossed the pamphlet aside. As it landed next to her it fell open to the first instruction that she failed to read, saying that the program begins once the box is opened. She was curious what terrible things the orcs had been distributing for her people and unlatched the box. Looking in the box the first thing that stood out was the backside of one of those dehumanizing metal eyemasks that the orcs forced their Sentinels to wear.

"Disgusting. How do they even see in these? Probably aren't meant to. Those sentinels only exist for orc enjoyment. Who would want to live like that?" She muttered to herself, picking up the mask to turn it over in her hands. The front was sleek and metallic, while the interior had a shimmering black surface. Faeris found herself staring deeply into it without noticing how her hands were slowly bringing it closer and closer to her face.

“What did you do for a living, soldier!?” The gruff orc voice was jarring. Faeris looked up to see that she was no longer in her comfortable dorm room. Instead, that had been replaced by tall metal walls and a scorching desert heat that was uncharacteristic of any part of Dalaran she was familiar with.

“W-what?” She felt a firm smack across her cheek. The large green orc male had backhanded her. She stumbles.

“Ow!” She whined, extremely confused about what is happening. She wondered if she was teleported somewhere.”

“What? What isn't any profession I've heard of. The correct answer is 'useless.’” The orc sneered.

“That makes you wrong, soldier.”

“What do you say when an orc points out you're wrong!?”

“I-I don't know?” She uttered in a panic. The elf felt another firm smack on the other cheek.

“I really don't-” Faeris saw him wind his large hand back again, then hurriedly inferred.

“Thank you!” He stopped and gave her a nod.

“Good. Maybe you're worth forging, after all.”

“Forging?” She asked hesitantly.

The orc rolled his eyes. “Right now, you're ore. You think you got a past and a name and likes and dislikes.”

“I do, though.” She flinched as she saw him move, but relaxed a little when she observed him starting to pace.

“W-where am I?” She looked around.

“You are in a space where you are going to be trained for as long as it takes to reach the results we wanna see. Let me make this easier for you, you prissy idiot. Speak when I ask you a question. Sleep when I tell you to sleep. Do everything I ask you to do. Resistance will be punished SEVERELY. Now, repeat after me: For the Horde!”

After about a week of living in the strange, obviously magical space, Faeris learned a few things. There was no escape, there was only two of them there, and that she would absolutely be in there for as long as it took for the desired results to be reached.

“No matter how much I resist, it will just keep going...” That thought preyed on her resistance. There was undoubtedly no point. Any attempt to assert herself would simply prolong the hell she was in. The best she could hope for was to go along with everything and hope that she is released quickly. She looked up at the trainer.

“Ready, fool?” She offered a short nod, in response to his insult. She learned not to contradict them.

“Does a sword need to remember what living in the ground as useless iron ore was like before it was forged?”

“No sir!” The elf uttered obediently, thinking to herself that she was going to get out of there quickly.

“Does a tool think about what it is told to do?”

“No sir!”

“What does a tool do?”

“A tool simply does, sir!”

The orc grinned and handed her a familiar looking mask, along with several more skimpy, yet sturdy pieces of armor. Due to the way the space worked, the second she looked at the mask and gave in to the thought of wearing it, the items appeared on her body, replacing what she was wearing. The mask that she thought would make it hard to see was actually completely see-through, despite looking solid on the other side. Her arms and legs were decorated by thick plating while her midsection, sex and breasts were completely uncovered. Her nipples wore two horde piercings and a stamp of a Horde symbol was prominent above her pussy and on her lower back above her rear. The boots were of course impractical heels, but it did not feel awkward to move in them.

“Assume position 1.” The orc ordered. Faeris gulped and instinctively bent over at the waist, spreading apart her ass cheeks.

“Good. Your first function is to carry offspring. If you are ever not carrying, you will report to the nearest orc male and request to carry his child. Tools such as yourself are given 7 days to give birth and recover before being re-impregnated. This is to preserve your race and ours. We will outproduce the alliance.”

“Y-yes sir!” Faeris found herself shaking.

The orc chuckled. “Assume position 2.” Faeris bent back and dropped down to her knees, spreading her legs. She looked up, opened her mouth into a wide 'O' and allowed her tongue to fall out over her bottom lip. It immediately began dripping saliva onto her tits.

“Your second function is to act as a release for orc soldiers. To truly understand what this is like, we will subject you to this duty for the next 24 hours.” He snapped his fingers, causing a line-up of dirty-looking orc men to appear in front of her. Faeris began breathing heavily, staring wide-eyes at the lineup.

The first man wasted no time. His cock was only half hard, so he took some care to push his tip between her lips before gripping her head at the sides. She thought she was going to hate it, but it tasted enchanting. She thought she was going to hate the man, but he stared down compassionately as he began thrusting his hardening cock between her tight lips. His thumbs traced along her sensitive ears, causing her to shudder pleurably. Her pussy twitched at the treatment.

“You may pleasure yourself, soldier.” Faeris relaxed, bringing a hand to her sex. Her fingers pushed inside easily. He continued to speak into her ear.

“They love you. You're useful to them. They'll protect you and you'll service and protect them. This is your purpose.” It just kept going on and on, from one orc to the next like a constant droning that played while her mouth was continuously made love to by a lineup of orc men.

“You love them. You'll protect and obey them. The Horde is your life. You are a valuable tool.” While she heard that she continued playing with her own sex, continuously getting herself off while men fucked her mouth and affectionately patted and caressed her head. Slowly, near the end of the 24 hour stint the droning stopped coming from him and instead began encapsulating her own thoughts.

She stared up at the man that was taking his turn. “They love me. I'm useful to them. They'll protect me and I'll protect them.” She was hypnotized by the various mantras.

“I love them. I'll protect and obey them. The Horde is my life. I am a valuable tool.”

Finally, the trainer himself stood in front of her. “You were thinking you could play along and get out quick?” She had to admit, the thought was still at the back of her mind. He wiped his cock on her wet lips briefly before pushing his bulbous member inside.

“That's not how this works.” He explained while slowly fucking her mouth until he was completely hard, pushing into her well-worn throat.

“We keep you here until your personality and ego are gone. You'll become an heirloom. An actual tool passed down from Horde general to Horde general for generations-”

“-My purpose is war and pleasure. Glory to the Horde.” Years had passed in the space. What felt like an endless cycle of trying to resist and giving up, only to realize that the trainer would accept nothing less than complete elimination of Faeris as a being. Truly, she no longer existed at that point. What stood in her place was an elite warrior that would only listen to one voice and move in one direction for one goal. Orc supremacy. In that moment the sentinel found herself in an unfamiliar room surrounded by unfamiliar things. She shrugged and quickly walked out to find the nearest Horde officer to report to. The box was empty of all it's contents. The simple, yet sturdy armor and the mask. Only the pamphlet was left open on the ground.