

Kaatra lifts a hand to her chin, wondering just how she should continue the negotiations from here since the party she had been communicating with has become so anxious. "It was self defense." She reminds them calmly, lifting her other hand in a weak attempt at a passive gesture. Instead of pacifying the rest of the party, the other three Draenei look to be getting ready for a fight. "That's not good." Kaatra tilts her head up in thought. "I guess we need to start by calming things down a bit?"

Haana, Vaalla and even Sierna, the mage that had been negotiating are slowly readying themselves in order to avenge the unexpected defeat of their friend. "It's three on one!" Vaalla announces. She is in the back, but rapidly steps to the front.

Sierna nods, stepping behind Vaalla. "She's right. Just give up and we'll be nice."

Kaatra sighs. "I think we should all be nice, regardless. The priestess subtly lifts both hands and instantly casts an underappreciated spell that is not known by many is taken by even fewer. "Mass Soothe."

Vaalla stops and stares. "Wait... I'm not mad?" She turns to Sierna, who is also standing by passively, looking very confused. "We were mad, right?"

"We were." Haana explains. "I don't know what she did, but she must've done something. Only Mae would know, though and she's..." Even looking down at the Priestess-turned-cow does not fill the paladin with the same anger that it did before. "Like that."

Kaatra smiles widely. "Very good. Can we resume the negotiations?"

Sierna huffs, completely deflated. "I mean... I guess, yeah?" Vaalla reluctantly steps back as Sierna continues the 'negotiation,' no longer posturing aggressively.

"Good. Can you tell me what you all want out of this and why it is important?" Kaatra asks delicately.

The mage nods. "We want to bring down the machine that is turning our people into mounts and cows. I do not think that really needs much explaining as to why. Right?" She looks back at the other two, who both nod calmly in agreement.

"Sorry. That is off the table." She shoots that offer down right away. "Now, what we want is to turn you three into mounts." Kaatra says bluntly, with a cadence that suggests it is the most normal, reasonable thing in the world.

"Wait-" Sierna wants to offer a rebuttal, but is forced to remain silent as Kaatra continues speaking, unimpeded. She is normally able to talk over others pretty effectively but it just feels to her like she can not properly put words together while the priest is speaking.

"We've already gone to the trouble of matching you all with goblins that will take care of you and they should be on the way soonish to seal the deal. I think that is a pretty good gesture on our part. It is not so bad to be a mount. Most tend to like it after they are trained and put to work."

"Hold on-" She tries to get a few words in between the priest's sentences, but is shut down quickly as Kaatra begins talking again.

“Now. The only question is which would you prefer; to be trained by the goblins or turned into a mount by machine.” Kaatra is about to continue speaking, but frowns as she sees Sierna trying to interrupt for the third time. She raises both hands. “Mass Pacify. Listen, if you aren't going to be good, I will need to be a bit bad...”

The priest continues talking after that, but Haana feels completely out of the loop. She turns her head to look at Vaalla and sees that she also looks zonked. Her mouth is hanging open and she is just standing there, listening. “Do you... Know what they are talking about?” The paladin asks.

Vaalla shakes her head. “No, but-”

“Hey.”

“Huh?” Vaalla hears a small voice. Both girls look down to see a Goblin standing in front of the imposing Draenei warrior. She stares at him passively, not completely sure what is going on. “How long have you been there?”

“I just got here. You, uh, ready?” The goblin asks, putting down and setting up some equipment in front of her.

Vaalla just stands there and stares for a few seconds. She then turns to Haana. “Are you seeing this?” The paladin nods, which triggers the Warrior to return her gaze to the small goblin male. “So-”

The goblin interrupts. “Alright, good. Glad I got the warrior. I know it makes little difference but I think the martial classes make for better mounts.”

“I guess that makes sense?” Vaalla admits.

“Strip out of that pointless shit you're wearing, please.” The Goblin asks nicer than he needs to, given the circumstance.

Vaalla, searching her psyche for an ounce of negativity but can not find it. So, with a lack of any negative emotion whatsoever due to the completely unfair spell cast on her and her companions, she begins slowly stripping out of her armor. 'What am I doing?' The warrior asks herself, utterly confused. 'I know this is completely strange and unnatural, but I just can't bring myself to care for some reason.' She stares down lazily after slipping free of all her armor. The goblin finishes setting up a suit-case the size of him in front of her. “What's that?” She asks, still able to muster curiosity of all things.

He looks up. “This? It's a portable kit that the giant robot spider came up with. Now, I don't know much about the dangers of machines being able to create new things.” Vaalla waits for him to finish, as that statement sounds like it deserves some type of 'but' to cap it. Instead, he looks up at her with a raised brow. “What? I don't, so I wont comment.” He points down at the ground. “All fours over this thing. It'll sort you out, is all you need to know.”

Vaalla shrugs. “Okay. I guess.” She slowly slips down onto her hands and hooves over the strange case. 'This seems like a bad idea.' As soon as she thinks that, she feels picking all along the underside of her body, followed by a tightening of her back, hip and shoulder joints. Gauntlets rapidly wrap around her hands and clamp around her wrists, converting them to hooves that sit flat on the ground. She shifts slightly, now far more comfortable on all fours than when she started. 'This feels weird...' She looks

straight ahead as the Case itself re-shapes into a saddle and pulls itself onto her back, strapping to her snugly. All in all, the process took under a minute.

“Alright, bear with me. This is where I gotta do stuff, so I'm not completely sure.” The Goblin steps around to be right in front of her. He is reading from a small instructional page. Let's just calibrate this real quick. Your name is... Let's just keep your old name, because who cares.”

“Thanks.” Vaalla nods.

“No problem. Your class is...” He stares at her, waiting.

“Oh. You want me to answer?” She opens her mouth to speak. “W-” She stops, unable to form the word she thinks she should be saying. 'It's w-' She realizes she can not even think about it. 'Wait, what?' When she relaxes and really thinks about it she comes up with. 'My class is... Mount.' That realization does not hit her particularly hard. To her, now, it simply is. She shrugs lightly. “My class is mount.”

The goblin smiles widely and makes a big point of saying close to her ear. “Good girl.” After he says that Valla's eyes widen and her whole body shudders. She feels something like a cumming sensation between her legs that radiates through her whole body before fading. The wetness remains, however. Her tail wags happily. The Goblin closes the little briefer. “There we go. All calibrated.”

He gets ready to jump in the saddle, but Haana leans down, unable to feel any negative emotions at what she is seeing, simply chooses to ask. “What did that all do?” She knows for a fact that what her friend has become is strange and unnatural, and that the speed and casualness with which is happened is terrifying, but the spell is still affecting her mind.

The Goblin, who is ready to just leave, chooses instead to stop and explain. “Oh, the machine turned her into a mount physically.”

“Is it... Reversible?” Haana asks.

“No no. Not at all. She's pretty fucked.”

“Wow, okay. So... The other stuff after-”

“Those are the calibrations. They- Eh, better to just show you.” He bonks Valla on the head lightly. “Introduce yourself to the gal.”

Vaalla looks up at her former companion. “My name is Vaalla. I am a goblin mount.”

“Who're you loyal to?”

“I am One-hundred percent loyal to my partner.” She says proudly.

The goblin smiles and climbs on top of her, digging his heels into her ribs to get her walking. “Anyway. Later!”

Haana leans back and waves. “Bye...” She blinks, feeling a splinter of emotion. “That is pretty bad, right? Right!?” She says to herself, managing a bit of a seethe, somehow, after seeing the results of

what was done to her friend. 'Now she's just going to- to get ridden off? What the fuck!?' The paladin clenches her fists, finally beginning to muster her will.

Kaatra scratches her chin, looking past the Mage she has been attempting to brainwash over the past few minutes. “Oh, have I not been giving that one enough attention? Where are the rest of the goblins?” She wonders out loud.