

Aranna sits patiently in the tavern with one leg crossed over the other. She is shuffling her deck idly, waiting for an opponent. 'Hm, it's been two minutes. Should I just quit and play something else?' As she is thinking that a silhouette slowly fades in across from her. "Oh! Perfect." She happily places her deck in the holder on the side of the board and folds her hands in front of her. "I hope it's Tyrande." She watches the silhouette widen. "Oh, probably not. Maybe Uther?" She frowns as more detail is added; spikes and skulls. "Oh great..." She slumps and gets ready to just leave.

Gul'dan finally completely materializes across from her. "Ha ha! Greetings."

Aranna sighs. "My greetings." She offers reluctantly. "Quickly. Are you playing control? I'll definitely quit if you are."

"I am... Not. Not exactly." He says with a sly smile.

"What about quest? I will absolutely leave if you are playing quest." She narrows her eyes at him suspiciously, noting his expression.

"Which one?" Gul'dan asks innocently, leaning forward comfortably onto the table.

"You know which!"

"I am not playing any quests, little elf." He concedes. She is skeptical at first, but can tell easily that he is not lying. There would be no benefit to it as her concession would simply mean a quicker win.

Running out of options, she asks. "Okay... Zoo? I'll-"

"Quit. Yes, I know." He takes a moment to consider the contents of his deck. "No, I am not playing zoo."

Aranna smiles. "Oh. Oooh." She smirks mischievously. "New player?"

"Not exactly. I've been playing this game for quite a while." He places his deck in the holder. Curiously, Gul'dan asks. "What are you playing?"

"Lifesteal. One turn kill." Aranna responds casually, flipping a coin. She frowns as it lands on heads. It materializes on Gul'dan's side of the board. "Ugh."

"You were complaining quite a bit for someone who decided to play such a deck." Gul'dan observes, looking over his starting hand with a slight smile.

"Combo is a legitimate strategy!" Aranna argues, leaning over the board aggressively to defend her style of play. She ironically pushes a quest onto the board, since it is her turn. "There. What are you going to do, warlock?"

"I am something of a combo player myself." Aranna thinks. 'None of the warlock combos are very good, are they? I probably don't have to quit.' She shrugs. "Ah, I see by that smug look that you believe you have already figured me out." Aranna nods in confirmation. "We shall see."

"We shall." She stares down in frustration. "Can you stop roping? Let's hurry this along, I want to get

to turn seven when I can kill you.”

Five turns pass smoothly with Aranna firmly in the lead and completely in control. “Your turn.” She is unable to hide her expression. Victory is in her grasp and he has no way to stop it. 'Everything I need is in my hand and he has no way to deal all of my health in one turn. Such an easy game.' As the turn switches over she looks at him smugly. “Excellent maneuvering!”

“No need to be sarcastic, dear.” Gul'dan pushes a card onto the board. “It is targeting you.”

Aranna picks it up, reading it carefully. “Heart Attack? This isn't a card. What are you-”

“It works, just read the effect.”

Aranna continues reading. “The enemy hero gains a 'crush' on the caster.” She blinks. “Wait, this is a keyword? I have to read this, now...” Her expression worsens as she reads the explaining text. 'Crush: You fall deeply in love and you are unable to take hostile actions against your crush due to your swooning.' Aranna can not help but glance up over the card with disdain. “This is complete bull-” As she stares at the man across from her, her heart begins to beat quickly. The demon hunter covers her mouth as she quietly finishes what she was saying. “S-shit...” Her cheeks flushes once she notices that Gul'dan is without a doubt the most handsome man she has ever met. “How long is this card in effect? The whole game?” She can not help but gush a bit at the ingenuity. 'Such a smart play. Gul'dan is actually really amazing.'

“What card?” Gul'dan asks, pushing another card over to her.

“What now...” Aranna picks it up to read it. “Another card I've never seen before... Gaslight: Target hero forgets the last card that was played against them. It remains in effect.” Aranna gasps deeply. “Wait, what was the last-” She stops in the middle of asking that question that she knows is silly. “I wont know it, I guess.” She shifts comfortably in her chair as she is suddenly faced with the reality that she is deeply in love with and attracted to the old, disgusting orc warlock sitting across from her and she does not know why. 'It's... Actually just a pleasure to be sitting across from him. Am I going traitor? He is the WORST warlock ever, so why is he so hot?' She gulps, giving him a sultry look that he acknowledges with a wink.

Gul'dan feigns disappointment, sighs heavily and shrugs his spiked shoulders. “That is all I have. I suppose it is your turn to do whatever you will.” He seems somewhat defeated.

'I hate to see my love like this...!' Aranna looks upon him sadly. “W-what? Your deck just isn't doing what it's supposed to. I am sure it is actually really, really good once it gets going.” She looks down at her winning hand guiltily. “This is a pretty cheap deck, I'll admit. It's only turn seven. Do you need more time?” She asks, trying to be friendly and casual with him. Really, she just does not want the game to end and him to go away too soon.

“I think it probably best you concede, actually.” Gul'dan claims, as though it is a completely normal request.

She looks down pensively, clenching her fists. Shaking her head, she resolves to do it. “Right. You're right. It is a really unfair matchup.” Aranna gives him a bright smile. “I concede.” As she says that and the game is called for Gul'dan, the effect wears off and she feels a wave of frustration and confusion wash over her. “Wait...” She stops, thinks and can't for the life of her figure it out. “Wait! What the hell happened!?”

Gul'dan chuckles getting up from his seat. “I am sooo sorry.” He offers sarcastically. “To be honest, it was a cheap trick that I pulled. Would you like a free hero skin for your trouble, Aranna? I suppose you would also like to know how I did it.”

“At the very least!” Aranna demands. She definitely wants to know.

“Take my hand.” She rounds the desk and places her small hand in his large green one. She feels the transfer occur.

“How do you get the ability to gift skins to others?” She asks out loud, going through her bag to find the token and put it on. “You were a real prick, but I guess giving me free stuff makes up for it.” When she finishes selecting the new skin it slowly alters her appearance, starting with her posture which arches her back and pushes her chest out. Her already scant clothing rearranges and thins into a frilly green and black ensemble. Skirt, stockings, heels. She comes to the conclusion once it finishes. “This is just a maid outfit.” She is calm at first, then her emotions finally well up when she begins to understand what he's done. “You perv! I'm changing this back.”

“It was a trade. You gave me your base skin once you agreed and put it on.” Gul'dan explains as she looks to see for herself. Sure enough, there is no way out of wearing this humiliating, servile attire.

“Give me back my basic skin!” Aranna demands.

“I don't have to, but...” He grins at her. “Rematch?”

Aranna sits down across from him. “Come on, come on, let's get this moving.” She grunts. 'I just have to win before he does whatever he did again.'

Gul'dan settles in. “Greetings.”

Instinctively she greets him. Her lips widen into a genuine smile, her posture straightens and respectfully she says to him. “Greetings master Gul'dan. I concede.” Before she realizes what she has said, the game ends and Gul'dan is holding back laughter. “W-waht!?! That's not fair! That does NOT count! Does it?” Aranna huffs loudly.

“It counts. Of course it counts. Shall we play again?” Gul'dan chuckles, obviously enjoying what is happening immensely.

“Obviously!” The new game starts and Aranna avoids speaking to him at all. “You're squelched. Don't bother trying anything.” Around the time she is comfortably in the lead again he pushes a card over to

her. "Oh fel, what now?" She picks it up to read it and immediately loses control. "C-concede." As the game ends and she comes back, Aranna pouts. "Your deck is worse than a combo deck! Why do those cards even exist!? This is stupid, there's no point in playing against you..."

"So you want to quit and be stuck as a maid forever?" Gul'dan questions, faking concern.

"I obviously do not want that." Aranna admits.

"Then perhaps we can work something out, outside of the game?"

He looks awfully insidious as he is making that offer, but she considers what other choice she has. 'Warlock is so overpowered... What set are those cards even from?' She shakes her head, resolving to find a way around beating him in Hearthstone. "Fine, what can I do?"

Gul'dan looks at her, making strong eye-contact. "Simple. Just follow me around for a bit. Grab me drinks while I play other fools. Sit in for me when I face a bad matchup."

Aranna perks up. "You want me to play for you?"

"Occasionally."

"Alright. I agree to these terms, so long as it is just for a day." Aranna attempts to haggle and immediately can tell she failed by the stern look he is giving her.

"A week, silly elf. That is being generous."

Aranna waves a hand dismissively. "Fine, fine. A week."

Aranna's week of servitude moved fairly quickly. Most of her time is spent grabbing drinks for Gul'dan, distracting the opponent with her superior textures and just forcing herself to treat him like a king. "My dear?" Aranna leans down, listening intently. She frowns as he turns his drink and pours it out in front of her. "Less ice. Was this supposed to be a joke, because of who I am facing?" Across from him, Jaina observes the sight and chuckles.

"No, Master. It was a simple mistake." She bows in apology and leaves to rectify the issue. 'Time is almost up, Aranna. Soon we'll be done with this.' When she returns, Gul'dan is gloating over a defeated Jaina. Aranna can not help but admire his victory as she hands him the drink. 'I hate mages...' Gul'dan, when he was not harassing her during a mockery of hearthstone, plays a fairly standard Demon deck that gets a surprising number of wins. Aranna looks down jealously. 'That actually looks kind of... Fun.' Noticing the look she is giving the board, Gul'dan pats his lap.

"No no." Aranna waves her hands.

"It was not a request." Gul'dan clarifies.

Reluctantly, Aranna slips into his lap. "I noticed you admiring my board."

“Uuuh, no.” She blushes. “It's some janky demon deck. Who would play something so dumb?” As she is speaking, his hand is rounding her side and sliding down between her legs. She notices and grumbles, but widens her legs as his hand slips under her skirt and trails the outline of her sex over her tight panties.

“You could. I could potentially... Guide you. Playing for 'enjoyment' is so much more important.” Aranna finds the advice to actually be somewhat profound, or she would if he was not saying it in such an ominous way. 'My enjoyment or yours?' She wonders.

“Okay, you can give me some pointers.” That in itself does not open herself up to too much harm, she thinks.

“Spread your legs more.” He orders.

“On the game! Pointers on the game...” She snaps back, deciding to still spread her legs, regardless. Gul'dan can not help but chuckle at her fighting and conceding in practically the same breath. Aranna's eyes widen beneath her blindfold as she feels something big and thick pop up between her legs. “What is-” She looks down and is impressed by the sight of a foot long orc cock jutting straight up between her legs. Aranna hears a gasp from across the table. She looks up to stare daggers at Jaina, who decided to linger for some odd reason. “What are you looking at!?! You lost, so leave!” She orders sternly, pointing the mage towards the door.

“Next time, my magic will tear you apart. Both of you.” Jaina's eyes linger on the impressive orc member for a moment. With Gul'dan also giving her a warning stare she takes the hint, turns up her nose and walks towards the door.

“Good. You told her off. Such a reliable minion.” Gul'dan says in a smooth tone, his mouth moving close to her ear. His hot breath makes it twitch as he speaks to the extent that she tilts her head to one side. For the old warlock this is just a signal for him to dig his lips in to start sucking on her neck. Aranna gulps.

“W-what are you doing? So disgusting!” Aranna shouts weakly, slowly giving in to the gentle grinding of his warm mass moving between her legs. 'It is incredibly tempting. Simply... Incredible.' She closes her legs, squeezing it between her thighs briefly.

Gul'dan's other hand reaches up around her neck, lifting her chin. “How much do you think you cost?”

“I am NOT a prostitute.” Aranna states sternly, almost breaking free due to that remark. She is stopped however when he clarifies.”

“Could have fooled me, my dear maid. But no, as a card.”

Aranna considers the question. “Low cost but high power. I would obviously be the best card, right?”

“How tempting. Would you be a demon?” Gul'dan asks, seeming to be trying to lead her towards an answer.

Aranna does not take the bait initially. “Why would I be? I-” When she feels herself being lifted and

her panties being pulled aside she changes her tune. “Demon? I mean... Maybe? It is not completely out of the question.” She looks down, salivating over the sight of his member. 'I can't admit that I want his dick out loud, but...'

“You want this, minion. Just admit it.” Gul'dan orders.

“I am NOT a minion, I am a h-” She loses her breath as he slowly lowers her over his thick fel-colored rod.

“Are you about to say 'hero?’” Gul'dan teases. “Well, if you are a hero, I had better stop.”

“No!” She says quickly, feeling his thickness already beginning to pull out before it had even filled her up completely just once. 'Ugh, at least let me feel it.' She complains internally.

“So... Am I mistaken? What are you?” Gul'dan asks, as though he does not know the answer. Aranna looks down and wonders just how much her pride is worth in this situation. “If you concede just a little here, I will commute your service.” Adding that to the mix, Aranna smiles widely. 'I get to feel this thick dick AND it's all done after this? Too good. This deal is way too good!' Aranna giggles and flashes him a hand-sign to signify that she accepts. “Hmm? What are you?” Gul'dan asks again. “I did not hear an answer.”

“Oh, easy. I'm a minion.” As she says that she feels an unusual sensation. Gul'dan turns her around in his lap. Looking up at him, she feels the same as she had during those games. If she is to look in the mirror she would see a lovestruck expression, mouth parted in awe.

He lets her drop abruptly over his cock. She lets out a low moan and immediately begins moving on her own to feel it turn and shift inside of her. Each small movement of his massive member that is stretching her to her limits sends an electric sensation up her spine. “What are you?” He asks again, almost growling. It is enough to intimidate the seasoned demon hunter. 'Oh goddess, he's so powerful!'

Passionately, Aranna looks into his eyes, past her blindfold and announces. “I'm a minion!” A collar appears around her neck and a chain slowly starts materializing, seeming to be connecting to Gul'dan's hand.

“What are you!?” He growls again, beginning to feel it as much as her. Her tightness and her enthusiasm above all else at the moment.

“I'm a minion! A fel-orc slave!” She utters in pure ecstasy, able to watch the chain finish materializing with her fel-sight. With a firm yank she feels Gul'dan confirms that the iron leash has completely solidified, sealing her fate as a minion of the warlock. She cums in that moment, not just completely drunk off pleasure, but off of the sheer power and strength of her warlock master.

“Isn't this new Aranna card and Gul'dan portrait a bit much?” Anduin asks hesitantly. “Honestly, I was fairly okay with it when aunt jaina decided to cover up her cleavage, but coming off of that, this is quite a bit more-” He stares up at the portrait on the wall with Gul'dan and Aranna. They apparently come as a pair in the portrait; her sitting on his lap with her tits out. Around her neck is a collar, with a chain

connecting her and Gul'dan, making them essentially inseparable.

Garrosh smacks Anduin upside the head from the other side of the table. He leans back into his seat. "Shut up and play, pup."

Anduin sighs and finishes reading the new Aranna card. He had been viewing the art quite intently. A naked, pregnant elf demon hunter. "At the beginning and end of your turn summon a 1/1 imp...! Shouldn't this be a warlock card?" Anduin asks, looking up skeptically.

"It's so Gul'dan can lend her out when he needs to. Shut up and read my other card, twink. It is targeting you."

Anduin stares down at the card. "Feminize?" He gives the orc a curious look.