Family in War

by serendipityspeaks

Summary

Two people on opposite sides of a decades-long conflict find peace with each other in the quiet moments. If this was RL, they'd definitely be a slow burn but I don't actually have the patience for that kinda thing so... x.x

On the other side of the planet, a dragon and a mage have been working together for years, and only now admitted their feelings.

Between the four of them, they try to bring hope and healing to a ravaged world.

Note: I've tagged some canon characters because they appear later on in the plot part of the story, but I haven't written them into the smut part of the story. I may choose to do that later, but I also may never write smut about canon characters. IDK.
If you enjoyed this story, and my writing style, please check out my OU series and let me know what you think: https://archiveofourown.org/series/1274204
Sunsets are Healing

Chapter Summary

Lai tells the story of how she met and fell in love with Xan.

Chapter Notes

The image is a drawing I did of them. I took a screenie of a RL porn and sketched on top of it - although it has obviously been significantly altered from the original. It's not a depiction of a specific scene or anything, I just thought the image was appropriate because it looks a bit more loving.
I remember the whole thing, from the beginning until now. Every detail. You’d think that I would have forgotten some, given how much time has passed, but I have not.
It began in Silithus. Not the harsh desert of silithus, where the bugs roam, picking off the unwary, but the soft side of Silithus. Past the mountains, bordering the sea. I was sitting to my back with my favorite tree, watching the sunset over the dark Veiled Sea. I live in Feathermoon Stronghold, and the spot is just a short flight from there. I went there every day on my own to watch the sunset and think. It helps me maintain a calmness, to clear my thoughts and settle myself. My companion - my griffon - was off hunting. He knew the routine well.

I heard the noise before I saw its maker - scuffling footfalls on the near-dry grass. Thinking it to be an animal, I turned towards the noise. I was surprised to see an orc walking slowly down the slope of one of the nearby hills. I remember the way fear clawed its way up my throat and my hand automatically went for my sword - a sword that wasn’t there. I never brought it with me, preferring to bring a small hunting dagger. All of my armor was back in Feathermoon.

He saw my reaction and held his hands up in a submissive pose to try and ease my worry. He spoke to me in common, telling me that he’d found me on accident and he wouldn’t hurt me.

I’ve never known the orc who didn’t want to murder every night elf he saw, but while my sentinel mother gave me an overly-large supply of caution, my father raised me to have an open mind. My warrior’s brain quickly took in the details about the man.

No weapon, like myself, no armor either. Just leather breeches, a linen shirt, and leather boots. He didn’t look like other orcs, either. He stood tall, not stooped, missing the characteristic orcish slouch. He was taller, too, with much smaller teeth. Almost non-existent actually, giving him a distinctly softer look. Unlike other orcs I’d seen, he grew his hair long, twisting the rough black locks into dreads that reached past his shoulders. If he had the heavy brow bone, it was obscured. Everything else about him was orcish; heavy, muscled arms and legs, a big barrel chest, wide shoulders, big hands, and grass-green skin.

A mixed breed, then. Probably an outcast. Clearly in contact with the alliance often if he knew common, and without any weapons. I relaxed a measure and nodded at him, turning back to my sunset. He sat nearby, watching without speaking. At least he knew to be quiet.

But I was too thrown off to stay, so I called my griffon back sooner than normal and left him on the shore.

The next day I returned, as usual. He came back as well, joining me on the grass. I was thrown, but not as much as the day before, and I stayed until my griffon returned from his hunt and the sun had set.

This continued, and every day I became a little more accustomed to him, and eventually relaxed with him there. We never spoke, we simply sat on the grass and watched the sun set over the deep sea. Eventually we’d sit under the same tree, comfortable in our mutual silence.

I started to look forward to that part of my day even more, and this strange, lone orc had become part of my ritual. I found myself caring if he was there, and attracted to the way he made me feel soothed and grounded. His even, heavy breathing calmed me even more than the sound of the sea.

We’d taken to sitting next to each other under the tree, arms lightly touching. I laid my head on his shoulder, and he said the first words since the day he’d arrived.

Looking down at me, his deep, quiet voice said, “My name is Corxanth. Many simply call me Xan.”

“I am Sybelais. You may call me Lai,” having exchanged names, we lapsed again into comfortable silence.
A new routine had established itself. Our evenings included physical contact, each night usually more involved than the next. My head on his shoulder became his arm around me, which became my sitting between his legs, wrapped in his arms. I don’t know when I became attracted to him, but eventually I started dressing provocatively on purpose. I wanted him to be attracted to me as well. And he was, I could often feel his physical reaction to my closeness, but he never tried to move our interactions beyond the most chaste of touches.

We talked more, too, often staying beyond the sunset, engaged in quiet conversation. Always so quiet and peaceful. I learned a great deal about him, including that his grandfather was a draenei, and that is how he came by his not-quite-orc characteristics. I shared as well, telling him about the long line of proud sentinel women that I came from.

And then, the day came that it all changed - for the better. We were laying in the grass, he on his back and me draped over him, at his side. One of my legs was firmly draped over his, against the inside of his thigh, and my head was ensconced on his chest. I drew patterns on his chest with my fingers, circling out from my body and returning.

I was feeling particularly bold that night, turned on more than I cared to admit. Many months of wanting this had pushed me to the limit of my patience, and I wanted more. My hands wandered, making broader designs on his chest, going further down towards his stomach. I traced the lines of his muscles, moving ever lower, to the hem of his shirt. I ran my palm back and forth along his waist, my fingers brushing the warm skin underneath it.

I allowed the heel of my hand to “accidentally” graze the bulge I could see in his pants, looking up to gauge his reaction. He simply watched me, a contented smile on his face, to see what I would do. His hand, which had been tracing shapes on my back, had stopped its roaming, settling on my hip, just touching the curve of my ass.

I grazed my hand lower across his hips, running it along the bulge in the front of his pants, and the organ below twitched. The lump got bigger as my hand made several passes across the area. I teased him, tracing the shape of him with my hand, letting my fingers dip between his thighs and back up to his hips, cupping him through his clothing. I could tell his cock was sizable, but without touching it, I couldn’t know how large.

I pulled the leather string that held his pants shut, undoing it as slowly as I could. I held eye contact with him, looking for any sign that I could stop. He must know where I was going with this, and he didn’t stop me. He simply watched me. Our relationship to this point had involved a lot of silent communication, and although all of his body language was giving me the go-ahead, I wished he’d say something.

Well, as my father said, ‘if wishes were horses, beggars would ride’. I spoke up, “Is this ok?”

He gave me a laughing sort of grin that I hadn’t seen on his face before, “Ok is a less positive word than I would use but, yes, you may touch me, but only if I can return the favor later.”

I smiled at the thought of his hands on me. That he was a member of the horde, and an orc, was far from my mind. He wasn’t my enemy, he was Xan, “You’ll get a turn.”

We stopped talking. Our silence was still comfortable, but charged with a delicious sort of electricity. I wanted him. I wanted him badly, and all of my months of imagining it were playing out.

I pulled the rest of the string from his breeches, and pushed them down some, the tip of his cock poking out. I pushed my hand under the leather, wiggling it to make room, and then wrapping my
fingers around him. I couldn’t touch them together, he was so thick. I gasped at the size, looking up at him. He had some color in his cheeks, and he looked away.

“Are you ashamed?,” I asked, confused, “I didn’t think that a large manhood was a point of shame among your people.”

“It’s not. I’m not ashamed just,” he hesitated, searching for words in a language that wasn’t his native one, “I am worried that you’ll find me unacceptably large and leave. I’m looking away to soften the blow.”

“I have waited too long to leave right when I am going to get what I want. We will make it work.”

“I’m very glad to hear you say that,” he replied, giving me a toothy grin.

“But, I do think I’d like to see more of you,” I sat up, and he did the same. Before I could say more, he raised his hand to the back of my head, and directed my mouth to his. It wasn’t like kissing a night elf - I suspected nothing about this encounter would be like a night elf - and it was surprisingly easy to navigate the large canines. Beyond that, it made rivulets of warmth flow through me, settling in my belly, making my pussy clench and drip.

When he finished with my mouth, he let me go, and pulled his shirt over his head, “The rest?”

I nodded, “All of it.”

He yanked off his boots, tossing them on the grass, and his breeches followed. He laid back down on the grass, his arms behind his head, and his gaze confident. I remember how it thrilled me to see the whole of him naked and laid out in front of me.

I wrapped my hand around him again as best I could, and his cock jumped against my palm. It wasn’t especially long, although it definitely was long enough, but I couldn’t get over how thick it was. From its fat head it widened to a dizzyingly thick base. I was both intimidated and excited at the idea of having it inside of me.

I slid my hand up and down it, watching the foreskin roll on and off of the head. Elune, but he was hard. Most of the time my well of patience is deep, but this was not one of those times. It didn’t take long before I shucked off my clothes and straddled him. The look on his face was one I’d wanted to see on someone’s face my entire life. Pure awe, joy at being with me.

I shed my clothing too, once I was on top of him. His body as a whole felt so different between my thighs than the men I’d been with. Thicker and more substantial, filling all the space between my spread thighs. I wasn’t so much kneeling as I was resting on his hips with my knees bent. The heft of his body was comforting, and it seemed to fit mine. I thought to myself, so far - so good.

I lowered myself to him, at first sliding all that thickness between my wet pussy lips. Partially to tease us both into further readiness, but also to spread my wetness on him. He rested his hands on my thighs, watching me, letting me control everything. Given the enormous size of his cock, this is the only way it could work between us if he didn’t want to hurt me - and he didn’t.

I notched him against my opening, pressing down. I felt him start to penetrate me, and although he was tapered, no part of him was small. I took as much of him as I could without pain and stopped, wriggling to let my body adjust. I backed off, spreading my wetness, and pressed down again. Each time I got a little more of him inside me. It took some time, but eventually, I accommodated him. He was fully sheathed in me, our bodies touching.

I tilted my head back, closing my eyes, resting against him. I couldn’t believe I’d managed to take
him in, but I had, and I could feel every inch of his thick, hard cock inside me. I felt his hands come up and cup my breasts, rubbing my nipples to hard peaks. I opened my eyes, looking down at him, and covered his hands with my own. I started to move, to rock and grind on top of him, sliding him in and out.

It felt good, amazing, but I didn’t like being on top, and I surely couldn’t come that way. I leaned down, changing my angle, and tugged him to the side so he’d get the idea that I wanted him to roll me over. He did, and I found myself on my back. He hooked my legs behind my knees, pushing them apart and up.

He slid out of me, and plunged back in, setting a gentle, deep rhythm. We both watched his cock spread my pussy as it covered him over and over. He picked up the speed of his thrusts in response to my moans and the rocking of my hips. We both were getting close, and I begged him not to stop.

He let go of my legs, dropping lower so he could kiss me while he claimed my dripping, aching pussy. I wrapped my legs around his waist while he fucked me with fast, deep strokes. I was writhing against him, I couldn’t get enough. My nails dug half moons in his ass as I arched against him and his surging cock.

When I came, I came so hard that I saw stars. My pussy clamped down around him, and I moaned his name. He pushed hard inside me, and I felt his cock jump as he filled me with spurt after spurt of his hot cum. He must have been waiting for me to finish before he followed me over the edge. We rested, breathing hard, while he cradled me and laid gentle kisses against my face.

It wasn’t until we heard the wings of my gryffin that I realized what time it was, so we dressed in companionable silence. It wrapped around us like a gentle cocoon, preserving the closeness of our lovemaking. Before we parted, he told me where he lived, and invited me to visit.

I went home, our encounter on my mind, and his seed making my thighs sticky and uncomfortable. Gods, but there was a lot of it slowly leaking out of me. I kept him in my mind, thinking about him, reeling with the possibilities. I missed him already, and touching myself in the bath did nothing to relieve the sexual tension that curled in my belly.

I made it all of an hour before I hopped on my gryffin and went straight to his cottage, landing and sending her away for the night. I knocked on his door, standing nervously on the stoop.

As soon as he opened the door I threw myself into his arms. He caught me with one arm, and while he used the other to shut the door, I devoured his mouth. Our first time had been too gentle for my normal tastes, but it was ok. We’d been testing the boundaries, and how was he to know? This time I poured all my passion into the kiss, clawing fruitlessly at his clothes.

He caught my fervor, grabbing me and roughly turning me around. He bent me over a table nearby. He leaned over, told me to say something if it became too much, and stood back up.

He held my wrists in one of his big hands, and yanked down my underwear with the other. I yelped as I felt his palm smack my ass, jumping. It didn’t hurt, not really, but I was surprised by it. He did it again, and this time I moaned. He smacked the other side, and added a few quick staccato blows to watch my ass jiggle - or so he told me when I asked later.

I was slick and dripping, waiting to see what he’d do to me. I felt one of his fingers slide inside me, immediately joined by a second. He hooked them, rubbing my g-spot roughly, my pussy making squishing noises. I groaned aloud, grinding my hips against the table that held me up.

I’d never g-spot come before, but there’s a first time for everything. My body convulsed around his
fingers as I came, and I felt gouts of hot fluid spurt out of me. He shoved my ruined pants down a little further, and I felt the head of his cock nudging my opening. I moaned my assent, and he slid himself into me. This time he fit easily, as I as still a little stretched from before and he’d made me come first.

When he stuffed himself into me, he let go of my arms to hold my hips, and they flailed out. Something crashed to the ground before I found an edge to hold onto. He grabbed my hips, getting a firm hold, and pulled out, then slammed back into me.

My brain screamed yes! As loud as it could. This is what I wanted - to be held down and taken by a partner who cared enough about me to give me what I needed. He wasn’t afraid of breaking me, he fucked me with reckless abandon. His huge, thick cock made slurping and squishing noises as it surged in my pussy, and he grunted above me. I held onto the table and tried not to come too fast.

He rode me hard that night, and I loved every second. I came countless times while laying on that table, turning the floor slippery with my juices. My thighs, ass, and even some of my lower back were covered in my own cum - it got everywhere. I had no idea I was even capable of coming like that, but he did things to my pussy that I’d never felt before.

Finally, he couldn’t hold off anymore and he buried himself inside me and painted my walls with spurts of cum until it dripped out of me. He held himself in place while his cock twitched inside me, because neither of us were really up to moving yet. I lay against the table, breathing hard, my pussy full of his cum - and I still felt myself spasm at the thought of doing it again.

He carried me to bed that night. He undressed me fully and gently cleaned me with a washcloth, curled up at my back, and wrapped himself around me under the blanket. This, too, I appreciated. The way he could be so rough with me, fucking me raw over a table, and then gently hold me to him in bed, was attractive to me. I needed that duality in a lover. I thought about that to fall asleep, instead of thinking about sex with him.
A Day is too Long

Chapter Summary

After her encounter with Xan, Lai returns home. She sees Xan again that night, and they continue their relationship until war threatens.

When I woke the next morning, his body heavy and warm next to me, I was tempted to indulge again. But I remember the soreness - I went to relieve myself and figured out quickly that I was going to need to see a healer pronto or wait a couple of days before seeing him again. The healer would be the most likely option, all the sentinels were healed at the beginning of our shifts in order to ensure we were at the top of our game.

I said my goodbyes that morning, dressing before calling my gryffin and returning home. It wasn’t particularly unusual that I’d been gone all night, and no one marked it. I got my healing before my shift, and the ache in my pussy was relieved. I remember how much I thought of him, it was distracting. I was on patrol that day, and I stopped more than once to masturbate to the thought of him. Luckily he wasn’t there to make me g-spot come, and my clothing stayed mostly dry.

After I finished with my patrol, I changed my clothing and went towards our spot. As I approached, I could see him waiting, standing by the tree. He was completely naked.

Elune, but he was beautiful.

As soon as I jumped off my gryffin and got close enough, he pulled me into his arms, pushing me up against the tree, and claiming my mouth. His fingers easily found a way under the hem of the short, tight, revealing dress I’d worn for him. They met no resistance before plunging through the slick folds of my pussy and deep inside me.

He hooked them, catching my g-spot, furiously rubbing it with deep strokes. Letting go of my mouth he mumbled, “I was thinking of your sweet pussy all day.”

“I made myself come four times while I was on patrol today, thinking of you.”

“And now you will come a fifth,” he replied, watching my reactions. My breath was coming harder, my hips swirling, arching towards him, trying to get his fingers deeper. His thumb joined his other fingers, rubbing my clit while he massaged my inner walls. His hand must be covered in my juices, judging by the noises coming from between my legs.

I knew then, in that instant, that moment of helplessness, that I felt more for him than I’d believed. Rather than scare me, though, the warmth that surged through my heart pushed me over the edge. I came, raining spurts of hot liquids onto both of us. The sounds I made were almost not of this world.

“Please,” I begged, nonsensical with lust. My pussy was hot and throbbing, pulsing around the hand that had just made me come, my body electric and tense with the need to come harder. I needed his cock, and needed to scream his name, “Please fuck me. I need you inside me, oh gods, please fuck me Zan!”

I probably babbled other words too, as he tugged my dress off and over my head, tossing it onto the
grass next to us. He rubbed the fat, hot head between my pussy lips, teasing me until I was almost crying with need. Then he grabbed my thighs, easily lifting me, and guided me onto his shaft. He lowered me, savoring the feel of my body parting for him. The size of him made a sweet, burning ache inside me as he filled me.

This time, it was relief that almost brought tears to my eyes. I was so full of him, his cock touched every inch of the inside of my pussy, and even when he didn’t move, I could feel the girth of him. It turned me on more than I am capable of conveying. It is quite the thing, to be stretched so wide by a man’s cock.

He held me in place, braced against the tree, burying himself deep inside me over and over again. Our bodies smacked together hard while our mouths were welded to each other. I clung to him, holding on for all I was worth, while he claimed my dripping pussy. He fucked me hard, and I was moaning, begging, and saying all manner of things that now escape me.

When I came, I came hard, clamping down around the cock that still moved inside me. My cum gushed out of me in thick spurts, drenching us. Then he let me down, commanding me to drop to my hands and knees in the soft grass. I eagerly obeyed, leaning forward with my forehead touching my hands on the grass. I presented my pussy to him, to use as he wished.

He split my pussy open again, forcing it to accommodate his huge girth once more, although it didn’t hurt. He’d already been inside me today, and it would take some time before his entrance would cause me any pain again.

Before he started thrusting, I felt his rough palm running over the ample globe of one half of my ass. I was nearly praying that he’d spank me again, as he had the previous night, only with more force. I pushed against him and his hand, a silent clue to my desire.

I don’t know if he’d intended it, or if he took my hint, but his hand left my ass, and a second later it landed with a hard, stinging blow. My pussy tightened around him, and I cried out.

A second blow landed on the other side, and I screamed, “Yes!”

He pulled out of me, and then smacked me again in time with his cock entering me. I moaned my appreciation of this new move. He continued in this manner, smacking one side of my ass or the other in time with a deep, hard thrust. He filled me, root to tip, rocking my body against the ground. My ass got warm, and I’m sure it was a pretty cherry color. I shook with the need to come, and when the next blow and thrust landed, I screamed, and came for him. My cum drenched the ground below us.

He gave me a second to rest, his cock still buried inside me. Then his hand went to my hair, and he balled it up in his fist. He used it to pull me up to my knees, my back firm against his front. His hand went to my clit, massaging it in slow circles.

“That is the wettest I have ever felt you,” he growled against my ear, his fingers working the hard nub that was nestled in my slick folds, cock still inside me. I struggled not to move. It didn’t hurt now, but it would if I pulled away or tried to writhe, “It seems you like a bit of pain with your pleasure.”

“Yes,” I panted, body rushing towards another orgasm. He had me so primed and sensitive that it wouldn’t take much, “Especially the manner in which you were doing it.”

His hand tightened in my hair, just a little, causing my neck to arch. He licked up the side of that smooth column, before nibbling on my earlobe, “Are you going to come again for me, little elf?”
“Yes,” I wasn’t playing to his imagination, his fingers on my clit had me at the brink. I was ready to tumble over. I grabbed my own breasts, teasing and pinching my aching hard nipples.

“Fuck, that’s hot,” he said, watching me fondle myself, my hips trying hard to roll against his hand without causing any more tension where he held my hair. I was breathing hard, and shaking again. Then, his fingers found the exact spot I needed.

“There! Please, don’t stop that!,” I breathed. He repeated the motions, and after a couple of seconds I came again. I didn’t squirt, but my pussy clamped down hard around him.

He let me drop forward again, head down and ass up. My head turned to the side, my green hair a tangled mess that was splayed on the grass. He pushed me down and straddled my legs, changing our angle so his cock rubbed hard across my g-spot. He leaned forward, grabbing my wrists and holding me down while he fucked me.

He started slow, but quickly upped his speed. His body smacked against mine while I was held nearly immobile under him. I reveled in the loss of control, slave to the cock inside me and the man who wielded it. In those moments, my body and my pussy didn’t seem to belong to me anymore. He surged inside me, driving me closer and closer.

I was whimpering and moaning, making all sorts of indescribable noises. Oh came for him again. Oh, Elune, did I come for him again. I felt the hot spurts between my thighs as the pleasure electrified my body. Then, moments later, I felt his cock jump inside me, as he filled me with his thick, hot cum. I loved when he came inside me, and the thought of being filled with all that cum made my pussy pulse with the aftershocks of my orgasm.

He collapsed on top of me, his body a warm, comforting weight. His cock staying inside me and not softening an iota. He was breathing hard though, clearly resting.

“Have I worn you out?,” I teased.

“Hardly. I came so hard I needed a few to recover.”

“Your body seems to disagree. You still feel hard.”

“I am. Just you wait, I won’t leave you wanting,” I wiggled my hips against him and we both laughed softly. He peppered my shoulders and ears with soft kisses while he stayed buried inside me.

We went three rounds that evening before we went back to his home, where we spent the night. I have many, many memories like this from the past few months, and they all flashed through my mind seemingly at once in this instant.

The instant when I saw two of my sisters dragging him into town in shackles.
Xan and Lai deal with the fallout from the events of the previous chapter. There's lots of plot here, so uh...if you're just looking for the sex it's towards the end of the chapter.

All of the blood immediately rushed to my face, my heart pounding in my ears. I forced myself to remain calm, even though my heart leapt into my throat when I our eyes met. Maybe I could vouch for him, and they’d let him out soon. I just had to stay calm and not overreact. My eyes followed them as they walked down the path.

The path towards the small boats we kept tethered near the lake’s edge.

That path led to the ruins of the old feathermoon, where we dwelt before Deathwing destroyed it. We still had some sisters fighting to reclaim it, but the naga largely ruled it now.

That was the place we took prisoners we intended to kill. All of my resolutions to remain calm flew out the window, and I sprinted after them. My feet pounded on the stones kicking up small pebbles as my long stride ate the ground between myself and the party. I reached them just as they were coming to the boats, skidding to a stop in the soft dirt between them and the boats, the lake lapping at my heels.

“Stop!,” I shouted. Then lowering my voice some, “Stop. Why is this prisoner being taken for death instead of trial or jail?”

“Because he attacked Shayla! He snuck up from behind and grabbed her!,” the guard, a woman named Leithaniel, answered.

Shayla was one of my sisters in arms, but she was also my cousin. We both carried our family’s shade of moss-green hair. We were of almost the same height and build from behind, although I was much more well endowed than she and had a much healthier ass. We also looked different and had different markings. But with our hair bound in a braid and wearing the sentinel uniform? We’d look almost exactly the same from behind. It was instantly clear to me what had happened, and one look at Xan’s deeply apologetic face confirmed it.

“He didn’t attack you, sister,” I said to Shayla. She frowned at me. I saw the train coming for me, barreling down the tracks, and I could not get away.

“How do you know?,” she asked, confusion and doubt lacing her voice.

Any answer I gave to that question revealed our affair. And any relationship of this kind with a member of the horde was grounds for immediate dismissal from the sentinels, if not complete banishment from the night elves. Was it worth it? Was he worth it? Would he even take me if I left them? I weighed the two in the precious seconds I had left.

I could live without the sisterhood. I could live without Darnassus. But the thought of continuing without Zan sent a pain so acute through me that I knew I’d give up everything to stay with him. I could not imagine my life without his quiet, steady presence. I met his gaze, and it must have been
written across my face. My fears, my worries, my questions about my place in his life. Did he realize
what I was about to do?

He gave me a small, almost imperceptible nod, and relief coursed through me. I turned my gaze
back to my cousin, “Because he believed you were me. From behind, we look almost identical.”

“But why would he...,” she trailed off and confusion turned to understanding as the implication
dawned on her. She took a half a step back from sheer instinctive revulsion, “Your evening flights.
That’s what you were doing? When you started dressing like a slut, I thought you’d found another
night elf to be with. I was happy you’d finally found someone! But no, it’s this piece of filth! And
he put his hands on me thinking I was you! You pathetic greenskin lover! Horde fucker!”

She continued to curse at me in Darnassian, and I was too upset to do much other than let her. She
was right, I was all of those things, and I didn’t care. I loved him, deeply and completely, and I was
going to fight for him. She could call me all the names she wanted, and it would be no difference in
the end. I stepped over to Zan, standing in front of him. I felt all the more sure when I had him
standing at my back.

Her upset caught the attention of anyone nearby, and the attention of our commander, Shandris. The
crowd parted for her, and she frowned at the scene, saying, “What is going on?”

I spoke before Shayla could, “Commander, I have been carrying on a romantic relationship with this
man, which caused him to mistake Shayla for myself when she happened across him. He attempted
to embrace her, and she thought it was an attack, and so she has brought him here for execution. But
he did not attack her, and so I ask for clemency. And, because I know the consequences of our
relationship coming to light, I also wish to claim him as my Alor’da.”

“How do you know he was not just using you for information and...other things!?,” Shayla growled.

“He never once asked me! Not about here, not about Darnassus, none of it! He’s a merchant, nothing
more;,” to me, he was a great deal more, but as a threat to my people, he was nothing.

Shandris turned to him and said, “Is this true? Are you a merchant?”

“Yes, my lady. Only some of my time is spent in Ferelas. Although lately, I’ve been here much
more.”

“And was your assault on Shayla a case of mistaken identity?”

“Yes, I had not seen her face, and believed her to be Lai,” I felt relief that he used my nickname.
Only those close to me even knew it, “Your soldiers and I met at my home. Shayla was standing by
the fence as I came out of the woods behind her.”

“Is that how it happened?, this time, addressed to Shayla. She scowled, but nodded. Shandris
turned back to Xan, “Why do you look so much different than other orcs? You’re taller, and you
stand straight. Your teeth are smaller, too.”

“Because I am one quarter draenei, my lady. My father’s mother, and she still lives. I visit the
Exodar on occasion to see her. I can provide you with my entry documents, if you wish.”

Shandris waved her hand, thoughtful, “No, no. One quarter draenei. One quarter alliance, one
quarter one of us. I will spare your life. And, because he is only three quarters horde, I will only
mete out three quarters of the punishment to you, Lai. I, Shandris Feathermoon, captain of the guard
and leader of Feathermoon Stronghold do hereby strip you of your rank of sentinel and command
you to leave Feathermoon. Although the punishment for consorting with the enemy is normally exile or death, this particular enemy has legitimate alliance ties and is likely not a threat. You may continue to freely access all alliance cities and towns. Save this one. You have until nightrise to gather your things and leave. The prisoner will remain in our custody until he is remanded to yours.”

It stung, my heart ached for all I was losing. I felt hollow and empty, because surely my cousin would also tell my parents. Xan seemed to sense it, laying a hand on my shoulder and gently squeezing. One by one, the sentinels turned their backs on me, symbolically ostracizing me. My cousin was last, sadly shaking her head. We’d never been particularly close, but she was family, and it stung.

“I’ll be back soon and we can leave,” I turned and hurried towards my quarters, changing from my uniform into a pair of breeches and a simple shirt. I jammed my clothing and items into the large bag that I’d brought them in, and strapped my personal weapons to my sword belt. Only the unique three-bladed glaive of the sentinels was left behind, with the armor.

Luckily my gryffon was personal property as well, purchased from a vendor in Stormwind. I only flew hippogriffs in battle, preferring to eschew flight paths. So I went down into the courtyard, collected Xan, and called my gryffin. We climbed onto her back, and we flew away without so much as a goodbye. My shoulders shook with silent cries as we glided towards Xan’s home. She didn’t need me to guide her there, she’d been there plenty of times herself. Xan held me close while we flew, his strength crossing through the silence to me.

It was almost dark when we reached his home. When we landed, I removed her tack, hanging it in Xan’s stable. He didn’t have a horse at the moment, and he said that she could use it for shelter if she needed. She seemed confused at first, because normally I sent her back to her home in the sentinel’s stables, but some words from me and she bedded down for the night.

Xan stood in the yard outside, my bag slung over his shoulder, waiting for me. I came in close, he draped an arm over my shoulders, and we headed into his - no, our - home. He place my bag next to the door, laying it down gently. I left him, dropping into one of the chairs in the area he dined in. The home was much like the human ones, lacking the rough orcish style. It was fairly small, too. The biggest item in the room was the huge stone fireplace that served to heat the home and as an oven. The table was near that, with the bed furthest from it, near the door.

I didn’t want to denigrate his home - it was cozy and cute and he went out of his way to make it comfortable - but it wasn’t where I pictured myself living out my days. I’m a fighter, not a farmer. What will I do now? I stared at the floor, not crying anymore, but my skin still itched from the salt.

“I don’t suppose you need a guard to escort you when you travel, do you?,” I said with a sarcastic laugh. I heard rustling and then he came into my field of vision. He knelt in front of me, taking my hands in his, and proceeded to string together more words than I’d ever heard him use in one go.

“I did not let you make this sacrifice so that you could provide me with an armed escort. I was complicit because I love you, and I know that had the situation been reversed, I would have made the same choice. Never doubt that. I’d give up all that I have and everyone I know if it would save your life. Doubly so if it meant we are together.”

I gave him as much of a smile as I could manage through my shell-shock, and he smiled back. He kissed me and stood, walking towards the kitchen area.

“Are you hungry?”

My stomach felt concave I was so hungry, “Yes.”
“Good. Because I happen to be a fine cook,” he started gathering ingredients for gods know what, and we shared a moment of calm silence. My emotions were much less of a storm than they’d been a few minutes ago, “And, as it so happens, this is not my home.”

“I--what?”

“This is a hunting cabin. I come here when I need some peace and quiet,” I smirked at him, and he smirked back. Or activities were anything but quiet, “I’ve only been here so long because you’re here.”

“I suppose on reflection it is silly for a merchant to live in the middle of nowhere. Where do you really live?”

“Dalaran.”

“The mage city?, I’d heard of it, but never had opportunity to go.

“Yes. More importantly, a neutral city. We can live anywhere you’d like to live, save Darnassus because I doubt that either of us would be comfortable there given today’s events, but I think Dalaran’s mixed nature might prove more accepting of our relationship. Besides, it’s beautiful. And less, ah, green.”

I giggled at his last statement about the perpetual green mist that covered the whole of Ferelas, “Dalaran sounds lovely.”

The small cabin was starting to smell like whatever was crackling in his pan, and I leaned back in the chair, inhaling the smell. He cooked, and we made small talk about Dalaran. It felt like we were already slipping into a comfortable routine. I could picture myself doing this for a long time. We ate in companionable silence, after which I cleaned the dishes and he tended the fire, banking it for the night. Ferelas was a warm place to begin with, and if he’d left the fire roaring all night it would have gotten unbearably hot.

We decided to go to bed, and I went to my pack with the intention of finding sleeping clothes. Then I remembered who I was with and decided naked was the way to go. I turned to find him on only his breaches brushing his teeth. I was already distracted with watching the muscles in his back move.

We went about our nightly absolutions, and by now it was long past dark. He finished before me and walked around the room blowing out the candles. He stripped off his pants and burrowed under the covers on his side of the bed. I stripped and got under the covers, where he drew me tight against his body.

The need that I always felt when naked around him reared its head. Our mouths came together in a series of kisses and tastes that escalated in passion every time. My body was plastered to his, my ass cupped firmly in his hand. I writhed against him, rubbing myself against his swollen cock.

He rolled me onto my back, laying between my spread legs. He kept the blankets on us, making a cocoon of warmth and safety. I looked up at him, into his beautiful blue eyes, before pulling him back to me to claim his mouth again. I could feel his cock nudging my opening, and he use a hand to slot himself against me correctly.

He looked down at me, alternating between eye contact and gentle kisses on my face while he sunk into me. I was wet and ready, but he went slowly. I’d been healed since we’d been together last, and I hadn’t come. He was as gentle as he could be, connecting us to each other.

It took a few minutes, but he sunk into me to the hilt, staying still for a moment to allow me to adjust.
Then he rocked his hips, sliding out, before sinking back in. He used only his hips, rocking them up and down, to pump in and out of me, watching my reactions. My nails dug half moons in his ass as I pulled him closer, wanting him deeper. By the gods, he felt good.

We kept eye contact while he slid in and out of me, until I was no longer able to do so. He’d been fucking me for awhile, pushing me closer and closer. And it was working - I was close, so close.

“I--,” I gasped at a particularly deep thrust, “I’m gonna come baby. Oh Elune, I love you, you feel so good. Oh...oh, fuck!”

He said nothing in return, simply keeping his pace. When it hit me, I muffled my wail against his shoulder, clinging while his cock kept surging inside me. It was a different kind of orgasm, not as intense as a g-spot or clit orgasm, but nice nonetheless. A few fast pumps later, and he buried himself deep, groaning as he released inside me.

When his cock stopped twitching he pulled out of me, and slid off me. He laid on his back, pulling me close. I nestled my head against my shoulder, draped my arm across his chest, and fell asleep on top of him. I felt content and, for the first time in my life, free.
Chapter Summary

After being kicked out of the sentinels, Lai needs to decide what to do with her life. As time passes, the walls of the idyllic hunting lodge in Ferelas close in and they make a change for the better.

It took precisely one week before I was climbing the walls for want of something to do. Our previously comfortable silence was becoming avoidant silence, when we did talk we bickered, and for the two days before we left we hadn’t had sex at all. So when I woke up in the morning, exactly a week later, he quietly proposed that it might be time to head to the city.

I readily agreed. In truth, I’d never liked being assigned to Feralas, and now that I wasn’t tied to the Sentinels anymore, I no longer needed to stay in this weird green place. I was itching to get out and see at least some of the world, and there was a lot of ground to cover between here and there.

Luckily, we weren’t taking much. Just my bag and a bag of his, and we were off. Because we traveled light, we were able to ride my gryffin. That made the longest part of the trip the boat ride. Due to Xan’s partial draenei heritage, he was allowed to ride the alliance controlled boats; whereas I would be killed on sight if I attempted to get on a horde controlled zeppelin. That made Theremore the closest option. As usual, I avoided looking at the glowing crater as we flew over. It just made me sad.

We boarded on the docks with a few other wayward souls, and were given our own room. Unfortunately, said room only included hammocks and not a bed.

Like many Kaldorei, I have a hard time keeping a diurnal sleeping schedule. Combine that with a hammock and a boat? There was no way I was going to sleep. I waited until Xan’s breathing was even, and headed upstairs in my night clothes.

As soon as I stepped above deck I knew I’d made the right choice. The night was clear, with the moon bright in the clear sky. It was the kind of night my people lived for - warm, balmy air streamed over the ship as it moved forward through black waters. I stood by the balcony, leaning over and watching the ship cut through the waves. I was almost sad that the voyage between continents only took a day. The tales said that many years ago it had taken much longer, but with the enchanted boats the alliance used, it made short work of the trip.

I heard his footsteps before he came up behind me, and so when Xan wrapped his strong arms around my waist and pulled me close, I wasn’t surprised. He curved his body to mine, and I tilted my head back to lay on his shoulder.

“Thank you for leaving Feralas,” I say, keeping my voice quiet. There doesn’t seem to be any crew around, but you never know.

“I fear we may have killed each other had we stayed,” I can hear the smile in his voice that lets me know he’s teasing me. I blush anyway.

“I know, I can be difficult when I have nothing to do. I must keep busy.”
“Duly noted,” we stand against the railing in silence for a few moments, and then he nudges his face against my neck, dropping small sucking nips. He speaks low and quiet near my ear, “I am so hard for you right now.”

I push my hips against his crotch, rubbing my ass against the bulge I feel there, “so I see.”

“I’d like nothing more than to push up this night shirt you’re wearing, and slide into you.”

I exhaled slowly, my pussy starting to drip at the thought. Two whole days without his cock was two days too many. I take one of his hands and move it so it’s cupping my breast. He gets the idea, massaging and pinching my hard nipple through the thin fabric.

“Yes,” I breath, only somewhat knowing what I am consenting to. I’ve never had sex in public before. My night clothes are little more than a long, loose shirt, and he pushes that up around my waist. He caresses my ass with the hand that isn’t still expertly working my breasts.

“You have the most perfect ass,” I’m wearing underwear, a pair of bikini panties, but they won’t be much of a hindrance. A few quick movements and they’re down around my ankles. He lets go of my breast, “Lean forward a little.”

I do as he asks, and I feel him rustling around behind me, and then I feel his cockhead pushing gently at my dripping opening, “Be careful. It’s been two days, I’m probably really tight.”

“Would you think ill of me if I said I love that?”

I laugh quietly, “No. I’m just not in the mood for a lot of pain.”

“Noted.” He rubs himself around in the slick fluids dripping out of me, coating himself in my wetness before I feel him pressing against my opening again. He pushes gently, easing the head into me and giving me time to adjust. The head isn’t the difficult part, it’s the thick shaft that is capable of causing pain. So he goes slow, pulling back when he needs to, and pushing deeper.

It’s agonizingly frustrating, and about two thirds of the way through I say, “Oh, fuck, baby, I can’t wait. Just push inside me.”

He doesn’t question my decision, just does as I’ve asked, burying himself deep. I clamp my hands over my mouth, covering my moan. Goddess but he feels good. I’d forgotten how good it felt to be this full, this stretched.

“Fuck me baby,” I whisper to him, “fuck me so hard that I come until my legs give out, and I squirt all over us. Then I want you to bury yourself deep inside me and fill me with your hot cum.”

One thing about having a strong partner is that I don’t normally have to exert a lot of the physical effort. He easily held me standing while he fucked me hard from behind. He was in the perfect position to rub right over my g-spot, and I took every advantage of that. By the time he was done with me, I came so hard I saw stars. The drool from my pussy rained down my legs to the deck below, splattering it with my pleasure. Three times he did that before he pushed deep, painting the walls inside of me with his cum.

And then, when we were finished, and my legs threatened to give out, he picked me up and carried me to our room. We might have separate hammocks, but that night I slept on his chest, draped across him like a blanket. I hadn’t slept that well in days.

It also put me in the perfect position in the morning to take advantage of his morning hard-on. I rode us both to orgasm, and I was so proud of myself. I was finally learning how to ride a man in a way
that felt good for both of us. By the time we were done, I could feel the boat slowing as it pulled into the harbor. We had arrived in Stormwind.
Chapter Summary

This chapter actually has quite a bit of plot, so if all you're after is the smut, it's at the end. That said, in this chapter Xan and Lai traverse Stormwind en route to their final destination - Xan's business and home in Dalaran. The plot in this section is set up for the plot in the next chapter and honestly this might become more like 75/25 plot:porn ratio. There will always be porn though. Oh, and there's some new art in this chapter. This chapter is the one that includes the "light bondage" that I tagged. It's just her hands being tied.

Chapter Notes

Like the other drawings I've put in chapters, this was drawn over top of a screenshot from a porn. I made quite a few modifications to the original image tho. And, unlike most of the other art I've included for shits and giggles, this one actually happens in the chapter.

Also, I had to stop playing WoW earlier this year because of money reasons, so forgive me if some of the details of SW and Dal are wrong - I was re-creating it from Googled screenies and my spotty memory (like I couldn't remember where the portal in SW dumped you out at specifically, so I just chose the spot by Krausas (sp?) landing where a mage portal puts you.).

I literally just wrote this today because someone subscribed to this story and I was feeling inspired. So you can compare this to the second chapter in Becoming the Sage of Something to see the difference...I have improved. :P
“It’s loud,” I complained, trailing behind Xan through the crowd on the dock.

“Yes,” he replied, distracted.

“It smells like fish and garbage and,” I inhaled again, “gunpowder.”

His eyes flicked down to me before returning to his search of the crowd, “You’re alliance. Have you never been to Stormwind before?”

“I haven’t even been to the Eastern Kingdoms before,” I was grouchy, and I really couldn’t have said why. I wasn’t angry with Xan, but I felt unsettled and nervous. We weren’t even at our final destination yet. Maybe it was knowing that getting do Dalaran required magic. I didn’t wholly trust magic. Or mages, for that matter.

“Then you have a lot of exciting things to discover.”

I wrinkled my nose as another odor hit it, sharp and foul, “Like human B.O.”

“At least it isn’t orc B.O.,” we stepped off the wooden section of the dock and onto the cobblestones, and I saw the source of the gunpowder smell. Along with the wagons stacked with trade goods, gnomish war machines belched smoke as they rumbled and vibrated on the ground. Tucked between them were huge ballistas, bolts the size of people nocked in place. I shuddered, not wanting to think about the damage they could do.
“Yeah, point. What are you looking for?”

“He,” he said, pointing. I followed and saw him pointing to an official-looking human talking to a human woman at the end of the next dock over. Xan headed over and I followed, “Marshall!”

The man looked up and a grin split his face. He finished his conversation with the woman and walked over to us, shaking Xan’s hand in greeting, “Xan! Long time no see, brother, I thought Ferelas had eaten you alive this time.”

“No quite. Almost, though,” I flashed quickly back to seeing him in chains. Eaten alive, indeed, “Marshall, this is my partner, Sybelais. Lai, this is Marshall, the portmaster for Stormwind.”

I lightly shook his hand. Humans smelled strange to me, and I didn’t need to be smelling it until I got the chance to wash my hands, “Nice to meet you.”

“Same,” he said, “So you staying for awhile, Xan?”

“No, just passing through. I need to stop at home before I get the next shipment ready. I should be back soon,” Xan dug some papers out of his pocket and handed them to Marshall.

He had a stamp hanging around his neck, and he pressed it to the stack of paper before handing it back to Xan, “Great. Look me up and we’ll get a drink.”

“I will. I owe you a round from last time.”

“I haven’t forgotten. I wasn’t going to say anything, but I haven’t forgotten,” his smile was crooked and teasing, an expression that fit him, “See ya later, big guy. Nice to meet you, Ma’am.”

“Same,” I replied, echoing his answer from earlier. Xan and I turned and left, heading for the staircase that led up to the next level. We walked up to the next level, and then to one of the huge curving staircases that bracketed the white stone wall with the ostentatious gold lion head.

Stormwind wasn’t to my taste so far, but even I could own that whomever had built this after the destruction of the previous docks had been extremely skilled.

Xan led me through the white-and-grey cobbled streets of the city, pointing out different sites. He explained how the roofs of the buildings were different colors in each district, and that the golden-brown ones to our left were the cathedral district. I didn’t fail to notice the looks people gave him, or the double takes as we passed. I wondered what it was like for him when he was alone. We followed the path around it to a footbridge, and then to another path around the dwarven district. I was happy to avoid that, the sound and smells coming from it were worse than the rest of the city so far.

As we turned a corner, the white stone towers and blue roof of the Stormwind keep soared overhead. I craned my neck, looking up as we got closer. We stopped at the gate, where the guards checked Xan’s entry papers again, and entered into the bailey. In front of us was a huge statue of our fallen leader, Varian Wrynn. He’d been a good leader, and news of his passing made me sad, but I wasn’t human and I hadn’t known him. It was a distant sort of sad.

We walked up the steps and into the keep before entering the first room on the left. There, among other things, were two mages channeling a portal. I’d only used a portal once before, and my stomach flipped nervously. Xan seemed to be able to tell how tense I was.

“Do you want to go first or second?,” he asked.

“I... second. If you go through then I know it’s safe;” it was a silly worry to have, especially given that I was moving to a magic floating city and would henceforth frequently be using portals, but I
couldn’t help it.

“Ok. See you on the other side,” he said, kissing me quickly before stepping up to the portal. He touched it, vanishing before my eyes. I swallowed, stepping up to it, trying to ignore the loud pulsing noise and the spinning mist of it. I closed my eyes and reached out with my hand.

A warm tingling passed over my skin, and in less than the space of a breath I heard amusement in Xan’s voice as he said, “You’re here. You can open your eyes.”

I opened one eye, and then the other, looking around. I stood in an open room, pillars in front of me and a flat white stone wall behind me. Above me was stained glass, glowing and lit from behind. This city didn’t smell like Stormwind. It smelled pleasant, like fresh leaves and flowers and grass. There was the soft hum of people coming and going as they passed by the room I was in. And, contrary to what I’d believed before coming here, I couldn’t even tell the city was magical.

“Where am I?,” I asked.

“Near the landing. If you went up those steps, you’d find the griffins and the landing. You ready to go?”

“Yes,” he held out his hand, and I took it, following him when he exited the building and turned right. I looked around at the city. Wide roads were paved in perfectly cut pinkish-colored cobbles, with stalls and shops along the boulevards. The buildings were all made of smooth, white stone with swirls of beaten gold, topped in domes of smooth lilac stone instead of peaked roofs. Tall, graceful spires stretched above the buildings, each taller than the last, and each crowned in a tall purple onion dome. Some had glowing teal crystals floating in lazy, sedate circles around them, whilst others had more swirls of gold. We passed carefully tended parks with detailed sculptures and strangely cut bushes. The glowing purple eye of the Kirin Tor decorated many surfaces, animated and pulsing rather than simply being painted. It had a peaceful, calm atmosphere, and I let that settle into me as the chatter and random bursts of laughter from denizens of the city washed over me.

“You look like you enjoy this more than Stormwind.”

“Much more,” I replied, “I would not be able to tolerate Stormwind in the long term.”

“It’s not always my favorite place either,” we turned down another street, this one clearly full of specialty shops. Giant, moving signs floated over the doors and advertised the contents. I saw a bubbling blue flask around a door, moving gears, a book with a quill over it, and several others. People milled around, talked to stall owners, and come in and out of the shops. I heard the metallic clang of a blacksmith’s hammer nearby. Xan led me to a smaller shop nestled between two of the larger buildings, and we entered.

Every surface was covered with orderly layers of bric-a-brac. Some of it glowed, some of it floated, and some of it just looked like hunks of boring rock or dried flowers. A long glass case ran along a door, moving gears, a book with a quill over it, and several others. People milled around, talked to stall owners, and come in and out of the shops. I heard the metallic clang of a blacksmith’s hammer nearby. Xan led me to a smaller shop nestled between two of the larger buildings, and we entered.

“Sh, Daisy,” said Xan. The growling stopped. He turned his gaze to the glass cabinet and yelled, “Ey! Milo! Wakeup!”

“WhaaaEEEep!,” I heard a high pitched voice yelp. Then I heard the sound of something being dragged along the floor, and a second later the head of a little gnome popped up over the edge of the counter. I couldn’t tell his age - a problem I had with most of the young species - but he was bald save for the tufts of white hair poking out behind his jug ears. A small set of glasses was perched on
an overly large nose, and they were not nearly big enough to cover the bright blue eyes that they were in front of. He looked sleepy, and then embarrassed as he realized who was addressing him, “Aaaye, boss. Welcome back! I see you had a successful hunt in Ferelas.”

There was something distinctly dirty about the way he was looking at me, but his size and gnomish features made it almost comical. I stared him down and said, “Well, you’re a little letch, aren’t you.”

“Aye, and he’s a big letch, whatzzittoya?”

“Milo, keep your wandering eyes to yourself,” Xan interjected before either of us could really get going, “This is Sybelais. Add her to the door when we go through. Anything I need to know?”

“Got a list of special orders for ya and we’re almost out of a few essentials. You’re gonna need to go out again soon.”

“Any more trouble from the goblins downstairs?”

“Nah, I paid someone to handle ‘em. I wouldn’t go wandering alone in the sewers anytime soon though. Oh, and that arsehole blood elf from the enclave was looking for you. Says it’s time to check in.”

“Alright, I’ll go see him later. Gold in the bank?”

“Last night.”

“K. We’re going upstairs, so I’ll leave you to it. Oh, and toss Brandy an extra couple pieces this week. Her kid’s birthday is coming up.”

“Will do, boss,” he hopped off the stool and was gone, although I could still hear him shuffling around behind the counter.

“We’re this way,” Xan said, turning to me and pointing his thumb at a door I’d missed at the back of the shop. I followed him through it into a dark room beyond, and there was a small voice in my brain that wondered what I’d gotten myself into. It wasn’t that I didn’t trust Xan, but it hit me that I hadn’t really known him that long, and I didn’t know that much about his life. What if he was a criminal?

It was also possible that I was overwhelmed by losing my family, my calling, and my home less than two weeks ago, before leaving anything and everything familiar to move to a magical floating city over the Broken Isles.

To-may-toe, to-mah-toe.

Xan closed the door behind us, and the lights flicked on to reveal a perfectly normal entryway. It was a small, circular room with walls of the same white stone as the rest of Dalaran, and a white cobblestone floor. In the far wall, there was an arched red door covered in gold filigree. There was no door handle, but when Xan stepped around me and moved closer to it, it swung open. Beyond was nothing but a shimmering surface that looked like water. Xan held his hand out to me.

“The first time, you have to go through with me. After that, you can come and go as you like.”

“Ok,” I took a breath and grabbed his hand, “It can’t be any worse than the portal that got us here.”

“It feels exactly the same,” he stepped through, and I followed, and the world around me changed. One moment I was in the entryway, and the next I was in a different entryway. This on was the
shape of a half-moon, with red stone floors that matched the same fire-engine red color of the door. It was behind us now, and in front of us was a normal wooden door. Xan let go of me and opened the it for us. It wasn’t even locked. I heard the red door swing shut behind us as I followed Xan into his home. He closed the entrance and dumped his bag nearby. I dropped mine next to it, figuring that if he was ok with dumping his crap by the door, then so was I, “This is it, this is my main home. Want the ten copper tour?”

“Yes,” I looked around the room we were in. It was a large circle, with purple-ish cobblestones on the floor under a huge, soft-looking circular violet rug. The rug had glowing orange and yellow designs on it, swirling patterns that seemed to slowly drift and swirl. To my right, a smooth slab of white stone curved away from the wall to form a bar top. I could see the golden stools on this side of it, with their puffed violet purple tops. On the other side of the bar there was a long counter with a sink, and shelves above it full of dishes. The kitchen, then.

There were couches and chairs to the left, round like the ones the blood elves preferred, in shades of violet and magenta, trimmed in gold. Deep blue sheer curtains were strung between delicate carved white stone pillars, creating the illusion of intimacy and separation of the spaces. The walls were the same white stone, but here there were pillars every ten feet or so, carved to resemble twisting vines. Between most of them were glowing yellow stained glass windows, but two of the alcoves towards the back of the room had doors in them, one of which was standing slightly ajar and cast a sliver of daylight into the room.

The pillars on the walls guided my gaze upwards, and I gasped aloud. We were in some kind of tower, and this room was simply the base of it. Up and up it stretched, ringed with shelves that went to the domed ceiling high above. The ceiling was an intricate stained glass sculpture, like the one I’d seen when I came through the portal to get to Dalaran, and it glowed with blue light. The shelves were stuffed full of books, mostly, but here and there I spotted curious objects.

“You get up there with the lift,” Xan’s voice startled me out of my astonished gaping at the library.

“The what, now?”

“The lift,” he pointed to a sturdy looking golden a-frame ladder with a large basket hanging off of it, “It flies.”

“How?”

“Magic. Well, the magic reads your thoughts about where you’d like it to go, and it takes you there. It only works in this room, though.”

“Oh. That’s...” I trailed off, not having a word for the curious mix of impressed and terrified that I felt at the thought of using that thing.

“Another change to get used to,” he had a soft smile on his face.

“Yes. I’m trying. It’s a beautiful city, I’m sure I’ll feel at home eventually. Show me the rest of your home,” He walked towards the two doors at the back of the room. My feet sank into the carpet as I walked on it; it was definitely as soft as it looked.

“Kitchen, living room,” he waved in the direction of each. He gestured at the closed door on the right, “bathroom, and bedroom.”

He pushed the door in front of him open the rest of the way and strode through. This room was less circular, and more oval. On the right, a large bed made up with purple linens and a thick purple
comforter was positioned between two nightstands. I realized with surprised that it was made of purple hart wood from Darnassus, and elven in design. Sheer purple fabric was draped from the canopy bars between the tall wooden bed posts. He hadn’t known me when he’d acquired it, but it made me smile to see it. Something from home in this strange place.

The sunlight I’d seen in the other room came from a set of large glass doors that led out onto a balcony. I went and opened them, stepping out. Warm air swirled around me. The balcony curved around the tower, and was scattered with comfortable looking chairs. I crossed the wide space and leaned against the gold railing, looking out. We were so high. I hadn’t been able to tell, really, that we were in a flying city until now. I knew it, but seeing the edge of the city below and the spread of the Broken Isles beyond drove it home for me. I wasn’t in Kalimdor anymore.

Xan came and stood behind me, sliding his arm around my waist. He stood in silence with me, his presence comforting me as it always did. It took a fair few minutes, but eventually, I leaned back against him.

“You are tense, still,” his voice vibrated through his chest, and I felt it as I heard it.

“Yes.”

“What will help?”

I thought on it a moment before answering, “Let’s play.”

I heard him swallow before replying, “Just to be clear--”

I took his hand guided it under my loose peasant top, pushing it to my breast. He groaned and cupped it, kneading it and circling his fingers around my nipple. “Yes, I do mean that kind of play.”

I wanted my brain to turn off. I wanted to be out of my head. It would relax me, let me accept. His other hand joined the first, a hand on each breasts, and I relaxed against him while he played, teasing my nipples. Their sensitivity sent shivers of pleasure to my clit, making me squeeze my thighs together and arch my ass against his crotch. Being exposed on the balcony added an extra element, and the thrill of it dripped through my nerves.

Gently letting go of me, he kissed my temple and stepped away, “Wait here, I’ll be back in a moment.”

“Just wait here?,” our communication was as good as it had always been, and he understood the question in my voice.

As I’d hoped, his tone changed to one of command, “Take your clothes off, and your hair down. All of them, and stand naked in the center of the balcony near the railing, facing away from the apartment.”

I nodded once, and he went back into the apartment. I stripped off all my clothes, tossing them in a pile near the door. I pulled the elastic off of the bottom of my braid, snapping it into place around my wrist, and quickly unbraided my hair. I stood as he’d asked, the wind making the thick waves of my hair tickle my hips. I caught a whisper of the pleasant smell of the city on the breeze that wafted up from below. I inhaled deeply, letting the smell calm me.

I heard Xan’s booted footsteps as he rejoined me on the balcony. Wordless, he took one hand and then the other, holding them behind my back. I felt him tie them into place with something soft and silky. Not loose enough that I could free myself, but not tight enough to cut off my circulation. I disliked small discomforts during our games. They distracted me from the pleasure. He moved to
stand next to me, but I didn’t look at him. Not yet.

“I have never brought a lover here,” he began. I didn’t answer, even when he didn’t continue immediately. He didn’t require an answer yet, “Do you know why that is?”

“No,” it was true. I knew why I was there, but I was surprised that I was the first.

“Because I’ve never loved another. Not like this, and not while I’ve been here. This is my space, my private space. It’s not for lovers, it’s for a partner,” I swallowed emotional tears and nodded slowly, “I want you to know, I need you to know, that I am not with you simply because you saved my life and I felt I had an obligation. You would not be here if I did not truly want you in my life.”

This time some of the emotion escaped as a sob. Without knowing what was wrong, I hadn’t been able to articulate it. I hadn’t been able to to talk about what I felt and free myself from it. But Xan had known, because he’d had the same worry. My chest was tight with the overwhelming feelings. The space between us closed, and I started to heal. Heat and joy suffused my body.

“I love you,” I said, turning to face him, “And I want you.”

A crooked smirk filled his face, “Kneel, then.”

I did as he commanded, and gracefully sunk to my knees. The smooth stone was cool and hard beneath me, but it wasn’t painful. With one hand, he gathered my hair behind my head and held it. With the other, he fidgeted with the opening to his breeches. He yanked them open and worked his cock free of his clothing. He was only half hard, and I felt a little thrill go through my belly, the tingling shivering downwards to my clit.

He held himself, resting the head of his cock against my lips, “Open, little elf.”

I did. I couldn’t take all of him, especially not when he was hard, because my mouth only opened so wide. He wasn’t going to attempt to shove himself in and hurt me, but when he was softer he could fit more. I was caught between the cock that he slid into my mouth, and his hand holding my hair, unable to use my hands. This blow job was almost entirely under his control. He pushed himself in as far as he could, looking down at the visual of my mouth around his cock. He held me there until he knew I’d need to breath. He pulled my head off his cock by using my hair like a handle, letting me take a breath before shoving himself into my waiting mouth again.

“Suck, elf. Suck until my cock is nice and hard,” I obeyed, sucking as well as I could, “That’s it. Good, use your tongue.”

I flicked my tongue against the underside of the head, and he pulled me off it again. I breathed, and flicked my tongue out to swirl it around the head before he pushed me back down, a throaty chuckle on his lips, “I like your enthusiasm.”

Of course he did, that’s why we played these games to begin with. Not for the first time, I wished I could be better at giving him head. It wasn’t that I wanted his cock to be smaller, I just wanted to be able to fit it in my mouth better. To take him deeper down my throat. A fruitless wish, it wasn’t as if I could change our sizes. He pulled my head off of him again, and we set a sort of rhythm of sucking and licking until he was achingly hard. Drool was running down my chin because I couldn’t use my hands and it had nowhere to go, but I was turned on, and my hips ground reflexively against the air.

“Oh, so you enjoy having my cock stuffed in your mouth?,” he pulled me off his cock again, looking down and waiting for an answer.

“Yes,” I didn’t have to pretend. I did like it, and I’d told him on many occasions outside of the
bedroom - when we discussed the limits and rules for our games - how much I liked it.

“Stay here,” he said, and he walk over to my pile of clothes. He grabbed my shirt and used it to clean me up. Neither he nor I liked that kind of mess. I kept eyeing his hard cock as he moved. I wanted it inside me, and I wanted it inside me now, but I wasn’t the one in control. He drew the moment out, undressing slowly and dropping his clothes on the pile I’d made.

He sat one of the chairs legs spread, his bright blue eyes locked on mine, “Get up and come here.”

I rose and walked to him, pushing out my breasts and exaggerating the swing of my hips while he watched. When I was close, he pulled me the last foot by grabbing a handful of my ass and yanking. I stumbled a little before he steadied me. I stood next to him, waiting for him to tell me what to do while his fingers caressed the curve of my ass.

“I think I’ll have you straddle me,” he pretended to come up with that in the moment, but I knew better. He knew exactly where this was going and what he was going to have me do. He closed his legs just enough that I could straddle his thighs, so I did. I settled into place, my feet dangling and the air caressing my wet pussy made it feel cool, “So pretty, perched up there. You can’t take your eyes off my cock. Does it intimidate you, little elf?”

It didn’t, obviously, but this was a game, so I nodded vigorously, “It’s big, and I’m not.”

“You want it anyway though, I think,” he gave my ass a light slap, not too hard because he didn’t know where my fingers were. He could have hurt me for real if he’d hit me hard and caught my fingers.

“I do,” I kept my voice light and quiet, but not fearful. He didn’t like even the suggestion that I might not want him or be consenting, even during play. It simply didn’t turn him on, especially given the real violence that took place between our factions. Calling me ‘elf’ to seem impersonal was one thing, fear in my voice was another. It didn’t matter that I was curious about that kind of game - it was a limit for him, and I respected it.

“How badly?”

“See for yourself,” he reached between my spread legs and circled my clit, making me moan and tip my head back slightly. One finger barely slipped inside me before he took his hand away. I watched as he licked his fingers clean.

“Not bad, but I think we can do better,” Oh. Oh, no. Oh, yes! I knew what was coming now, and my cunt squeezed as I thought of it. The best kind of torture. He grabbed my hips and scooted me forward in his lap until my knees bent on the seat of the chair, trapping his hard cock between us. He pulled me down to kiss him, taking his time. He tasted me, flicking his tongue into my mouth, dancing together in slow caresses. I responded in kind, pressing myself against him as best I could. I could feel him pressed against my belly as we kissed, hard, and hot, and ready.

His mouth moved to my neck, nibbling, sucking, kissing. He sucked a lump of flesh into his mouth, sucking hard enough to leave a bruise before letting go and grazing his teeth over the spot. He kissed his way to my ear, sucking gently on the lobe, one hand in my hair to hold my head steady while he worked me over. I ground my hips against his lap, desperately wanting to take him inside me.

“What do you want, elf? You can’t stop wiggling around.”

“You,” I said, “I want you.”
“Still not there, I see,” he meant begging, and he was right. I wasn’t. I cursed in Darnassan under my breath, and all it earned me was a cruel chuckle. He didn’t speak Darnassan, but he’d heard me use the words often enough that he knew what they meant.

He grabbed the bonds that held me and pulled back on them slowly. Not to hurt me, to reposition me. I leaned back, arching and putting a little room between our hips. He held me steady with one hand since I couldn’t balance on my own. He grabbed his cock with the other, angling it so that the tip rubbed against me. He slid it through my wetness, up and down my slit, putting the tiniest pressure on my opening before slipping back up to my clit and rubbing it. Up and down he slid, teasing me.

“Tell me you want my cock,” he demanded.

“I do!”

“No, sweet little elf. Perfect little elf with the dripping, slick pussy. You can do better than that.”

“I can’t!,” I cried. He made a tsk-tsk noise.

“I think you can,” he bent forward and took one of my nipples in his mouth, sucking and swirling his tongue around it until it was hard and aching and I cried out. He hadn’t stopped sliding his cock around in my wetness, and there wasn’t nearly enough sensation for me to get off. It was maddening and wonderful and I was so fucking wet.

“Please!,” I finally burst out.

“Please, what?,” How the fuck did he sound so controlled when I was so desperate?

“Please, let me have you!,” he made the same tsk-tsk sound again. When I got free I was going to smack the tsk-tsk noise out of him. Well, not really, but gods above I wanted him inside me!

“A little begging means you only get a little bit of cock,” He stopped sliding it around in my mess and pushed his cockhead against my opening. I finally felt the sweet ache as he parted me, and I groaned.

But he wasn’t finished torturing me. He was sitting up, and his thighs were wide. I couldn’t push down far enough to take him more than a few inches inside me. It didn’t matter how much I writhed - and I did - the angle kept him from going deeper. I stopped wiggling and whimpered. He was inside me, but not enough for me to get relief. He was so close, and all I could think about was having him fully sheathed inside me. Of being fucked by his thick cock until I came. Of him pounding into me until he couldn’t take the heat of me anymore and emptied himself inside me.

He kissed his way from my shoulder, up the curve of my neck, to my ear, “Tell me what you want, sweet, perfect elf.”

“I want you inside me,” now, my voice was tinged with desperation, “I want you to push yourself deep into me. I’m so wet for you, I want you so badly. Please, please I want you inside me!”

“Much better,” he pushed me back to the end of his thighs, “Get up.”

I stood, a little off balance due to my tied wrists, and he got up after me. I watched, my eyes only on him and the thick, hard cock between his legs. When he walked back into the bedroom, I followed him in and over to the bed. He went behind me and undid the sash binding my wrists. I was glad, because my shoulders were starting to ache.
“Get on the bed and lay on your back, your ass near the edge,” I did as he asked, and as soon as I was in position, he stood between my legs and grabbed my hips, lifting them to be even with his cock. Our height difference meant that my back was arched off the bed, but it would allow him to make a sort of swing with his arms and thrust into me more easily. It was one of our favorite positions.

He used his arms to guide my wet pussy along the underside of his cock, teasing my clit again, “Tell me again what you want.”

“I want your cock. I want you deep inside me. I want you to stretch my pussy around that thick, hard thing and make me come with it. I want you to bury yourself deep and fill me,” I loved having him come inside me. Something about it just felt more complete, more real.

He pulled back and slotted himself in place, and pushed into me in one thrust. I cried out with the mingled pleasure and pain of having him so sudden and thick inside me. He pushed as deep as he could, my cunt aching and tensing around the invasion into my body. He held onto my hips, held me there, our bodies pressed together. I couldn’t writhe to get the friction I needed. I was full of him, and he was still teasing me. I still couldn’t get the satisfaction I needed.

“PLEASE, Xan! Please fuck me! Please make me come! Oh, gods, I need you to make me come for you!,” My body shuddered at the thought of his cock sliding in and out of me.

“That’s what I was waiting for,” he growled, and I felt him pull back before thrusting into me again. The cradle of his arms easily held me while he plunged in and out of my body. I lasted about five strokes before the pleasure overwhelmed me and my body twisted and shuddered in release. The mess of it splattered his abdomen and ran down the curve my ass, undoubtedly wetting the comforter underneath. But he didn’t stop, didn’t let me come down at all. That’s fine, I didn’t want him to. I liked the over-stimulated feeling. I liked having him thrust inside me after I came. It took a bit longer, but he kept bouncing our hips together, and I came again.

He dropped me onto the bed and followed me down, settling his wide hips between my spread thighs. His weight pressed me down into the bed, the blankets fluffed around us like a cloud. He pushed himself deep, with a hard thrust. The spring of the mattress made it easier for my hips to bounce with his. His body immobilized mine, his hands cradling my head while his whispered dirty things in my ear.

“Tell me how it feels, little elf,” he growled quietly, “Tell me how it feels to be full of orc cock.”

“S-so good!,” I was not good at talking when he’d made me feel like this. He knew that from all of the previous times we’d been together, so he didn’t push me to be more articulate. He didn’t want to take me out of the moment, “Please don’t stop!”

I naturally arched my back under him, and he pushed his cock deeper when I did. He - and it - had me trapped and pinned to the mattress with nowhere to go to escape his deep, hard thrusts. Not that I wanted to, but the weight of him on top of me like that added another layer to my excitement. I held on tight, my nails making marks on his back. I couldn’t see him, but I could feel him, thick and deep. His movements got faster, our bodies bouncing on the bed. His cock made wet noises as it slid in and out of me, his hips pumping fast.

“Xan!,,” I screamed.

“That’s it, let that sweet cunt come for me. Let me feel it squeezing my cock before I fill it with cum. I’m going to push myself deep, elf, and I’m going to come inside you. You’re going to feel it. Every twitch of my cock, and every drop of thick orc cum. You’re going to feel how much I love
this tight, hot little pussy. Show me how much you love being fucked, baby.”

“Oh gods, oh gods!,” I wailed. His filthy language had the intended effect. My body twitched and spasmed and clamped down on his thrusting cock while I came for him. His poor comforter was soaked as I spurted wetness onto it in time with the rhythmic clenching inside me. Then Xan did as he promised.

“Fuck...Lai...fuck, you feel too good,” He groaned into my hair. He went a little faster, pushing a second wave of orgasmic aftershocks through me, and then pushed himself as deep as he could. I felt his cock jumping inside me as he came, too. Satisfaction came for both of us, and we laid there unmoving together. The day ended better than it started, and I counted the christening of his bed to be a victory.
Chapter Summary

In this chapter, I'm adding another couple and a second point of view. This is where my story is going to start to veer sharply away from Blizzard canon. I haven't played past the end of Legion, and so I'm going to summarily ignore all of BfA. From what I hear, it's not that impressive anyway. :P

So here I introduce Sylestinyana and Rorialistraz - a draenei/red dragon pair. Rori saves Syl's behind after she gets in a little over her head, and they spend the night someplace secluded to recover. It's mostly smut. :P But their tastes are different than Xan and Lai, and there's actual foreplay, woohoo (I STG Xin does go down on Lai.). But she's a lot different than Lai, so I liked getting inside her head. In terms of level, because this probably will become important later, Lai and Xan are somewhere in the high sixties level-wise. Syl is max level. Rori is a dragon. :P But not a super old one. They're not super far apart in age, because apparently in canon draenei are basically immortal (Or, in Valen's case, >25k.).

I hope ya'll like sarcasm. Because there is a lot of sarcasm.

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry for any of the typos...I know they're in there, and I'll re-read it later and find them. For now, have this thing I made today.

I don’t remember any of it. Rorialistraz tells me that somehow I managed to cling to his back. Miles from any kind of help, in the freezing, snowy south of Highmountain, I was injured. Too badly injured to conjure a portal or to teleport, and too badly injured to survive the oncoming night out in the cold. It had been a stupid mistake. I was powerful enough that not much in the Highlands could hurt me, but I’d gotten cocky and attracted a few too many harpies and then they chased me up into the mountain and, well, long story short I ended up barely clinging to life on Rori’s back.

He tells me that he made the decision he did because he couldn’t get me back to civilization before nightfall, and he could heal me better anyway. So he flew deeper into the mountains and found us a small, empty cave. He built a fire - something I teased him about. He’s a red dragon, he just spit on some sticks - and stripped me down to my underwear. I wasn’t mad, we’d been travelling together ever since Alexstrasza assigned him to me after the fall of the Lich King. He’d seen me change on more than one occasion. So he stripped us both down to our unmentionables, somehow got me to choke down a potion, and used his red dragon body heat to keep me warm while we were wrapped up together in a bedroll.

Honestly, I should have seen it coming. When we’d been shoved together by Alexstrasza, I was both grateful and resentful. I already had a million animals, one might even say a menagerie of pets and mounts. They’re expensive! So having to feed another mouth just because the leader of the red
dragonflight took a liking to me was...inconvenient. I quickly learned, however, that Rori wasn’t an animal. As soon as I got on his back he cracked some joke about how I needed to lose a couple pounds (Liar. Those cinnamon rolls all get burned off fighting monsters.), and we’d gotten along ever since. We bonded over our sarcastic sense of humor and propensity for getting ourselves into trouble we didn’t always know how to get out of. Suffice it to say, this wasn’t the first time he’d dragged my half-eaten carcass off the battlefield.

This was the first time he’d stripped us down and wrapped us up under a blanket. So when I woke up in the morning, sweating my tail off under three blankets with 250-odd pounds of muscled red-dragon-in-high-elf-form wound around me like cling wrap and his morning wood pressed against my ass, the only thing I could think to myself was ‘Damn. Should have gotten injured in Highmountain sooner’. I wiggled my butt against his crotch and he stirred, starting to pull away.

“Sorry,” he mumbled, voice rough with sleep.

“Don’t be,” I answer, catching his hip with my hand, and pulling him back. He stopped for a second and then settled back against me where he’d been before. I snuggled back against him, wiggling my ass a couple more times for good measure, “What happened?”

“You got munched on by some harpies,” he had one arm under my head, but he moved the other so his hand was resting on my hip, “Nearly gave me another heart attack.”

“You’re immortal, you’ll be fine,” I yawned and pretended to stretch a little, rubbing myself against him again. C’mon Rori, get the hint.

“You must be feeling ok if you’re making fun of me,” his fingers drew idle patterns on my hip, but they didn’t venture further.

“Yeah, thanks,” I let a beat of silence pass. Best to take the dragon by the, uh, horn, “We going to talk about that situation in your pants?”

“Don’t think I didn’t notice you rubbing your ass all over me. Is talking what you really want to do?”

I turned in his arms so I was facing him, and tucked my hands up under my chin, watching him. I was as familiar with the face of his elvish form as I was my own, maybe more. I’d spent a lot of time looking at the pale peach skin, strong jaw, wide lips, and blue eyes. I’d even brushed out that long sunset hair on more than one occasion for him, “No, not really.”

He brushed a lock of hair back behind one of the horns that swept up from my temple, and was serious for a second, “It’ll change everything.”

“Do you really think so? Because I don’t think it’ll change anything, I think it’ll just make us happier. It’s the final piece of the puzzle, Rori. I think it’ll be as easy as everything else is for us,” I didn’t love Rori. Well, I did, but what I felt for him wasn’t properly described by love. We were for each other, and as soon as we’d met it’d been that way. We were inseparable, and had never even considered dissolving our partnership. Just the thought made me run cold inside. I hadn’t been with anyone else in the years and, as far as I knew, neither had he. We’d spent all our time together, instead. I reached out and brushed my fingers through the fine, silky hair at his forehead, “I think if you kiss me, we’ll cross the finish line, and it’ll be just fine.”

He gave a small snort of laughter at my joke about the finish line, but he leaned down and pressed his mouth to mine. Finally! Screamed the cheering section of my brain. I flicked my tongue into his mouth, and he took the hint, deepening the kiss. Gods, he tasted unreal. Like summer berries and
apples. Were people supposed to taste like that?

“Why do you taste so good?,” I groaned between little kisses.

“Dragon,” he answered, before pulling me tight against him and deepening our kiss again. I wrapped my arms around his shoulders, threading my fingers through the long strands of his hair. I pulled gently on it, arching against him, and he made a sort of growling noise in his throat. He snapped the tie holding my bra in place with one hand and flung it to the side. It made me glad I’d switched to strapless ages ago. There was a magic vendor in Dalaran who--oh!

Rori snapped my attention back to him by flipping me onto my back and grinding his hips against mine. His hard cock rubbed against me through our underwear and I groaned, “Naked, Rori. I want to see all of it.”

He flung the blankets aside and went up on his knees. He flicked his fingers in the general vicinity of his hips, and his underwear just disappeared. Then he turned his head to the pile of sticks left over from the fire the night before, and blew on them. They jumped to life, the warmth from the now-roaring fire flooding the small cave.

Dragon.

I sat up and kissed a line up his abs, the dusting of hair there tickling my face, mumbling against his skin, “That is so fuckin’ sexy.”

He dropped back on his knees, so his face was closer to mine, “Is this form to your liking? I can change…”

I took one of his hands, and guided his fingers under the band of my underwear, down past the fluff of soft hair, and between the slick lips between my legs. He got the hint and swirled his fingers around my clit, making my breath catch, “Do you see how ‘to my liking’ it is?”

“Yes,” he said as he jumped forward, and pushed me back down. Sometimes I forgot how much larger than me he really was - there was only so small he could make himself when he shape-shifted - but now he loomed over me on his hand and knees, his other hand working my clit. I felt safe and cared for. He kissed me again, then moved to my neck. He trailed kisses over my collarbone and down the slope of my breast. He took my nipple in his mouth, the sensations colliding with the ones from his hand.

“Yes!,” I echoed him, but for a different reason.

“So long,” he mumbled, switching from one breast to the other, “I’ve waited so long.”

I pushed his head so he’d look up at me, so he’d know I meant it and wasn’t joking, “Me, too.”

He smiled and turned back t my breast, and I buried my hands in his soft hair. I loved how long it was, I loved playing with it, and loved the feel of it against my palms and my skin as it trailed along my body when he abandoned my breast to kiss a trail down my stomach. I watched him while he did, my brain just saying ‘ohpleasohplease’ over and over.

He paused long enough to sit up and get my underwear off. I suspected he wanted to rip them off, but I only had so many in my travel pack, so I appreciated his restraint. Then he bent back down, and I felt his warm breath on the moisture coating my pussy. He looked up at me. I met his eyes, and grinned, and said, “Well, are you going to wait forever?”

“Smartass.”
“Next time, smack my ass when you call me smarta--OH!,” He chose that moment to drag his tongue up the length of my seam, and slide it across my clit. He moved it in a circle, sucked gently on that little bundle of nerves, and I shut my smartass mouth. His hands held my hips while his mouth worked between my legs. He hit a particularly good spot, and my tail wrapped itself around his wrist as I cried out. He slid two fingers inside me, slipping them in and out in a rhythm that matched what he did with his oh-so-magical tongue. I held onto his hair for dear life, pressing his face to me, my writhing hips riding his mouth. I had no idea how he managed to not get socked in the nose by my pubic bone, but he somehow avoided that fate and managed to keep up his rhythm. My body was taut, my back arched, my thighs shaking with the need to come.

“DON’T YOU DARE FUCKING STOP!,” my voice echoed off of the cave walls and he, mercifully, didn’t stop. My cunt clamped down around his fingers when I came, and I flailed with the force of it. He kept going until it got to be too much, and I pushed him away, dropping boneless onto the cave floor.

He wiped his mouth on his arm and crawled up my body until we were face-to-face and he was kneeling between my legs. Through the slits of my mostly closed eyes I could see the satisfied smirk on his face as he asked, “Good?”

“Shut up,” I groaned, pulling him down to kiss me. He kept his hips a little apart from mine, but I could feel the head of his cock nudging against me. I reach between us, wanting to touch him before he’s inside me. I want to know that I affect him the same he affects me. I wrap my hand around the thick hardness as best I can, twisting my hand as I move it up and down. He sucks in a breath through his nose, his hips pushing forward into the circle of my hand. I break our kiss to look up and him, to watch his reactions to my touch. Up and down, rolling his foreskin over the head of his cock, and flicking my wrist on the downstroke. I watch him close his eyes and bite his lip, his hand clenching into a fist next to my head.

“Feel good?,” It’s my turn to smirk. I don’t stop moving my hand, and I use the other one to play with his balls a little.

“Uh-huh,” I can hear the tension in his voice.

“Know what would feel better?”

“NNgghhhargl,” I can’t help laughing at his inability to form words. I use my hand to notch him against my opening.

“Me. I would feel better.”

He stops for a second, looking down between us at where his cock hangs between his legs, heavy and hard, just the tip inside me. I’m so wet I can feel a drop or two dripping down my ass. It’s been far, FAR too long, “You sure?”

“I’ve been sure for the last four years.”

“We’ve been together for five years.”

“Well, you know, it took me a hot second to decide if I’d keep you or not,” I smiled at him, the look on my face one of genuine affection. I liked us, I liked how we were together. I liked that we could still be silly and joke even in the middle of this.

Then he slid into me, the firm, thick length of him parting me, making room for himself, going deep, and I had no more words. We moaned together in absolute relief, and I dug my fingers into his hips,
trying to take him deeper. I tried to writhe, to make friction, I wanted him to move inside me.

“H-hang...on,” there was a tension in his voice, and he looked a little embarrassed, “You feel too good.”

“Oh, do I?,” He did too. Gods above, he did too. I squeezed him hard with the muscles inside me, and he growled.

“WOMAN! Unless you want this to be far too short, you will be still ,” I stopped moving and said nothing, but I was smirking.

“You feel good, too. So thick and deep, making me so wet. It won’t be hard to make me come.”

“You are a devious, devious woman. I love you, but you’re devious.”

“You make it sound like you don’t love me because I’m devious, and I know that’s not the case,”
Poking the dragon with the stick. While being poked with the dragon’s stick. I giggled to myself at my own stupid joke.

“I should fuck the giggling out of you.”

“Promises, promises,” my voice was quieter now, more serious. I could tell by his expression that teasing him had brought him back from the edge. He slide out of me and then plunged back in, and I moaned. I’d been waiting five years to feel this. I wrapped my legs around his waist would he moved inside me, a deep, grinding pace that let me feel every thick inch of him and the slide of his foreskin, “Yes. Oh, yes!”

I wrapped my arms around his shoulders, clinging to him like a vine. He grabbed my hips, and I made a squeak of surprise as he picked me up, going up on his knees. Goddamn, he was strong. He held me like that, using his grip on my hips to bouncing me for a few quick strokes. Just enough to wring a groan from my throat before changing positions again. He sat, legs criss-crossed under me. I leaned back on my hands, and used my arms and legs to move my body up and down, swirling my hips as I did. He leaned back to, watching the place where our bodies met as I moved up and down.

“Do you like to watch yourself go in and out of me?,” I wasn’t teasing this time, I really wanted to know what turned him on.

He nodded, “You’re so beautiful...and I can’t believe we fit together. Fuck, it is so hot seeing how wet you are, and watching your body part for me.”

“You made me that wet. You feel so good,” I replied. He took his thumb and started rubbing my clit in circles, and shifting is gaze to mine. I changed the rhythm of my hips some, moving to more of a grinding motion that felt good for me.

“I want to watch you come around me.”

“Well that’s a good start,” it was better than a good start, and my voice was rough with lust. The way he filled me and the movement of his thumb felt so good, and it had been far too long since I’d last been with anyone. I wasn’t going to get a choice, if I kept this up, I was going to come and come fast. I grind my hips faster, “Yes, oh, fuck, yes, that’s it!”

“That’s it baby, use my cock to make yourself feel good. It’s all for you. I’m hard for you, because you feel so good,” I sank backwards onto my elbows, and then laid down, my shoulders touching the floor and my back arched over his legs. I unwound my legs from around his waist, and found that it was actually easier to move this way. Not only that, but the position made him push against my
g-spot as he slid in and out of me.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck!,” I wailed as I bounced my hips and he rubbed my clit. I grabbed my tits, palms rubbing my nipples, and after a few more strokes I came. I heard him mutter an emphatic ‘fuck yes’ when the hot fluid from my g-spot orgasm gushed out of me. I suddenly sat straight up, wrapping my arms around him and kissing him hard. His hands grabbed my hips and he used his strength to move me on his cock while my pussy spasmed in pleasure.

“So hot,” he mumbled against my mouth.

“Happy to oblige,” I said, breathless. He let me rest against him, cock still buried inside him, “How else do you like it, because that was awesome.”

“Climb off me and lay on your side,” I did as he asked, and he watched me while I made myself comfortable on my right side. Then he showed me how else to move, laying my right leg flat so he could straddle it, and bending the other one up. We were fitted together almost like a pair of scissors at opposite angles...if scissors had bent blades. Then he slipped inside me and started to thrust.

“Oh...oh, god. Oh, Rori!,” I couldn’t explain it, but something about the angle was perfect. I could feel all of him, and he felt even bigger inside me. He was rubbing against my g-spot again, and he could go deeper without my legs in the way. The power of his body, the muscles behind his thrusts, rocked me against the floor. I slapped my hand over my mouth to catch my moans and cries of pleasure.

“Don’t do that, Syl, no one can hear you but me, and I want to hear how good it makes you feel,” I could hear the strain in his voice.

“Mmm...sounds like it feels good for you, too.”

“You have no idea,” was all he said in reply.

“Faster, Rori. It feels so good, please, please go faster. Go harder,” He groaned and grabbed my hip to hold me in place while he obliged. Fucking hell, it felt amazing, and the sounds I made weren’t human. I was howling and moaning, writhing as much as I could. Screeching and holding onto anything I could get my hands on. My tail lashed back and forth, smacking against the cave floor. I was so, so wet, and I could hear it in every stroke, “I’m gonna..oh god...I’m coming!”

He went a hair harder and faster while I came, making the feelings more intense. Waves of pleasure washed over me while I climaxed, fluid spurting out of me and covering us both.

“In or out?,” he asked, his voice stretched thing with lust and exertion.

“Out, I want to see,” he yanked his cock out of me and I quickly flopped onto my back, wanting to watch him come. He had his cock in his hand, stroking it hard while he looked down at me. I touched myself too, making aftershocks shudder through my cunt. I couldn’t help it, “Baby, watching you do that is one of the hottest things I’ve ever seen.”

He moaned and dropped forward onto one hand, making sure I could still see, going faster with the other. Then I saw his balls contract and he growled, thrusting into his hand as he came. Hot ropes of cum came out of him, splattering all over my pussy and the cave floor. After the last one dripped out of him he shoved him twitching cock back inside me, pushing through his own mess. He settled gently on top of me, cradling my head with his hands, and gently kissing different parts of my face. As I laid there I came down from the high of finally having him after five years, and I started to giggle to myself.
“What?,” he asked.

I looked up at him, and because I am incapable of keeping these kinds of thoughts inside my head where they arguably belong, I just smiled sweetly and said, “You are my favorite mount.”

He dropped his head to my shoulder and his groan was one of frustrated resignation this time, “You and your fucking puns’.

“FUCKING puns!,” I howled, my giggles turning into laughter so full that it infected him, too. When our laughter died away, we got up to clean ourselves, “C’mon, let’s go find an inn.”

“An inn?,” Oh, poor baby, he sounded so confused. I started pulling my robes over my head.

“Of course. If you think once was enough to satisfy me after five years of waiting, you are dead wrong, and this cave floor was hell on my hips and back. I’m gonna have a crick in my tail!”

He smiled, “An inn, then.”
So, I Might Be a Little Stuck Up

Chapter Summary

Lai finds out what Xan does for a living, and starts to get her shit together. They start to face some of the challenges of being together for a short time, and the trauma that comes from cutting yourself off from a previous life. Lai tries for introspection on what it is she really wants from life now that she's no longer a sentinel.

Chapter Notes

There's no smut in this one (I'm pretty sure there will be in the next chapter tho), because I found that if I tried to make sure there was sex in every chapter then the chapters were going to be way too long and have weirdly inconsistent breaks and pacing. Again, sorry for the typos I know must be in there. I wish I had an editor. x.x

IDK like it seems as if a few people have been reading this, but I'm still not sure how many people are here for the plot and how many are here for the sex. Maybe my mistake here is assuming those are two different audiences.

“I’m sorry, you do what for a living?,” there was a hysterical note in my voice that I couldn’t hold back. I was standing in Xan’s map room; a room off of the main store that contained all of the things he used to plan his trips. It was mostly stuffed to the brim with weapons, armor, collection tools, and maps.

“I go out into the world searching for reagents and artifacts, and I bring them back and sell them,” his voice was patient and calm. Gentle, even, “Lai, hon, what were you picturing? What did you think I did?”

I flopped into a nearby chair and rubbed my eyes with the heels of my hands, “I don’t know, traded in nice, safe things like food or clothes or something. Although, I’ll admit, after seeing the store I didn’t think it was anything so benign. I just didn’t realize that you, personally, were the one that ran off into danger.”

“You were a sentinel,” his were were blunt.

“Yeah, in a shitty remote forest no one ever went to!”

He signed. I could tell he was getting tired of this conversation, “Do you want to come, or not?”

I had no clue. I didn’t know anything anymore. I was anxious, always playing with my hair or tapping on things. I didn’t want to go outside the store, let alone to wherever it was he was proposing to collect this stuff. I’d been sad, listless, and annoyed ever since my life had been upended. Constantly second guessing myself and my decisions. I hadn’t been meeting any of the new challenges of my life with anything but fear and resignation.
On realizing that, something else occurred to me: I couldn’t stay holed up in Xan’s apartment spinning my wheels forever. At some point my life needed to move forward, and if I drove him off by spending months taking out my issues on him and being a general nuisance, then I really would have lost it all for nothing. So what, I wasn’t a sentinel anymore. It was time to find out what I was. I looked up at Xan, my decision made.

“I’m going to need a new weapon and armor.”

My heart lifted at the look of happiness that crossed his face, “Let’s get you kitted up.”

***

We managed to find some armor that fit me and was half decent. It wasn’t as nice as the armor I’d had when I was a sentinel, but it worked. The only problem was that I looked like I’d rummaged drunk in a clown’s closet and stumbled out in whatever happened to fit. I turned in the mirror, feeling ridiculous no matter what angle I looked at myself from. I frowned at my reflection. I didn’t want to be ungrateful, but I looked awful. I was probably deflecting my worries about the upcoming trip onto my looks, but I couldn’t help it. It was something easy for me to focus on and, if I was being honest with myself, I was more than a touch vain.

“Relax,” Xan said, half a smile on his face, “There’s someone in Stormwind who can fix that for you.”

I didn’t bother asking what ‘that’ was. He’d always had a knack for knowing what I was thinking based on careful attention to my expression and body language, so he likely knew the worries going through my head about my looks, “We’re going back to Stormwind?”

“Passing through,” he shrugged, “That’s where the portal to the Outlands is.”

I looked up and into his eyes in the mirror, “How bad is it?”

“Bad. Some places not as much, but the portal is going to dump us out into Hellfire, and it’s bad.”

I knew, in an abstract sort of way, about the shattered world that the draenei hailed from. I even knew about The Dark Portal and how it now led to a strange time-lost version of that world, but I’d never been to either. I’d never been deemed skilled enough to be assigned there. I thought, with no small amount of resentment, how I’d hadn’t really liked being relegated to Ferelas. I hadn’t liked those strange, green woods. I was posted there long after any of the interesting conflicts ended and I hadn’t like being posted at some backwater that no one ever went to. I hadn’t liked the lack of opportunity for advancement or ways to sharpen my skills and get better. I hadn’t even really liked Shandris that much. If leaving the sentinels to be with Xan hadn’t meant leaving my family, too, I would have done it sooner before I’d even met them.

But it had. It always would have meant leaving my family, because I was a tenth generation sentinel. My family was full of sentinels, and had been since before the group had been called that. They’d been highborn members of the military before the sundering, and back and back. It had never really mattered what I wanted to do, I would be a sentinel, because that’s all we’d ever been.

“There’s something I’ve been meaning to ask,” Xan had noticed my mind wandering, and his rumbling voice brought me back to the present, “Among the night elves, aren’t golden eyes an indicator of druidic power?”
“Potential,” I wasn’t comfortable with this subject, and I fidgeted with my armor, “And, yes.”

“How was it that you ended up in the sentinels?,” he didn’t know what he was asking. I left the mirror and joined him on the bed. I didn’t enjoy talking about this, but I knew that were I to ask similar questions, he’d answer them without hesitation.

“My family has been part of the Kaldorei army since long before the sundering. We’re the descendants of highborn,” I gave a sarcastic laugh, “Some of them are still alive, actually. The rest turned to naga with Azshara and her bunch. But we were always in the military, and it was expected that I’d join too, golden eyes or not. It was the subject of much arguing between my parents and I.”

“Did you want to become a druid?”

“I wanted to become anything other than a sentinel,” he laughed and I gave him a half smile, “I did sort of like the idea of turning into a cat when I was younger, but they stuck me in training to be a sentinel as soon as they could. I had an aptitude for it, so I had to stay.”

“And what about now? Do you want to keep being a fighter?,” there was an undercurrent there, something in Xan’s voice I couldn’t identify.

“It’s what I know,” I shrugged and shifted the focus away from me, “What about you? You’re big enough that you could be a fighter.”

He leaned back on the bed, supporting himself on his hands, “I can fight plenty well. All orcs can, really. They just weren’t ever going to let me advance very far in the military because I’m part draenei. So I left. I’d figured out during my time in the military that people will pay for things they want but can’t be bothered to go get for themselves. I didn’t want to pay the auctioneers a cut, so I opened a store.”

I shuddered, “I don’t like goblins. I wouldn’t want to give them a cut of my money either.”

After a thoughtful silence Xan said, “Yes. I can see where their avarice and mistreatment of nature would be offensive to you.”

“Don’t forget all of the times they’ve stolen our land, or started a fight, or helped Garrosh kill thousands of people when he dropped that bomb on it, or...,” I trailed off. In truth, ‘don’t like’ had been an understatement. I detested the little green creatures, “I don’t know why the horde puts up with them.”

“The horde is a group of outcasts, joined together by necessity and a complicated web of mutually beneficial relationships. Whatever else they may be, the goblins are useful. And, well, they do throw a great party.”

I couldn’t help the laughter that came out at that statement. I tried to picture Xan drunk and dancing, and I couldn’t, “What are you like when you’re drunk?”

“Homey,” he chuckled.

“Oh, so no different than normal.”

“Hey, I only do like half the dirty things that are running through my head at any given moment.”

“And when you’re drunk?”

“Like...two-thirds.”
I laughed, “I’d be so sore.”

“Hey now, I’m a gentleman, I only make you sore when you deserve it.”

“Apparently I deserve it a lot.”

He smiled at me and stood suddenly, “Come on, let’s get you a weapon. We need to leave in the morning.”

The next morning, we stood in the Silver Enclave, doing a final check of our gear before we left. It had taken some doing, but eventually the guards had conceded that all of Xan’s paperwork was in order, and let him through. I was in my mismatched armor, and Xan was wearing a matching set of ornate plate armor. I had to admit, he looked pretty hot in it, with his battleaxe strapped to his back and his dreads tied back.

After going in and out of the portal to Xan’s place, the magic of them didn’t bother me much anymore. So when Xan said it was time to go, I touched the portal without hesitation. When we landed on the other side, I was a bit overwhelmed. I looked up and around, craning my neck to take in the cathedral-like building we were in. There were two giant, shimmering green portals in it, glowing pink letters dancing around the edges. People idled at tables or in front of bookshelves, all of them in cloth robes of varying degrees of richness.

“Where are we?,” I followed Xan down the length of the room towards the other green portal.

“The mage tower in Stormwind.”

“Wow. This is nothing like the rest of Stormwind,” it didn’t even smell bad in here.

“Well, we only saw a small part of it the last time we were here,” he walked through the portal and I followed him. It was different than the other portals, more like walking through a doorway than being transported by magic. It spat us out into a round room with a hole in the floor where a ramp started downward. We trudged down it, following the blue runner, until we exited into another small, round room with a doorway and a spinning blue portal. I followed Xan out, squinting in the morning sun. It was only a bit after sunrise, and it was already warm. Once my eyes adjusted I realized how high up I was, and how this pathway didn’t have any railings. I was careful, but I wasn’t afraid of heights, so I took a moment to look out over Stormwind.

I could see the colorful roofs, notably the purple of the distract I was in and the blue of the trade district. I could see the towers that marked the entrance, too. Below, there was a wide circle of green grass and a light breeze made the leaves of healthy-looking trees flicker and rustle. The same breeze now carried a hint of manicured nature, apples, and fresh ale. Compared to the docks we’d arrived at, this was almost idyllic. I didn’t hate this part of Stormwind.

“What part of Stormwind is this?,” Xan started down the winding ramp and I trailed after, still looking around.

“The Mage Quarter. It’s the nicest part of the city. Although there are some statues out front that are pretty impressive. The parts we had to pass through last time aren’t the best. The canals aren’t so clean, and the dwarves make that whole section kind of dirty.”

We stepped onto the cobblestone path that connected to the ramp. Down here it was peaceful, and almost quiet. A few people milled about, walking to wherever they needed to be. A child ran past, laughing. There was a tavern nearby, and lamps all around the edges of the path. I didn’t know where we were going, but I hoped it was in this section of the city.
Sadly, it was not. Our destination was closer to the docs. In fact, I remembered passing this building on the way to the portal last time because of the strange sounds emanating from within. When I saw what was inside, I had to stop myself from staring. There were pink glowing lines on the floor, and strings of light hanging from the ceiling. Strange, glowing devices were scattered around the room. Most of all, men, or I assumed they were men, who were made from glowing energy wrapped in bandages stood around, talking to the two other people who were here.

Xan stepped up to one of them and said, “Lai, this is Warpweaver Hashom.”

“Uh, hi,” I said, not sure if I should shake is hand or not. Not even sure if it was a ‘he’.

“Welcome,” they responded. Their voice was a sort of buzzing, echoing sound, like several voices at once. For an energy being, it made sense. I noticed then that they were wearing a long skirt, and I wondered why they needed to cover themselves if they were just energy and bandages.

“The Warpweaver can change the way your armor looks,” Xan supplied, answering the unasked ‘why are we here?’ question. Suddenly, I had a change of heart. He made time for this because he knew I was uncomfortable and this would make me more comfortable.

A genuine smile spread across my face, “Really? I’m in. Let me see what you’ve got.”

Twenty minutes later we left the shop, and I was in coordinating purple-and-teal enameled plate. Bones of blue enameled steel wrapped around my ribcage, and icy blue fog dripped and floated from my pauldrons. My cloak and weapon were even transformed to match the armor.

“That was awesome! I’m gonna be good friends with that person, I can tell.”

Xan laughed, “Glad you liked it. You look great.”

“I look like a total badass,” I corrected.

“Well, you are a badass. They wouldn’t have let you into the sentinels if you weren’t.”

For the first time, the word ‘sentinels’ didn’t come with a corresponding pang of sadness. Back in armor, I felt more like myself than I had in ages, and the armor almost seemed to protect me from emotional pain, too, “Yeah, and then they trained me to use all kinds of sharp things. Speaking of. I like this sword, but I miss my glaive. It might take me a minute to get used to using a different kind of weapon again.”

“That’s ok, we probably aren’t going after anything really dangerous until next week.”

We left the transmogrifier and headed back to the room that we’d arrived in. A portal I hadn’t noticed on our way in spun and hung in the air on at the other end of the room. Before we went through, Xan turned to me, “I should warn you, Hellfire is...it’s rough.”

“Dangerous?”

“Not as much as it used to be. The fel reaver has been killed, and since the burning legion was handled, the killed demons have stayed dead. It’s less the creatures that populate Hellfire, and more what Hellfire is. It’s a place of death and sadness, and if I could take you directly to Shattrath, I would.”

“We could always pay a mage to send us there.”

“We could, but in this case, Hellfire is the goal not something we’re passing through.”
“Oh.”

“Yes. Just, prepare yourself.”

“Ok,” I nodded. Well, no time like the present. Again, I touched the portal.
It's Hell

Chapter Summary

Xan and Lai head to Hellfire, while Lai still tries to get her head on straight. We see what has happened in Hellfire since the end of the Burning Crusade all those years ago. What would happen if this was a real place that existed outside of a video game? These things wouldn't respawn. Time would march on. How did the fall of the Legion change the Outlands? Also, can Xan and Lai work together?

Chapter Notes

Ugh ok so this one doesn't have an smut either but it was getting really long and I needed to break it up. It was legit 10 pages in my Google doc. Again, apologize in advance for the typos I know this contains, but I just want to power through this bit and get back to Syl and Rori. Their story is more interesting to me, and Syl is more fun, but chronologically this has to come first.

Also, I'm weak...writing again made me want to play again and I bought BfA and reactivated. Honestly, I got tired of trying to find walkthroughs and stuff so that I could accurately describe the settings. :P

The first thing I noticed when I appeared on the other side was the color. It was red, everywhere. Despite the fact that I was standing on a huge stone platform at the top of a tall staircase, I still felt the blood-colored dust whip against my cheeks. The air was hot. Not hot like a summer’s day, not pleasant warmth, but the brutal, dangerous heat of the desert. Stale, despite the wind. The sky was strange, planets and clouds of space dust looked close enough to touch. Chunks of earth made floating islands in the distance, and the red earth was cracked and dry. In front of me was what could only be described as a monument to death.

Two tall, thick stone pillars stood on either side of the rotting bones of some long-dead creature. It was slumped over onto the ground, and still several stories tall. Its armor was still there, covered in red dust, and the remains of two huge wings sank down around it. It was fitting that the creature was nothing but bone, because it rested on top of thousands of sets of jumbled bones that formed a wide road going off into the distance. I almost gagged at the sight of them, but the sheer numbers were so overwhelming that it didn’t seem real. Who were they? Why had they died?

“They are the bones of the draenei killed by my ancestors to make that,” Xan had arrived and caught me staring at the road of bones. I whipped around at the sound of his voice. It was then that I noticed what was behind me, and what he was pointing at.

The Dark Portal stood there, taller than any tree save a world tree. It was made of immense amounts of dark grey stone, intricately carved with runes. Giant robed figures with swords flanked the portal, while a terrifying dragon and its claws leered over the top. The portal itself was a dizzying mass of spinning stars and space dust against the infinite black of the twisting nether, ringed in glowing green
mist. Staring at it made me nauseous, so I looked away.

“This is what the people on the Exodar were fleeing from?” I asked.

“Yes. Fleeing from the fel-corrupted orcs,” Xan had green skin, and in that moment I remembered that the outlands weren’t only the home of the draenei. This thing behind me was the only reason Xan’s people had come to Azeroth, and his green skin meant that he was the descendant of orcs who’d drunk the blood. It hit me here, as it never had, that his people and my people had spent years slaughtering each other. That we were on opposite sides of a conflict that had raged on for longer than either of us had been alive.

It had to stop sometime. Peace had to come. It could start with us.

“Xan,” my voice was soft, my tone gentle, “Your grandmother...”

“My father is the product of war,” is all he said, and I didn’t push. His grandmother’s trauma was her own, and considering how long the draenei lived, it was likely to be a trauma that was still fresh for her. But I knew what he was saying.

I almost didn’t want to say the next thing that came to my mind, but I needed to know, “And your parents?”

“Like Garona, my father looks more orc than draenei. He looks more orc than I do. He married an orc woman without issue, and they still live together today.”

If I’d thought about it, I would have realized that he could never have known his grandmother if his father wasn’t part of his life. It was stupid and insensitive and I didn’t think before I’d opened my mouth, “Xan, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to be insensitive.”

“Let’s just get to Honor Hold. We need to unpack and get settled,” I found myself once again being led into the unfamiliar by Xan. He walked down the steps to the left, where a few griffins waited with their handlers.

“Honor Hold?,” asked a dwarf in their stereotypical gruff way.

“Yes, please,” I said.

“Griffs won’t fly an orc,” he spat on the ground, “He can’t go to honor hold.”

“I have alliance travel papers. I’m part draenei,” Xan argued.

“Griffs can’t read. They won’t carry you.”

“Fine, I’ll just summon my personal griff and she can take us,” I replied, annoyed.

“Good luck with that. If she ain’t trained on how to handle the winds in the Outlands, she’ll get herself kilt trying to fly here. Has she been trained?”

“I, uh, no.”

“Then I wouldn’t try to fly ‘er. She can run, of course, but until you take her to a griffin trainer in Shattrath, she’ll be grounded.”

I made a noise of frustration, “Fine, whatever, we’ll just ride.”

“Try not to get yerselves kilt,” I rolled my eyes, and Xan and I walked away, down the steps. We
summoned our mounts and rode down the steps and off into the red waste.

Soon after we set out, I found that I couldn’t stop coughing in the red dust, so I stopped and put a bandanna around my face. We traveled next to the road, because both of us were uneasy with using the road made of draenei bones. We followed along next to it for about an hour until another path split off. This one was an actual road, a hard, sunken part of the earth with no draenei bones in sight. We followed it until the grey-and-white walls of honor hold came into view.

“You should go first,” Xan said, “They’re much more likely to shoot first and ask questions later out here. I’ve never even attempted to enter Honor Hold, and I don’t know if they’ll allow me even with my travel papers.

As we crested the hill the giant ballistas outside of the arched entry in the walls came into view, and I knew that he was right, “Ok. Do we have somewhere to go if they won’t let you in?”

“Not really, no. Camping wouldn’t be very fun out here. If they won’t let me in, I’ll have to go back to the stair of destiny and take a flight to Falcon Watch.”

“Sleeping in separate towns isn’t really high on my list of things I want to do.”

“Me, either.”

We were almost there, so we slowed as we approached the entrance. As we expected, the guards drew their weapons and trained them on Xan, yelling, “STOP RIGHT THERE, ORC!”

“Xan, give me your papers,” he already had them out, and he handed them to me. I slowly rode forward and he stayed still, “Hello. We’re looking for lodging for the night. Is there an inn?”

Without taking her eyes off Xan, the nearest guard replied to me. “Yes, and you may enter and use it. The orc may not.”

“He is part draenei, is a neutral merchant, and has alliance travel papers. The bear king Anduin’s seal, and king Varian’s before that.”

Her eyes flicked over to me, “Show me.”

I swung down off of my sabre and approached her slowly, not wanting to spook them into shooting Xan. I held them out for her, “Here.”

“Men, keep your weapons on that orc,” she lowered hers and took the papers from me, reading over them, a crease between her brows and a frown on her face. It took her a moment, but then she said, “Come closer, orc.”

Xan got off his mount, leaving the enormous wolf where he was, and approached, “I’ll answer any questions you may have, I want no problems.”

“Well, you speak common well enough, I’ll give you that. State your full name for me.”

“Corxanth.”

“And your surname?”

“I have none.”

“Why is that?”
“My draenei grandmother conceived my father as a product of war here on Draenor. She didn’t give him my grandfather’s clan name, if she even knew it. Draenei do not have surnames, and orcs don’t take their matriarcical surname.”

“Have you been to Hellfire before?”

“Yes, many times.”

“And why have you never come to Honor Hold?”

“I’ve never been travelling with a member of the Alliance before, so I spent those visits at Falcon Watch.”

“Why not go there now?”

“Sybelais, my travelling companion, does not have Horde travel papers. She won’t be allowed in, and we prefer to stay together.”

“What is your purpose in Hellfire?”

“I’m collecting reagents for my shop in Dalaran.”

She shuffled through the papers again, looking at the stamps from the numerous other Alliance towns he’d been to back on Azeroth. The log went back a few years. Her frown was lessening as she shuffled through the list, “I’ll let you in on a conditional basis.”

“What are the conditions?”

“I’ll need you to run an errand for me. We used to have a neutral merchant that traveled to all of the towns, and he brought us foodstuffs and wine from Falcon Watch. He hasn’t been around in months, and we could use some more supplies from them. If you’re willing to go pick some up, I’ll let you in.”

“That shouldn’t be a problem. I can set out first thing tomorrow.”

“Can we set out first thing tomorrow. It’ll be faster if I help you bring them back after you get them out of the town.” I interjected.

The guard nodded and fished a stamp out of her hip pouch, putting her seal on the papers. Then she pulled a bright orange strip of cloth out of her pouch and jammed the seal back in. She handed the strip of cloth to Xan, “Tie it around your arm so the guards inside know you’ve been allowed passage, then you can go through.”

“Thank you,” I helped him get it tied around his arm, and we got back on our mounts. That settled, the guards lowered their weapons and let us pass.

The town wasn’t terribly large, despite how well fortified it was and how thick the walls were. There were some ruins in the process of being rebuilt, a round tower off in the distance, a large administrative building, the inn, and a smattering of homes and smaller buildings. The strangest thing was the stone at the center of the town. I made a mental note to go check it out later as we turned towards the inn. The cheery warm light coming from the windows was a welcome sight after travelling through the dust and red of hellfire for several hours. We stabled our mounts and headed inside.

I got us a room from the innkeeper and paid for lunch while Xan grabbed us a table. Both the few
people in the inn and the guards outside openly gawked at Xan, but his orange armband meant that none of them attempted violence. It didn’t stop them from scowling at him and watching his every move though.

I dropped into the seat next to him at the table he’d claimed, “So it’s only about midday. Are we going out today after we’re done eating?”

“I thought we might be able to. There are some creatures nearby that I need to kill and collect some things from,” He leaned back and looked at me. The waitress arrived with our ales, and I nodded my thanks to her.

“Xan,” I stopped and restarted, “I’m sorry about what I said at the gate. I wasn’t thinking, sometimes my mouth works faster than my brain. I’ve been Alliance my whole life, and I’m still unlearning knee-jerk prejudices. I don’t really think that way about your family.”

“I was thinking about it on the way here. It occurred to me that it’s likely I’ll say something similar at some point. I grew up Horde, and I said many things I regret when I first moved to Dalaran. I’ve had much longer to have my prejudices rubbed away. I’m not angry.”

I smiled at him, “I’ll remember this if you ever have foot-in-mouth syndrome. You seem sort of sullen though. If it isn’t that, then what is upsetting you?”

He was quiet, thinking over his answer before speaking, “Normally it doesn’t bother me when people stare. I’ve been in and out of enough Alliance towns that I don’t notice anymore. But something here just feels more hostile.”

“I do agree that there is a different intensity to the stares we’re getting here. I think it might be best if neither of us goes anywhere alone, and we don’t overstay our welcome.”

“I agree. Although when I bring food and wine back from Falcon Watch tomorrow they’ll probably be more amenable.”

“Speaking of that, what’s the plan? Are we just going to ride out, get the stuff, and come back?”

“Basically, yes. It will add a day to our time here, but it can’t really be helped.”

“How far away is it?”

“It’ll take about as long to get there as it did to get here from the Stair of Destiny.”

“Well it’s only midday, why don’t we just go get everything today? We still have plenty of time before dark.”

“It doesn’t really get dark here. This isn’t a planet that rotates.”

“I...hadn’t even thought of that. Well that’s just one more creepy thing on the pile of creepy things about the Outlands.”

“You have the right idea though, I think. A couple of hours out there and a couple of hours back means that we can start our main collecting trip tomorrow rather than just killing time with the wildlife.”

“What is our main collecting destination?”

“Hellfire Citadel.”
I almost choked on a mouthful of ale, and I was still coughing when the waitress dropped off our food, “I’m sorry, but what? Just the two of us?”

“The clans that lived there were cleared out ages ago. Salvage has started in earnest because both the Horde and the Alliance want the leftovers, and then they’re going to try and build another city there.”

“A neutral one?”

“In theory, if they can stop fighting long enough to let the Aldors and the Scryers get a foothold and play go between. In the meantime, there’s a lot of gold to be made on the cleanup”.

“How dangerous will it be?”

“Frankly, I’m not sure. The cleanup is a new operation - honestly, it’s probably half the reason they didn’t give us more problems at the door - and I haven’t had a chance to talk to any other teams who went in. I know that the most dangerous threats were all cleared out years ago, but no one really knows yet what has moved in since then. For all we know it’s a bunch of huge spiders.”

“Ick. I don’t like spiders.”

Xan finally started shoveling food in his mouth. I smiled and shook my head, because he always ate like that. Like someone was going to take it from him before he could get it down his gullet. There was a lot about him that was, for lack of a better word, refined. His eating habits weren’t one of those things. He claimed it was because when he was on the road he didn’t always have time to stop for food, so he got it over with as quickly as possible. I was consuming my meal at a much more sedate pace.

About four seconds later, when he was done stuffing food in his mouth, he looked up at me and said, “I need to ask you something that might make you mad.”

“O...k....” I ate another bite of food.

“I know you’ve been trained well by the sentinels, but how much real-world fighting have you actually seen?”

I shrugged, “Some. I went on an expedition to Dire Maul with my sisters once. The Kaldorei have been trying to reclaim it recently. I’ve had to fight the odd wild animal, poacher, or member of the Horde from time to time.”

“Alright, well, your time in Dire Maul might prove useful, but the rest of it probably isn’t going to matter much. There’s going to be a learning curve when we’re in the field together, and I think I should take the lead since I’ve got more experience.”

“Well, I’ve been following you around this whole trip so far anyway, I don’t see that it would be much of a change. I was in the military, I can take orders.”

“This isn’t that. I don’t want to order you around. We’re partners, I’m not your commander.”

“Well, it might take me some time to get used to it, but I can do that,” I was done with my food, so I wiped my mouth with a napkin and dropped it on top of the plate, “Let’s get this delivery run finished first though.”

It didn’t take long for us to go to Falcon Watch and bring back the supplies. Laden with wine and food, the commander didn’t give us any trouble this time. Conscious of a possible need to return quickly the next day from the citadel, we obtained two hearthstones from the inn keeper. We were
exhausted by the time we were done, and we passed out quickly after we fell into bed.

The next morning we got ready and dressed and headed out at what I assumed was the crack of dawn. It was still oppressively hot outside, but there was no wind today, and so there wasn’t dust stinging my eyes. We rode in silence over the cracked, red ground, back down the path we’d followed yesterday, and riding next to the draenei graves. Xan had explained that it was called the Path of Glory, but I refused to call it that. There was nothing glorious about the slaughter of millions of innocents. It seemed almost perverse that the Dark Portal now led to a place where most of these poor souls were alive and well.

I knew we were almost there when I saw the thick, grey stone walls rising in the distance. Huge iron spikes and bone tusks jutted from it. Re-roofed towers jutted up from the central structure, their spikes clawing at the sky. It was intimidating, and I guessed that was probably the point. I swallowed my fear and decided to make conversation instead of being nervous, “Tell me about this place.”

“It was built by Blackhand as a staging ground for the invasion, and following his defeat it came into the possession of the Illidan’s fel orcs after my people were cleansed by the death of Manneroth. They kept a pit lord named Magetheridon here, and made more fel orcs. It, too, is dead. They are cleansed or dead, Illidan is gone. In theory it should be empty, but I think it’s too large of a place to stay empty.”

“It does seem rather large;” we were close to the walls now, nearly on them, and the buildings stretched up and up, “Where will we start?”

“With the bones of the pit lord. It will be the fastest of the four wings: the basement, the ramparts, the living halls, and the rest of the citadel. I’ve heard that the part they used to call The Shattered Halls might have some disturbing things in it, so I thought we’d leave that for last. There was a lab in there that some of the Forsaken were using to create who knows what.”

“Undead,” I muttered. Another abomination that was allowed to live within the ranks of the horde. Orcs, Trolls, Taurens, Shal’dorei, and even Sin’dorei had their own type of honor. I could not hate my cousins, even if they were horde. But the Forsaken and the Goblins? I’d never understand why they were allies, even after what Xan said about a group of people who came together out of convenience. Convenience didn’t breed loyalty, “You’re right, who knows what they left behind.”

“Come on, we’ve got to go around the back,” we rode south along the wall until we reached the end, then went around and down a cliff towards the back. At the base of the structure, behind a few pillars, was a heavy, rusted iron grate. We got off our mounts and let them go, walking up to the bars. A breeze flowed out, cold and damp-smelling, with an undertone of old death and spiked magic. The gate looked like it was rusted tightly into its spot, but the bars were wide enough for us to squeeze through them.

The ceiling stretched high above us, with huge stone pillars holding up the walls. The floor was stone, worn smooth by the passing of feet. Old bones, preserved in the dry climate of hellfire, still littered the floor. The braziers had all gone out, and molding banners hung against the walls, swinging in the wind coming out of the dungeon towards the entrance. Piles of red dust had blown in from outside and accumulated in the corners, and covered the floor in a thin layer. Rats skittered in the darkness, their chittering communication making goosebumps march across my skin. I shuddered in my armor, glad that the only tracks in the dust were those of tiny animals.

Xan dug out a torch and a flint and tinder. He lit the torch and wandered over to one of the braziers to see if there was still anything that would burn in it. He looked down, shrugged, and touched the torch to it. The dry wood flared to life, the happy orange glow filling the place and spilling onto the
floor. He lit the other one too, and came back to me.

“We’ve got to go down there,” he nodded to the path in front of us past two large wood and iron barricades. It was a ramp that went down into silent darkness, “You should go first with your weapon because you can see better in the dimness. I’ll follow behind with the torch so you aren’t blinded by the flame.”

“Ok,” I pulled my sword, and cautiously started forward. It wasn’t a very long way down until the first landing, but it was getting darker as we descended. There were bones, here, too. Some were older than other, just pieces really, but there were others that were covered in robes and armor. I heard metallic clanking and looked up towards the noise. Chains swayed gently overhead, the hooks on the ends bumping together. They looked like they were stained dark, and I decided I didn’t want to know what stained them. There were two more braziers at the bottom of the ramp, and he lit those too. I could see the ramp better now, and the high ceiling. But the area in the center was still black, the orange light absorbed by the vast pit of darkness. I got the sense that the space in there was immense, and most of the wind was coming through there. It might just be the wind tunnel effect created by large spaces next to small ones, but it might be that there was something down there.

Xan checked the bodies for any leftover weapons or reagents that might still be good while I kept watch. Nothing moved except the rats, scurrying away in the light from the torch and brazier. He didn’t find anything, so he lit the two braziers behind the group of the dead, and we started off down the left hand ramp. Another landing, more braziers. It was starting to get downright homey in here. I could see the splashes of orange on the other side and above us, and got a sense of how large the pit in the middle was. It was wide, one of the largest indoor spaces I’d ever seen. We continued on, and he lit the next brazier

“Holy Elune!,” I screeched, jumping in surprise, as it made a hissing and spitting noise. The wood screamed as the flame jumped, and as I watched it changed from the orange flame of the torch and normal fire to a glowing, sparking conflagration of green and yellow. As the flame grew, the echoing noise faded, and the brazier kept burning with that strange green flame.

Xan gave me a half smile, amused at my reaction, and I rolled my eyes, smiling back. He lit the next one, and this time I didn’t jump. The rest of the light down to the floor of the pit was the same eerie green and yellow. By the time we reached the bottom, the whole place was awash in the dim greenish light. It was as big as I’d imagined, stretching far above me into darkness. There was no wind down here, so I’d been right about the tunnel effect. There was a lot of dust, but no rats. There was a raised platform in front of me, and I stepped around it to go look a the largest thing in the room: Magetheridon’s skeleton.

The fire light flickered softly here, not quite bright enough, but I could see clearly all the same. The monster looked much like the one by the Stair of Destiny, but bigger and more complete. It was slumped on its side, glaive still clutched in its hand, and armor still attached to its body. Jewels winked on the surface of the glaive and, surprisingly, it was free of dust. The wicked edge gleamed in the flickering torchlight. His wings were still held together by leathery strips of dried membrane, but most of the body was gone. Bones stuck through holes in the thin leathery skin that covered the remains. The tusks were still intact, golden rings winked and glittered in the dim light. The monster was so vast that I could have lain in one of the rings that had been around its legs, with room to spare. I imagined facing this abomination in life, and I shuddered, the cold fingers of fear following a bead of sweat down my spine. I wanted to spend as little time as possible in this room.

“Let’s start looking around. I already know I’d like to take the rings on the tusks and the weapon,” it was too big for either of us to lift, but we’d brought magical bags with us, for exactly this reason. We’d be able to transport anything we found, “The armor too. It can be sold for scrap, and I think
that the tusks can be ground to make a reagent. I’m going to start collecting things, see if you can find anything else.”

“Alright,” I nodded at him, and went back towards the platform near the entrance. Something about it had attracted my attention, even while I’d been stepping over them to look at the body. I heard a strange zapping noise, and when I looked towards it, I saw Xan had used a special device to shrink the weapon down to a more manageable size, “That’s handy.”

“Yeah. It’s a goblin thing. Most of their things don’t work right, but the goblin I got these from was especially smart. They work perfectly.”

“Marriage of convenience,” I commented, not without a certain amount of smug mirth.

“Told you,” he laughed and turned back to what he’d been doing. I walked the rest of the way to the platform. There was a body on it, and like the others it was long rotted. With no small amount of distaste, I gently moved it to the side. I couldn’t bring myself to loot it like Xan could, but I wanted to see more about the platform.

Once I’d moved it, I realized it was laying on top of something. A box was laying on the brown metal of the platform. It was made up of a 3x3 grid of smaller boxes on each side, all inscribed with strange sigils. Thinking it was interesting, I tossed it into my pack. There was nothing else on the platform, so I stood up and looked around the room. There were other platforms, some far enough away that I could barely make them out in the dimness. I went to the next one and found the same thing as the first. A body, and a box. There were six in all, spaced evenly around the room. The formed a ring around the room, and I noticed that the body was roughly in the center of them.

I realized with a start that the pit lord had been trapped here against its will. Owing to the fact that it was a pit lord, I didn’t really feel any sympathy for it, but I thought it was interesting that the Legion had to be forced to work with the orcs again. They’d sought out the clans who were ultimately corrupted by the blood of Mannoroth, not the other way around. Following that realization was one that told me the boxes were the means by which the pit lord was trapped. Even if they didn’t work anymore, there’d likely be a mage willing to pay a lot of money to study them. The legion was gone, but there were plenty of other threats, and something that was strong enough to trap a pit lord could be useful.

After I’d collected the boxes, I wandered back over to Xan and found him finished. I told him what I’d found, and we headed back up to the surface. We left the fires lit for any who might come behind us. They’d need to remove the body of the pit lord and the bodies of the dead before the citadel could be turned into anything else. If, indeed, they even wanted to bother with this section.

“Where to next?,” I asked, sheathing my sword for the moment.

“The barracks. They used to call the place The Shattered halls. It’s up in the main part of the citadel,” we both looked upwards, and I inwardly sighed as we started to climb. I really wanted to go to Shattrath and teach my mount to fly in the Outlands.

It was a long slog to the top of that building, and I was dripping sweat when I got there. The hot winds had started again, but as we went further up the outside of the structure, the winds became a little cooler. I still realized that I was out of shape, and I’d need to start training as soon as we got back. I was nowhere near fighting form. The only thing that made me feel better was seeing Xan sweat and breath hard, too. But we finally made it to the platform outside the entrance. I leaned against the rock walls for a moment, catching my breath. This door was also covered by a gate, but it wasn’t as rusted. We also couldn’t fit through these bars.
After I’d caught my breath, Xan and I lined ourselves up with the door, gripping the bottom. We yanked upwards, but we both stumbled backwards when the thing opened easily. Opening easily meant use. I drew my sword again as we entered.

The hallway we entered into was small and dim, but I could see. There was orange light coming from somewhere up ahead, so I continued down the claustrophobic stone tunnel. It widened fairly quickly, and the ceiling was high enough that it was lost in the gloom. We continued through this entry hall, and soon reached a doorway ringed with iron spikes. Beyond it was the source of the orange light.

We entered a larger room, made of stone with more large iron spikes on the walls. Ahead, a wide hallway stretched away from us. Heavy chains hung from the ceiling, rusting away. Neat piles of supplies were around the edges, all completely clean. I was liking this less and less by the minute.

We continued through this room and into the long hallway. It was made of a series of round rooms connected by arches with spikes. There was lava running through channels along the edges, providing light to the whole thing. It wasn’t as hot as I’d expect, so I thought there might be some magic at play. There were statues in some of the alcoves form by the round rooms; tall orcs in various poses. Idly, I wondered who they were as we passed them. Heroes? Or someone I’d consider a villain? Probably the latter, given where we were. These spaces were also clean and clear of any people or things. Tension was making my shoulders tighter with each step we took. Someone lived here, but we had no way of knowing if they were friends or foe.

The hallway opened to another room, this one ringed with hammocks that all looked new and well-kept. No one was sleeping in them, but that didn’t mean no one ever did sleep in them. Another series of lit braziers was hanging from the ceiling. We continued through the rooms, the empty throne squatting ominously in the corner as we passed. I noticed bars on the wall that looked like they’d once held banners, but nothing hung there now.

The whole place was like that. Clean, orderly, and empty. We walked down so many similar hallways that they blurred together into one long fever dream of iron spikes and ugly statues. This place was empty, but it lacked the distinct feeling of death and loss and decay that Magatheridon’s tomb had held. We kept going, we made it to the end, and stood on the grate above the lava pit in the last room. We could have taken things, but we didn’t. It felt wrong, like we’d be stealing. We weren’t thieves, we were salvage. Finding nothing, we walked back to the entrance and back out into the bright light of hellfire. Seeing evidence of people, but no actual people, had left me tense and jumpy. I needed to figure out who it was that was living in there. I’d seen the way that the burning legion lived, and that was way too clean and well organized to be fel orcs.

“So?,” I asked Xan, wanting to know what he thought.

“It’s creepy. It’s like walking through someone’s house when they’re not there.”

“Agreed. Should we press on?”

“I think we have to. We need to know if that stuff is free for the taking, or if there are people living here we might be able to ally ourselves with.”

“Alright. Lead on, then,” He walked up the rest of the tower with me, to the place he’d called The Blood Furnace.

This place was different, I could tell as soon as I entered. There were lit braziers here, too, but the cast an eerie purple glow from their pinkish-purple flames. We followed the green-and-purple stone floor until we came to a tall staircase edged in more braziers. I sighed to myself and we started
climbing. There were hundreds of stairs.

“They should have called this the staircase of destiny, because I’m destined to pass out before we get to the top,” I grumbled.

Xan chuckled, “I guess you’re going to be doing some cardio when we get back, huh?”

“Or I could run up and down this staircase until I die. Whichever works better.” We got to the top, and I noticed cracks in the walls and floor with green light shining through, “This place just keeps getting weirder.”

“Weird is what makes it fun.”

“We have different ideas of fun,” We reached another landing, and another pit of blackness. Even with the green glow from the cracks in the rocks, this blackness was inky and alive. I stepped to the edge of the landing and looked over. Far below I could see the flickering of the green and yellow fires, “I think we’re above Magatheridon’s tomb.”

“That would make sense judging from what I know of the layout,” we kept going, deeper into the bowels of this area. We passed through a few more hallways.

“Wait, Xan, do you hear that?,” a noise brought me to a sudden stop, ears straining, and I heard it again. It wasn’t rats. It sounded like, “Elune, it’s children crying!”

“Lai, wait!,” Xan called after me as I took off in the direction of the children, sword at the ready.

I burst into a room that was largely empty, save too important details. One, there were heavy chains and meat hooks hanging from the ceiling. Something dark coated the tips of those hooks. Two, there were cages around the outside of the room and all of them were full of kids. I ran to the nearest one as I heard Xan’s footsteps entering behind me. The cages were strange, the bars made of purple tentacles that grew out of the walls and floor.

“Help us, please!,,” the nearest kid said. They’d all started noticing us and the room became a cacophony of voices saying similar things to us. The children were all Azerothian, and of every humanoid species I could think of. Horde and Alliance children, it did not matter, they were all here.

“Shhh, little one. I’ll get you out. Do you know how to open the cages?,,” the one closest to me shook her head, but an older boy near the back knew.

“There’s a control lever on the wall at the other end of the room,” he said, pointing towards it. He seemed oddly calm, but I didn’t know if it was because he was older than the other kids, or if he was just shell-shocked.

“Ok, I’ll be right back, I’m going to go open it.”

“Lai, what are you doing?,” Xan hissed, following me.

“Saving a bunch of children, obviously,” it took me a second, but I found the lever. Before I could pull it, Xan objected.

“What are we going to do with them when we let them out? We should leave them and finish the trip through. We can bring them with us again on the way out.”

“Xan, if you think I’m going to leave kids in cages for even a second longer than I have to, you’ve
seriously misjudged my character.”

He sighed, “No, I haven’t. I just wanted to try and do this in a more orderly way,” He shrugged, and yanked the lever down. The bars made no noise as they opened, and the kids shuffled out. Some didn’t seem to think they could actually leave. I went back to the older boy.

“Are there more of you further in?”

“Yes. I used to be kept down there. They’re on the other side of the lab.”

“Thank you. Kids!,” I raised my voice to be heard over them, “We’re going to rescue the rest of your friends. We’ll be back, and then we’ll take you all to safety outside,” there were whimpers and groans of protest, but it was all weak. The kids were too scared to argue. We moved on.
Black Eyes and Creepy Corn

Chapter Summary

Xan and Lai continue their exploration of Hellfire Citadel, but as they dive deeper the find the cause of the strangeness and it is not what they expected. They face their first battle together, in more ways than one.

Chapter Notes

The smut is back! At the end of the chapter, if you'd like to skip ahead. There's a bit of spanking and, as per usual for them, it's fairly rough.

Next chapter will be Syl & Rori.

We moved on to the lab, and quickly discovered that ‘lab’ was only kind of an appropriate term for it. Everything about it made me on edge. The vials full of colored, bubbling liquids I couldn’t identify. The floor was sticky, and pools of green liquid had accumulated in the cracks between the stones. I’d never seen an undead, but this was the kind of place I imagined the Forsaken dwelling in.

And yet, strangely, there was no gore. The surface of the stones looked clean, and the stickiness that covered everything was covered in dirt and looked truly well-worn into the cracks of the floor. The burners were all turned off, and all of the test tubes looked sealed. What kind of undead horror house was so...clean? None of this made sense. It didn’t add up. Why were the barracks so clean and well-stocked? Why were they organized? What had happened to all the bodies and remains on these two levels when Magetheridon’s tomb was full of remains and rats? It didn’t make sense.

“Xan, something is off. I can’t figure it out, but--,” my words were cut off by a cry from the room ahead of us. We were almost to the second room with the kids imprisoned. We rushed down and into the large, open space that had the rest of the cages. I easily found the level and pulled it, letting them all out. Some of them started running towards the exit, but they all looked confused and upset, “Come on kids, time to go. We’re letting you out.”

We collected them and ushered them through the lab to the other room. Some of the kids from the first group milled around, lost, but most were gone. They must have gone to the exit. We gathered all of them up, checking to make sure none were still hiding in the cages, and had them pair up and follow us towards the exit. We got them out of that horror house without incident, and gathered them together near the entrance to count them so we wouldn’t lose track of any on the way back to Honor Hold. Hopefully they could be placed back with their parents, or with an orphanage. Hopefully they weren’t too traumatized to tell us about their parents.

After counting them, I noticed that the older boy I’d been talking to wasn’t among the twenty-four kids that were crowded around us on the platform. It was then that I finally noticed the noise. There were sounds of battle coming from the ramparts above us. I frowned, “Xan, what--”

“HELP!,” the spine-curdling scream cut through the wind of the red waste and down to us. It didn’t
“Kids, stay here, we’ll be right back,” I said, not waiting for them to listen as Xan drew his axe and took off for the sound of the scream and I followed, sword out.

We ran pel-mel up the ramps until we got to the top of the wide walls. When we got there, I immediately understood why I’d heard the sounds of battle. There were people up here, most of them draenei and orc, and they were fighting. Not each other, no, they were fighting what could only be described as abominations. Lumps and blobs of ever moving, ever shifting substance flicked rubbery black, green, and purple tentacles at panicked defenders. They weren’t huge creatures, but the limbs made it difficult to fight them. Some of the people weren’t even armed, they were just running and screaming as the people who were armed tried desperately to protect them. Their efforts seemed in vain, because the bodies of the creatures kept re-growing until someone shouted, “Fire, remember?! Burn the stumps!”

The scream broke me out of the shock of seeing these indescribable creatures and into action. I grabbed a nearby torch from a pile of unlit ones near a weapons rack and dunked it in the flame of a lit brazier. Then, I charged at the nearest one. I hacked the limb off while it was distracted with an unarmed person, and jammed the torch at the stump. I heard it scream, but not with my ears. The sound was in my own mind, like claws scraping down the inside of my skull. My eyes watered with tears and I had no idea why I was crying, but I ignored it. My sentinel training kicked in and I fell into the rhythm of battle. Sword, torch, sword, torch, don’t forget to dodge. The creature got smaller and more manageable, and I cut a lash down the center of it and burned it. It fell to the ground and stopped moving. I went to the next creature, this one engaged with another armed defender. We took turns distracting it so the other could hack off a limb, until it too was docile enough to cut in half and burn.

I kept going, battle fury overtaking me, adrenaline shooting through my body. As more died, it freed up defenders to help with the rest, and the process became easier. The last creature went down, when I turned and caught sight of some of the kids appearing at the top of the ramp, “Kids, no, don’t!”

I don’t know what I was about to say, but it never made it out of my mouth. The kid in the front, a little red-headed human girl, made eye contact with me and smiled. Not the happy smile of a child, no, there was hunger in that smile. Wider and wider it stretched, much too large for her small face, tearing through her cheeks and showing rows of sharp teeth. Her eyes turned a nightmarish black, widening until they were cartoonishly large in her face. Everything about her seemed to expand until her skin split like a husk and melted into the shining, changing flesh of one of the creatures. The other creatures followed the example, and soon a black, purple, and green wall of shifting, shining flesh was bearing down on us.

The last thing I remember hearing before I charged that horrible tangle of limbs was Xan yelling, “Lai, wait!”

I didn’t wait. I couldn’t. If they stayed behind and didn’t fight with me, then they were cowards. More than that, some of them had died, and I knew now that it was my fault. These weren’t kids, they were monsters, and they were in those cages because they were abominations. The blood of the dead was on my hands, and I needed to make it right. I needed to get them revenge so they could rest peacefully. Too many ghosts haunted this land and the lands of Azeroth, and I didn’t need these ones adding to it.

I slashed at the first creature I reached. It wasn’t even finished transforming, and it dropped to the
floor in a pile of slime, dead without the fire. Something about being mid-transformation made it more vulnerable. There was one more still mid-change and I cleaved that one almost completely down the middle. It, too, dropped. I turned to the next creature and got through two of its limbs before I felt a strong, icy-cold grip wrap around my middle and yank me backwards.

Not expecting it, I fell, and the tentacle around my middle started squeezing. It was crushing my middle, and another one wrapped around my neck, and I knew my weapons had dropped. It was squeezing, squeezing, and I couldn’t breathe. I heard Xan’s voice, but I couldn’t make out the words. I couldn’t think clearly. I wanted to start laughing and laughing, but I couldn’t seem to make my voice work.

“Stupid, selfish elf,” came the scratching voice inside my head, “You think the Legion is gone? You think that Sargaras was alone? That we would disappear when he was trapped? The void is forever.”

I didn’t answer it. Instead, I used my last few moments of consciousness to reach down towards my boot. I could just reach it, and I tore free the small dagger I kept there. I slashed twice, and tumbled to the ground, free of the crushing limbs, and tearing at the bits that were wrapped around me. I coughed and sputtered, sucking in air. It was hot and dusty and sweet.

I hadn’t burned its limbs, though, so my reprieve was temporary. Out of the corner of my eye I saw it coming for me again. I snapped my head around looking for my sword and torch and found them nearby. Rolling to dodge the rubbery thing that snapped at me, I grabbed my two weapons. Slash, burn. Slash, burn. I wasn’t alone now, the defenders had caught up and were fighting next to me. I finally had support, and I could concentrate on the creature in front of me. My throat was still burning, and I suspected it would be for some time, but I was alive. Alive, and fighting, and the knowledge gave me a heady, crazed sort of strength. I laughed as I cut off limbs and split another creature in two. I laughed as they fell before me, screamed a battlecry as I went to the next one.

They were dead, I was not. I stood with the other defenders amongst a pile of bodies, covered from head to heal in the goo from the monsters. My throat still burned, I was breathing hard, my arms were sore, and I felt more alive than I had in weeks. The adrenaline was still coursing through me, and I was almost disappointed that there were no more abominations to kill.

It was at this moment that the nearest orc, brown-skinned, clearly uncorrupted, and also covered head to foot in goo, turned to me with an angry scowl on his face, “Was it you that let them out? Was it?”

“It was,” I said evenly, “I found a group of children in cages and I let them out.”

“They were not children!,” he yelled.

“Obviously. Why did you have them in cages, anyway? Why leave them unguarded? The fault is not all my own!,” I felt my voice rising along with my adrenaline-fueled anger.

“That is not your concern! Only a corrupted one,” he scowled at Xan, “would be so honorless as to invade someone else’s home!”

“We thought it was empty!,” I defended Xan.

“And what did you do when it clearly was not?,” the demand came from another person, this time a draenei woman.

“We kept going because we wanted to find the occupants. The horde and the alliance--”

“We care nothing for the wars of off-worlders,” spat the orc, “You bring them here and cause
trouble. We have enough of our own! We only wish to live our lives in peace, together, like it was before we ever knew of Azeroth!"

That stopped me, “Wait, you are rebuilding?”

Confused by my sudden change of tone, his attitude was still cautious, “We are trying. We are few, but we are trying. We started by reclaiming this place.”

Xan and I exchanged another of our looks. This changed everything, “Would you maybe be interested in help?”

Now the orc was just confused, so it was the draenei woman who answered, “What do you mean?”

“We are scavengers, we were here to start the process of cleaning and reclaiming the fortress to use as a neutral city and trading hub. If you’re already here starting the job, though, it would be better to leave well enough alone and offer you help instead.”

“Neutral,” the woman said, “No fighting within our walls?”

I nodded, “Like Shattrath.”

Their expression softened at the mention of that city. The city was proof that when inclined, and mediated by a third party, the horde and alliance could coexist. Another person, an orc woman this time, spoke next, “I have been to Shattrath. It is a prosperous hub. The people there aren’t just scraping by, there is trade and jobs.”

I held out my hand in greeting, “I am Sybelais, and this is Corxanth. You may call me Lai.”

The draenei woman was the first to take my hand, “I am Svetlaya. We have taken to calling ourselves the Desm ó ei.”

“I am often called Xan,” he finally joined the conversation, “I am part draenei. My grandmother was from this place.”

“So were your lost orcish ancestors,” the other orc grunted.

“What is your name?,” Xan replied.

“Kezcron.”

“You are right, Kezcron, they were from here and they did drink the blood. You are Mag’har and I am not. But I am not them, and there is no honor in assigning their blame to me.”

“Sons always carry the honor of the fathers, and the burden of their mistakes. But we have dealt with the Legion, and we know what it is like. You are of Draenor, too, and there is honor in admitting your mistakes and helping to fix them,” he looked over at me, “And your night elf fights fiercely.”

I decided to let it go that he was referring to me as a possession of Xan’s and simply say, “Thank you. And I am sorry. I didn’t realize.”

“I cannot be fixed now. We will mourn the dead. Go, give us time to do that, give us time to clean this up. Come back later and we will talk more of working together.”

We had no choice but to obey, and so we picked our way through the carnage and started the long walk down the citadel. As we neared the bottom Xan said, “Why did you charge in without waiting
“Because there was an eldritch horror coming towards us?,” I was confused by what sounded like annoyance in his voice.

“Yes but we must act together. You cannot just charge in like that! You couldn’t have taken them all alone, and you almost--,” he cut himself off before he continued, and I realized what was actually bothering him, “We are a team and we need to learn to work like one.”

“Almost died, right? That’s what you were going to say, Xan?”

“Yes, alright, yes! You almost died!”

We stepped into the small guard building right before the path put us back onto the hard cracked red earth of the peninsula, and I rounded on him, “But I didn’t, because I can take care of myself! Stop being so overprotective!”

“Stop being so reckless!”

We stood there, staring at each other, expressions of anger etched on our faces. We were breathing hard from the long walk down, but also from the rush of battle and our argument. Xan growled and grabbed my face in his hands and shoved me up against the rock wall, melding our mouths together. It wasn’t kissing so much as it was nipping, biting, smashing out mouths together. He let go and gripped my waist with both hands, pulling me against him.

“You see?,” he grabbed my leg and pulled it up, wrapping it around his waist. He flexed his hips, grinding his cock against me through our clothes, “You see what you do to me?”

“Yeah? What are you going to do about it?,” I snarled at him. Fuck me, I hoped. He dropped my leg and started yanking at the closure to my pants. I was wearing armor, but it was leather. He wouldn’t be able to get my clothes all the way off, but he’d definitely be able to push my pants down around my upper thighs.

“You know what I’m going to do about it,” He flipped me over and pushed down my pants, baring my ass and the top of my thighs. He gathered my hair in one hand, holding it like a handle pressing my cheek against the warm, unforgiving surface of the stone wall he had me up against. The little guard tower hid us from view, but even if it hadn’t, I wouldn’t have cared.

I felt his leather-clad hand smooth itself over one of the round, purple globes of my ass, “This ass is mine, just like the rest of you, and I’m the only one allowed to make a mark on it.”

Oh, shit.

Oh, shit. I sucked in my bottom lip, knowing what was coming, sticking my ass towards him, pushing it against his hand. A deep, masculine chuckle came from his throat and he said, “I think you want it. Do you want it, little elf?”

“Yes,” my voice was so quiet. I didn’t want to talk, I wanted him to keep doing what he was doing.

“What was that?”

“Yes!,” I said, louder. His hand left my skin and a second later it came back down, landing with a crack that made me yelp. There was a sting, and then a warm flush.
“You’re not going to run ahead without me anymore,” he said, smacking the other cheek just as hard as the first one. I yelped again, my voice catching on a moan at the end.

“No,” I was quiet again. Although hard smack to my buzzing ass.

“I can’t hear you.”

“No!”

“No, what?,” his hand cracked against my behind again. Endorphins were pooling in my brain, translating the pain to pleasure, revelling in the warm sting and the brush of air against my now-sensitive skin.

“No, sir!”

“Good girl. And why is that?,” I mumbled something against the stone. Fuck me, Xan, please just fuck me. That’s what I was thinking when the next slap landed, “I couldn’t hear you.”

“Because I’m yours!,” I was, too, body and soul. And he was mine. I had no doubt that if I’d wanted to, I could have pushed him up against the wall and smacked his ass, but I didn’t want to. I wanted the pain, I was the one who got turned on by it. I wanted to be possessed like this.

“That’s right,” I felt him shift behind me, heard some noise. Then his hand wrapped around my waist and pulled my hips out. I had barely enough time to register his cockhead pushing against me before he’d shoved himself deep. It’d been a couple of days since we’d last been together and I hadn’t come. I was tight, and the hard thickness of him made my cunt ache. Not so much that it pushed from pleasure to pain. Just enough to let me feel how big he was. I moaned into the stone.

He didn’t wait, or give me time to adjust. I was so wet that he easily slid in and out of me. My fingers scrabbled against the stone as he pounded his hips against mine. It was hard and fast, a confirmation of life after the fear of death. A release of adrenaline, a comedown from our fight and the battle. He fucked me hard, pushing his cock deep, and the only sounds were our strained breaths, the slapping of our bodies, and the obscene squish of the wetness. I pushed my ass against him, and he used the hand that was holding my hair to pull back on my head, stretching my neck. His labored breath was hot against my ear, “Is that what you wanted, little elf?”

“Harder,” I croaked, the angle of my neck making my voice strained. A dark laugh came from him. He obliged, his thick cock plunging in and out of me, rubbing hard against my g-spot. It didn’t take long before I came, wailing loudly and soaking us. My wetness ran down my thighs in hot waves, dripping onto my pants. He moaned, biting down on my exposed neck, and shoving his cock as deep as he could. I felt it jump inside me and I knew he was coming too. The thought of him filling me made me shudder and squeeze him with the muscles inside me.

He let go of my hair, and held both of my hands against the wall, still deep inside me, his body covering mine, “I love you too much sometimes.”

“Just enough. Just enough, Xan. But you’ll have to get used to me being in danger if we’re going to do this. If you love me, you have to trust me.”

His chest was heaving with his deep breaths, his weight pressed against me, and he sounded almost desperate, “I know. I’m sorry. I was just so scared. I’m not used to being scared in the field. It was only me before.”

“And now it’s both of us, and we’re stronger that way. I’ve got you, Xan. You are my home, and I’ve got you.”
“I’m so glad I came to the tree that day.”

“Me, too,” he pushed away from me, pulling out slowly. We got dressed again and I dug my hearth out of my bag, running my finger along the blue swirl in the center to activate it.

“What are you doing?,” he asked.

“If you think I’m riding all the way back to Honor Hold after that, then you’re nuts. I’ll be lucky if I can sit in the saddle tomorrow.”

His laugh was deep and rich, “Alright, I see. I’ll hearth too then.”

I chuckled too, and the stone activated, whisking me back to the inn.
Morning Sex and Annoying Purple Wizards

Chapter Summary

Sylest and Rori take a break in Stormwind before they go to Dalaran to ask the Kirin Tor for help with Sylest's newest pet project.

Chapter Notes

Yay, more smut! Hope you like morning sex. It's at the beginning of the chapter.

Also if you skip the plot here, but read it in the rest of the chapters that come afterwards, you're going to be confused.
“Why is it always so bright in here?,” I grumbled to myself. Squinting in the bright morning sunshine. It streamed through the window and right into my eyes.

After we finished in the cave, I’d portaled us to Stormwind, and we’d headed straight for the closest inn. We’d ended up in the The Gilded Rose, the busy inn that was smack in the middle of the trade district. The advantage was that it was close, but the disadvantage was that it was in the busiest part of the city. People in the trade district got started early and I was absolutely not a morning person. I could sleep through sound and I could sleep through sunup, but I couldn’t sleep through both.

Rori was sprawled next to me, practically spread-eagle, and I was curled up against his side. We
were both naked and we hadn’t left the inn for days. I rolled over and looked at him, sleeping blissfully away. The sun made his peach skin glow, and the fire of his sunset colored hair come to life. Unlike the Kaldorei, the Sin’dorei and the Quel’dorei were brought to life by the sun. His broad chest rose and fell with the rhythm of his breathing. The sheet was wrapped around his ribs, and further down said sheet was tenting with his morning wood.

“Well, no sense in that going to waste,” I thought to myself. I grinned and almost cackled aloud, and then I poked him in the ribs, tickling him and yelling, “WAKEUP!”

“AAHHH!!,” he yelped and sat up, “What? What is it? Are we being attacked?!”

I almost felt bad for like half a second, but I couldn’t resist. He made me too happy, “Well, I’m hoping one of us will be soon.”

“Oh, is that what you’re hoping?,” he laid back down and rubbed his face and glancing down, “My cock betrays me every time.”

“Now, now, you know that’s not true. He’s yet to let me down, anyway,” I reached down under the sheet and wrapped my hand around him, stroking up and down.

“Down is not the direction this is going,” he groaned. I tossed the sheet aside and straddled him, his wide body filling the space between my thighs. He looked down at the place where we were nearly joined, watching as I sank down onto him, both of us sighing with the relief of being together.

“It’s been a week. We have barely left this room for a week. How do I still want you so badly? How does it still feel so good?,” I rocked my hips, making him slide in and out of me.

“I don’t know, but, fuck, it does,” I leaned forward, supporting myself on his chest, his hands resting on my hips. I rocked my hips, using them to bounce up and down on him. I liked this position, I’d found, because it rubbed my clit against his public bone while his cock slid in and out of me. He liked it, too, because he liked to watch me come. I ground against him, going faster and faster, until my body shuddered, and clenched around his cock. I reached between us and rubbed my clit through the orgasm, making it longer and more intense, moaning, “I love that. I love watching you get off with me inside you.”

He pulled my face to his and kissed me. Even in the morning, his mouth tasted like sweet sunshine and apples. He said it was because he was a dragon. When I asked what I tasted like to him, he couldn’t describe it. He only said ‘you taste like you - sarcasm and laughter and magic’, “I never want to leave this place.”

Obviously, we had to leave eventually. We couldn’t occupy the nicest room in the inn forever. But it was a safe, happy bubble of newness, and I didn’t want to pop it. He rolled me over, and hitched one of my legs up to change the angle, and I gasped and the new feeling, “Me, either. I never want to leave your pussy.”

I opened my eyes and looked up at him and he was smirking. Trust that big, red idiot to make a dirty joke when I was being cute and loving, “Just you watch, that’s the last time I ever say anything sappy to you.”

He pulled out and thrust back inside me again, making me moan and shudder under him, “That’s ok. I know sarcasm is how you say ‘I love you’.”

He kept thrusting and I had a hard time forming words, “Less talky, more fucky.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he chuckled low in his throat. He rocked his hips, moving faster and faster, until I
came again for him. This time he’d done it with just his cock, making sure he rubbed himself against my sensitive g-spot. Fucking hell, I loved g-spot orgasms. I loved the feeling, the mess of it. He followed me over the edge a few strokes later, moaning my name and pushing his cum deep. I loved that too, I loved the feeling of him pulsing inside me, the slide of him, the thick, hot evidence of what I did to him dripping out of me. The way he said my name like a prayer.

When he was done, he pulled out of me, but didn’t roll off me. Instead, he held himself up with his arms, his fingers cupping my face and gently playing with tendrils of my hair. His expression was serious, so I figured I wasn’t going to enjoy what he was about to say, “Are you ready for today?”

I shrugged, “As ready as I can be.”

Outside, somewhere in the canals, the clocktower of Stormwind started to sound. I counted the chimes. Nine. It was nine in the morning, and I had to get up. Now or never, I supposed. I pushed Rori off of me, and he followed me out of bed. We took our time getting ready, and I nervously checked and rechecked my robes. I'd used the Consortium's magic to re-shape my more powerful robes to resemble the Regalia of Tiriasfal. I wanted them to remember who had the guardian’s armor now. I took Ebonchill for the same reason.

“I think it’s time to go,” Rori said when he saw that I was done dressing and packing and was just puttering around the room avoiding the task ahead.

“You know, I feel a little bad for whomever has to clean this room and our week’s worth of body fluids,” I commented, looking at the canopied bed.

“It’s cool, I left a bunch of gold downstairs for the cleaning staff.”

“Always thinking,” I smiled briefly and sighed. Rori stepped close to me.

“It’s time to open the portal.”

“I know, it’s just...what if they say no?”

“Who cares? We’ll do it anyway.”

I grinned, and he grinned back, “That’s just what I needed to hear.”

“I know. Now open the damned portal,” I nodded my agreement and started to call the arcane energies to me. I muttered a few words, and the portal hung in the air in front of us. We both stepped through, appearing in the space outside Kraus’s Landing. Outside the open-faced building, the noises of Dalaran greeted me.

I loved Dalaran. The flying city of the mages was my home, if I could be said to have one. More than even the Exodar. The Exodar made me feel claustrophobic and sad, and Shattrath, well, that was a different beast altogether. But Dalaran? The clean, crisp air of the flying mage city, the humming of magic against my skin. So many other mages to talk to and learn from. This was where I belonged. We walked out into the sunshine and the bustling of the city, and started making our way across the red cobblestones to the other side of the city.

We passed by the bars and the trade district, and I barely noticed them. The smells of things cooking didn’t entice me as they normally did. I wasn’t even bantering with Rori. My mind was set on what I needed to do. We paused at the bottom of the steps leading up to the Violet Citadel and I looked up at the tall structure. It stretched so high that I couldn’t even see the top. I, like every other mage of the Kirin Tor, had apartments somewhere in the tower. Nether knew I could never find them if I had to walk through the maze of corridors that made up the building, but I could teleport to them.
started the long walk up the steps, Rori following a step or two behind.

I nodded to the two guards as I entered the large, round room at the base of the tower. Here was where the council of the six always met, allowing their people free access to their attentions. I’d set this meeting up beforehand, specifically requesting their attention. A page boy ran ahead of me and started to announce me.

“Archmage Sylestinyana, Avenger of Hyjal, Bane of the Fallen King, Blackwing’s Bane, Brew—”

“Thank you, child. That’s enough,” I interrupted. They’d give you a title for practically anything these days, and I’d been around for a long time. We’d be here for hours if I let him use them all. Besides, archmage was the only title that mattered. I was exactly on time, even though I had a bad habit of running late to everything. Kalec seemed to notice, and I saw one corner of his mouth tilt up in a hidden smile. I tilted my head in greeting as the page left the room, “Archmages.”

“Sylestinyana,” Khadgar greeted me. He was looking more frail every time I saw him, especially since the Legion’s defeat.

“Khadgar, we’ve worked together a thousand times. You can call me Sylest.”

“Still as disrespectful as always, I see,” snarked Karlain. His frown lines were carved deep, and we’d never gotten along.

In my head, my reply was still have the stick up your ass, I see, but I refrained from saying it aloud, “I meant no disrespect.”

“Karlain,” Modera said, warning in her tone, “Sylest, why have you requested this meeting?”

Now or never, “I seek the council and the Kirin Tor’s aid. I have been researching for months now, and I believe it might be possible to restore the Outlands. To heal them and form a planet from them again.”

There were a few seconds of stunned silence as they processed this. I don’t know that anyone else had ever even contemplated doing this, but Draenor was my home. I’d been born there, and it made me heartsick that it was left in the condition it was in. The power I’d need to accomplish the thing was far beyond what any one person could do on their own, though, and I needed help.

Kalec reacted first, and his tone wasn’t unkind. He was well aware of my close relationship with Rori, and having been in a relationship with a mortal himself, he had a soft spot for the two of us, “You want to bring back Draenor?”

I shook my head, “I cannot. No one can. I want to make something new from the ashes of the old.”

“Why do you think this is possible?,” Ansirem asked.

“I travelled to Karazhan. I found a book in the library that I have translated fully enough to believe that there are spells within that can be used to heal my homeworld.”

“But...why?,” Khadgar tended to blurt things out, not out of a sense of meanness, but because he just seemed to have no filter. It wasn’t his age, he’d never had a filter.

“Because I want to go home,” I said, giving them the simplest explanation possible before continuing, “The Lightforged need a home now that they’ve defeated the Legion. The Draenei need a home that isn’t a ship that crashed on an island years ago and a few scattered buildings. The population has been growing again, and we will soon outgrow the space we have.”
“Have you spoken to Velen about this? Why is he not here?,” that was Karlain, the conversation not removing an iota of disdain from his voice.

“I have not. Velen is not a mage. He gave up that power when he dedicated himself to the light. I don’t intend to force my people to go anywhere, I simply want to offer them another option. I want to do this for them, as a gift.”

“You are not powerful enough,” he continued.

“If I was powerful enough to do it myself, I wouldn’t be here speaking to you,” he was starting to annoy me. I wasn’t a particularly patient person to begin with, “But I can lead others in the task.”

“You are not powerful enough even for that,” I wanted to smack the smugness off of his face. I banged the heel of Ebonchill against the floor.

“I am powerful enough to have retrieved Ebonchill, and now I wield it with no detriment to my sanity. I retrieved Felo’melorn, and Aluneth, and I wield all three! None of you could have accomplished that!”

“And Khadgar has Atiesh? Many have great weapons, what of it!,” he practically shouted the words over me. I knew that if I’d provoked him into shouting, I could make my point by staying more calm. I kept my voice even and low.

“Make no mistake, I am aware that Khadgar is more skilled than I am, but he didn’t retrieve Atiesh himself. It was found for him in Naxxramas and reassembled by people like me. Have you been to Naxxramas, Archmage Karlain? Because I have, and I’ve got the nightmares to prove it.”

“Enough!,” Khadgar finally stepped in, silencing our argument, “Talking about me like I’m not even here. Sylest, how do you intend to do this?”

Now we were getting to the meat of the issue, “There are several magical artifacts that I will need to retrieve. Once I have them, I’ll need to draw on the power of other mages and channel it through the artifacts. I will need to enlist the help of The Light. I will need the help of Alexstraza, as well, but Rorialistrasz can help me with that. In short, I need the raw power of the Kirin Tor.”

“And what of the danger?,” said Modera, “We have already lost so many to the legion.”

“Unlike most things the Kirin Tor are involved in, I actually do not expect the casting of the spell to be that dangerous. Tiring, yes, but not dangerous.”

“And what of the Horde?,” This was from Ansirem. I’d thought this answer over, too.

“The orcs will be welcome. They are off-worlders, too. Draenor was theirs, too. Any of the horde or the alliance who are willing to make peace will be allowed, but their war will not be allowed to infect another planet,” I said ‘their’, even though technically I was a member of the Alliance. I considered myself just as closely aligned with the Kirin Tor, or any of the other peoples I’d gotten to know over the course of my life. The only thing I truly was, was a draenei. An exiled one, and I was sick of being exiled. I had my share of anger towards the Horde, especially after the bombing of Theremore, but forgiveness needed to happen if I was to move forward. Healing Draenor and my people meant forgiving the Horde.

“That’s fair,” he replied. I thought he would; the Kirin Tor might sympathize with the Alliance, but they attempted to stay neutral.

“And the people and creatures of the Outlands...?,” Kalec trailed off, the rest of the question implied.
“They will be safe, and protected. The spell is mostly one of restoration, not destruction. No one need die for this,” I’d made sure of it. It was one of the most important points to me. I wouldn’t be asking if I thought a single person would be hurt by it.

“I still don’t see why we should do this,” Karlain sniffed. I really did not like that man.

“Because I have fought Arthas. I have fought Garrosh. I have fought the Scourge, and the Legion, and the Mogu, and Deathwing, and Gul’dan. I have been part of every single major event since I arrived on this planet. I even went back to Argus, a place that is essentially a desecrated graveyard for my people, to help Azerothians stop Sargaras. I have done these things because we were happily accepted by the Alliance we we crashed on their shores. Because this the only home we’ve had in a long time. Because we were stronger together, and these threats were against all of us. I have had countless sleepless nights, gone to the farthest flung places, had no peace, I have BLED for Azeroth. Now I am asking for help. In the face of all I have done for Azeroth, this is a minor request.”

They were quiet, because not even Karlai could argue against what I’d said. True, I wasn’t always the most consistent member of the Kirin Tor. I tended to go my own way when I wasn’t needed rather than staying in Dalaran holed up in a library. But not a single thing I’d said was wrong, and I’d always turned up when I was needed. They exchanged glances, but it was Khadgar that answered.

“We will discuss it in council. Come back tomorrow and we’ll have an answer.”

“Thank you archmages. I eagerly await your answer in my quarters,” I inclined my head to them as I had when I’d entered. I held out my hand, and Rori took it. I teleported us to my rooms.

I received the summons the next day around ten in the morning. I hadn’t managed to sleep much at all, and I was achingly tired. I knocked back three coffees before I was dressed and ready and the cobwebs had mostly been chased away. Rori came with me again for the same reason he’d been there last time: emotional support. He wasn’t a member of the Kirin Tor. He’d be much more important when we went to see Alexstrasza. We trudged downstairs and back into the meeting room.

This time, the only person there was Khadgar. I didn’t know if that was a good sign or a bad sign. He looked up when he saw me enter, “Morning, Sylest.”

“How on earth are you so cheerful in the morning?,” With no one else present, I felt comfortable addressing him in a more casual manner. We’d developed a friendship over the years. We had a shared sense of humor - I was one of the only people who cracked up laughing when he presented me with a glass ball containing an image of his head and called it the ‘Wonderous Wisdomball’.

“What are you talking about, I’m always cheerful. That’s why everyone loves me!”

I rolled my eyes, “Nothing to do with the fact that you could fry them all and eat them for breakfast.”

“That is a terrible thing to say. I’m sure that orcs taste awful,” I snickered and he got serious, “We made a decision concerning your request. It may not be what you want to hear, but I think it’s fair.”

“Ok,” I drew out the word, injecting my caution into it.

“Go and find these artifacts you need. Come back to us and bring them with you. If we see your dedication to making this happen, and your ability to see it through, then we’ll help as best we can.”

“You’re right, it’s not what I hoped for, but it is fair,” I turned to Rori, “It looks like we’ve got a long
road ahead of us.”
I Will Never Not Hate the Cold

Chapter Summary

Following Khadgar's conditions for the Kirin Tor's help with healing the Outlands, Rori and Sylest decide what to do and set out on the subsequent journey. This leg takes them to Northrend in search of a mysterious Titan artifact.

Chapter Notes

Double dose of dirty bits towards the end. Dirty bits always make the chapters so much longer, lol. It's about half plot half smut, and the usual amount of sarcasm between Syl and Rori. I love their banter, it's so fun for me to write.

There's no real roughness here, just a bunch of dirty talk and a bit of semi-public fucking.

The image is, as per usual, me sketching on top of a still from porn. I wanted to do a better job coloring it and take the time to shade (like that first colored image of Xan and Lai), but I'm gonna be honest with you all: I have a paper due tomorrow and just wanted to finish and go work on it. So the color of them isn't as correct as I'd like - next time I'll do better. Rori does have reddish sunset faded colored hair, but I didn't have time to draw it properly. Syl has that whitish purple of the draenei, but again, I didn't have time to properly shade it so you get regular old purple.
“So what do you think? Alexstraza first, or...the light?,” I asked Rori. We sat in the bar nearest the Violet Citadel, sucking back the purple concoction that the made bartenders made. It tasted like whatever your favorite things were - a different thing each time you sucked back a mouthful.

“Well considering that Alexstraza is a person and not a mysterious nebulous entity, I’d say...Alexstraza,” he paused for a second and I could see the wheels turning in his head. “Of course, we could just go get all of the artifacts first. We might not like it but Khadgar is right in one respect. We can generate all the interest we want, but it will be useless if we don’t have the artifacts.”

“Do you think I should have waited until I had them before asking?”

“No. Now you know where they stand. The Kirin Tor were the most important, and if we couldn’t get them then the artifacts would be a waste. But now we know we have them, if you can get the materials we need.”

I didn’t ask what he thought of the plan, because I didn’t need to. We’d been discussing it for months. Ever since I stumbled upon a book in the library called *The Science and Magic of the Titans* and started translating it. He’d been the one to introduce the idea for to me after we’d had a conversation about Draenor and growing up there. He supported this. He wanted it almost as bad as I did. That’s what I got for pairing with a member of the red dragonflight, I supposed.

“So, then what first?,” I took a long swallow of my drink. Summer, and fire, and cotton candy. In that order.

“I’ve been thinking about it. I think we should go to Northrend and try to find the sphere.”

“I thought you might say that. Gods, I hate the cold.”
“You’re not the one who has to fly in it.”

“We could always take the rocket,” I smirked at him. I was expressly trying to get a rise out of him.

“Absolutely not. You know how I feel about that. I will not be a flying creature in a rocket, they idea is just absurd.”

“Ooohhh, I bet we could get Zalryia to carry us both,” Zalrya was one of my netherdrakes. She had a little bit of a crush on Rori.

“I’m not even going to dignify that with an answer,” he scowled at me and I grinned big.

“Look at it this way, if we get to Stormwind today it’ll take us long enough to get to Northrend that we’ll get to stay at that inn we love. And THIS time,” I wiggled my eyebrows suggestively at him.

He laughed, “Still...you know how I feel about boats. It’s enough to make me miss the days when Dalaran was in Northrend.”

“You don’t like getting your pretty claws wet,” he smirked at me and I grinned at the unintentional double entendre.

“It’s more the seasickness. Plus the ride to Northrend is long.”

“Not as long as the ride between here and Pandaria,” I pointed out.

“Lucky I’m with you, then.”

“Damn straight you’re lucky you’re with me,” I swallowed the last of my drink - popcorn, chocolate ice cream, and salt air - and stood. Rori stood too, but he pulled me close and nuzzled the side of my face, his voice a low whisper.

“One of these days, you’re going to swallow that drink and it’s going to taste like my mouth and my cum.”

Never one to let myself be outdone my a dragon, “I bet yours already tastes like my pussy, doesn’t it.”

He squeezed my ass instead of answering, and I saw the smirk on his face when I pulled away, “Take us to Stormwind, woman.”

About twenty minutes later, we were standing on the dock in the harbor, waiting on the boat to Borean Tundra. It took a few minutes, but the boat showed up when it was scheduled to. These boats were always so odd looking to me. They’d been specially commissioned, and were monstrosities of metal and wood, with huge figureheads. And with all of that extra work, they hadn’t enchanted them in the way that the boats between continents were enchanted so it took several days to make the trip. I looked up at the boat and watched as humans bellowed at each other from the rigging, and we stood to the side while the passengers hurried down the deck stairs and onto the boardwalk. Crew started unloading what cargo there was - being passenger ships meant there usually wasn’t much on them in the way of cargo.

Once everyone was off, we climbed up the steps. One of the sailors greeted us, and assigned us a room number. Rori took my pack from me and went down below decks to store it in our room, while I went to the same place I always went while on the ships - the bow. I especially enjoyed it on these particular ships, where the ornate figurehead lifted the bow and gave me an unobstructed view of the ocean in front of us. I took a deep breath, inhaling the salt air. It was warm here in a way it
wouldn’t be when we got to Northrend. The only warm place in Northrend was Sholazar, and we
didn’t need to go there. Or maybe we would, I really didn’t know. I only knew that Stormpeaks was
our first destination.

Rori joined me as the boat began to pull away from the dock, stepping up and taking my hand. He
deeply disliked the boats because they made him anxious. He felt trapped out in the vast expanse of
the ocean. Having me along, knowing I could send him back to land if it got to be too much for him,
made it better. He still would spend most of our time at sea in dragon form, flying above the boat
until he got tired and coming back to rest. We hadn’t been to Northrend since they moved Dalaran
because of it, and I idly wondered if I shouldn’t start researching a custom portal to make up for the
lack of Dalaran’s presence. Northrend was where Dragonblight was, and that’s where Alexstraza
was. A lot of his brothers and sisters lived there too, along with any other dragon that was willing to
maintain the peace. It was a lot emptier since the Dragon Soul and Deathwing had stolen their roles
as aspects and some of the flights had been disbanded, but I thought he might still like to visit his
family more easily.

We rode on the bow until sunset, and then went below decks to eat and sleep. Rori was too anxious
to be turned on, so for the first time we went to bed and only slept. It was a strange experience, but
not a bad one. It was comfortable for both of us and we slept soundly in each other’s arms. The next
morning, he told me he was less anxious for having slept next to me.

The trip took four days, and as I expected, Rori spent most of it in the sky. He couldn’t get off the
boat fast enough once it docked in Borean Tundra. We headed towards the inn, our feet crunching
over gravel and snow. The air was clearer here, even with the town having grown. I pulled my
cloak tighter around me, shifting the weight of my bags and Ebonchill on my back. Despite my use
of it in the Violet Citadel, Ebonchill was usually strapped to my back. I didn’t need to hold it to use
its power.

We’d been delayed by a short storm on the way here, so instead of arriving in the afternoon as
scheduled, we were arriving at night and we needed a place to stay before setting off for Stormpeak
in the morning. The inn was one of our favorites, but we didn’t get to stay there often because of
how difficult it was to get to Northrend after Dalaran’s move. My mind again went to the idea of
researching a portal to get us here more easily.

We trudged into the common room, tired from the journey, cold, and hungry. I went and talked to
James, the Innkeep, while Rori got us a table and flagged down a barmaid to get us some drinks. I
secured a bed for the night and went upstairs to dump our stuff. When I got up there, I remembered
one crucial detail that I’d forgotten because previously, it hadn’t mattered. I sighed and headed back
down.

Plopping into the chair next to Rori’s, I said, “We forgot something really important about this
place.”

“What’s that?,” he downed a couple mouthfuls of ale.

“They only have those bunkbeds, no private rooms.”

He groaned and put his forehead dramatically down on his arm, “Why is this our favorite inn,
again?”

“It’s warm, the food is spectacular, it’s cheap, it’s near the boat, and that one soldier is a really good
singer once he gets drunk. What is that guy’s name again?”

“Doesn’t matter. We didn’t fuck ONCE on that stupid boat!”
That was entirely because of him and his weird hangups about boats, so I ignored him, 
“Rob...Chuck...Mitch...eh, who cares, he sings good.”

“But...but...fucking...,” Rori whined into his arm, his voice muffled.

“No one said we couldn’t fuck,” his head snapped up and he squinted at me. I smirked back.

“Shit, how long till dinner’s over...”

“The faster it gets here the faster we can eat it and go to bed.”

“JAMES!,” he shouted, and I started giggling. James probably hadn’t even heard him over the din of the common room. The soldiers and townspeople had only recently gotten off work for the day, so the place was packed.

The food arrived soon enough, and we stuffed our faces, almost racing to see who could swallow it down faster. When we were done, we tossed a few silver onto the table and hurried upstairs. The overhead candles weren’t lit, and I knew from experience that James never bothered. It was light in here during the day, and at night the area was mostly just used for sleeping. Lighting and dousing candles in a chandelier at the whims of patrons on different sleep schedules was too much trouble, and he never did it. So we blew out the candles in the wall lanterns, taking a second to let our eyes adjust to the dim, silvery moonlight coming in from outside. The doors to the balcony were open, and I could see the aurora snaking across the sky. The room was still warm, because there was magic that kept it that way. The balcony was warm too.

For now, the room was empty, the distant sounds of laughter and conversation floating up from below. I insisted on wearing something to bed, because it was just too exposed in here to sleep naked like I normally did. So I changed into a pair of underwear and a tank top, while Rori used the outhouse. I stood on the balcony overlooking the harbor while I waited for him to come back, leaning on the wooden pillar and staring out at the calm, flat sea. The boat had already left for stormwind, so the dock was empty. There were several boats that made the journey, so I had no doubt that another would be along soon, but for now it was peaceful and still.

I heard Rori re-enter behind me, but I didn’t move. I felt calm staring out at the ocean, and he’d let me know when he was ready for bed. So I stood there against the pillar until he walked up behind me, pressing his warm body against mine and wrapping his arms around me. I leaned back against him and smiled. He’d stripped down to only the tight boxer-briefs he wore under his robes.

“You know, I’ve seen you standing in that exact spot, in those exact clothes, so many times when we came through here. Back when we were fighting Arthas and the undead,” his voice was quiet and close to my ear, “Every time I saw the moon on you, and all the skin you were showing, I was so tempted.”

“Why didn’t you act? I know we’d just met back then, but I’d wanted you from the first. I was trying to make you want me too.”

“Well, now that I know you were tempting me,” he laughed, and I wiggled my butt against his groin playfully. He shrugged, “Because I didn’t really think you wanted me. And, I admit, I felt like I was doing something wrong. My kind doesn’t usually take a mortal for a consort.”

“Well, as much as I tease you, for all we know I’m longer lived than you are now. You might have lost your immortality to the Dragon Soul.”

“Yeah, but who cares? It’s not like I’m human. I’ll be around awhile. And, while I’m here, I get to
touch these whenever I want now,” he moved his hands down to cup my breasts. Even though he
was playing, the feel of his hands on my nipples through the thin material of the top made my clit
pulse, and I arched against him, “Hm. I think you liked that.”

“Yes,” I replied. One of his hands slid into my shirt to meld my soft flesh into his fingers, rubbing
my nipples. I stood there, soft sounds coming out of my mouth, my underwear getting steadily more
damp as he played with me.

“Come on, let’s go to bed,” he let go of me, and we went back inside to the beds.

“How on earth are we going to fit?,” I squinted and tilted my head to the side. The bed was
definitely not meant for two people.

“We have plenty of experience fitting big things into small spaces,” he smirked at me, “We’ll
manage.”

He got in first, laying on his side, and then had me be the little spoon. After he pulled the blanket
over us, I shimmied my underwear off and tucked them under my pillow for quick retrieval later if I
needed them. Behind me, I felt him do the same thing, and then he was completely naked under the
blanket. He was so warm and comfortable. I wiggled backwards, snuggling into his body.

“Syl. Babe. Your tail.”

“Huh? What about it?”

“Like it’s cute and all but it’s digging into my dick, and I won’t be able to get inside you at this
angle.”

“Oh! Sorry,” I turned over so I was facing him, my ass almost hanging off the bed, my tail dangling
out from under the blanket. I slung my leg over his hips and it gave me more room to shimmy closer.

We’d spent a week doing nothing but eating, sleeping, and having sex; followed by four days of
abstinence because of his weird thing about boats. The juxtaposition in frequency made it feel like
it’d been months, and so I urged him to skip the foreplay. I felt the tip of his cock brushing against
me, and I shuddered, already wanting it deep inside. I tugged his hips closer, urging him to push
himself into me.

“Rori...please....” I whispered. He pulled my mouth to his, tasting me while he slid into me in one
swift, smooth stroke. He swallowed my groan as his thick cock made my cunt ache as it made room.
The burn was sweet and pleasurable and urgent. I dug my nails into his ass, pulling him as close as I
could. It might have been easier to have been under him, or riding him, but this angle felt amazing
and I didn’t want to move even though it was more difficult for him to thrust. We both rocked our
hips against each other, making him slide in and out of me, listening to the slick wet sounds of our
sex.

And then, we heard another sound. Creaking of footsteps on the stairs. We stopped moving and
kissing, waiting to see who came up. I was suddenly very glad I was wearing a tanktop, because
while my bottom half was covered, my top half wasn’t under the blanket. I couldn’t see what was
going on because the steps were behind me, but I looked up at Rori. He was watching the stairs, his
acute eyesight able to easily make out the person in the dark. The steps stopped, and I heard them on
the floorboards in the room with us.

“One human man.” Rori whispered in my ear. I heard a thud, probably of him dropping his gear,
and the sounds of a person sitting. Then there was a lot of shuffling, “He’s getting undressed.”
“I hope he falls asleep quickly,” I whispered back.

“Why wait?,” I could hear the teasing smirk in his voice, “I wonder if I can make you come without him noticing.”

I was incapable of not being competitive with Rori. Whenever he said things like that, he knew I’d take it as a challenge. It was the same way when I said the same sorts of things to get a rise out of him, so I wouldn’t back down from his teasing even if the thought of it made me flush with embarrassment. And, if I was being honest, it turned me on a little, “I call your bluff, dragon-man.”

His cock swelled inside me. He was a shape-shifter, and he sometimes would alter the size of himself from his normal proportions. The sweet, burning ache filled me a second time as he dragged his cock out and back in with excruciating slowness. It was all I could do not to moan with pleasure. His fingers dug into the soft flesh of my hip as he held onto me to keep me still. Saying I liked to writhe and move when he was inside me would be a understatement. His cock always made me desperate for more - to be filled more, deeper, to have more friction, to be more connected to him. But he went slow, because faster would make the bed creak. Our position on our sides meant that the other person in the room couldn’t see the movement. He was human besides, and moonlight aside, I wasn’t sure how much he could really see.

“Excuse me,” came a deep, rough voice from across the room. I took a guess that he was a few beds away from us, “I can see ya eyes glowing, elf. Sorry to have woken you, but I’d very much appreciate if you would stop starin’. I need ta get ready for bed.”

“Sorry,” Rori answered, his voice only a little strained, while I had to bury my face in his shoulder to keep from cracking up laughing. He’d forgotten that his high elf form had glowing blue eyes, “I was just staring off into space, I didn’t mean to stare.”

“It’s alright, friend. I’d be awake if I had a girl in my bed, too,” Rori pushed his hips as deep as he could, “They’re always kickin’ and stealing the blankets.”

I couldn’t resist, “Actually, he’s the blanket hog. And he sleeps like a starfish. Oh, and his body heat could melt sand.”

I wasn’t actually kidding about that last bit. I was pretty sure his flame breath could melt sand, but the guy didn’t know that. The stranger chuckled. Rori slowly pulled out, and sunk back in, “Reminds me of my wife back home in Westfall. Well, I’ll be saying goodnight then. You too sleep well.”

Sleep. I wanted to crack up, but instead of laughing, we both said goodnight to the man. I heard him shuffling around and Rori moved his hips at a more consistent pace now that we weren’t carrying on a conversation. Rori let go of my hip after I heard the rustling from the other bed stop, and moved his arm between us to stroke my clit. His pace was too slow to make me come without taking forever, so he knew I’d need more touch. His circular motions pushed me to the edge faster, the risk of getting caught adding to the excitement. He felt so fucking good, and it’d been four days. I could tell from his breathing that he was getting close too.

My orgasm took me, making me dig my fingers into Rori’s skin, my cunt clenching down around him harder than normal because I was trying so hard not to moan and cry out and writhe. His cock stroked inside me the whole time, drawing it out, making me shudder with aftershocks. I knew that it wouldn’t take much to start me down the path to a second, but I didn’t think he could make it to a second. So before my body started down that path, I nuzzled against him and whispered into his ear, “Come inside me, baby. I want to feel you fill me.”
He buried his face against my neck, and a few strokes later I felt him shudder, shoving his cock as deep inside me as he could get it at this angle. I felt it jump inside me, and I knew he’d come. I couldn’t resist adding a little more dirty talk, “I love feeling you do that inside me. I love the feeling of your cum in me.”

His fingers clenched against my skin and he stayed buried deep, so I kept going, knowing he was listening to every nasty word, “I love it when you make your cock bigger inside me, when you make my pussy ache with how big you are. Just this side of pain, still feeling so good. It makes me so wet thinking of having all of your thick, hard cock inside me, pushing your cum so deep. Milking your cock with my cunt when I come around all of that length.”

“Woman, are you trying to get me hard a second time?,” he finally whispered back.

“Four days is a long time,” I ran the tip of my tongue over his lips, barely parting the seam of his mouth, “I just keep thinking about you sliding in and out, pushing through your own thick cream. Hearing the noise of it and knowing how much I turn you on, knowing that I did that to you, that my pussy feels so good that you can’t stand it. That you have to be inside me, have to fuck me, have to fill my cunt.”

I felt his cock twitch, but it was already softening inside me, and I heard the quiet squelching noise as he pulled out of me. There’d be no round 2 tonight, but I’d known that going in. In truth, we were both too tired. Still, he had one last thing to say to me, “I’ll get you back for this.”

“Looking forward to it, big guy,” I replied, ending the sentence in a jaw-cracking yawn. I snuggled close to him and closed my eyes. It wasn’t long before the warmth of him and his even breathing lulled me to sleep.

The next morning dawned cold enough that even the warming spell wasn’t completely effective. It was cooler in the room, and our roommate was gone. It was quiet downstairs; all of the chatter from the night before having faded as people left for their homes. James must not be in yet, because I couldn’t even hear him puttering around in the stillness. The only sound was the wind outside the balcony, a few morning birds, and the occasional crunch of footsteps on the gravel path outside. If I listened very close, I could hear the gentle lap of the water against the pylons of the dock and the shore nearby. It was oddly peaceful, and it made me feel content. More peaceful and content than when I normally came to Northrend. I didn’t have a lot of great memories about the place. Fighting Arthas had been rough for everyone who’d done it, even those of us who’d arrived on Azeroth long after he’d already become the Lich King. Bolvar’s pain and sacrifice, and the ghost of Arthas’s father, made for painful memories. I gave myself a mental shake, throwing off the dark thoughts. I couldn’t change them now, and the longer I dwelt on them, the more likely I’d have a nightmare tonight.

Rori and I had slept the whole night as we’d fallen asleep, wound around each other in the small bed. When I stirred in the morning I tried to nuzzle closer to Rori and his red dragon body heat, my leg still slung over his hips. I only succeeded in turning myself on, because his morning hardness ground against my pussy. I always woke wet, but since I hadn’t cleaned myself last night, it was more pronounced this morning. I couldn’t help wiggling against Rori, hoping he’d wake up.

I knew I’d been successful when I felt him rub his cheek against mine and kiss my ear. He ran his fingers gently through my tangled hair, smoothing it away from his face. We didn’t speak, but he rolled me onto my back and pushed himself into me with a groan. With no one around, we could make noise, and so we did. He looked down at me, peppering my face with gentle kisses while his hard cock was thrusting in a decidedly un gentle manner.

He pushed up on his arms to look down at me, and took a second to push his legs up and adjust my
hips so his thrusting cock pushed hard against my g-spot. I moaned, my head tilted back. I opened my thighs as wide as I could for him, to give him room to fuck me harder and faster. He was watching me, looking down at my face to see how I was reacting. He wanted me to come for him, wanted me to feel how much he liked bringing me pleasure. I loved that, loved watching me come while he was inside me.

“Oh gods...Rori. Rori!,” I cried out when my orgasm took me. He’d gotten it from my g-spot, so pulses of hot, liquid cum gushed out of me, drunching us and the bed. I could feel it splattering all over our lower bodies as his thrusts became hard, deeper, and faster. My pussy spasmed around him again and I was pushed higher, my body singing with the force of coming so hard. I couldn’t stop moaning, couldn’t stop clenching as wave after wave of bliss poured through me.

“Fuck!,” was the only word he said when he followed me over the edge. He shoved himself so deep inside that he pushed against the end of me, his cock making a strange sensation when it bumped up against that barrier. It wasn’t bad now, now it added to the concerto of sensations in my body, but I don’t think I’d want to always have that feeling. For now, though, having him so deep only made me moan louder while the last clenching pulses of my cunt squeezed him into me. When he was done he dropped down on top of me, one arm on the mattress next to me and the other holding himself up against the headboard.

“I’ve never....come so hard....in my entire....life....,” I was breathing heavily too, although it was a little easier to be fucked than to be the one fucking while in this position. He pulled out of me with a thick, wet slurping noise and my whole body shuddered. I felt a not-insubstantial amount of cum leak out of me and drip down my ass and onto the mattress, “We are going to have to leave another maid another really big tip.”

“Still worth it,” he replied, kissing my nose and smiling. “You ready to get up?”

“Get up? I don’t even know if I can walk after coming so hard,” he laughed, a deep, self-satisfied chuckle that was all possessive male ego before sitting up and pushing the blankets off us. A rush of cool air made gooseflesh march across my skin. He looked down and his smile got wider.

“You better figure out how. That is not a mess I’d want to let dry,” with a laugh that was almost a cackle, he hopped out of bed and sauntered off to find a washbasin, completely unselfconscious of his nakedness.

I absolutely stared at his ass while he left. The man had a fantastic ass. Sometimes I liked to dig my fingers into it just to feel it under my palms. *Fuck*, how was I still horny? I smiled to myself and shook my head, sitting up. Another gush of cum made me groan, this time in annoyance. He was right, that was a lot of mess to clean up.

It took about thirty minutes for us to get cleaned and dressed. We packed everything up, including the underwear we’d shoved under the pillows the night before, and left a big tip on the table. By the time we were done, James was downstairs opening up, and he gave us some bread, cheese, and juice for breakfast. We scarfed it quickly and headed outside into the cold. I bitched and complained about how much I hated the cold the entire time we walked to the gates to find an open place Rori could change into his dragon form. As usual, he ignored my complaints about the temperature. He changed when we found a place, his supplies magically morphing into a saddle for me. I settled myself onto his back and we took off.

In dragon form, Rori is telepathic. And, wouldn’t you know, that cheeky bastard talked dirty into my brain the entire ride to Stormpeaks. Get me back, indeed.
Robots! Why'd it Have to be Robots?

Chapter Summary

Rori and Sylest go after the first artifact on their list, something brought to Azeroth by the titans long ago. As might be expected, they get into some trouble.

Chapter Notes

This one is mostly plot, but there's a BJ somewhere in the middle and lots of sexual banter. Well, lots of banter, period, because that's how they do. For the last couple of sentences, I'm just gonna toss out the reminder that This takes place at the end of Legion, before BfA.

The wind in Stormpeaks was punishing. It was one of the highest points in the whole of Azeroth, not just a single peak was high, but the whole place was elevated. And smack in the center of it was the thing I was standing next to. I peered down over the carved metal rim into the Engine of the Makers, squinting and attempting to see the bottom. Rori was next to me, still in dragon form.

*How far down do you think it goes?* I asked, using our telepathic connection.

*No idea. Far, though.*

*I’ts like the asshole of Azeroth and we’re descending into the intestines.*

*I think belly button is a more appropriate anatomical comparison. It was used to create, not...well, shit.*

*Why do you always start talking like a goddamned librarian when you’re in dragon form?*

*Mortals are more crass than dragons.*

I rolled my eyes *Snob.*

*It’s the least of my faults.*

“Ain’t that the truth,” I spoke the words so he could hear my teasing tone. It didn’t always translate via telepathy. Then I sighed, “No time like the present. Let’s see what’s down there.”

I swung myself back up onto his back and into the saddle, and he started to drift down through the opening. It was easily wide enough, Alexstraza herself could probably fit through the opening. He descended slowly, carefully testing the winds and his strength. There was a slight updraft, so for the moment he was fine. I looked up at the sides of the tunnel as we descended. Huge machinery, covered in runes that no one living could decipher was cold and dead now, frozen into blocks of blue ice. I frowned to myself, picturing the geography. This thing was in the middle of the terrace of the makers and surrounded by tall mountains, but completely encased in ice. The edge was level with the valley, so it made me wonder: had this valley once been warm? Had this stood tall from the center,
no ice to be found, thrones of the other titans rising around it? The passage of time changed many things.

It took a surprisingly short amount of time to reach the bottom, and there was nothing there but ice, *This isn’t right.*

*What do you mean?* Rori thought back at me.

*I mean the book describes this place in detail, and this isn’t deep enough. There should be a passage somewhere into the center of the machine.*

*It’s probably under the ice, then.*

I squinted down at the sheet of ice, trying to focus. I caught sight of something under it, some rings of metal *Rori, I don’t think the ice is very thick. I can see right through it to the bottom.*

*Then hang on, I think I can do something about that.* He flew back up to get some distance from the ice sheet, and turned looking down it it. Then I heard him breath deep, his sides expanding under me. He exhaled, and hot flame shot out of his mouth in a hungry, spiraling jet. I could feel the heat of it, even from his back, and it temporarily pushed back some of the Northrend cold. Below, I heard the hissing and spitting of ice turning to water and boiling.

He stopped and we looked at the hole he’d made. It was substantial, and I could see even more clearly through the bottom of it *He’d need to widen it a lot before we’d fit through, and in the context of the whole ice sheet it was only a small hole, but we’d be able to get through eventually. You did good. It looks like we’re almost through.*

*Yeah, I think another shot ought to do it.* He sucked in another lungful of air and let loose, and this time when he let up, air was whistling through the hole. It wasn’t big enough, so he widened the edges until he could comfortably fly through the opening, and we descended.

It was dimmer on the other side. Several feet of ice refracted and scattered the light, making the whole place look murky and uninviting. It wasn’t even close to the worst place I’d seen, or even the worst place in Northrend. No, that honor was reserved for the Frozen Throne and the ruins of Icecrown. It was still crawling with undead. No matter how many we’d killed, more came, pulled from countless millennia of people living and dying. Bolvar kept them contained, but he did not keep them docile, and eventually we stopped trying to to stem the tide, leaving Icecrown to Bolvar and his minions.

Bringing my thoughts back to the task at and, I slid off Rori’s back after he landed. The bottom was covered in snow, and I thought it curious that the ice sheet was a thin lens over the whole thing, rather than a solid piece of ice filling the bottom. I wondered how it formed. For the moment, Rori stayed in dragon form, not knowing if we’d need his breath again or not, as I wandered around the circular chamber. Snow crunched under my hooves, and I was glad for the fact that I had no nerve endings in them. I couldn’t feel the snow, and didn’t have to worry about wet boots.

I didn’t like bringing the book with me out into the world, and so I’d used my S.E.L.F.I.E. to take a picture of the pages containing the info I needed and bring reproductions with me. Even though sometimes they were bothersome, at this moment I was glad for the ingenuity of the gnomes. So I dug through my pack and fished out the map of the bottom of the engine, and looked around, trying to find landmarks that I could line it up with.

The easiest thing was the tall spine that ran the entire height of the shaft, so I put that behind me and lined up the map. Looking up and down a few times, I realized that what I needed was probably
behind the ice spike to my left. So I took off towards the snow cavern, running around the finger of ice to see what lay behind it.

I was greeted with more ice and snow, but when I looked at the shape, it looked like it indented in here. Rori?

Yes? I heard his claws crunching through the snow as he walked up behind me.

_I think what we need is behind this bit of ice and snow. Would you mind?_

Sure. He threw a few flame breaths at it while I stood off to the side. This ice was older and thicker than the ice lens that had covered the entrance. So while he made progress, it was slowing going. I threw some pyroblasts at the thing to try and help, but the explosive nature of my fire spells was too destructive to be helpful. Then, something occurred to me.

_Rori, stop for a sec._ His flames subsided. I mourned the loss of the heat, once again wishing I was on a beach somewhere tropical. _We should go on vacation after this. Stranglethorn, maybe? Those freaky goblins won’t mind if we get naked on their beach, right?_

_Did you stop to ask me about having sex on a beach in Stranglethorn? Is that what you’re thinking about right now?_

_While I’d like to point out to the jury that they spent the last two hours of flight talking dirty directly into my brain, the answer to your questions is no, and yes. It’s your own fault for being so good at making me come._

_You only said that because you know I can’t argue._

I smirked at him. _Maybe. Now shush, I need to concentrate._

I walked to the wall of ice, now worn smooth by Rori’s flames. I took Ebonchill off my back. I knew I didn’t need to, but something about handling the weapon always made it easier for me to concentrate.

I was a mage, and so I could control arcane and fire, but my preference was for ice. The irony of working with ice and hating cold had never been lost on me, but I went with it. I spent the most time working with it as a school of magic, and had a deep affinity for it as, well as for water. I even had a long working relationship with a water elemental. Most of the time I used it to protect myself, and it inflict damage, but I thought that maybe I could use my affinity for the stuff to do other things. I placed my hand on the cold, glassy surface and closed my eyes, listening for the tell-tale call of the water. I did what I’d done when I called my water elemental: I thought of it as a living being, something that willingly helped me. Here, so far from Icecrown, it was still largely uncorrupted.

I slid my magic into the wall, sending out tiny waves, tiny feelers into the ice. Would it be friendly? I thought so, because this was the Terrace of the Makers, and we were closer to the heart of Azeroth. Rori was right - this was much closer to the scar of her umbilical than anything else. I should have talked to Magni before we came here. He would have known.

I drew my magic through Ebonchill, and suddenly the whole valley opened up to me. We’d bonded, Ebonchill and I, and I was happy to be connected to it again. It was glad to see me, and it showed me what I wanted to know. It showed me exactly how deep the ice was, where the mechanical parts were stuck. More importantly, it showed me what to do. I stepped back from the ice, and I felt Rori move back behind me. The ice didn’t like him. He was fire. He didn’t really hurt it, but it didn’t want to be returned to the cycle so soon. Ice was ancient, this was too soon.
I could feel the power I’d called. I knew, because I’d been told by Rori and by friends, that in this state my eyes would be a bright, shining blue, and the hidden symbol on my forehead would be glowing so brightly that it lit up the dark places. I was draenei, and we brought light to dark places. It was woven into the fabric of my soul. It was the only reason I’d been able to do all the things I’d done, and kept my sanity. I didn’t need that protection for my mind right now, because the ice was my friend. It loved me, and it would do as I asked. Rori never understood when I tried to explain to him about how alive the ice was, but that didn’t matter right now. It was alive, and it was happy to see me.

“Hello, old friend,” I whispered, “If you would be so kind?”

It knew what I wanted, and rushed to obey. It cracked and parted, splitting in its attempt to withdraw from covering the doorway I was trying to access. It rolled away, like solid, living waves, creating the most beautiful formations in the space around the door. I brushed my fingers lovingly over the surface, “Thank you for coming to my aid again.”

I could hear its song, the shattering, vibrating, ancient sound of it, and I smiled. I reinforced my affection for it, and then let my power dissipate. The glow of my eyes dimmed to normal, and the symbol would have disappeared. The ice was just ice once more.

“It always makes me feel so weird when you do that,” I jumped, not expecting another voice, but it was just Rori. He’d changed back into his high elf form, and was standing nearby.

“You think fires are alive. Don’t think I haven’t caught you talking to them,” I pointed out.

“That’s different. Fires are alive.”

“So is water, and ice is just really cold water. It doesn’t always like being so cold. We understand each other. Ebonchill helps though. Alodi he...he understood how it worked. He gave the staff that understanding.”

“That makes no sense.”

I shrugged, “I can’t really explain it. You’re a dragon, not a mage or a shaman. It’s ok that you don’t understand.”

“Sometimes I think maybe I should,” he shook his head, as if to clear away whatever thought was bothering him, “Come on, let’s go.”

Because it had been protected by the glacier for so long, the door wasn’t all that damaged. It was small, just a service door for the old robots and titan-forged that the titans had created before the curse of flesh had turned them into dwarves and gnomes. It was all part of the Forge of Wills. The problem lay in where we needed to get to. The forge was, as you might expect, huge. It would take days to get where we needed to go if we’d gone through the stone halls. It was home to the earthen Brann had made with the forge, and while they wouldn’t attack us on sight...they weren’t necessarily friendly, either. And something told me that they wouldn’t like what I was about to do. I’d had some guilt at first, but eventually, I just didn’t care. I wasn’t hurting the earthen, and I didn’t care so much that I’d sacrifice my own chance at a homeworld just so they’d like me better.

I summoned an enchanted lamp, and we followed the hall deeper into the glacier. It was essentially just a pipe, and lacked most of the grandeur I’d seen in the other parts of Ulduar. It branched off again and again, but I had a map from the book to guide me, and I knew which twists and turns to take. It was long abandoned, not even dust covered the floor. I supposed mechanical creatures would make no dust, and this part of the facility had been sealed for thousands of years.
It took us about two hours of walking before we even made it out of the service tunnel. We stopped for food, and kept going, until the another door let us into the larger room that we needed to get to. I looked up, and the enormous pipes disappeared into the nothingness above my head. It was much further away than my small lamp, or the glowing red service lights could illuminate. We were in the bowels of the forge, probably somewhere closer to the main body of Ulduar. I looked around, and noticed that the architecture down here looked more like something the dwarves would create than something that the titans had made. I consulted the map, and we headed off in the direction it indicated, travelling still deeper into the facility.

I realized, then that we weren’t going to make it there and back in a single day. I counted the hours. One to get ready this morning, two more to fly here, another hour messing with the ice to get in, and two walking. This far north, there were only a few hours of daylight left. It didn’t really matter, I supposed. Nothing in Northrend had been a danger to me in years because I’d grown so much in skill and power since my time here during the Lich King’s reign. We were safe enough.

We found the place I was looking for on the opposite side of the room. This time is was a proper hallway, though still lacking the ornamentation common in the creation of the titans’.

“You know,” I mused, “While we’re here we should really steal some curtains.”

“That’s what you’re thinking of? Drapes?”

“I was thinking of the titan aesthetic and I remembered how much I loved those star curtains. I mean come on, it’s not like the Earthen appreciate them.”

“You don’t know that. Besides, where would you put them?”

“Are you implying that they wouldn’t match the all-purple decor in every building in the whole of the city?”

“I think I liked it better when you were thinking about sex on a beach in Stranglethorn.”

“I can multitask.”

“So you are thinking about sex.”

“Honestly, when am I not?,” at this point in our conversation we’d finished walking through the short hallway, and into another large room filled with various pipes and gears, “We’re getting closer now.”

“To sex?”

“No, to where the thing should be stored.”

“What’s it called again?”

“Spark of the Titans,” I stopped and pulled out the map again. I was wrong. This was just one of many rooms that we were going to have to pass through to get to the center of the forge, “You know, I really wish I could summon a mount down here. It would go so much faster.”

“You know how I feel about running.”

“Oh come on, this is going to take forever if you don’t change! No one’s here to see you but me.”

“Yeah, and now that we’re fucking, I don’t need you seeing me all ungainly and weird.”
“I’ve seen you be ungainly and weird a million times. Almost every day. I still want to jump your bones.”

“Hehe, bone .”

“How are you so immature for someone so old?,” I was smiling against my will though. I liked his juvenile humor.

“I’m only 200!,” I gave him a deadpan stare, “Ok, fine, not a day over 235.”
I rubbed a hand down my face, “I’ll owe you a favor.”

“What’s the big deal, I thought we were close?”

“I was,” I lowered my voice to a mumble, “wrong.”

“What was that? Couldn’t hear you. These old ears aren’t what they used to be,”

“Wrong, ok, I was wrong! We’re still pretty far away.”

“So, what kind of favor, then?”

“I don’t know, what do you want?”

“How about a blow job?,” he smirked and I grinned. I’d do that anyway.

“Sure, we have a deal?”

“Yes. I’ll change and run us to wherever, and you give me a blow job.”

“Done.”

“Done,” I stared at him expectantly, waiting for him to change. He just leaned against the nearest wall and crossed his arms.

“Well?,” I asked.

“Well, what? I’m waiting for my blow job.”

“What, here?”
He shrugged, “Why not?”

“You just want to stop what we’re doing so I’ll suck you off in the basement of the Forge of Wills.”

“Oh, don’t pretend like you aren’t as bored as I am wandering through this place. This’ll be much more fun.”

“Hm. You have a point. And I do owe you,” pushing my responsibilities to the side for a bit sounded like a lot more fun than trudging along down here, “Alright, robe off then.”

We were both in full kit, so he couldn’t pull it all the way off, but he pulled it over his head and let it get stuck on his pauldrons. It left his chest bear, and I ran my hands over the smooth expanse of skin and down the soft ridges of his abs. He had muscles, he was strong, but he liked food and had a bit of softness over the muscle. I liked it that way, I licked him thick. He still had a fairly pronounced V where his hips were, and I ran my thumbs over it, holding his waist and leaning close.
“Admit it, you just wanted me too badly to wait,” I couldn’t reach his mouth unless he bent down, so I laid kisses on his collarbones.

“It’s true. I’ve been thinking about it the whole time we’ve been down here.”

“That explains this then,” I cupped him over his breeches, the thick lump there showing he was already hard.

“It’s been bothering me for at least the last hour.”

I sank to my knees in front of him and worked his pants down far enough to get to his cock. I pumped my fist up and down it, watching the foreskin cover the head. Then I flicked my tongue out, wetting him, swirling it around the tip before taking more of him into my mouth. He groaned as I slid as much of him as I could manage into my mouth. He was too thick for me to fit him completely, but I managed ok, and used my hand to help with what I couldn’t fit in my mouth. I felt his fingers run through my hair, and heard him groan.

“That’s it, Syl. Fuck, you’re so good at that,” I didn’t answer him, on account of my mouth being full of his cock, but I didn’t stop. I liked having the ability to make him say things like that. I liked watching him come apart like this. I liked the way his breathing got ragged as my head bobbed up and down. The way his fingers clenched in my hair, his thumbs hooking around my horns and holding me in place. I liked the way his hips started to involuntarily rock in time with my rhythm. Fuck, hearing him moan louder for me turned me on. I was wet, and I felt my pussy clench. I looked up as best I could. He was beautiful when he was being pleasured like this. It was quiet down here, the wet sounds of his cock in my mouth echoed in the still air.

“Baby...oh...oh, fuck. Yes!,” I cupped his balls with my free hand, and he moaned, “Yes, that’s it! Don’t stop!”

I didn’t. I could feel his muscles shaking as he struggled to stay standing. He was close, I knew the way he reacted, and I could tell. So I didn’t stop what I was doing, I didn’t change, because clearly it was working for him, “Oh...oh, fuck, I’m gonna....”

I knew. I didn’t pull away. He cried out and I felt his cock pulse, the warm, salty fluid spurting into my mouth. I swallowed, and he bent down over me, holding my face to his crotch while his cock pumped another jet of cum for me to swallow. I loved it when he came for me like this, letting me watch, and selfishly taking what I offered. He almost never came in my mouth, but I liked doing it because it made him feel so fucking good.

When he’d emptied himself, he let go of me and straightened, slumping back against the wall behind him. He didn’t even bother to tuck his cock back in his pants or straighten his robe. I dug around in my pack for something to drink while he got came down from his orgasm. I watched him as I swallowed a few mouthfuls of juice to get the taste out of my mouth. His cock was still wet with my spit, drooping now as it softened. Being a red dragon, he had a pretty short rebound time, but I didn’t intend to let him go any further until we got what we came for.

I offered him some of the juice, and he took it gratefully, “Feel better?”

“Much. Or, less uncomfortably hard, anyway,” I couldn’t help the way my thighs squeezed together at the way he said hard, and he didn’t miss it, “Same can’t be said for you, huh?”

“You know I like giving head,” I took the juice back and put it away, and he put his clothes back together, “Now, get to, noble steed.”
“I’ll give you a ride, alright,” he smacked my ass playfully and pulled me against him, bending down to suck on my earlobe, “Give me like two minutes, and it can be your turn.”

I pushed him away, “Nope, we’ve got to get this over with. Now make with your half of the bargain.”

“You’re no fun,” he sighed and started to change.

“Says the man who just got head,” he finished changing and I hopped onto his back.

*Next time we should do it at the same time.*

*What do you mean?*

*Like you let me go down on you. I want to taste you while you’re tasting me.*

*Oh. Um.*

*Don’t pretend you don’t want to. I can FEEL you grinding against the saddle while I’m running.*

*Guilty. My underwear are soaked and uncomfortable.*

*WOMAN.*

*It doesn’t mean we can stop! Let’s just get this done and over and then we can find a dark corner somewhere.*

*Tell me again why we waited five years.*

*I have no idea. I can’t even remember what my reasons were.*

*Me either. There was an affection that came clear across the link. A warmth that filled me. That was new.*

*Wait, can you send emotions now?*

*...Were you not getting them before?*

*No.*

*Well...maybe there’s enough of me in you now. I heard the weird wheezing noise that was the sound he made when he was laughing in dragon form.*

*I take back what I said about you sounding more sophisticated while you’re in dragon form.*

*Oh, sorry, would you like me to use bigger words while making dirty jokes?*

*Yeah, let’s inject some class into your toilet humor.*

*Sorry, my lady. Next time you engage in fellatio upon my person might you allow me to perform cunnilingus?*

*Why are you like this?*

*Too much staring at draenei T&A while not touching said T&A.*

*Aw, poor dragon. All work and no sex makes you a dirty boy.*
He let out a noise that was a cross between a huff and a snort.  *Say ‘dirty boy’ again.*

“Hey, wait, stop,” I said aloud. We’d left the big room we’d been in and entered another one. I wanted to check the map again. I dug it out and told him where to go. We continued like this, bantering back and forth while he carried me to where we needed to go. It took half the time it would have if we’d walked, maybe even less. I could strangle him for not wanting to do this before. Did he *like* being down here in the creepy ancient basement?

We entered the room on the map, and I immediately knew we were in the right place. It was smaller than the others, and instead of being dark and dim, it had the ornate architecture of the rest of the forge and Ulduar. Golden floors and walls with ancient writing and glowing images of the cosmos surrounded us. In the center of the room was a clear glass pipe that stretched from floor to ceiling, where hundreds of other glass pipes were embedded in the gold of the floor, ceiling, and walls. Inside the largest pipe hung the artifact we were looking for, bathed in fire and the yellow-silver light that seemed to flow through all Titan creations. The glow was so bright that I couldn’t see anything aside from the vague shape of the sphere. At the bottom of the tube was one of the of the interface panels that were common in titan machinery.

I dismounted, and Rori switched back to his high elf form. We’d agreed beforehand that he’d be the one to attempt to use the interface. I wasn’t even from Azeroth, let alone one of the titans’ stone creations. There was no doubt that my attempting to use the interface would trigger any one of the tricky defense mechanisms the titans were so known for. But Rori was one of the red flight, and it was the titans themselves who charged the red flight with protection of Azeroth. If either of us had a chance at removing the Spark without issue, it was him.

“Here goes nothing,” he muttered, and stepped up to the panel. He turned it on, and the smooth, robotic female voice of the titan interface greeted him.

“Stand still for scanning,” he didn’t move, and yellow light came out of the control panel and brushed over his body, “State your name, Alexstrasza’s kin.”

“Rorialistraz of the red flight.”

“This is a maintenance panel only. Interaction is limited.”

“That’s fine. I have been sent to perform maintenance on the spark. Please open the containment chamber.”

“Request denied.”

“May I ask why?”

“You do not possess the required permissions.”

“How can I obtain the required permissions?”

“You cannot. Speak to watcher Loken.”

“When was the last time you had your database updated?”

“Keeper Mimiron last initiated a system-wide update 60,278 years 7 months 3 weeks 4 days and 37 minutes and 21, 22, 23, 24--.”

“Ok, Ok. I get it. Please reconnect to the database and update, then tell me the status of watcher Loken.”
“Affirmative. Please wait,” we stood there, waiting for a few minutes and then the voice was back, “Watcher Loken has been terminated.”

“Yes, I know. Who may I get the required permissions from?”

“Keeper Mimiron.”

Something occurred to me, and I stepped in, hoping it would work, “maintenance panel, please scan me and see if I have Mimiron’s blessing.”

“State your name.”

“Sylestinyana,” the yellow light flashed up and down my body.

“Draenei Sylestinyana, you have Mimiron’s blessing,” I exhaled. Though it no longer provided me with the boost it had when we’d faced Yogg-Saron, Mimiron’s magic apparently was still detectable.

“Please open the containment chamber so that we can perform the necessary maintenance to the spark.”

“Affirmative,” We heard two loud slamming noises, and the fire and light inside the tube died down and extinguished themselves. Then the sphere lowered to the bottom of the tube, and a panel slid open. Steps rose out of the floor to meet a platform that slid out of the pedestal that the tube was on.

“Here goes nothing,” I said, and ascended the steps.

When I reached the panel, I was surprised by how small the spark was. It was the size of a beach ball, the surface was smooth, flawless glass. Inside flowed what looked like molten gold. When I reached out to put my hand on it, it was merely warm, not hot. I had no idea how this technology worked, but I knew what it was. It was the center of the forge, the thing that gave it life and allowed sentient life-forms to be created from the forge. It was life, caught in a glass ball. I gently lifted it out and slid it into my bag. The magic of the bag allowed it to fit without being heavy.

I turned, and that’s when the sirens started going off. Loud and obnoxious, red lights were flashing. I heard a metallic grinding behind me, and I knew without a shadow of a doubt that some titan bullshit was about to fuck up my day.

“WARNING!,” this time it wasn’t the nice, smooth voice of the computer, but a loud, robotic voice, “Replace the Spark. WARNING! Replace the spark. Countermeasures have been activated!”

I jumped the last few steps, landing near Rori, “Come on, let’s get out of here before we find out what countermeasures are.”

“Agreed,” we bolted for the exit, but just before we ran through, Rori put his hand out and stopped me, “Wait!”

“Uhhh,” I looked at the glass tube. I could see the shadow of something large on the other side of it.

“It knows our names.”

“What difference does that--,” I cut myself off, realizing that if we didn’t do something about it, Mimiron could easily figure out who it was that stole the spark, “Shit.”
“Once more, with feeling,” Rori quipped.

“We take down the countermeasures and erase the record, agreed?”

He nodded, “Agreed.”

No further conversation was needed. He shape-shifted into dragon form. The strength of his claws and the heat of his breath were much more help than anything he could do as an elf. He could take a lot of damage and his dragon abilities allowed him to heal himself. He’d distract whatever it was while I piled on the damage. That’s how we worked. We might still be learning how to be together and what we liked in bed, but we were smooth as silk when we fought together.

The thing I’d seen moving stepped out from behind the tube, and into the golden light of the room. It was as tall as some of the buildings in Stormwind, towering over both of us, a giant creation of living black metal. Blue runes glowed on its surface, and its eyes shone bright blue in its unforgiving, robotic face. A giant, glowing hammer was in its hand.

The first thing it took a swing at was Rori, because he was closest. He dodged the swing and bathed the thing’s legs in fire, letting out a bellowing roar to get its attention. *That’s it, screw loose, pay attention to me!*

*Screw loose? That’s a horrible nickname for this guy!* I was already channeling power through Ebonchill, and mid-cast on a frostbolt. It left my fingers and sailed towards the robot, leaving a trail of gleaming icicles in its wake.

*Any better suggestions?* The frostbolt smashed into the robot and shattered. I was already halfway through the next cast.

*Anonymous.* Another frostbolt flew, and power flooded me. I used it to instantaneously cast a flurry of smaller, stronger ice shards at the beast. They cracked against its hide.

*What? That makes no sense!* The robot started to turn towards me, and Rori spat another gust of flame at it and roared again, making it turn back to him and take a swing.

*Sure it does. He has a grey face. You know, greyface? Anon?* I shot back, watching Rori dodge the swing.

*That makes no sense... Another frostbolt smacked into the thing, quickly followed by a long, sharp lance of ice Syl. Have you noticed something?*

*That he should have been dead after the first frostbolt? Yeah, I noticed. He must be stronger than the rest of the things in Northrend. How hard is he hitting?*

*Honestly? No idea, I haven’t wanted to let him hit me yet. Need to be in fighting form for Stranglethorn.*

*Fair enough. On your left!* He flapped is wings and pulled himself backwards, just barely being missed by another swipe. Another frostbolt landed, and I collected the small shards of magic ice I’d held back from each frostbolt and wove them together into a much larger stalagmite of ice. It hit him in the same spot as the previous ones, and I could tell that he was taking damage. His metallic hide was dented and scratched, sparks coming out of it.

“*DAMAGE DETECTED. ASSISTANCE REQUIRED,*” boomed the metallic voice that I assumed came from the robot. *Fuck, that probably meant more robots.*
Sure enough, I heard the sound of what I thought was metallic doors and give other robots came out from the shadows of the room. I sent my thoughts to Rori. *Keep him busy. I got this.*

I protected myself with a shield of ice before I ran into their field of vision and flicked weaker, unempowered ice lances at them to get their attention. The ran at me, moving away from Rori and the bigger robot. I was ready for them, and unleashed a large orb of frozen magic at them, spinning ice shards rocketing out of the magic and into them. Every time it it one, I got some magic back, using it to empower the sharp icicles and throw them at the robots. I ran close, casting frost nova, and blinking away while they were all pinned in their chunks of ice. I turned back, putting my hands together, and a tornado of ice shards covered their bodies in frost. I wove my hands together and meteors of ice rained down on them, finishing them off. I ran back to Rori.

*How we doing with anon?* I asked, already casting another frostbolt.

*Still a stupid name.*

*Is not!*

*Is to!*

*Is-- you know what, no, I’m not getting sucked in again.***

*But you will *suck* in again.*

*If you’re lucky. Come on, seriously, how’s it looking?*

*Not bad. I think a couple more shots and he’s--* talking to me distracted Rori, and swing from that giant hammer finally connected, smashing into him and sending him flying across the room and into the glass pipes that lined the walls. The broke, the white energy in them dissipating, and Rori crashed to the ground in a heap, glass raining down around him.

“It’s ok, he’s a dragon, he’s just knocked out, his scales are tough, he’s ok he’s a dragon and he did not fucking die seven days after you finally admitted you have feelings for each other,” I repeated this to myself under my breath, while running away from the robot. I took a second to cast time warp and icy veins, speeding up my casting. Then I took one more second to create a floating floe of ice for myself, jumping onto it and letting it carry me around the room so I could cast and move out of range of this guy. I got off an frostbolt, and another flurry. Another ice floe, another frostbolt, and the the big robot stopped walking, one leg hanging comically in the air.

“SYSTEM...MALFUNCTION...,” I heard the grinding shriek of damaged metal, and it started to fall.

“Ooooh shit!,” I yelped at no one in particular. It was falling in my direction, so I ran for it, hopping over the bodies of the extra robots that I’d killed. I made it out of the way just in time to avoid getting crushed by the falling leviathan. The room reverberated with the sound of his body hitting the floor and smashing the glass below it, “Man, someone probably heard that.”

I would check on Rori, but there was something I had to do before I could let myself go over there. I jogged over to the panel that we’d used to access the spark, “Hey, uh....computer?”

“How can I help you, envoy Sylestinyana?”

“Have you uploaded these events to the main database yet?”

“Negative.”
“Please delete the last two hours worth of records, and overwrite the spot on your harddrive with...pictures of kittens. Like two million pictures of kittens. Then turn yourself off and do not turn on again for at least thirty minutes.”

“Authorization?”

“This is done at Mimiron’s behest. This check of the system has been completed.”

“Affirmative,” there was a pause, and the lights of the console dimmed. Relieved, I finally let myself go to Rori. I knelt down by his head, putting my hand in front of his mouth. Warm air tickled my fingers, and I looked up to see the wide bellows of his midsection rising and falling.

“Rori,” I gently stroked the smooth red scales of his head and neck. He’d shown me how to wake him in dragon form so that he didn’t accidentally hurt me, “C’mon baby, time to wake up.”

_Uuuuggghhhhh_

_Hey, it’s me. You need to heal yourself._

_Sleeeppppp_

_No baby, it’s time to get up. Anon is dead, and we need to get out of here._

_Portal._

_We can’t, we have to see Alexstraaza._

_Portal._

_Fuck, he must be hurt if he can’t wake himself up enough to to heal himself. I did what I could, channeling the small amount of healing light that all draenei carried and sending it into him. Was portal his way of telling me he didn’t care if we had to sail back up to Northrend, it was more important to get out? Time to make an executive decision. Then it occurred to me, Darnassus. The portal would drop us right into the Temple of the Moon, and it was full of healers. I cast the spell and got us out of there._
Chapter Summary

Lai and Xan move on from hellfire, making their way to Shattrath. Lai continues to wrestle with her inner demons concerning the changes in her life.

Chapter Notes

Sexy times are at the beginning. It's Xan and Lai, so it's rough. Mostly this is character development and moving the pieces around to where they need to be.

“I am so glad to be getting out of here,” I rolled my neck, comfortably settled on the back of my frostsaber. I was riding through Hellfire with Xan, and we were finally on our way to our next destination. After we’d made first contact with the people in Hellfire, there had been introductions all around. Ambassadors from both the horde and the alliance had arrived, and somehow managed to not kill each other while helping the people build up Hellfire Citadel. They’d taken to calling it Desmório r. We’d left the project in the hands of the ambassadors and hoped for the best. After that, we’d gathered reagents until Xan said we had enough. It was exhausting, but I could feel the difference in the strength of my muscles. My form was getting better with the extra practice, too. I’d lost some of both in the few weeks spent in Ferelas and Dalaran.

“As am I. The rest of the Outlands are both more scenic and more interesting than Hellfire,” he seemed distracted, so I waited for him to continue, “Listen, Lai, there something you should know about our next destination.”

“Zangarmarsh?”

“Yes. The town where we’ll have to stop when we first arrive is controlled by the Cenarion Circle.”

I took a moment to process, “Ah, so you think I will react negatively to being around other Kaldorei.”

“The thought had crossed my mind that you might not be comfortable there.”

“Well, way out here, I doubt they’ve heard of the personal life of one singular ex-sentinel. Technically, they aren’t even faction aligned. They may be even more sympathetic to us. I can’t imagine that none of them have formed relationships with members of the opposite faction after working so closely together.”

His shoulders seemed to relax after that, “I hadn’t considered that. I think you are right.”

“Are we going to have to stay there overnight?”

“That depends on whether or not they’ll allow me to fly to Telredor.”
“Telredor?”

“It’s a draenei town in Zanger. That’s where most of the alliance is concentrated. It’s...on top of a mushroom.”

“What?”

“I...well, you’ll see. And,” a sly smile curled the edges of his lips, “their inn is one of my favorites. Lots of privacy.”

“Privacy didn’t seem to be an issue when we fucked in that guard shack at Desmoior.”

“True, but--”

“And out in the open on the ship.”

“Yes, but--”

“And when we had to sleep under the stars last week when we were collecting plants.”

“But you look so good in the moonlight.”

“Yeah,” I grinned, “I’m just saying privacy isn’t a requirement.”

“Hrmp,” he grunted, unwilling to vocally concede that I was right. We lapsed into silence, listening to the crunch of the hard cracked ground under the feet of our mounts, and the whistle of the wind through the small mountains and across the wide, red expanse of Hellfire.

We rode for hours in silence, content to be in each others presence. We’d left early that morning, and it took most of the day before we started to reach the end of the road that ran the length of hellfire. Once we passed Desmoior, the carpet of draenei bones ended, and I felt more at ease. We continued across the hard packed dirt, stopping only for lunch. We passed the someplace Xan called the Temple of Telhamat, and Falconwatch. Finally, the mountains that had come into view earlier in the day loomed closer, and I got my first good look at the pass through them.

The road ran through a cleft in tall, red mountains. Briars at least ten times the size of normal ones wove in an out of the stained rock, and the dead and broken stalks of some plant or tree jutted out at all angles. Wait, no, those weren’t just some plant. They were mushrooms! “How on earth does a mushroom grow so large?!”

“Zangarmarsh used to be the Zangar sea. At the bottom of that sea, those plants grew. When the world fractured and the sea went into the nether, some of the plants stayed behind.”

“Oh,” I had no words as my mind tried to process the idea of there being an ocean on the other side of those tall mountains. I couldn’t see it, so I kept silent as we entered the pass.

It was eerie, and not quiet. Strange shrieking and skittering noises echoed off of the stone and briars, and I saw movements out of the corner of my eyes. Lights on the side of the pass cast a cool blue light over the harsh red sand, but the effect wasn’t calming. Up ahead I could see live versions of the giant mushrooms, their undersides glowing a wide array of colors. Finally, as we started to come out of the other side of the pass, fog rolled in and rain started to dribble from the sky. It was still warm, and here it was humid, but the unmistakable smell of water permeated the air. The lushness of Zangarmarsh was a welcome contrast to the dry harshness of Hellfire.

We followed the path down onto a wooden bridge, and I got my first real look at the mushrooms.
The mist of this place kept it in perpetual twilight, and I was relieved to finally be out of the unrelenting brightness and sun of Hellfire. Everything about this place was much more what I was suited to. Up ahead, I saw an arch and familiar-looking architecture. It looked like a tiny piece of home and, rather than be upset by it, I was comforted. Tension I hadn’t realized I’d been holding uncoiled inside me. The creak and groan of the living trees were soothing music, and I smiled at the fact that the Cenarion Circle had brought ancients with them from Azeroth.

“So pretty,” I murmured. I looked to my left as we entered the town and noticed a familiar bit of blue water, “A moonwell!”

I couldn’t resist. I jumped off my frostsaber and ran over, crouching over the edge and running my fingers through the blissfully cool water. I smiled, watching the ripples in the silvery surface and the wisps of light rising off the surface. Just touching it made me feel peaceful and re-energized. My frostsaber trotted over, sticking her purple-and-white face into the water and lapping it up. I covered my mouth and laughed, but didn’t stop her. I sighed and laid my head on my arm, watching the waters trickle over the small, glowing blue cups of fungi and letting my fingers trail in the waters.

I don’t know how long I sat there, taking in the peace and calm of the water, before Xan finally spoke. He had not been there the entire time, I sensed him leave and return before I heard his voice, “Lai?”

“Hm?,” I replied, not picking up my head. My frostsaber was napping peacefully by my side, her steady breathing adding to my sense of calm.

“We’re going to need to spend the night here. I was mis-remembering. There is no hippogryff here, so we’ll need to ride to Telredor tomorrow.”

“Ok,” I said, not upset to be spending the night among the things my people had made. I pulled my hand out of the moonwell and stood, brushing the dirt and grass off of me. I let my frostsaber sleep. She’d earned her rest after carrying me all over Hellfire. Xan headed to the large inn that stood off to the right of the main path through the tiny town. We stepped up the short stone ramp and out of the gentle rain into the warm interior of the inn. It was a quiet inn, peaceful and sparsely populated. The walls and floor smelled of wood from Teldrassil, and there were Kaldorei carvings on all of the beams. Eager to speak my native language, I rushed over to the oddly-dressed Kaldorei man who was obviously the innkeeper.

“Hello,” I said in Darnassan, “We need a place to stay for the night.”

He looked back and forth between Xan and I and nodded, “Two rooms?”

“No, one would be fine,” he was the first person who was exposed to our relationship who didn’t bat an eye. He just nodded and pulled a small token out of a bag on his waist.

“It’ll be 15 silver, and that gets you dinner tonight and breakfast in the morning. Checkout is whenever you get around to leaving.”

“You’re very laid back,” I commented as I handed him the money.

“I learned long ago that doing what makes you happy is the only way to live life, so who am I to judge? The Cenarion Expedition has been good to me, and they have their fair share of...uncommon pairings.”

“I...thank you,” I took the token, “We’ll return it in the morning.”

“Yup. Room is up the stairs at the end of the hall.”
I nodded and turned to Xan, “C’mon, this way.”

He followed me up the stairs and we found the room at the end of the hall. We dropped our stuff near the door, and I gratefully dropped onto the big wooden bed. The purple-and-green blankets and the mattress were soft and welcoming. From the bed, I looked around the room. It wasn’t very large, the bed took up the majority of the room, but it had the same open-air quality as the inns in Darnassus did, and the breeze filtered through. I could hear the rain outside pattering on the roof and ground far below. I was so tired that if I stayed here for long I’d fall asleep just listening to it. I didn’t dare close my eyes, instead I stared out at the lake and the giant mushrooms.

I heard the heavy thunking noise of leather boots hitting the floor, followed by several more loud noises that I presumed were the rest of his armor, and then Xan dropped down heavily on the other side of the bed. He laid back, his head lining up with mine. I turned to him and smiled. I traced his features with my eyes. His thick hard eyebrows and prominent brow ridge, above strong cheeks and a square jaw. His nose was large, but not too large for his face. Instead, it melded with the rest of his features. His mouth was supple and soft, not hard and cracked like the rest of the orcs. He’d gotten his grandmother’s mouth. And his eyes. His eyes always sucked me in. They were bright blue, the color of tropical water. One of his locs fell over his face, and I reached out to push it back, my fingers caressing his skin. He had a day’s worth of dark stubble on his chin, the texture of it rough under my fingertips. He closed his eyes and exhaled, my touch seeming to relieve something inside him.

I moved to kiss him, melding our mouths together in a strange sort of upside-down dance of tongues and lips. It wasn’t urgent or harsh, but a slow, languid exploration of each other. I tasted him, the rough copper tang of his mouth, the feel of his searching tongue. His big hand cupped the back of my head, fingers twined in my silken hair. I kissed him, and time passed, and I wanted more. I pulled away and stood up, our eyes locked as I walked around to the other side of the bed so I could face him.

I started with my helm. It was in the shape of a crown, and I took it off and tossed it onto the nearest chair. Gloves were next, quickly followed by my cloak, pauldrons, boots, chestplate, and greaves. I was wearing just my pants and the top that I used to protect myself from the rubbing of my leather armor. I pulled the shirt up slowly, taking my time revealing my skin inch by inch for him. His eyes were fixated on me and he said nothing, but I could tell he was watching with interest. I undid my pants and turned around, pulling my hair over my shoulder. I slide my pants down my legs, making sure to bend and stick my round ass towards him. His sharp intake of breath told me that he was still watching. I slowly slid my panties over my ass, bending again before letting them drop and stepping out of them.

I turned, flipping my long hair back over my shoulder. I was only wearing my bra now, a purple-and-silver thing that barely held the weight of my heavy breasts. I cupped them, pushing them together, my fingers pressing into the soft mounds of flesh. I watched Xan’s pupils dilate, and watched his throat move as he swallowed. I could see the lump of his hard cock under his pants, and knew I was having the effect I hoped for. I maintained eye contact with him and reached behind myself to undo my bra, letting it slip down my arms to join my other clothes on the floor. I looked at him as I rubbed my fingers on my nipples, teasing the dark purple flesh into hard peaks.

He kept watching me as I bent over, running my hands up his heavily muscled thighs to the opening of his pants. I undid them, and started to slide them down his body with his underwear. He lifted his hips for me so I could pull them further down, and I worked them off of his legs and onto the floor. When I stood up, he was sitting, looking at me. Waiting for me. We hadn’t even touched, but we were both turned on, both ready. Lust clouded the air between us. Lust, love, and our unique non-verbal communication was enough. We moved in sync with each other, and not for the first time, I
wondered why we couldn’t seem to translate that synchronicity to the battlefield.

I gently took the hem of his shirt in hand, and raised it up and over his head, tossing it to the floor. He laid back down on the bed, watching me to see what I’d do electric nerves crackled inside me, making me hum with restlessness and urgency. I bit my lip, looking down at him, at the broad body laid out on the bed. Battlerscars criss-crossed his otherwise smooth, green skin, although I never seemed to notice them. Most had faded into thin lines. He was big and barrel-chested, and had not an ounce of fat covering his heavy muscles. His orc physiology made it easier for him, giving him a naturally robust musculature. I wouldn’t have cared, really, because it was Xan that I loved - not his body. But I’d be lying if I tried to say that his body wasn’t a bonus.

I crawled up that sculpted body, moving slowly and fluidly. I licked the lines of his hips, and across the grooves of his abs, letting my breasts and nipples brush his skin when I could. I made sure to watch him, to look at him, to see how he watched me. I sank my teeth into the muscles of his chest - not hard enough to break skin, just hard enough to bruise, and the sound he made was a cross between a sucked-in hiss and a warning growl. His fingers threaded through my hair, gathering its long, silken length into his fist. I licked his collarbone, and brushed my fangs across his neck before biting down again. He yanked my head back by the grip he had on my hair, and I slid my wet cunt against his hard length. I wanted him to feel how ready I was. How much I wanted him.

“Bruise me,” I begged, my voice anxious and pleading, “Make me ache. Make me...yours.”

My fingers tightened at the last word, nails digging into the skin of his chest in unexpended urgency. I was empty and I wanted to be full. I wanted his marks on my skin. I wanted him to love me, to possess me, to fill me to bursting. To take my trust in him and push against its edges, to let his claiming of my body show how much he loved and trusted me in return. To tell me he knew I could take what he offered and he wouldn’t hold back. That’s what I loved most about the kind of relationship we had. The mutual trust that made it work. The deep, visceral knowledge of each others’ bodies. The care and gentleness we showed each other after we’d been together. I’d once thought to myself that he and I made love like war, but that wasn’t true - we never destroyed each other, and it was never about a disagreement. It was a celebration.

The muscles under my hands twitched, but not because I’d dug my nails in. It was him moving. He pushed me off, dumping me onto the bed and jumped up. His big hands grabbed me, rough battle calluses scratching on my skin, and flipped me onto my stomach. I loved it when he moved me like this. Well, I loved it when he did it while we were in bed. If he tried this caveman bullshit outside of the bedroom, he knew me well enough to know I’d eviscerate him. But here? His strength against my vulnerability turned me on.

He grabbed my hips and pulled me up on my knees towards the edge of the bed. I felt the head of his cock slipping through my wetness towards my opening, and that was all the warning I got before he shoved his cock all the way into me. I cried out - I couldn’t help it, it was painful. He was so thick and it had been a few days, but the ache and the burn that came from being filled with him was, to me, a sweet sort of pain. I liked the way it felt. I liked the way my pussy felt when it stretched to accommodate him. I don’t like small men, I never have. If a man is inside me, I want to feel it. And Xan, well, he was the biggest man I’d ever been with.

He felt me rock back against him when he pushed his way in, and I heard a deep chuckle behind me, “Your body betrays you, little elf. Your mouth screams like you’re in pain, but your eager body wants more, and your tight cunt squeezes me.”

These were the kinds of things he said when he was checking in. He wanted a reply to know I was ok, that he hadn’t hurt me too much. We had safe words, and he was giving me a reminder that I
should use them if I needed to.

I didn’t need to, so instead, I decided to role play a little, “You know nothing, orc. You haven’t come close to pushing me far enough.”

His hands grabbed my hips and held on, and I felt him draw back, his cock sliding out of me before he plunged it back in. His fingers dug into the soft flesh where he held me. I couldn’t squirm or move away, he was too strong for that. He held me exactly in place while he took his pleasure from me. The whole thickness of him rubbed over the sensitive spot inside me when he filled me with his cock. My body clutched at his, my dripping pussy slurping around his thrusting cock. I eagerly gave up control to him, not thinking and only feeling. I held onto the covers while he took me, my fingers clutching handfuls of the blanket, and my cheek pressed to the soft material. I didn’t have to hold back, I didn’t even have to hold myself up. I didn’t have to do anything but enjoy the way he felt moving inside me.

I pushed off the bed and wailed when I came, sure my voice carried out into the night through the open walls. I didn’t care. Let the whole world hear how he made me feel. Let the other Kaldorei know an orc made one of their own feel pleasure. Let them wonder what it might be like.

He shoved me forward, off of his cock and flat onto the bed. I rolled over to look at him and he stood holding his cock in his fist. I could see it shining in the light, covered in my wetness. His thighs had drops of cum on them, too.

“See what you have done? You’ve made a mess of me,” he grabbed my knees and pushed them apart, cool air brushing my wet pussy. He knelt between my legs, one hand going back to his cock, and two thick digits of the other plunged into me. He hooked his fingers, roughly finger-fucking me, rubbing my g-spot hard, “You will keep your legs open for me if you’re going to spend all day teasing me with your tits. Making a mess on me. Whose cunt is this?”

“Your’s!,” My back was arched under him, my head tilted back. His fingers inside of me almost had me coming again. He pulled them away and shoved his cock back inside me.

“That’s right. And see?,” his fist was still around his cock and he pulled out of me again using his fist rather than his hips to move himself. Then his pushed back in, moving easily, “See how eagerly my cunt opened for me? See how bad it wants cock?”

I cried out again, and when he was inside again, I wrapped my legs around him and held him. I was coming again, and I writhed my hips while I soaked him, wanting the extra friction to pushed me higher. His fist was gone and he was fucking me hard again, our bodies slamming together with loud, wet slaps, ‘Good, elf. Show me how much my cunt loves to be full of cock. Show me how much you love being fucked.”

I was coming so hard I was shaking, and when it was over he pulled out again and stood up. I was bereft and empty, and my cunt was twitching with the aftershocks of my orgasm. I grabbed my own breasts, pinching my nipples, and shuddering with the electric shocks of pleasure that went directly to my clit. I heard an almost sadistic chuckle come from Xan. I opened my eyes and watched as he stalked around the other side of the bed, closer to where my head was.

“Come here,” he demanded. I immediately rolled onto my stomach and crawled to him. His hand wrapped around my hair again, and he pressed my face to his wet cock. I could smell myself on him, “Suck.”

I grabbed for him and took him in my mouth, cleaning my own wetness off of him, the salty-metallic tang of it coating my tongue. Under that I tasted the bit of liquid he’d added to the mess, and the salt
of his skin. I took him down as far as I could, using my hands on what I couldn’t fit. The sounds of
his cock in my mouth were joined by his heavy breathing. He might be the one holding onto my
head, but I was in control. I made him groan and whisper my name. I made him rock his hips and tilt
his head back. Every sound he made was a prize I earned. And, it was me who was good enough
that he had to pull out, lest he spill himself in my mouth before he meant to.

“Lay on your stomach,” he said. He sounded annoyed, like he was going to punish me for being too
good with my mouth, but I knew that wasn’t the case. He was taken by the same urgency that I
always felt. It took him longer to lose control enough, but he always eventually did. So I did as he
asked and laid on my stomach. On impulse, I grabbed a pillow and put it under my hips. I felt the
bed dip and the warmth of his skin against mine when he straddled my thighs. I didn’t say it, but my
smart-ass brain thought that it looked like he didn’t always need my legs open for him.

He pushed against the divot at the top of my thighs with his cock, pushing through the flesh to easily
find my opening below. I tilted my hips to make it easier, moaning as he sank into me. He held
himself up with his arms, using his hips to push inside me with strong, smooth strokes. My body
rocked against the bed with his thrusts. He wasn’t going hard or fast yet, just pushing deep, making
sure I felt every hard inch. He picked up speed, going faster and faster, his hips pistoning. I was
getting so, so close. He bent down, his body warm and heavy against mine, kissing the side of my
neck. His lips and tongue sent small little jolts of pleasure that added to the feeling of his cock as he
slid in and out of me.

“Bruise you,” he repeated my words from earlier.

“I’m tired of hiding, Xan. I’m tired of being circumspect. I want to wear your marks on my skin so
everyone we meet knows I’m yours. So no one asks us anymore if we need two rooms,” I had to
mentally drag myself away from the feeling of what he was doing to me to put so many words
together, but I managed it.

“You want everyone to know that you’re taking every inch of me into that sweet, slippery elven
pussy every night?,” I nodded vigorously, although I heard the strain in his voice. I wanted him to
come. I wanted to feel him fill me, to feel the slick, hot cum slide down over my clit, and feel his
cock pulse and jump inside me. I wanted that completion, “That I do things to that dripping cunt that
they never, ever could. Satisfy you in ways no one else can.”

“Yes!,” I cried. I started to come, the muscles inside me clamping down around him as he slid in and
out of me. His mouth fastened to my neck and he sucked hard, biting almost hard enough to draw
blood, but the edge of pain just fed my orgasm and I came harder, wailing and moaning and pushing
my hips against him. I was squirting everywhere, gush after gush of hot fluid pulsing out of me. His
mouth stayed on my neck, sucking, and I felt him push deep into me, groaning in his throat while he
came, too. I felt his cock jumping inside me, and shuddered, knowing that he’d pushed his cum deep.

A few minutes later we got up and cleaned ourselves up. We got ready for bed with our usual
comfortable silence. Not more than an hour later I was peacefully asleep, curled against him with his
arms wrapped around me. Our lives weren’t going to be safe, but in that moment I felt save with his
body plastered to mine.

Xan woke me the next morning with kisses on my neck, nibbling on my earlobe, grinding his hips
and his thick morning hardness against my ass. His hands cupped my breasts, fingers working my
nipples to aching hardness.

“I need to be inside you, love,” he mumbled against my neck.
“Yes,” I agreed. I turned onto my back, and he shifted until he was between my legs. We both groaned as he sank into me. The warm wet heat of my cunt eagerly welcomed him, although I could already feel the soreness from the night before. I didn’t care. I always wanted him inside me. I liked having him like this. I liked the comforting weight of him on top of me, and I liked being able to use my hands to touch him. I liked being able to look up at him and see his face and see how being inside me affected him. This morning he stayed close, cradling me in his arms and kissing me while he moved inside me.

He started slowly and gently, but he didn’t stay that way. He spend up, hips pumping and our bodies smacking wetly together, until I came for him. After he felt the heat of me clutching him, he pushed himself deep and I felt him follow me over the edge. He stayed inside me until he softened and our breathing slowed, and then we had to get up and start the day.

It didn’t take us long to clean and dress. We ate and paid the innkeep, and soon were back on the road. But instead of turning north, we turned south, so I asked, “Are we not going to Telredor?”

“I had a different idea. A change of plans. Is that ok?,” his tone of voice told me he wasn’t being sarcastic, he was genuinely asking.

“Of course. Where are we going?”

“Ah, that part is a surprise.”

“A surprise? Surprises are new.”

“Well, see? Surprise,” he laughed.

I’d been able to feel the ache from having him between my legs last night and this morning, but somewhere around the border of Zangermarsh Xan noticed my constant adjusting in my saddle and finally asked, “Lai, what on earth are you doing over there?”

“I’m sore.”

He looked confused for a second and then it seemed to dawn on him, “Wait, from me?”

“Yes! What other giant cock was inside me last night?,” I was annoyed, this wasn’t the first time I’d mentioned this to him and it seemed like he was surprised.

“Ok. Ok. I thought you were joking that time you hearthed back to the inn.”

“I was not.”

“Do you want to stop?”

“No, I want a healer;” my voice was a little more testy than I meant for it to come out, “If we stop, we’ll just end up fucking again and, well...as much as I enjoy that, it won’t help with the long ride. How far are we from Shattrath?”

“Not far. It’s just past those mountains;” he gestured to the nearby range, “Through the pass.”

I sighed, “Ok. Let’s just get there then, and I can find a healer.”

It seemed to take forever due to my discomfort, but we eventually arrived. The trees of Terrokar were interesting - spiked, with glowing fruit hanging in the branches. It was a strange land, like nothing I’d seen on Azeroth. The city was just as strange; angular and bronze with glowing aqua
lights. I’d seen the Exodar - the ship had crash landed near Darnassus - but it looked nothing like this dreary city. Was this what the draenei built when they had more land than a few tiny islands? I hoped not. I hoped it was just like this because of how damaged the Outlands were. It did feel like that; I could feel a throbbing, singing sadness sunk deep into the bones of this city. It emanated from the pillar of light in the center.

“This is a strange place,” I murmured as we slowly rode across the bridge and into the center.

“It is,” his voice was solemn, too, “It never stopped being at war. The Aldors and the Scyriers...they’ve never learned to get along. And the poor still congregate in the lower city. They still train draenei guards, here. Although now that the legion is defeated, they might be able to rest.”

“I hope. Maybe this can become a place of renewal. There is so much death in the Outlands, Xan. This land, it isn’t at peace.”

“I’d imagine not,” he sighed and shook his head, “Come on, let’s get to a healer.”

We found one on the Aldor rise among the draenei that made their home near the ogres and the cliffs. I was healed by a young draenei priestess, and as I turned to leave I thought better of it and faced her again, “Is Shattrath your home?”

She seemed surprised by my question, taken aback for a moment. Then she nodded, “It’s the only one I have.”

“There is a group. They’ve taken back Hellfire citadel. They’re trying to change it into a place of healing. You don’t have to go, but...could you keep it in mind? Tell others? They are called the Desm ó ei.”

“I have heard rumors, but I thought they were just that - rumors.”

“No, they are true. The leaders there, Svetlaya and Kezcron, they are peaceful. We helped them clean the citadel, but they will need help to rebuild it.”

She slowly nodded, “Thank you for passing the information along. I will tell others. Many of us, we are so tired of fighting. And to properly bury our ancestors along the path of death...we would welcome the chance. It hasn’t been safe.”

“It might be now. Safer, at least.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” I turned and left, joining Xan outside. We went back down to the center of the city and found the gryffin trainers. We dropped my gryffin off there to be trained to fly in the outlands, and left. We headed to the lower city, to a tavern where people were less likely to be judgemental of us. Although, in fairness to the population of Shattrath, most people hadn’t given us a second glance.

We also were hoping to find any leads on new locations we could go to. The incident with the Desm ó ei aside, we were here for a reason. Xan needed stock for his store in Dalaran. We hadn’t been here long and the collection side of his business was already proving much more difficult than I intended. It felt good, too, though. I liked being out in the world and seeing new things. I liked travel and using my muscles and body again. I liked being freely with Xan and enjoying his company. If only we could learn to fight together more smoothly, there’d be little I found wrong in this trip. I was getting stronger, too, and more skilled. We both were.
So we settled at a table in the World’s End Tavern, ordered some food, and relaxed. My thoughts kept going about Shattrath and the Outlands. Really, about my life as a whole. Is this what I was meant to be? I’d been so lost since leaving the sentinels. I had Xan, yes, and I was glad for that. But was travelling with him what I wanted? I didn’t have to work with Xan to be with Xan. I enjoyed this for now, but would I always? I didn’t know. I finished another mug of ale and looked up at Xan. He silently just slid me another one. This stuff was swill compared to what the elves made, or even what the dwarves made, but it didn’t matter. I ate the food when it came, and I drank myself stupid. So stupid, in fact, that when Xan put me to bed I had no idea where I was. I was so grateful for the soft mattress that I curled up next to him and passed out.

I woke the next morning needing to pee worse than I’d ever needed to pee in my life. I groggily looked around the room and spotted the pot in the corner. I dragged it someplace kind of private and gratefully used it. As I did, my body started to wake up for real, and I was glad I was an elf. I couldn’t remember a damned thing from the night before, and I had no idea where we were, so I knew how much I must have consumed. I cringed at the thought of how much gold I drank last night. Lucky Xan had a lot of it, I supposed. And, knowing how much I drank made me acutely aware of how lucky I was to have the metabolism I did. I’d seen how Xan felt in the morning after drinking. He was mostly orc, after all, and it wasn’t uncommon for him to have too much ale. He was miserable the next day. I, on the other hand, felt mostly ok. A little thirsty, so I cleaned myself up and went in search of something to drink.

It turned out that we were in an inn on the Aldor rise, so I was able to get a drink and some breakfast down in the common room. It was early, still, the sun just starting to come up, and so the room was mostly empty. I sat down there eating slowly, enjoying the peace and calm.

It took about an hour before Xan showed up, laden with his gear. He looked ready to go, but I wasn’t really even dressed yet. He sank heavily into a chair across from me and stole a piece of bread. The tavern girl came over and took his order for the rest of his breakfast, and he munched on his stolen bread, eyeing me, “You look chipper.”

I shrugged, “Elven metabolism.”

“Lucky elf. You never told me you could drink like that.”

I grinned, “You never challenged me to a drinking contest.”

“Yeah, because I didn’t want to give you brain damage on accident. Had I known--”

“You would have lost,” I took a swig of juice and gestured at his gear, “You look eager to get going this morning.”

“While you were drinking every bar patron under the table, I heard of a lead for us to follow. Your griffin should be done training today, so we can fly there today.”

“Where is it?”

“On the other side of Terrokar. A place called Auchindoun. It’s not that far, but it is apparently quite large. It will take some time for us to go through the whole thing.”

“Well, then we best not waste time. You finish eating, I’ll go dress,” I stood and took a final swig of my drink, “Then we go to Auchindoun.”
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