Plight of the Windrunners

by PunishedVarmint

Summary

In the opening days of the Second War, the famous Windrunner sisters are captured during a scouting mission by Amani trolls. Alleria, Sylvanas, and Veressa are then taken to the capital city of the savage trolls where they will live out their days of captivity as prized broodmares.

Notes

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The Amani trolls never believed that such a victory could have ever been possible, but as their most recent spoils of war were paraded into Zul’Aman toward their ultimate fate, no one could deny the truth. All three Windrunner sisters – Alleria, Sylvanas, and Veressa – had been captured alive during a recent Horde ambush. Now with their arms tied helplessly behind their backs and collars around their necks, the defeated high elves were led single-file through the cheering streets of the Amani capital. The Second War had been raging for several weeks at this point, and most of the northern trolls had been hesitant to throw in their lot with the orcs. But now with this grave defeat for Quel’Thalas, not a doubt remained within a single Amani about the prosperous future for their people and the eventual victorious conclusion of this war.

Alleria, the oldest and most skilled of the sisters, walked at the front of the line, constantly jerked forward by the rope attached to the collar around her neck and the impatient troll that held her leash. Behind her, the other two sisters were similarly collared with their leashes in the hands of their own troll handlers. These restraints combined with the squad of battle-hardened trolls flanking them on all sides ensured that the Windrunner sisters, who for so long even before the war began had been a thorn in the side of the Amani, had no possibility of escape. Both Alleria and Sylvanas sneered and spit at the trolls mocking them as they walked by, but Veressa, who was the youngest and least experienced of the three, wore an obvious expression of anxiety and fear about their current predicament. Unable to put on as brave a face, she cowered and flinched as the green-skinned trolls threw curses and rotten fruit at the captured elves who had killed an untold number of Amani between the three of them.

They were walked up the stone steps that led to the city’s central plaza. Zul’Aman had no king and no palace, but it did have a communal area for its leaders to meet. As the sisters reached the top of the stairs, they found themselves facing a large throng of trolls, all of them staring straight at the captured prisoners of war and awaiting their approach. They were arranged in a semi-circle around a presentation stage, and in the middle of them all stood the Amani chieftain himself, Zul’jin. He smiled wickedly at the Windrunners from behind his purple scarf as they were pushed forward and lined up before him. Each sister still wore their ranger uniforms, which seemingly did a better job of showing off their bodies than providing protection, though they were slightly scuffed and dirtied from battle. Veressa lowered her eyes to the floor, but Alleria and Sylvanas defiantly met Zul’jin’s gaze as he stepped forward. “Well now, dis be a surprise. I thought me generals be playin’ a joke on me when dey said dey captured Silvermoon’s ranger-general and her two sisters.”

“Enjoy your short-lived victory while it lasts,” snarled Sylvanas, clearly the most spirited and fiery of the three. As leader of the Farstriders, she was essentially responsible for Silvermoon’s defense, and so being a prisoner was particularly humiliating for Sylvanas. She wasn’t about to bend to the Amani so easily. “We’ll be here less than a day before the full might of Quel’Thalas falls upon this city and burns it to the ground.”

Zul’jin gave her back a throaty chuckle. “You elves be waging war against da Amani for centuries, yet suddenly ya think ya soldiers gonna march right in and end it in a single day? Just to rescue
“No, mon. Da elves not gonna be any closer to winnin’ dis war tomorrow dan dey were yesterday. Certainly not because we be holdin’ three very specific, very famous elves.” Zul’jin approached Sylvanas, his hulking troll height towering over her petite elven body. “Zul’Aman be miles from de frontline. Dey not be comin’ for you anymore dan dey be comin’ for da other pretty elves we be holdin’.”

“You won’t be holding us for long,” said Alleria with a sneer. “I can promise you that.”

“Is dat so?” asked Zul’jin. He stepped around Sylvanas, circling her like a lynx stalks its prey, before turning to face the eldest of the Windrunners. “Maybe you be right. Maybe retribution be comin’ faster dan we think. In dat case, perhaps we betta be startin’ dis interrogation sooner rather than later, yes?”

The trolls surrounding the trio raised their fists into the air and broke into cheers. The Windrunners didn’t give it much thought until later, but curiously all the trolls present were males with not a single woman to be found in the crowd. However they were too preoccupied with their present situation and how to break free than to worry about something so trivial. The Amani were a unique species among their troll brethren. They were larger than most trolls, certainly as tall as any member of the Zandalari and Gurubashi tribes, but the Amani had a wider profile with their thick muscles and barrel chests. Much like the orcs of the Horde they were now allied with, Amani trolls were built for power and strength. In comparison, the lithe and agile frames of the high elves were no match in one-on-one combat. And with their bows and the element of surprise no longer by their side, the Windrunners were completely outmatched.

“Which of you be going first, I wonder?” asked Zul’jin as he walked back and forth between the sisters, silently sizing each of them up. He leaned in close and sniffed the back of Alleria’s neck, making her snarl in disgust. With her arms still tied, she clumsily lashed out with a foot to kick his ankle, but Zul’jin easily moved out of the way. “Haha, you be a fighter. Maybe I be saving you for last. It be a pleasure to have you watch me break ya sisters first.”

He walked past Sylvanas, admiring her tight body and the bare midriff on full display, before approaching Veressa. Zul’jin circled the youngest sister, reaching out to take a gathering of her white hair and sniffing it. “Don’t you touch her!” growled Sylvanas threateningly.

“No?” asked Zul’jin. “You be thinkin’ I should spare dis one and start with you instead?” He laughed cruelly as he laid a green hand upon Veressa’s shoulder. “Ya courage be admirable, Windrunner, but I think dis one be perfect ta start off dis glorious day.”

With that said, Zul’jin put his hand around Veressa’s slender neck and pushed her to the ground. Panic filled the young elf’s eyes as she was forced onto her back and the large troll leaned over to dwarf her in his shadow. “No please! Sisters, h-help me!”
“Hold dem back,” said Zul’jin plainly as he focused his attention on the squirming girl beneath him. “Get dem ready for me while I have me fun with dis one.”

Even with their arms bound uselessly, neither Alleria nor Sylvanas were going to just stand there and let their sister suffer. Valiantly they moved forward to attack Zul’jin, but a handful of trolls broke from the gathered crowd and quickly grabbed their leashes. Both sisters sputtered and gagged as their collars were wrenched back, pulling them into the waiting arms of the Amani men, three for each sister. Six hands immediately attacked their bodies, groping their exposed skin and sliding over their toned, flat stomachs. Alleria wiggled helplessly in their grasp, shouting threats and curses at the lecherous trolls, while Sylvanas had a hand firmly clasped over her own saucy mouth as two other curious hands traveled between her thighs.

On the floor, Veressa was fairing no better. Zul’jin’s hands roamed over her leathers, feeling up the delicate elven body hidden within. Veressa was dressed modestly compared to her sisters as she wanted more protection in her ranger outfit to make up for her lack of combat experience, but that no longer mattered as Zul’jin began peeling away at her armor, ripping the leather apart with his troll strength. Veressa cried out bashfully as her soft tits were exposed to the air, and she pulled instinctively at her bindings in an attempt to cover herself. Instead, all the young elf could do was moan pitifully as more and more of her clothing was removed, until finally she was as naked as the day she was born.

Zul’jin’s hand probed at her lower lips, pressing a single finger against her delicate womanhood. She was completely dry, as to be expected, and so he hoisted up her entire lower body off the ground. With both of her legs resting on his shoulders, only Veressa’s upper back and head were touching the floor, leaving her even more helpless to do anything as the troll’s head now rested between her thighs. Zul’jin reached up and removed his purple scarf, revealing a small set of tusks that thankfully were angled low enough to not get in the way as he leaned in and licked her pretty pussy. Veressa moaned with shame as the chieftain of her people’s most hated enemy began to eat her out.

Meanwhile, Alleria and Sylvanas were subjected to their own cruel punishments, though the molestation and fondling at the hands of their captors paled in comparison to their sister’s torment. Sylvanas hollered and groaned into the filthy troll hand covering her mouth as the flimsy bottoms covering her crotch were torn away, exposing her own elven cunt and the wispy golden hairs that framed it. She squirmed in the muscled arms of three lecherous Amani males as their fingers played with her body, rubbing her sensitive clit and pinching her supple inner thighs. Her blue eyes rolled back as small moans crept into her cries, signaling that the trolls’ skilled hands were having the intended effect on her body. The Amani gathered for the Windrunners’ arrival weren’t present merely by happenstance, but rather were selected very specifically for the particular set of skills they possessed, especially on the matter of elven women.

Nearby, Alleria still had a lot of fight left in her even as the trolls peeled off her armored top,
revealing the soft, full breasts hidden underneath. The Amani cackled with delight as they pawed and squeezed her supple tits, pulling them every which way they pleased with their greedy hands. Two hands, perhaps belonging to the same troll, went straight for her nipples and began rolling them between two fingers until they were stiffened with arousal. Another troll leaned his, his hot breath against her long ear as he began to nibble and lick it. Two fingers, belonging to another troll out of her line of sight, rubbed against her full lips, lewdly rubbing against them and seeking entry to her warm mouth. The eldest Windrunner clenched her teeth in concentration as they fondled her generous breasts, thankfully ignoring the rest of her body for now, though a hand or two would occasionally roam over her flat tummy toward her pants before returning back to her chest.

Veressa was panting from the stimulation of Zul’jin’s tongue on her tight pussy as the wiggling tip delved deeper between her folds. Without any sort of pretense, the Amani leader was slobbering messily all over her pristine flower, as well as thrusting his tongue in and out and coating her inner walls with his saliva, simply to prepare the high elf for his own entry rather than any pleasure on her end. A tight, dry cunt was a chore to break in, and Zul’jin simply didn’t have the time or patience right now to play with Veressa until she was fully ready for him. Not when he had her two sisters to get through yet. Besides, by the time he was done with her, this elven pussy would be wet on demand and always ready to accept troll dick. But for now, Zul’jin orally serviced the squirming, moaning elf with purpose until finally he deemed the job done to his satisfaction.

Dazed and confused from going so quickly from a prisoner of war to a sex slave, Veressa whined softly as her body was dropped back onto the hard floor, and she barely had control of her own wits to notice Zul’jin disrobing himself. When finally she felt Zul’jin calloused hands grabbing her smooth legs and raising them high into the air, Veressa looked down between her spread thighs and beheld the largest, thickest cock she had ever seen in her life. Her glowing sapphire eyes widened and she gasped in utter shock at the sight of the fully hard, throbbing monstrosity that was leaking translucent precum from its bulbous tip. “No! Get away from me! Anything but that!”

“Dis be da price of defying da Amani empire,” snarled Zul’jin as he leaned in, pushed her legs up closer to her chest, and plunged his troll cock straight down her elven cunt. Veressa’s head snapped back, smacking against the floor painfully, and she let out an ear-shattering scream as her precious pussy was skewered. Her tightness fought to keep him out, but Zul’jin had done a fantastic job of lubricating her unwilling depths. And so, with a few insistent thrusts, he slide more and more inches into the trembling elf girl until his hips met the back of her thighs and his green balls slapped against her perky ass. Veressa’s toes clenched high in the air over her head, both eyes were wide as saucers, and her mouth hung wide open in a silent O as his cockhead knocked up against her womb.

Sylvanas’ struggles increased tenfold as she watched Zul’jin defile her younger sister. Her muffled shouts reached a higher pitch as she struggled in the unbreakable grasp of the Amani to no avail. Instead they chuckled in her long ears callously, a few tongues even tauntingly licking from the lobe all the way up to the tip, as they themselves enjoyed the show. Sylvanas was like a toy in their arms and she may as well have been fighting against an iron golem for all the good her struggles did. When one of the trolls bent over and grabbed her legs, she wiggled and shouted in protest as he pulled off her boots, leaving her entire lower body now bare naked. The ambitious troll then sat
her legs on his shoulders, her luscious thighs on either side of his head, and then immediately went to work licking her delicious pussy just as the Amani chieftain had, no doubt preparing her for Zul’jin’s cock once it was done with her sister. Sylvanas moaned weakly at the thought of her impending rape as she was held up entirely off the ground, her upper half still supported by the other two trolls as they now worked on removing the rest of her armor, starting with the skimpy brassier covering her breasts.

The sounds of sloppy sex filled the air as Zul’jin fucked the overwhelmed Veressa into submission. The young elf’s feet were bobbing up and down in the air rhythmically each time the meaty troll cock bottomed out inside her quivering pussy. Veressa, unable to fight back physically, instead pleaded for mercy. “No more! Please! Ahh! Oohh!” Zul’jin pounded her trim elven body ruthlessly, drawing out the faint tingling of pleasure that he knew lay dormant inside, just waiting for the right cock to awaken her lust. Even as Veressa willfully shook her head from side to side, wishing and praying against all odds that this nightmare would end, her own body was beginning to betray her. Her battered pussy, once so tight and resistant to his entry, now freely coated his pistoning cock with the slickness of her sexual arousal. As her eager pussy became deliciously more slick, Zul’jin thrusts came faster and faster until he was pounding into her like a machine. Veressa, young and inexperienced, had no hope of fighting against the assault upon her body and her psyche, and now the first cracks were beginning to show. Never before had a cock fucked her so well, owned her pussy so completely, and she was utterly unprepared for any of it. “By the Sunwell! It… it…” The young Windrunner squealed and her hips bucked upward as the dam broke and her pussy creamed all over Zul’jin hard cock. “It feels so good!”

Alleria was now on her knees, flinching and sneering at the Amani surrounding her. Each one had pulled out their cocks and were slapping them against her face, taunting the elven ranger with her inevitable fate. One troll rubbed the tip of his dick against her left eye, smearing his slimy precum across the blue tattoo she wore. Yet even as they abused and humiliated her, Alleria thought only of her sister who was currently being pounded into a screaming orgasm. “You monster! What are you doing to her?”

“Teachin’ dis bitch her place,” said Zul’jin with a grin as he looked down upon the squealing Veressa, both her tits and long elven eyebrows bouncing in rhythm to his thrusts. “Da place of all elven sluts.” He leaned further over the panting girl, planting his hands on the ground and locking her legs in-place over her head, and then lunged downward in deep, womb-smashing thrusts. Veressa moaned happily, the corners of her mouth turned up into a fucked-silly grin, as his cock laid waste to her poor cunny. “Nothin’ but toys for da Amani. Warm holes to fuck and breed.”

“Lies!” shouted Alleria, shaking her head in denial. “This spell or whatever sorcery you’ve cast on her… It won’t last!”

Zul’jin chuckled darkly and never missed a beat in feeding his shaft into his brand new elven cocksleeve as he explained himself to the ignorant Alleria. “Dis be no magic, elf whore. Not from de loa or even de arcane you and da humans worship. No, dis be the natural way of things.” He thrusts a few more times, slamming the tip of his cock against Veressa’s cervix, before slowly
down briefly as another fully-body orgasm rocked the prone elf. “De Amani be made for two things: fightin’ and fuckin’. And lucky for de Amani, ya elves be also made for two things: to be fucked and bred. Funny how we be a perfect match for each other once ya elves be accepting ya place.” He laughed with glee as the blissed-out Veressa’s tongue flopped out of her mouth and saliva ran down her face, a torrid display for the once proud ranger. “You be actin’ all high and mighty when you be in da tree slin’g arrows, but down here on ya back you be showin’ ya true nature.”

He pulled his cock free from her gaping cunt and left the broken Veressa to twitch uselessly on the floor as he rose to his feet. “Dis one not be worthy of me seed. Too weak and frail for da warchief of da Amani, but she be good for siring generations of strong trolls all de same.” A cruel smile spread across his lips as he turned and looked directly at Alleria, meeting her still defiant gaze even as he spoke his command to his gathered brothers. “Breed her.”

All at once, four trolls descended upon the barely conscious Veressa, who only had the presence of mind to moan happily as another warm body took its place between her legs. The other trolls bided their time, patiently awaiting their turn at their broken elf toy by playing with her body. The Windrunner sisters were paragons of beauty even among their race, and though Veressa was smaller and less developed than the other two, her curvy and petite body made the troll lust for her all the same. Hands roamed over her modest chest, groping the silky soft tits, and cocks fell upon her open mouth, which Veressa obediently stuck out her tongue to lick like a good fuck-slave. He stopped only to cry aloud, her eyes popping wide with rapture, as her empty pussy was filled with more delicious troll cockmeat. “Fuck me, fuck me,” chanted Veressa over and over mindlessly as she hooked her legs behind the troll’s back. The steady sound of balls slapping against her pert rear once more filled the air.

Even as all this was happening, Sylvanas was held aloft as her cries of protest softly died in the troll’s hand over her mouth, only to be replaced by muted whimpers of pleasure as the tongue between her legs worked at her tender folds. Two sets of hands eagerly molested her generous tits, pinching the stiffened and aroused nipples, working in tandem with the troll eating her pussy to work Sylvanas’s body into a lustful frenzy. Out of all her sisters, Sylvanas had always been the most amorous of the Windrunners, actively partaking in sexual affairs even with her own subordinates in the Farstriders, not overly worried about how her trysts affected her family’s reputation. Alleria would frequently lecture Sylvanas about her uncontrolled libido, but in the end it was Alleria’s job as the oldest sister to maintain the family’s honor, not hers. After all, what did it matter what or who Sylvanas did in her personal life so long as she fulfilled her duties? Now suddenly Sylvanas felt the repercussions of her own promiscuity turned against her as the Amani delving his tongue within her moistening snatch triggered her inner slut. Were a hand not clasped over her mouth, Sylvanas knew very well she was in danger of outright begging them to have their way with her body.

But such thoughts flew from her mind as that inevitability approached her all the same in the form of Zul’jin musclebound body, his rockhard erection bouncing menacingly with each step. Sylvanas’ eyes widened with shock just as her sister’s had at the sight of the beast, which still dripped with Veressa’s juices, but for Sylvanas there wasn’t just panic in her eyes as she gazed...
upon the glistening cock but something far more damning… Anticipation.
Sylvanas’s Turn

Chapter Summary

In the opening days of the Second War, the famous Windrunner sisters are captured during a scouting mission by Amani trolls. Alleria, Sylvanas, and Veressa are then taken to the capital city of the savage trolls where they will live out their days of captivity as prized broodmares.

Chapter Notes

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Sylvanas glared angrily at Zul’jin even as the orgasmic cries of her younger sister rang out nearby. Veressa certainly wasn’t being shy about vocalizing her newfound love for troll cock, which caused Sylvanas’ cheeks to blush hot even as she tried to put on a brave face. Her eyes flickered away only briefly to gaze upon the heaving troll body that rutted into her sister’s prone form, treating her own flesh and blood as nothing more than a common breeding sow. Yet any objections Veressa had about her new lot in life were the last thing on the elf’s blissed-out mind as she struggled to lock her legs around her new lover’s hulking form and pull him in closer. The sight disgusted Sylvanas to the very core of her being, and yet she couldn’t hide the trembling of her fit body in anticipation of her own treatment.

Zul’jin waved away the troll covering her mouth, allowing Sylvanas to once more speak freely. “You monster!” she snarled, baring her elven fangs. “I’m going to personally make sure you and all of these cretins suffer for what you did to her.” Her threats however rang hollow as she hung suspended in midair with two trolls gleefully playing with her naked breasts and a third one holding her squirming hips steady as he tongued her pussy. Sylvanas’ thighs instinctively clenched around the troll’s head when a tremor of pleasure shot up her spine at the sensation of his tongue thrusting in and out of her folds, withdrawing occasionally to give a soft lick at her stiff clit. It was humiliating to have to stare Zul’jin, her most hated enemy, in the eyes with her body so exposed and manipulated.

“I think ya truly believe what ya be sayin’,” said Zul’jin. “But I also believe dat ya gonna be too busy joining ya sista on her back to do anything of da sort.”

Rage filled Sylvanas’ luminous eyes as she glowered at the braggart troll, but the fire in her glare flickered as more pleasure reverberated through her body from the troll tongue-fucking her pussy. With her arms still bound and legs held up to keep her immobile, the proud ranger-general did the only thing she could to show her disdain for the Amani warlord by spitting a glob of saliva at him.
However, the distraction between her legs combined with the way the trolls lecherously pulled at her nipples threw off her aim and it splattered pathetically on the ground.

A deep chuckle resonated in Zul’jin’s throat as he stepped closer and grabbed Sylvanas’ chin between his fingers, harshly turning her head to watch her young sister getting plowed by the anonymous troll driving into her body. “See dat? Dat be da fate of all elf whores.” As Zul’jin took hold of her hips, the other trolls released their hold on her and stepped away to let their leader take over. The Amani chieftain grabbed onto of Sylvanas’ thick bubble butt with both hands and pulled her close, urging the ranger-general to wrap her legs around his waist, which she did for no other reason than to not topple backward onto the hard floor – or at least that’s what she told herself. In this standing position, Zul’jin teased her pussy, now glistening with troll slobber, by running the full length of his mighty rod along her folds, prompting Sylvanas to bite into her bottom lip to stifle the moans that threatened to escape. “Ya be spendin’ too much time as a ranger. Now we gonna be puttin’ ya to better use and fillin’ dat worthless elven womb of yours with trolls. Maybe after a few centuries makin’ Amani babies, ya might make up for all da troll lives ya took.”

Zul’jin lifted her hips slightly before unceremoniously dropping Sylvanas onto the thickest, longest cock to ever fill her, and the beautiful elf threw her head back in a wailing scream. Instinctively, with her arms still tied tightly behind her back, Sylvanas’ legs scrambled along Zul’jin’s back until her ankles crossed to better endure the coming ride. With a low chuckle, Zul’jin put his arms around her slender body in a great bear hug, and then gave a single test thrust with his hips, bucking the dazed elf atop his meaty shaft. A strangled moan fluttered from Sylvanas’ lips, and her head fell back limply with her luxurious blonde hair waving in mute surrender. Finding the position satisfactory, and her tight pussy even more so, Zul’jin began the rape of Sylvanas Windrunner in earnest, thrusting upward again and again until her voluptuous body was steadily bouncing up and down against her will.

Meanwhile, Alleria now had a front row seat to both of her sisters being violated by troll cock, all while dealing with some perverts of her own. The three Amani in charge of wrangling the eldest sister had made a mess of her pretty elven face by rubbing their throbbing cocks against her soft skin and smearing it with their dripping precum. They knew better than to breech the standing command of not fucking any of the elves until their chieftain had a chance to sample their bodies first, and so they simply had to make do by relieving their painfully hard dicks in more creative ways. Sticky lines and specks of precum decorated Alleria’s face much like the blue tattoo over her eye, and one of the trolls even had her golden braid wrapped around his cock. One adventurous troll even dared to rub his cockhead against her pursed lips, coating them in his translucent dick slime and giving her a taste of what was to come. All the while they snickered lewdly and called her degrading names like “elf rape meat” and “trophy slut” while the sounds and smells of sex filled the air.

Reluctant moans continued to pour from Sylvanas’ mouth as she was made to feel every inch of Zul’jin throbbing meat up her tight cunt. He now had a firm hold on her narrow waist, his hands fully enveloping her smooth midriff in an iron grip, and he pumped her up and down his cock like a living sex toy. Sylvanas couldn’t believe such a monster could even fit inside her comparatively tiny pussy but fit it did, and the more time that passed the harder it was for her to deny how
amazing it felt. This has to be a trick, thought Sylvanas in her lustful delirium, desperate to rationalize the pleasure from her rape. There’s no way this should feel so good. It must be troll pheromones or... or... Voodoo, that has to be it! The ranger’s head was swimming with desire as the first signs of an explosive orgasm started to creep in. In the back of her eroding mind, Sylvanas’ even briefly considered that maybe Zul’jin was right after all in that her entire elven race was naturally susceptible to troll dick, but the remnants of her stubborn will were determined to fight as long as she could. “Is that – Nguhh! – the best you’ve got?” taunted Sylvanas even as she was treated to the harshest fucking of her life on his cock.

“Heh heh, so ya be wanting more already? Well, since ya asked...” Zul’jin shifted his legs slightly, widening his stance to deliver more power upward, and then began a punishing flurry of thrusts into her wholly unprepared snatch. Sylvanas’ glowing eyes widened and watery tears began welling in the corners as she was fucked without mercy by Zul’jin’s meaty elf-breaker. Each time he bottomed out into her pussy and slammed his cockhead against her cervix, the momentum swung his heavy ballsack upward to smack loudly against her jiggling rump. The unrelenting pace proved too overwhelming for even the disciplined Sylvanas, and so each gasping breath was followed up by a dazed squeak of submission. Her tall elven ears shivered each time Zul’jin yanked her body down to meet his thrusts, ensuring that every time he slammed home into her overstretched pussy she felt it throughout her entire body. Sylvanas’ bound hands clenched and unclenched uselessly behind her back in a feeble attempt to fight back.

A nearby cry signaled another one of Veressa’s orgasms as well as the first helping of troll spunk pouring into her once-pristine pussy. The white-haired girl moaned and cried out words of encouragement as the Amani buried his twitching cock deep inside and defiled the elf with rope after rope of creamy cum spurted against her cervix. “Ohh! Fill me up! Make me a mommy!” Veressa’s head swam with a lustful fever as she was given her first creampie of many more to come. The lucky troll tried his best to obey his chieftain’s command to seed the elf’s fertile womb, pumping untold amounts of gooey cum inside her gripping pussy. “There’s so much,” she babbled deliriously as the troll cock withdrew and a small trickle of cum dribbled from between her battered folds. The sight did nothing to repel the second troll, and perhaps even encouraged him to outdo the first one’s attempt, as he took his brethren’s place and shunted his cock deep inside Veressa’s slick cunt. Her legs immediately encircled around this new troll’s body, her ankles crossing and urging him to take his prize. “Ooooo yes! Don’t stop! Keep fucking me! I need more cum!”

As Veressa’s orgasmic cries and pleas to be bred reached her ears, Sylvanas couldn’t believe that her younger sister, once so demure and soft-spoken, had fallen so far. Yet the scene that played out right before her eyes was undeniable as the next troll pounded Veressa into a drooling wreck. Sylvanas shivered at the thought of being similarly broken into a mindless, pleasure-addled fucktoy, yet as Zul’jin’s cock continued to ream her tight pussy, leaving her to twist and moan helplessly from the hot and maddening pleasure, she could feel that fate become more and more inevitable. Sweat now dripped down every curve of her heaving body, and Sylvanas couldn’t help herself from panting and moaning like a bitch in heat. Tears were now streaking down her face as the overwhelming pleasure continued to assault her body. Totally helpless in her enemy’s arms, Sylvanas could do nothing as Zul’jin cock ruined her pussy, ensuring she could never again be satisfied with an elven lover. She would never be able to forget how good it felt to be fucking by troll cock, and that realization proved to be her undoing as the first step of her unraveling came with a violent orgasm.
Stars burst across Sylvanas’ vision as she joined her sister in orgasmic rapture. Her stuffed pussy, unable to endure the drawn-out torture and ecstasy forced upon it, clenched hard on Zul’jin’s shaft as her trembling thighs did the same around his waist. “Fuck! Fuck!” cried Sylvanas as her curvy body convulsed and gyrated against the troll’s bulky frame. Both Veressa and Sylvanas were a sorry sight, the once-proud and mighty rangers now naked and glistening with sweat, their beautiful elven bodies writhing in ecstasy as they were ravaged by the hung, virile trolls working to reduce them to broken cocksleeves. In some small way, Zul’jin felt disappointed. He had expected the ranger-general herself to put up more of a fight, but Sylvanas had given over to the lust just as easily as the rest of her elven kin. For many years they had been distant adversaries, sending their soldiers against one another in one long strategic game of cat and mouse, but now that part of her life was over. In this final victory, the Amani smiled with satisfaction as her conquered pussy squeezed around his shaft, desperately attempting to milk the lifegiving seed from his balls.

As she came down from the mind-blanking bliss and composed herself, Sylvanas realized she was leaning into Zul’jin’s chest like an appreciative lover. The second thing she realized was that he had yet to cum inside of her, and that fact alone gave her a second wind to resist complete subjugation. For whatever reason, Zul’jin held back from that one final humiliation that might have broken the ranger, and she was determined to make him know she was yet unbroken. Leaning away from his towering form, Sylvanas glared up at him with all the venom and hate she could muster in her eyes. “I am the ranger-general of Silvermoon. I will not be broken so easily.”

An expression of surprise washed over Zul’jin’s face momentarily, but it was soon replaced by admiration. A part of him was thankful for her defiance. After all, such a quick victory would have been a poor end to their storied rivalry, and so he relished this opportunity to break her down even further until nothing more remained than just another cock-hungry elf slut. “Good, I was about ta be disappointed. Ya truly be a worthy foe. Maybe I be underestimating you, but trust me when I say dis won’t be takin’ long. After all, can’t be keepin’ ya sister waiting,” he said with a smug grin and a sideways glance toward Alleria. Zul’jin’s gaze shifted again to a nearby troll, and with a tilt of his head he commanded him to approach Sylvanas from behind.

Sylvanas sneered at Zul’jin and studied his face carefully in an attempt to figure out his next move, but everything became crystal clear when she felt the muscled chest of a troll press into her back. The ranger whimpered like a little girl as her tiny body was sandwiched between the two massive trolls, but it wasn’t until she felt a flared cockhead press against her puckered backdoor that Sylvanas began squirming anew. “Don’t you dare, you bastard! You’ll die for this, I swear!” But all her threats fell on deaf ears as the cock pushed more firmly into her ass until the thick tip popped past her virginal rosebud. A choking gasp wrenched itself from Sylvanas’ throat as her anus was violated by a cock big enough to rival Zul’jin’s, and she shivered nervously as more inches were fed into her plump ass.

“Mm, tight elf,” muttered the nameless troll into the ranger-general’s wilting ears. He had both his hands on her shoulders and pushed Sylvanas’ body down even as his cock pushed further up her anal passage. New tears began to flow down Sylvanas’ cheeks and she sobbed pitifully as her asshole was stretched to its absolute limit to accept his throbbing shaft. All the while, Zul’jin’s
cock remained firmly embedded within her pussy, ensuring that Sylvanas felt the full impact of being stuffed at both ends. They both cackled cruelly as her forbidden hole was claimed for the Amani. When she finally felt the troll’s hips press against her prized derriere, signaling the full arrival of his cock inside her ass, Sylvanas knew the torture was only just beginning.

The two trolls nodded to each other and began thrusting into their elven fucktoy in tandem with each other. One cock would pull out of its respective hole just as another was pushing in, thus ensuring that Sylvanas’ lovely sweat-slicked body was never wanting for troll dick. A new chorus of hot moans flew from her lips as she was treated to a relentless threesome. Her glowing blue eyes had turned glassy and unfocused as she cried her pleasure toward the sky. The ranger-general’s body was a finely toned work of art – a slender yet athletic form with strong muscles in her abs, arms, and thick thighs – but even she wasn’t prepared for the rigors of riding two troll cocks with limitless stamina. Her golden mane had become heavily tousled from being constantly tossed in the air as she was rocked up and down, back and forth. A few strands of hair fell across her gasping face and stuck to the messy tears and sweat, making the gorgeous Windrunner look even sexier than before as she was fucked like a two-copper harlot. However, the effect was mostly lost on Zul’jin and his troll underling, who were far too busy treating the wailing elf as little more than a cocksleeve for their dicks.

Down below, Sylvanas’ puffy cunt lips were bright red from the constant beating they suffered from Zul’jin’s hips smacking against them. His cock, now slick with Sylvanas’ own juices that were dripping down his shaft in an obscene amount, sawed in and out of her with incredible ease and grazed her cervix with each thrust. The ranger-general’s mouth hung wide open with her tongue on display as she panted uncontrollably through the brutal despoiling of her perfect body, pausing only to offer her new lovers an occasional moan of lust. Sylvanas’ smooth legs, which had drawn the lustful gaze of many an elven man, now clung tightly to her troll master as she was savagely pounded into a slobbering wreck. The prideful elf had done an admirable job of holding herself together for so long, but she could feel her resolve finally unraveling from the combined assault on both ends. The troll behind Sylvanas ravaged her ass with long, deep strokes, causing her plump cheeks to ripple from the force of contact. Each time they bottomed out their cocks inside her holes brought Sylvanas closer and closer to that broken surrender. She had always been the bossy one in all her sexual relationships, but now to be so completely and wholly dominated was almost cathartic for the ranger-general.

“I gotta admit, you be holdin’ out longer dan I thought,” said Zul’jin into her ear without breaking his rhythm of slamming her quivering pussy. “But in da end ya body know who da true master is.”

Sylvanas only responded with another moan, her eyes crossing lewdly and toes clenching from another orgasm. The ranger’s pink tongue slobbered across her dry lips, wiggling obscenely as she was fucked and dominated so completely. Years, centuries even, of disciplined training and service in the Silvermoon Farstriders had molded Sylvanas into the perfect troll killing machine, but now here, sandwiched between who massive pillars of troll virility and taking their worst, all of that went out the window as she spiraled into the madness of her new role as these trolls’ cocksleeve. Sylvanas had always thought herself better than these savage trolls, even taken some pleasure in killing them, but now she knew she never stood a chance of resisting their enthralling cocks. She
had lost, they had won, and their prize was the use of her body for all of eternity. This was her new life as a troll cumdump, a breeding sow. The depraved idea pierced Sylvanas’ ego like a needle and buried itself deep within her mind, finally eroding the last of her resistance and triggering a renewed cry of single-minded bliss.

Alleria witnessed the breaking of her sister’s mind through the forest of hard troll cocks that continued to molest her face and threatened to block her vision. “Sylvanas, no! Stay strong!” But she received no reply other than the incoherent cries of pleasure flowing from the petite elven body fully enveloped by two thrusting trolls. The eldest Windrunner got a full view of the power and force with which the Amani leader drove into his new pet, his muscular back and thighs rippling as he abused Sylvanas’ pussy with the full fury of a vengeful troll taking out years of oppression on his elven prisoner’s body. Alleria’s ears lowered woefully as she realized the second of her sisters was now lost to her, but she had little time to grieve as the dicks jockeying for position around her face moved in closer.

A high-pitched scream from nearby let the two Windrunners know that their youngest sister had once more been brought to a mind-blowing climax, followed shortly by her second creampie. Veressa’s slim body shuddered as the troll pumped her cunt, shoving his gooey seed as deeply toward her fertile womb as he could before taking his leave of the exhausted, disheveled elf. She was given only a brief reprieve as the third troll moved in and flipped Veressa over so that he could rut into her sloppy pussy from behind. With both arms still fully bound behind her back, Veressa could only lay there with her upper body pressed into the ground and her ass raised high at the perfect height for penetration, just begging for someone, anyone to impregnate her, which the kneeling troll gladly began doing so by shunting his cock into her overstuffed pussy. Veressa only further encouraged him with her lustful moans, especially when she felt the troll hunch over her arched back to reach around and fondle her breasts as he pounded her senseless. “Ooh! Haahh! I feel so full! More, please more!”

The troll pounding Sylvanas’ loosening ass was now grunting steadily into her ears, and she easily recognized the telltale signs of a coming ejaculation. The double stuffed elf whimpered pathetically as he slammed his cock harder and faster in anticipation of blowing his creamy load all up inside the ranger-general’s bowels. The thought of having his disgusting troll cum sprayed up her ass was bad enough, but worse yet was the stark realization that she was about to cum from the overwhelming abuse on both her holes. Sylvanas clenched her teeth and groaned in defeat as the cock swelled just briefly before firing the first creamy shot up her backside. The ranger-general felt a profound sense of perversion and humiliation from her ass being seeded by this random troll grunt, and that was enough to throw her headfirst into another screaming orgasm. Her hips quivered wholly out of her control as she was pinned against Zul’jin from the troll shunting his entire length up her ass and holding there as he filled her to the brim.

Zul’jin grunted with concentration as his newest elven prize once again came her brains out on his dick, further threatening to edge him close to his own release, but it was not meant to be. He leaned in closer to Sylvanas’ face, her lovely features twisted into pure fucked-silly bliss, and he snarled even as he continued to pump her tamed cunt through its orgasm. “Ya be a strong one, and maybe one day ya be deserving of me seed, but not today.” He smiled wickedly at her, delighting in the
way Sylvanas seemed to barely even acknowledge his presence, far too lost in the haze of her own orgasmic delight. “No, I can think of no betta fate for the great ranger-general of Silvermoon dan ta be bred by a common troll warrior, just like da countless others ya killed in our forests.” He drew back as if to withdraw his cock completely, but he instead he thrust forward and plunged as deeply into her climaxing snatch as far as possible, holding his hips firmly against hers for what seemed like an eternity. “How das dat sound to you, mon?”

Sylvanas’ eyes rolled stupidly in her head as she felt the electric shock of pleasure that only came when a delicious cock slammed against her womb. “Yes! Please! I love… I love troll cock!” she admitted shamefully and finally gave over to her true purpose in life, her legs squeezing around his body in an earnest attempt to pull him deeper. “Do whatever you want! Just don’t stop fucking me!”

Now she was truly broken, and Zul’jin saw no reason to continue this charade any longer. With a nod of his head, he dismissed the troll buried within her ass. Sylvanas moan wantonly and mewed her disappointed at the absence of his cock, even twisting her head to look back as if she could convince him to re-enter her, but another thrust from Zul’jin reminded the broken ranger of her new place. She sniveled pathetically as Zul’jin pulled his dripping cock from her battered pussy before lowering her to the ground. There she lay in anticipation, a disgraceful sight with her legs splayed wide – ready and waiting for anyone to use her to their delight – and a thick helping of cum pouring from her ruined asshole. When Zul’jin nodded a silent order to his gathered brothers, she squealed with joy as a swarm of virile troll men descended upon her prone body. They shoved each other aside, each one aggressively jockeying for the privilege to be the first lucky troll to impregnate Silvermoon’s gorgeous ranger-general. Finally the largest and strongest troll present, a hulking mammoth of a stud, bullied the others into their place before descending upon the waiting elf. Eager to continue where his chieftain left off, the Amani hoisted Sylvanas’ legs into the air and began fucking her prone body in a deep mating press, this time with the very clear goal of fertilizing the willing slut. Sylvanas cooed and yelped happily as her pussy was treated to another round of bone-rattling sex, her feet bobbing up and down in the air as if to signal her total surrender.

Only one Windrunner sister remained unbroken, and the Amani chieftain approached her with deviant intent. Alleria shuddered helplessly as her eyes fell upon the still erect and pulsing elf-breaker swinging menacingly with every step, now dripping with the juices of both her defeated sisters.
Chapter Summary

In the opening days of the Second War, the famous Windrunner sisters are captured during a scouting mission by Amani trolls. Alleria, Sylvanas, and Veressa are then taken to the capital city of the savage trolls where they will live out their days of captivity as prized broodmares.

Chapter Notes

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The Amani trolls encircling Alleria scattered as their chieftain approached, but not before they left the high elf’s face a mess of precum and spit. Translucent lines of the foul liquid marred her beautiful face, marking the Windrunner as troll property before Zul’jin even had his way with her. It was nothing short of a miracle that none of them had gone the full distance and ejaculated all over her face in a shower of cum. Perhaps they knew better than to soil Zul’jin’s greatest prize before he had a chance to do so himself.

But as disgusting as the rapidly-stiffening fluids felt on her face, Alleria found the stench overwhelming. Although not nearly as potent as actual Amani seed, the scent of virility wafted through her nostrils and penetrated that primitive feminine part of her brain that responded to a strong mate. She felt her pulse quickening, each breath growing heavier and heavier as her body primed itself in response, and the sudden sight of Zul’jin’s glistening cock right before her eyes did nothing to quell her growing heat. Now up close and personal, Alleria could see every throbbing vein, every bump and curve of the green-skinned cock that had just been inside her sister’s cunt. Her mouth started to water.

Zul’jin didn’t want to waste time with his final conquest. There was no more need of speeches or posturing about Alleria’s fate; the only thing that mattered between them was his cock, still wet from the pussies of two tamed Windrunners, and her unclaimed pussy. Before he allowed the blonde elf any chance to spit her words of defiance, Zul’jin harshly shioved Alleria onto her back and lifted both ankles high over her head. The troll chieftain took great delight in peeling away Alleria’s leather leggings to reveal the silky-smooth thighs underneath. The captured ranger whimpered helplessly as she was undressed, and her breath hitched in her throat when his wandering hands finally reached the last line of defense to her precious womanhood. The lace panties clung stubbornly to her crotch, peeling away to reveal a single glistening string of arousal clinging to her damp folds, declaring to all the trolls watching that Alleria’s subconscious libido had indeed awoken despite her protests. The Amani gathered around her cheered lecherously as Zul’jin who tossed her panties away like the trash they were and immediately explored between her
soaked lips with an inquisitive finger.

“Ya be a filthy one,” he said, pumping the calloused digit in and out of her folds. His hand was so large that just one finger alone rivaled the best of elven men, and the thought of what his cock would do to her unprepared elven cunt sent a shiver up Alleria’s spine. “Maybe filthier dan ya sister, but dat be a tall order.” He cast a sideways glance toward his minion currently ravaging Sylvanas’s prone body. The fallen ranger-general was barely even visible beneath the troll’s hulking mass save for her upturned ass that rocked up and down with every savage thrust. The clearest sign that Sylvanas was even present was the unending screams of pleasure flowing from underneath him, mixed occasionally with depraved pleas such as “destroy me with your troll cock” and “fuck a bastard into me.”

Alleria turned her head away in utter shame as Zul’jin reached forward and placed both hands on her marvelous breasts. His palms easily dwarfed both tits as he squeezed and teased the supple flesh. They were pure perfection: firm and pliant with large pink areolas for nursing his offspring. Alleria was in the prime of her life and would be for the next several centuries, which made her just perfect for birthing entire generations of trolls. Zul’jin rolled those stiff nipples of hers between his thumb and forefinger, prompting a squeak of forced pleasure from Alleria’s mouth. “Yes, you be a most perfect specimen. Worthy of being da first of ya sisters to carry my heir.”

“G-go to hell!” she cried out before biting into her bottom lip. She meant the words, but the fire behind them had lessened. With both her sisters broken into willing fucktoys, Alleria truly felt alone in the hands of her enemy. The frontline of war was many miles away, the nearest elven outpost even further, and help was not coming. Sylvanas and Vereesa were the strongest women she knew, and if they couldn’t resist the advances of this foul troll then what hope did she have? Such doubts plagued her mind as Zul’jin fondled her body at his discretion, but she still held out the smallest hope that she could resist. Alleria knew she had to be strong to save her sisters later.

”There be plenty time to break ya properly later,” said Zul’jin as if sensing her resolve, “but right now you must be bred.” He grabbed hold of Alleria’s legs, spread them high in the air, and then positioned himself over the whimpering elf. The throbbing tip of his cock brushed against her sticky folds and teased for only the briefest of moments before easily slipping inside her warm snatch. Alleria’s eyes popped wide open, the irises of her eyes shaking wildly at the stark reality of her tight pussy being split open by his enormous girth. It felt as though a searing hot poker was being shoved up her quim, but as he started to move within her, the pain gradually gave away to exhilarating waves of pleasure.

It was all so sinful and taboo, her sophisticated elven pussy violated by this savage troll cock, and the perverse nature of their racial coupling thrilled Alleria in the dark recesses of her psyche. Every new inch of troll cock sent a ripple of carnal bliss up her body that her willful mind had difficulty reconciling with pure unadulterated hatred for the Amani. At last Alleria understood the conflict that raged within her sister’s minds as they were taken. The captured ranger squirmed helplessly as Zul’jin fully hilted himself within her tight cunt, pinning her hips to the floor and meshing his dark pubic hair with her downy blonde tuffs. Alleria was in a complete state of shock, and her mouth
hung open in one long gasp for air as she struggled to accommodate the massive girth stretching her pussy. How it was his bulbous cockhead didn’t burst right out of her stomach she didn’t know.

Zul’jin took a moment to appreciate her clenching tightness and the way she gyrated against him to cope with his cock’s intrusion. Like Sylvanas, Alleria’s willpower was strong enough to resist, but her body was already beginning to accept him. Zul’jin teased her by licking his wet tongue over her parted, gasping lips and then began their hot and sweaty fuck session in earnest, smashing her limber body into the ground with a heavy downward thrust. A hot scream of delight tore from Alleria’s throat, and her back arched up off the floor as a current of electric bliss shot along her spine. As Zul’jin slowly, torturously pulled every thick inch from her depths in preparation for his next thrust, the pinned blonde knew without a doubt she would be cumming all over his meaty elf-breaker before this was over.

The two eldest Windrunner sisters were a sorry sight now as they lay on their backs side-by-side, moaning lustfully to the rhythm of heavy cum-swollen balls smacking against their heart-shaped rears as they were mating pressed into the floor by their troll masters. Alleria stole a sideways glance toward Sylvanas, hoping she might see a glimmer of resistance, but instead only saw a mask of elated bliss on her sister’s face. “Cum! P-please cum,” begged Sylvanas as she rode out her third orgasm at the mercy of this troll’s cock all while being denied his release. “Fill me! Don’t – oohh! —be so cruel!” Alleria turned her head away, unwilling to watch such a display, yet she could not block out the sound of Sylvanas’s pleas to be seeded.

A crowd of trolls had gathered in a circle around the copulating pair to watch their warchief break in his elf bitch. They admired the way Alleria’s wide maternal hips took his furious pounding, built so perfectly to endure the thrusts of a dominant mate. A few had even taken out their cocks and were pleasuring themselves to the sight. Each troll eagerly awaited their chance to put her body to the test, hungry to see if they could make her moan as loudly for them as she was for Zul’jin’s cock. As she continued to grunt and moan beneath the Amani leader, Alleria’s eyes darted back and forth to the many trolls jerking themselves off to her rape, knowing that they were just waiting for the opportunity to do the same to her. Lying flat on her back, naked and disarmed, the cruel reality of her situation slammed into Alleria like a tidal wave. Here she was deep in Amani territory, surrounded by legions of troll warriors literally lining up to fuck her into submission. She would have to endure the cocks of every troll present, and yet she could barely even put up any sort of resistance to the first one pounding her senseless.

Alleria’s blue eyes rolled upward in abject pleasure as her defenseless pussy was treated to the most satisfying pounding of her life. Her soft, creamy tits jiggled with each womb-crushing thrust and her flat belly flexed and convulsed as searing hot pleasure washed over her. “Ah, ah, ah!” she cried out involuntarily, her mind knowing no other way of dealing with the Amani sex god plowing her senseless. When Alleria’s pink tongue darted out to lick over her dry lips, Zul’jin leaned in and pressed his own tongue against hers. So lost was she in the haze of lust that Alleria responded in kind, their tongues dancing together lewdly like old lovers for a moment before she came to her senses, pulled back, and turned her head away in shame. Zul’jin cackled wickedly into her ear, knowing that no words could humiliate the ranger as much as her own body’s betrayal had.
Despite Zul’jin’s earlier threats, breaking the pretty elf’s resolve was only a secondary goal of his right now. After all, there would be plenty of time later to turn his new fucktoy into a babbling addict for troll cock. He was a patient man, but even he could no longer deny himself that which he was owed. The mating press offered the deepest penetration possible into her slick elven pussy, battering his cockhead directly against her cervix with each thrust, all in service of a single-minded goal: breeding the blonde ranger. The breaking of Veressa and Sylvanas had been torturous for his heavy ballsack, and the constantly prolongation of his release would ensure that this was about to be the largest, thickest load he had ever produced. And he wanted to make sure every drop of his seed would pour directly into her womb.

The time to impregnate his elf pet was finally at hand, and Zul’jin saw no more reason to deny himself. The chieftain doubled his efforts upon the moaning elf’s warm and welcoming pussy, each thrust slapping his tightening balls against the shapely ass wetted by her own juices. He grunted and breathed hotly into her long elven ears to signal his impending orgasm. Alleria felt her stomach roiling in a sickening mixture of apprehension and excitement at receiving her first troll creampie. While Alleria could feel the building crescendo of a coming orgasm herself, she was nowhere close to being appreciative about being used as a troll cumdump like her sisters had become.

As if on cue, Sylvanas wailed joyously as her own womb was bathed in its first helping of thick troll cum. The ranger-general of Silvermoon moaned like a common whore as her sacred place was filled by the vile seed of her racial enemy, and she loved every second of it. Her thick child-bearing hips bucked against the troll stud, urging him to violate her even further by holding down his quivering little elven cumdumpster until she was well and truly seeded with his offspring. “I can’t wait any longer! Knock me up!” The Amani was more than happy to oblige her request by crushing Sylvanas’s slender frame into the floor, his hips grinding against hers, and shunting his spurting cockhead firmly against her cervix. “Kyaahh! Fffuuuck!” cried out Sylvanas as she felt the sticky creampie painting her insides white.

All of Alleria’s efforts to mentally prepare herself were dashed away instantly upon witnessing her sister’s insemination. Bearing such up-close-and-personal witness to the lurid act, the older Windrunner’s struggle against her bindings increased tenfold as she felt more determined than ever to not suffer the same fate. But she wasn’t going anywhere, and it was with a pathetic gasp and a cry of “no!” that Alleria felt the first spurt of Zul’jin’s hot load spilling inside. Her mouth opened to groan in disgust but, as soon as the second shot hit her sensitive walls, it instantly triggered her own climax, and that groan transformed into a scream of raw lust. Her thighs clamped down around Zul’jin’s waist and her petite body went into convulsions as a powerful orgasm wracked her very core. Zul’jin would have laughed cruelly at her if he wasn’t preoccupied with his own blinding climax, and so he settled for pinning Alleria’s twitching hips against the floor and forcefully inseminating the shivering elf alongside her sister.

The orgasmic cries from Alleria and Sylvanas mingled together in a lewd chorus. Both sisters had grown up sharing many moments as a family and now being bred together would be one of them. The gathered trolls watched in awed silence as two pale Windrunner asses quivered in the throes of orgasmic delight, but they immediately broke into cheers when the first trickle of cum broke the seal in a clear sign that their wombs had been filled to the brim and the excess spunk had nowhere
to go but out. The trolls’ fat cocks stretched the pink lips of the sisters’ cunts to absurd limits and made the elves scream in ecstasy each time they slammed down and slapped those swollen ballsacks against their twitching rumps. Both horny trolls pounded their squealing cumdumps with raw and primal savagery to the applause of the other Amani watching the depraved show. The young Veressa, long forgotten by everyone but the two trolls spitroasting her, was completely oblivious to the plight of her sisters and thought only of servicing the cocks stuffing her mouth and pussy.

When he was finally done sowing her belly, the large nameless troll finally pulled out of Sylvanas and moved aside so the next one in line could fuck the cocksleeve elf, but Zul’jin was still pumping his life-giving batter inside his own Windrunner pet. He had no intention of leaving until Alleria’s womb was heavily saturated with Amani seed, and he still had so much more to give. Never before in Alleria’s rather sparse sex life had she been pumped so thoroughly with cum and, as the gooey virile load burst through her cervix and pooled within, the befuddled ranger felt her mind blank out from the unimaginable wave of euphoria. This is what she was made for: to take the potent seed of any male strong enough to overpower her and claim what was rightfully his. Alleria was nothing more than a fertile bitch to be knocked up by her troll master, and that dark truth caused stars to burst across her vision as another full-body orgasm kicked off.

With her eyes rolled back and tongue hanging loose in the most obscene fucked-stupid expression, Alleria was no longer aware of the ongoing violation of her sisters nor the trolls cheering on her defilement; all that existed to her was the wonderful troll cock pounding her into a long chain of bitch-breaking orgasms and the wonderfully hot seed filling every crevice of her defiled womanhood. Zul’jin had broken her cunt with his monstrous size and reshaped it into a submissive fuckhole meant only for trolls, just as he had her sisters, and Alleria couldn’t have been happier about it if her cries of joy were any indication. The only regret deep within her mushy, lust-addled mind was that she couldn’t form any words to beg for more.

When at last the flow of cum receded and her soiled pussy had been given a reprieve, Alleria simply stared blankly upward as her mind struggled to reboot from the transcendental experience. Unwilling to let his toy elf rest, Zul’jin leaned in and, with his hand at the back of her head, pulled Alleria’s mouth into an uncharacteristically affectionate kiss. She was his now, and as his strong seed swam deep and overwhelmed her defenseless eggs, Zul’jin wanted to make sure that she knew it. Still dazed and confused from her mind-blowing orgasms, Alleria responded in kind, her soft lips clumsily pressing back against his more skilled mouth. Stuffed full of warm cum and shown such gentle affection, Alleria’s motherly instincts took over and she practically melted into Zul’jin’s hold on her. In the back of her mind a single dangerous thought broke through any remaining resistance: if this is what lay in store for her future, was it really such a terrible fate? When Zul’jin broke off the kiss, Alleria stared up at him blankly, a thin string of saliva connecting their mouths as she tried to process this turn.

Though the fallen ranger was likely impregnated with his seed, Zul’jin knew he had to further humiliate the poor elf to truly break her mind. She may have accepted him right now in this moment, but he had to break her down even further to ensure no resistance could ever take root in her empty head. He roughly flipped the stunned girl onto her stomach and pulled her hips up to the
level of his own in a new kneeling position. With her head down against the floor and her ass raised up high, Alleria looked as though she were presenting her dripping pussy to him like a bitch in heat. She moaned weakly, surprised at this new position but certainly eager to give it a try from the way she wiggled her butt at him. Her puffy pussy was gaping wide to show off the generous creampie that was already dripping all over the floor. Thinking it was such a shame to let any of his seed escape, Zul’jin quickly plugged up her cunt with his cock once more. Alleria gasped and squirmed slightly at the sudden intrusion, but she welcomed him all the same by clenching her cum-soaked pussy around his throbbing shaft.

As Zul’jin appreciatively ran his hand over her plump booty, he noticed the way her hands were still pulling at her rope bindings. He knew there was no longer any reason to keep her tied up so helplessly – especially since she was surrounded by hundreds of his strongest minions deep within the Amani city – and so Zul’jin showed her the slightest bit of mercy by unraveling the coarse rope and tossing it away. With her hands now free, Alleria was able to prop herself upright in a true doggystyle position. She turned her head to look back at him over her shoulder, casually flipping her long blonde hair aside, and watched in anticipation of what he would do with her next.

Their eyes locked as the two of them held still for several long seconds. Though his cock was firmly within her, he had yet to fully hilt himself within her sopping wet pussy. He shifted his hips ever so slightly to push another inch inside, which made Alleria’s mouth fall open in a gasp of passion. When he didn’t move any further, she attempted to push back with her own hips to take his cock deeper, but his iron grip on her body prevented even the slightest bit of movement. Alleria whined pathetically like a petulant child at being denied that which she desired. Needed even.

“Alleria bit her bottom lip bashfully. She wanted so desperately to give him what he wanted so that he could give her what she wanted, but there was still that lingering part of her elven pride that wasn’t willing to give in so readily. That same part of her wanted to kick him off her and run for the city gates, but it paled in comparison to the awakened part of Alleria that wanted nothing more than for Zul’jin to fuck her brains out. After nearly a minute, it was clear which side was going to win. “Please?” she asked.

“Please what?”

The blonde elf tried to push back into him once more, but again he denied her. Alleria huffed in frustration and finally realized that her burning desire mattered far more than any semblance of her shattered dignity. “I want… You…”

“Keep going,” said Zul’jin as he fed her dripping snatch another inch.
Even that extra bit of his cock lit up the pleasure centers in her brain like fireworks. Alleria’s petite frame heaved in response and she threw her head back in a loud moan. That was more than enough to convince her to submit fully. “I want you to fuck me! Please!” She collapsed on her arms, falling forward with her head lowered submissively, the long mane of golden hair splayed across her upper back and shoulders. “Take me. My body is yours.”

“It was mine the moment you entered my city,” he said absolutely as he slammed straight through her pussy up to the hilt, claiming his property.

Zul’jin immediately went to work pumping her overflowing snatch into another mind-wiping orgasm. Everything felt so real, so raw, from the way he rutted into her like an animal, each slap of his hips against her ass, each possessive pull on her body as if he owned her. ‘He does own me,’ was the last thought in Alleria’s head before all rationale thought was exorcised and replaced only with blinding pleasure. The fallen ranger’s tongue rolled out of her mouth and rested against the cold stone floor as she panted through the ordeal. A constant stream of drool and witless babbling flowed from her open mouth as her hips were rocked back and forth by Zul’jin’s hard thrusts. Her large breasts, flattened against the floor, spilled out from the sides of her chest. She squirmed uncontrollable, but Zul’jin held his elven prize still as he hammered her into sweet oblivion. He used her like a piece of meat, a birthing receptacle for his children, and Alleria loved every second of it.

The Amani warlord rode his squealing fucktoy hard, slapping her rippling butt with every thrust until a red three-fingered handprint burned on her ass. Alleria’s spasming pussy pulled and sucked at his cock like a hungry mouth urging him to spill that lifegiving seed within her once more, and so he gave it to her. Zul’jin yanked her hips hard against his own, that thick elven ass of hers flattening against his stomach, and with a loud grunt his cock twitched and began hosing down her soiled pussy once more. Each new spurt of liquid hot jizz into her womb pulled a fucked-silly gasp from Alleria’s mouth. It felt like the closest thing to heaven to be held down and pumped full of troll cum, and her body positively glowed at having found its true purpose: not as a ranger but as breeding stock. Alleria’s eyes rolled back as more and more of that creamy goodness which she craved was pumped inside, almost as if she were becoming addicted to it. When he pulled out, Alleria whined at the sudden emptiness, the deliciously warm spunk settling deep inside a poor substitute for that thick cock which filled her up just right.

By now his cock was thoroughly caked in a dirty off-color white cocktail of his own cum mixed with Alleria’s sweet nectar. Reaching forward and grabbing a fistful of braided blonde hair, Zul’jin pulled her head toward his crotch, and she willingly crawled toward him without much coaxing necessary. Her mouth opened obediently and began licking the warm juices from his mighty shaft, a small hum of satisfaction wafting from her lips. She polished his knob like the good little elf slut she wanted to be for him, looking up at her master as she worked for any sign of approval she could get. Zul’jin merely watched stoically as the sexy minx cleaned his cock, unwilling to give her praise for that which was expected of her. Alleria lowered her gaze and focused on the task at hand, her lips puckering around his meaty girth. In truth she enjoyed the small reprieve, an opportunity to gather herself away from the dizzying haze of countless orgasms.
However, Zul’jin wasn’t about to allow the fallen ranger time to collect her thoughts. In a final move to cement his victory over her, the troll warlord stood up abruptly, pulling her body up with him until he was holding her securely in his arms. This standing position was similar to the one he used to break Sylvanas, but rather than face-to-face Zul’jin held Alleria’s back to his chest. Held aloft in the air spread eagle, Alleria glanced down to see the endless river of thick troll cum pouring from her bruised pussy. She moaned weakly at the sight, as if lamenting her lost innocence and purity at the hands of this brute, but her lustful moans returned easily enough when he lowered her down onto his cock. Undeterred by the amount of spunk crowding her passage, Zul’jin took once more to fucking the elf squirming in his grasp. Only when her belly swelled with his bastard would Zul’jin’s conquest be complete, and that single thought drove him to continue ravaging Alleria’s thoroughly wrecked pussy as he carried her toward his throne placed at the center of the plaza.

Before all his Amani brothers present, Zul’jin took his seat in full view of the continued ruination of the younger Windrunner sisters, all while he continued to bounce Alleria on his cock. He easily lifted the thin elf like a paper doll and encouraged her to ride his cock with his rough, calloused fingers digging into her flat belly. But with each bounce on that satisfying troll cock that filled her up just right, Alleria found herself more and more willing to do it herself until after only a minute she was fucking herself on his lap without any assistance. Zul’jin reclined back and enjoyed the sight of her ass checks rippling each time they smacked against his stomach. Alleria’s braided hair swung back and forth like a golden pendulum each time she dropped onto his full length. Each time she did so, his fat cockhead slammed up against her womb and she squeaked out a bawdy “oh!” or “ah!”

By now, Sylvanas had surrendered to her new lot in life as an Amani broodmare so well that she had taken to riding one of the trolls as he lay on his back. In this new upright position, the former ranger-general’s full body was on display as she bounced with great enthusiasm on the girthy cock filling her pussy. One enterprising troll had been bold enough to cut loose her bindings, confident that the old troll-hating Sylvanas was long gone and replaced with a new cock-loving persona. Now both of her hands were happily wrapped around two hard troll dicks as she pumped them to completion. A fourth cock had wandered onto the scene and bobbed tantalizing in front of Sylvanas’ face, to which she responded by lurching forward and latching onto it with her lips. The slapping of her deliciously thick ass against the bottom troll’s legs were thus accompanied by lewd slurping as she orally serviced her new friend, never once missing a beat in jerking off the other two cocks. The troll atop of which Sylvanas was bucking up and down ran his hands over her smooth and well-defined midriff, admiring the way it flexed and shuddered. They knew to appreciate Sylvanas’ gorgeous warrior physique now as in a few months it would be stretched out by the child growing inside.

The troll inside Veressa’s mouth pulled out just in time to cover her blushing face with a fresh coat of cream. The youngest sister gazed up at him in complete adoration as he made a complete mess of her face, squirting several ropes of spunk across her eyelashes and forehead. Veressa opened her mouth wide and stuck her tongue out like a little girl trying to catch falling snowflakes, but instead of icy droplets she craved his steaming hot cum badly. The thirsty elf was so caught up in her messy facial that she barely acknowledged the troll cumming inside her cunt, just another in the
very long line of creampies she had already taken. Only when he pulled out from underneath her
did Veressa look back with longing until the troll in front roughly grabbed a fistful of platinum
white hair, jerked her back to face him, and plunged his spurting cock back inside her mouth to
feed her the last of his offering. Veressa looked up at him with absolute devotion in her eyes as she
swallowed greedily.

Alleria however found herself constantly vexed at the inadequacy of this position as Zul’jin cock
wasn’t reaching deep enough to satisfy her raging libido. She wanted his fat cockhead to slam
against her cervix, to positively wreck her pussy and make her feel every throbbing inch. With that
burning desire for troll cock spurring her on, Alleria leaned forward, placed each hand on one of
his knees, and steadily began tweaking her hips up and down his cock. The bedraggled elf gave a
hot and heavy sigh of relief as if a troublesome itch had finally been scratched, and her body
shivered in delight from the way the Amani’s meaty elf-pleaser stretched her open. Zul’jin grunted
his approval at his pet’s initiative. Droplets of sweat ran down her curved back as Alleria worked
her pussy along his shaft like a whore, soft moans fluttering from her lips between each gasping
breath. Eager not to lose control so quickly, Zul’jin met her enthusiasm with upward thrusts of his
own, slapping his hips against her ass each time she came down. The ranger-turned-slut couldn’t
have been happier about her master’s attention and thus cooed lovingly over her shoulder at him,
her thick booty clapping and jiggling with each thrust.

“Ya be wantin’ dis, don’t ya?” stated Zul’jin so matter-of-factly as he watched Alleria’s pleasure-
stricken face, her eyes half-lidded and lips parted as she panted through the sensations assaulting
her senses.

“Yes…” whispered Alleria breathlessly, even though her body had already answered by squeezing
her sopping pussy around his pillar of flesh.

“Say it,” growled Zul’jin as he reached upward and closed a fist around a braid of golden hair,
pulling back until her neck was straining at its limit and Alleria was staring skyward. He slowed his
thrusts and held his hips firmly against her ass to further deny her until he got what he wanted.

“I want it! I want your – Hnggh! – troll cock!” The old Alleria, once a proud and virtuous defender
of her people against the Amani menace, was gone only to be replaced by a drooling elven fuck-
doll. “Please! Don’t stop! Don’t ever stop! I want to be filled to the brim with your cum!” A small
part of Alleria’s lingering pride recoiled at such a shameful display, but it had no hope of resisting
once Zul’jin resumed his previously bitch-breaking pace and sparked another eye-rolling orgasm.
The babbling elf wailed in utter bliss as her greedy pussy clamped down hard and squirted her lust
all over his mighty green cock. Zul’jin pumped her up and down his cock like the proper fucktoy
she was, and Alleria cried out for that messy climax of his she yearned for so desperately. “Breed
me! Mark my womb with your superior troll seed! Ooohh, I’ve never wanted anything so badly in
all my life!”
Zul’jin granted her wish by hooking fingers around the crook of her hips and pulling her down firmly onto his lap as the next spurt of hot cum splashed against her walls. He held down the wailing elf nympho as his fired shot after creamy shot upward into her depths. With her womb already full, most of his seed dribbled out from the seal of her tight lips clinging to his shaft in full view of the other trolls. Alleria moaned and cried out her pleasure without shame as she came again with her master, her lovely elven body dancing atop his hulking mass in a salacious display of carnal delight. The lust-addled sister looked back over her shoulder at the Amani chieftain with lidded eyes as she gladly accepted every drop of his cum. In her twisted, sex-hazed mind Alleria was so grateful to Zul’jin for the orgasms he had given her that it only made sense that she repay this strong alpha male with a child. And thus she resolved herself to take every thick load with gratitude.

“Bring them forward,” commanded Zul’jin before even the last spurt of cum left his pulsing cock. Immediately the small orgy surrounding Sylvanas moved off the overwhelmed elf, revealing a delirious ranger-general that was covered from head to toe in copious amounts of troll jizz. The creamy white substance leaked from every one of her gaping holes and, judging from the wanton look of need on her face, it wasn’t nearly enough. Veressa presented much better than her sister, having taken most of the loads inside her pussy or mouth, but she wobbled toward the throne on shaky and uncertain feet whereas Sylvanas strode with seductive confidence. A small crowd of trolls followed behind them to ensure they obeyed, but it was wholly unnecessary as they knelt readily at Zul’jin’s feet. The warlord smirked down at his greatest prizes and gave one simple order, “Clean us.”

In a flash the two younger Windrunners dove in and began running their little pink tongues along what little of Zul’jin’s shaft was not buried within their sister’s cunt. Alleria gasped at the sinful sensation of her siblings’ tongues dancing across her clit and labia, but she readily accepted their worship. As Sylvanas and Veressa raced against one another to devour as much of Zul’jin’s delicious cream as they could get, Alleria leaned back into the warlord’s chest and turned her head sideway for another deep kiss. They made out atop Zul’jin’s throne as the younger sisters learned their new place on the totem pole and dutifully cleaned the lovers’ genitals. When they were finished, Zul’jin dismissed them with a wave of his hand, at which point the waiting trolls pulled them back into the crowd with their hard dicks at the ready.

One after another, the trolls descended upon the elves, pushing their ripe bodies into the most preferred position for sowing their fertile wombs, even though by now they were all nearly guaranteed to be impregnated with how much potent spunk had been dumped in their holes. For those waiting next in line, the sisters graciously sucked and slobbered on their troll dicks in the hopes that they would soon be pounding their pussies raw. The Amani of course didn’t neglect any of their other holes, and many impatient trolls had taken to fucking the elves in the ass as they waited their turn – particularly Sylvanas who was already loosened and encouraged their use of her backdoor hole, but even Veressa had learned to enjoy it in time. Though it was a shame to waste their seed by spilling it anywhere but their pussies, nearly every male in the Amani empire was gradually funneling toward the city center, ensuring there would be no short supply for the cum-drunk sisters.
All three of the Windrunners were now broken, obedient sex slaves for the Amani trolls that they had once warred against, save for Alleria who Zul’jin reserved as his own personal cocksleeve, at least for now. That left Sylvanas and Veressa to service the constant stream of virile troll men, taking countless sticky loads one after another. The entire plaza was filled with the sounds of flesh slapping against flesh as the trolls had their way with the sisters’ soft yet athletic elven bodies, seemingly built solely to endure a marathon of hot ball-slapping sex. Meanwhile, Alleria by now had taken her fourth creampie from Zul’jin, fully ensuring without any doubt that she was now carrying his child. Her orgasmic cries of sweet surrender, as well as those of her sisters, rang throughout the night.

Two months later…

As the finest spoils of war ever obtained by the Amani in their long years of conflict with Quel’Thalas, the Windrunners were given more comfortable shelter than the other elven broodmares. In an area separate from the breeding pits were the other mind-broken elves were kept and used, the three sisters slept comfortably atop fine luxurious pillows and warm blankets. Whenever a troll entered their space, they stirred from their rest and rolled over to present their eager bodies for his choosing. With each of their bellies now swollen and heavy with the half-breed bastards growing inside, their pussies were often neglected in favor of their tight asses. Whichever hole their masters chose, Alleria, Sylvanas, and Veressa gladly took their cocks all the same. While one sister would be crying her pleasure skyward, the other two Windrunners waited and watched enviously until it was either their turn or another troll entered to fuck them side-by-side.

Where once upon a time in their previous lives they were the best hope for their people’s defense against the Amani menace, now the Windrunners were little more than troll cumdumps, and they were all the happier for it. Not a single day went by where the sisters weren’t grinding atop troll cocks, bent over and begging for cock, or on their knees giving blowjobs one after another. Each time the slutty elves came from one of the many anonymous men pounding them into mind-numbing bliss, they fell further under the thrall of troll superiority.

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