

Minzi and Trixie

A slimy commission by Lena Trueshield

Minzi, a goblin warlock and alchemist, impresses Sylvanas with her new creation.

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Contains: F/Tentacle Monster, F/Futa, F/Tentacle Monster/Futa, Shapeshifting Sex Tentacle Monster, Futa Goblin, Female Sylvanas Windrunner, Female Dark Ranger, Tentacles, Aphrodisiacs, Fucked Silly, Blood Elf Prostitute, Transformation, Cheap Sex Potions, Anal Sex, Rimming, Almost Suffocated by Sylvanas's Huge Ass, Paizuri, Excessive Semen, Vaginal Sex, Probably Some Other Stuff I'm Forgetting But That's The Gist Of It



The desert sun of Orgrimmar reflected off Minzi's sunglasses as she parked her turbo-trike near the stables, where other adventurers had parked their mounts. The sight of the mechanical contraption next to undead horses, wolves and giant hawkstriders always made the goblin chuckle. Why the other races of the Horde preferred the slower and less explode-y mounts, she never figured out.

The ride from Ratchet to Orgrimmar had been a rough one, though the speed of her mode of transportation allowed her to avoid most of the road's dangers. Even the hooved centaur couldn't keep up with her and would often be left in a cloud of black smoke as they futilely attempted to hurl their spears and nets at her.

Judging by the sun's position, she was still on time for her meeting.

She adjusted her sunglasses as she made her way towards Grommash Hold, the enormous fortress central to the Valley of Strength where resided Sylvanas Windrunner, the current (and incredibly stacked) Warchief of the Horde.

Once her meeting was done, the goblin would be able to relieve some stress at one of Orgrimmar's many fine establishments. Her balls ached after a day on the road and she needed to blow off some steam which typically meant blowing her load inside a hot, willing cunt.

But first, the demonstration.

It had been difficult for Minzi's work to even be considered. Even the Dark Lady's apothecaries didn't care to meet with her. Her status as an alchemist and a warlock meant she had her uses for the Horde, but few took her seriously. Goblin inventions had a rather poor track record, and Minzi's ideas for subverting the Alliance had initially fallen on deaf ears. It had taken a very convincing

demonstration on a nearby Alliance settlement for her to finally be able to show her invention to Sylvanas.

A demonstration which had, for all intents and purposes, turned every almost every woman in the Kaldorei village into pleasure-addicted whores. Not the most scientific language there was, but Minzi could not think of any other way to describe what she'd seen.

If anyone should have any appreciation of alchemical inventions, it should be the Forsaken, thought the small green woman, slightly nervous about the prospect of presenting her creation to one as powerful as Sylvanas Windrunner. And yet, she proceeded onward, images of all the wealth and fame she might accrue from such an invention filling her mind.

Grommash Hold loomed large above her as she stepped towards the entrance, its large gates of wood and metal guarded by the Dark Lady's personal retinue of Dark rangers. Unblinking eyes followed her every step.

As she walked towards the entrance, a Dark ranger raised her hand, halting Minzi's progress. The archer's face remained hidden behind a scarf, though her long pointed ears were visible, poking out of a dark hood, making obvious her elven heritage. "State your business, goblin."

"Minzi Dinklenozzle, alchemist, inventor and warlock of the Horde here to see Sylvanas. Uh... I mean, Warchief Sylvanas Windrunner," she corrected herself. "I've got an appointment with the Dark Lady at noon," explained the goblin, looking around as the sun beat down upon her from its apex in the sky.

"Hmm. Minzi..." The Dark ranger lowered her gaze, looking over an oversized scroll.

"Here! Dinklenozzle!" the impatient goblin said helpfully, pointing to her name on the scroll as she hopped up a little to get a view of the parchment. She smiled as the guard found her name.

"Hm. The Warchief is expecting you," the Dark ranger confirmed, emotion absent from her words as she rolled up her parchment and waved her hand. "Let her enter."

Minzi passed under the threshold, feeling her heartbeat in her throat as she entered Grommash Hold, where she knew she would find the Warchief. The walk to the central room was a short one, and the warlock was soon greeted by none other than the legendary Sylvanas Windrunner herself, sitting on the throne. Mostly expressionless, her face nonetheless bled boredom.

Pushing her sunglasses up so that they rested above her forehead, Minzi eyed the gorgeous woman before her with more than a little hunger. Sylvanas had a sharp face with a small, straight nose. Her skin was a light, blueish-gray and she was dressed in her typical armor of dark leather, silver accents reflecting the nearby torchlight.

Sylvanas sat with one shapely leg crossed over the other, showing off a pair of toned, powerful calves, uncovered by the knee-high boots she favored. The Dark Lady had a look that suggested she was both bored and slightly amused as Minzi made her entrance into the hall, but there was no denying the Dark Lady's beauty and raw charisma.

Minzi found it difficult to look away from Sylvanas' deep, red eyes that seemed to pierce her very soul. There was a power in those eyes that seemed to overwhelm her with an odd mixture of attraction and fear.

"Greetings, Warchief," the goblin said, bowing low. She did her best to suppress the fear of death as Sylvanas watched her, unmoving, her red eyes piercing through the small woman.

Minzi stepped closer to the throne, the sound of her feet on the floor piercing the thick silence.

The Dark Lady did not answer.

The absence of a reply from the elven Warchief compelled Minzi to speak. As the diminutive spellcaster dragged her gaze upwards, she lingered far longer than she should have on the swell of the undead elf's chest. Those twin peaks, straining as they did against the Dark Lady's skimpy leather top, fought for room and for Minzi's attention.

Though her eyes had remained on the woman's cleavage for a mere second, it nearly felt as though part of her soul might get sucked into those inviting depths.

With willpower even she did not know she had, Minzi pried her eyes away, trying to focus on Sylvanas' face. The elf's expression was unchanged as she remained motionless, her face stoic, waiting for her guest to speak.

"I... uh... I have an invention that could help us against the Alliance," Minzi stuttered, finally looking at Sylvanas' eyes. "If you'll let me present my invention, I'm confident you will be... pleased..."

The goblin blushed, her mind running rampant with lewd images, which she did her best to suppress as she remembered herself. She couldn't let herself get distracted. Now was **not** the time.

"I was intrigued by your message," said the Dark Lady. Sylvanas uncrossed and recrossed her legs, sending the goblin's heartrate into overdrive. The sight of the woman's leather thong was impossible to ignore and the warlock could feel her face turning a deeper shade of red. "Tell me more about this so-called weapon."

Minzi gulped. "Well, I suppose you could call it a weapon of sorts. Not one in the conventional sense... It won't explode or turn our enemies to goo. It's far more subtle in its approach."

"You have my attention," Sylvanas purred. Her red eyes burned into the warlock as her gaze intensified, a slight smirk appearing on her face as Minzi tried (and failed) to not ogle her massive, jiggling breasts.

Sylvanas was an impressive figure. Even for an elf she was taller than average and her powerful legs, curvy hips, and luscious rear only enhanced her presence. There was a magnetism to the woman that made her impossible for others to ignore. Minzi found herself enraptured by the woman's mere presence and could feel the sweat rolling down her skin as the woman's gaze penetrated her very soul.

"Are you going to stand there all day ogling me?" asked Sylvanas, snapping the warlock from her thoughts. Minzi blinked rapidly, embarrassed she had been caught staring. "We've a war to wage, goblin. Get to it."

"O-of course," said the goblin, pulling out a glass vial from her bag. Within the orange-sized glass, there moved and shifted a mass of roiling black tentacles. The odd slime-like thing squirmed against its glassy prison, begging to be freed.

The goblin shook the container and the creature's tendrils pushed outwards, as though painting black the entirety of the vial.

Sylvanas raised her eyebrow curiously.

"Trixie, would you show the nice lady how you can be... friends... with people?" asked the warlock.

The creature did not move and Minzi frowned, giving the container a sharp shake. "Trixie!"

"Fine..." the creature groaned in a distinctly feminine voice as a single tendril slipped free, then a second, until the entire thing had crawled out of the vial. It slowly fell to the ground with a wet plop.

"It can speak?" Sylvanas asked. She looked down at the small goblin with interest.

"Well, not really. It has no way to physically speak. What you're hearing is telepathy."

"Hmmm," the elf pondered, turning her attention towards the shadowy blob as it made its way across the floor as though inspecting its surroundings, like a dog released from a cage into a new environment. The Warchief seemed unimpressed so far, causing a surge of worry to well up within the warlock. Most undead were no strangers to mental intrusions and most despised them, reminding them of their time as servants of the Lich King. She hoped Sylvanas would not dismiss her experiment on that basis alone.

"I uh... I..." Minzi stuttered. "I forgot to bring my assistant for a demonstration..." the goblin laughed nervously, as she had indeed left Grozbog, her orcish assistant, back in Ratchet.

"Do you expect me to do this for you, then?" the undead elf asked with growing annoyance.

Minzi bit her lip and looked up at the Warchief with uncertainty, who gave an irritated sigh.

"This had better be worth my time." The Dark Lady uncrossed and re-crossed her legs. The sound of her voice and the movement of her body caused the goblin to gulp. The Banshee Queen motioned towards one of the dark recesses of the room from which emerged one of her loyal dark rangers.

"My Queen. How may I be of service?"

The Ranger's skin was of a pale grey, but despite this her face retained the beauty she had been blessed with in life, with sharp cheekbones and a fit body that was on full display through the painted-on leathers that she wore. Her figure was nothing less than a marvel and the goblin had to avert her gaze, as she found her eyes wandering to parts they shouldn't, while she did her best to stay on point and ignore her growing desires.

"Our guest seems to require some assistance with this... demonstration of hers, Beldira," Sylvanas said, her irritation palpable.

The dark ranger nodded her understanding and moved forward, standing in the center of the room with her hands folded.

"Excellent," said Sylvanas. "Go ahead."

"Of course, Warchief," Minzi said and she crouched near Trixie, the coconut-sized creature shifting excitedly as the goblin neared. "Do your thing, girlie," whispered Minzi as Trixie rolled towards the undead soldier, whose eyes widened at the sight of the odd creature.

The dark ranger could not contain her shock. Minzi knew that, by now, the woman would be feeling an unusual sensation emanating from the small creature as it crawled towards her, its form rippling. Waves of heat emanated from the thing, as though preparing any surrounding prey for what was to come. The waves of heat soon became lust, and all in the room would feel them, to varying degrees. Having worked on the creature herself, the goblin had inoculated herself against those effects to an extent, and a sly grin crossed her lips as she noticed the slick oil on the ground where the creature moved. Its entire body secreted the substance, and Minzi knew just how potent it could be.

"I uh... I'm gonna need you to put your hand on that," the warlock said, pointing down to the shimmering substance left behind by the crawling, tentacle-beast. "It won't hurt, don't worry."

The pale-skinned ranger looked at the creature, then back to Sylvanas, who nodded her permission. The Banshee Queen looked on with curiosity as the woman knelt down, a puzzled look on her face. She extended a single finger down, touching the ground near the small creature and recoiling as she did so, some of that odd substance on her finger.

"W-what is this?" Beldira gasped, standing up immediately. A deep crimson blush appeared on her ashen skin as a surge of warmth flowed up her hand, traveling through her body and causing her to squirm with growing need. The ranger's chest began to rise and fall quickly, her heart rate accelerating as the oil-like substance she had touched entered her system, beginning its work upon her nerves.

Sylvanas sat in silence as Minzi approached the now-dazed ranger, kneeling next to her.

"Don't fight it," the goblin said. "Just let the sensations take hold of you. Don't worry. This is only the beginning. Just a taste of what Trixie can do..."

"A taste of what she can do?" the Banshee Queen said, raising an eyebrow as she watched Beldira begin to squirm, the aphrodisiac-laden oil coursing through the woman's body as her arousal reached an almost fever pitch.

"Yes," the goblin replied. "Once she goes through the initial stages, she'll want nothing more than to *fuck*. She'll want to be used, bred and she won't care with who or what... As you can see, such a substance is useful for temporarily subduing a foe."

The Warchief gave no reply as she sat, watching the dark ranger fall to her knees, moaning.

"As you can see, while the oil secreted by Trixie increases one's sexual appetites, it also increases the sensitivity of one's skin," the goblin said, brushing a finger on the back of Beldira's hand. Immediately, the Dark ranger gasped and shuddered, and Minzi briefly wondered if she'd just

caused the woman to orgasm from such a simple touch. "Even the slightest contact will cause someone to experience sensations surpassing even the most powerful orgasms , as though every nerve is being caressed all at once and will be rendered powerless by such stimulation."

Sylvanas nodded, a smirk crossing her fair features. "Impressive. But I doubt our foes will allow 'Trixie' to simply wander into their quarters uninvited," the Dark Lady remarked, turning to look at the goblin.

"Oh, but that's where things get interesting, Lady Sylvanas!" Minzi exclaimed. "Watch as she feeds..."

Beldira was panting, sweat soaking her skin and her heart pumping a mile a minute. Such reactions were incredibly uncommon for undead beings such as the dark ranger, as their regular bodily functions had either ceased or slowed considerably. Sylvanas, however, looked on from behind a mask of mild curiosity, though there was something akin to hunger in her eyes.

Squirming in the throes of the potent aphrodisiac-induced ecstasy she was currently in, Beldira gasped and gripped Minzi, as though trying to get the goblin to fall to the ground with her. And while such an outcome would be great fun, she knew, Minzi continued her demonstration, taking a single step backwards.

"Look. This is the most crucial step in her process." Minzi pointed as Trixie moved in on Beldira. The dark ranger had no will left to resist as the blob wrapped tendrils of inky darkness around her ankles, pulling her legs apart and allowing it to get closer to the woman. The tendrils then found their way to her loins, and she began to pant with need, moaning as her sex began to ache, the fire that the goblin's creation had ignited within her burning brighter, threatening to consume her entirely.

Beldira cried out as Trixie ripped the ranger's leather armor with surprising ease, the juices of her now-bare cunt glistening in the torchlight of the throne room. The woman's eyes went wide and she cried out as Trixie connected to the woman's clit, then slowly worked its way through the woman's lower lips.

Minzi watched on, feeling desire growing within her as well, almost forgetting that this was meant as a simple demonstration. Yet, Sylvanas didn't stop her, and the Warchief herself looked on with growing interest, and a strange, predatory lust as Beldira writhed and bucked, crying out as Trixie found its way inside her.

Waves of lustful energy washed over the three women as the writhing, oily mass assailed the elf's cunt. Tentacles twisted all over Beldira's body, soon tearing every piece of clothing and armor she had on, black oily tentacles moving across every sensitive spot on her skin, offering her pleasure indescribable.

Undeath was known to dull emotions and sensations, but judging by the moans and cries of ecstasy coming from Beldira's mouth, Trixie had somehow managed to break through that limitation.

"The first part of Trixie's process is getting her 'food' ready. Don't worry, she won't actually eat her... Well, not all of her! The second part is consumption of the, uh, orgasmic energy created by

the subject," Minzi explained, trying to ignore the growing fire in her loins, feeling her thick goblin dick growing ever harder with every passing second. She hoped that the bulge created by that throbbing green prick wouldn't be visible in the room's dim light.

As the minutes passed, Beldira's moans and whimpers echoed throughout the chamber, filling the women with an undeniable need for carnal gratification as the ranger's screams grew ever louder.

Minzi turned to face Sylvanas. Her face flushed bright crimson as she locked eyes with her Warchief, a mixture of fear and arousal overcoming her as the Dark Lady smiled at the goblin warlock.

Sylvanas leaned forward causing the warlock's face to flush even hotter than it already was, unable to resist a quick glance towards the undead elf's overabundant cleavage. "Well? Tell me. What comes next?" the Banshee Queen purred as Beldira moaned loudly, her hips thrusting wildly in the air, as though electric jolts ran through her.

"Next, the creature absorbs her prey's essence, being able to morph into a perfect duplicate of them. Such a transformation requires quite a bit of energy, however," Minzi explained, trying to appear as confident as she could in the face of a woman as powerful as Sylvanas.

Minzi did not understand how or why her creation was able to absorb and take the form of people but it didn't matter much. Like most advancements, they happened by accident and this one was no different. Luckily for her, she'd had the foresight to write down every step of the creation process, allowing her to create more of the black, tentacle-y creatures should the need arise.

As if trying to quench the growing lust between her legs, the warlock tried not to watch as Trixie's tentacles snaked further and further inside the helpless dark ranger, the poor woman crying out, her back arching as the goblin's creature devoured the waves of blissful energy that emanated from her spasming, quivering cunt, the juices of which now covered the stone floor.

The goblin warlock's face reddened once again as Sylvanas shifted her hips slightly, leaning even further forward to the point that she could nearly rest her ample breasts on her thighs. This allowed the goblin an even clearer view of the Dark Lady's exposed cleavage and Minzi turned to avoid looking.

Of course, Minzi knew that the demonstration would end up being quite heated given its nature, but her growing arousal was making it difficult for her to think of the next thing to say. Not that Sylvanas seemed to mind, her eyes locked upon the dark ranger getting her cunt devoured by the monstrous black thing.

The warlock felt a shiver go up her spine as she noticed a subtle smirk on the elf's lips, the green woman's mind swimming with lustful images. Was Trixie affecting *her* now? She thought she'd grown immune to the monster's effects... Yet, as her cock hardened nearly to the point of pain, she wasn't so certain anymore.

As for Sylvanas, was she also feeling the radiating sexual energy coming from Trixie? Minzi wondered. Forsaken were quite resilient to such effects, she knew, and had a will stronger than most.

"How interesting. Show me more, goblin. Show me everything," the Banshee Queen hissed. "Don't worry about Beldira. She's one of my finest... She'll survive whatever it is you have in store for her."

Minzi gulped, not quite certain about that, as she watched Trixie's form begin to shift and move. First, its color changed, becoming as white as ivory.

Beldira had become a broken, panting, whimpering mess by then.

As the alien mass of tentacles shifted and grew, and images of a pot boiling over then seemed an apt descriptor of what was happening. All those present could see how some of those appendages grew and twisted, growing longer and more defined, visible articulations becoming apparent.

Before long, Trixie had two slender arms coming from it as it grew and grew. Once its arms were done, it created a pair of shapely legs and a humanoid head, molding itself into a duplicate of her victim.

With every second that passed, its transformation continued.

Before long, a full-fledged doppelgänger of Beldira stood in the center of the room, detaching from the elf's gasping body unceremoniously. Slowly, it looked around the room as it stretched and flexed, as though testing its new limbs.

Beldira looked up at Trixie, the two identical women locking eyes even as a haze or orgasmic bliss clouded the dark ranger's mind.

The doppelgänger's face moved in a manner identical to Beldira's, copying that blissful expression on her face.

"This form feels so... unnatural," Trixie said, her voice sounding identical to the woman she had copied. The dark ranger blushed heavily at the sight of herself, feeling a mixture of embarrassment and arousal at seeing the creature she'd just fucked wearing her skin, completely nude.

"Bah! You'll get used to it, Trix," Minzi said, waving her hand dismissively at the creature. And indeed she would, as it always took some time for Trixie to become accustomed to a new physical form.

Sylvanas said nothing. Minzi turned to see her eyes locked on the Beldira doppelgänger in curiosity.

"This is nothing we cannot achieve ourselves, even with more conventional means," Sylvanas said, trying to hide her growing interest in the goblin's little project. "Our apothecaries have created slimes that can replicate another's form flawlessly and our spies are able to craft costumes to infiltrate the living in a matter of minutes."

"Ah, yes, Warchief! I have indeed used their research as a basis for the creation of Trixie. Your apothecaries are, after all, some of the best in the business! But whereas illusion magic, slimes and costumes can be defeated with spells and perception, Trixie's abilities cannot be pierced by anything short of her being slain."

Trixie turned her head to Minzi at the mention of her death.

Seeing the reaction, the goblin assured her, "But we won't be demonstrating that tonight, as Trixie is a living, feeling creature. And, not to dismiss the Forsaken's contributions to my work, but their transforming slimes cannot hold their forms indefinitely. They very quickly become unstable and flaws begin showing in their appearance. Trixie has no such limitations."

The doppelgänger's mimicry was flawless as far as they were concerned. Trixie now had the same auburn hair, the same sharp features, the same muscular and curvaceous physique, the same pale, flawless skin. The only noticeable difference between the two elves was the slight sheen that came off of the doppelgänger's form, as though she had just been out doing some light jogging.

"I can't say I was expecting such a demonstration today," Sylvanas mused, licking her lips, as she thought of her own plans, "but this could prove useful. Reports have come in of your achievements in Ashenvale, little alchemist. If only one of these can do *that* to a Kaldorei village..."

Minzi couldn't believe her luck, her heart was racing so fast, her green prick was nearly bursting through her underpants as she watched Sylvanas turn towards Beldira, the dark ranger still panting on the floor. Even after only five minutes with Trixie, the orgasms bestowed upon Beldira by Trixie were still having a very visible effect on the woman, her gaze locked on the ceiling above.

"Though I very much hope this is temporary..." Sylvanas said, standing from her throne.

As the woman stood, Trixie couldn't help but admire the elf's flawless physique. Every fall of the woman's heels on the stone floor caused her tremendous bust to jostle visibly within the inadequate confines of her leather bustier. Every motion she made was a test of strength on the garment.

She only stopped when she stood but a foot from Beldira, looking down at the woman.

Sylvanas drew close. Minzi felt her breath hitch. "Ah, it should only last... perhaps half an hour, given how long she spent with Trixie..." the smaller woman said.

Sylvanas raised her eyebrows. "Should? And a few minutes with this creature is enough to knock Beldira out for that long?" She took a single step towards Trixie, the nude doppelgänger watching Sylvanas with an ever growing smile on her face as she approached her.

"Oh, I can knock her out for much longer if you'll let me," Trixie said, an arrogant grin forming on her full lips as she looked down at her victim's form, the dark ranger panting on the ground, looking up at Trixie's new form with half-lidded eyes and a blank, vacant stare.

Minzi could not keep her eyes from wandering over to her leader's tremendous chest as she approached Trixie. Though she made sure to not come into contact with the creature. She had already seen what a drop of the creature's oily secretions could achieve.

But it was not through touching Trixie directly that Sylvanas came into contact with the aphrodisiac oils, but through Beldira's skin, covered in the slimy substance. The dark ranger, still on the ground, rolled around a bit as she tried to gyrate her hips against nothing. The aphrodisiac was still very much present in and *on* her body.

As she did so, her leg only very slightly grazed Sylvanas's, and the Banshee Queen turned back to Minzi as a sudden surge of lust took her.

The goblin could tell Sylvanas was now fighting those urges, the Warchief taking a sudden step back to avoid any more contact with the oils on her ranger.

"Are you well?" Minzi asked, recognizing the symptoms of one affected by Trixie's ability.

"Y-yes... I am simply thinking. Tell me. How many of these creatures could you produce in one night?"

The question threw Minzi for a loop, and she wondered if Sylvanas was about to turn on her. Perhaps the Banshee Queen was realizing just how dangerous Minzi's creation truly was...

"Er, it all depends. How many do you want me to produce?" Minzi said, cautiously. She tried to control her breathing as she looked up at the elf, who smirked. "They're pretty costly..." she added, trying to see if there was any way for her to make more gold off of her creation.

Sylvanas considered the answer briefly but did not reply. "I will send word," the supremely stacked Warchief said, offering a pitying glance to Beldira whose brain remained as scrambled as an Orgrimmar omelet, the poor dark ranger now clutching her tits, playing with them for the whole room to see.

Minzi was surprised when two other dark rangers came and offered Trixie armor befitting one of their own. Seeing her puzzled expression, Sylvanas spoke. "Let us see how her infiltration skills match up against more experienced agents."

It took a few moments for Trixie to put the armor on, a process that felt even longer than it truly was by the throbbing ache between Minzi's legs. She was almost glad that the meeting with Sylvanas wasn't any longer than that, for she might have blown her load right then and there under her robes.

When at last the shapeshifter had finished putting on the outfit, she was indistinguishable from a regular dark ranger.

The Warchief watched with satisfaction. "Promising," she said simply, though Minzi could detect an odd inflection to that single word, as though the woman was bothered by some pressing matter. The goblin couldn't be certain if it was because of the aphrodisiac taking hold of Sylvanas, but it appeared to her that the Banshee Queen was eyeing her new ranger with more than a hint of lustful desire.

"Take her," Sylvanas said as her servants brought the real Beldira to her feet and dragged the panting elf away, taking her to be cleaned of the aphrodisiac oils and perhaps be offered some measure of rest.

"See if you can convince my other dark rangers that you are one of them. If you can fool them, then you will have passed the test. If you are detected... well, do not bother returning if you even make it out alive. Now, go, I've more pressing matters to attend to."

"It will be as you command," Trixie replied in the exact voice and accent of the dark ranger. Sylvanas looked upon Trixie for a moment, then turned away.

The warlock and her shapechanging companion didn't need to be told twice.



PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

The lewd noises of flesh colliding against flesh resounded through the lavishly decorated chambers.

Grunts of effort escaped Minzi's throat with every thrust she made as she stood behind the nude elf who was bent over the edge of the large, extravagant bed.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

Stretched out to its limits, that snug elvish pussy gripped Minzi's thick goblin fuckpole tight, making every thrust a challenge. Pumping into the snug orifice with all the desperation of one who had been forced to endure a throbbing erection for hours, Minzi ravaged the wailing whore with all her might.

Minzi held nothing back, jackhammering that divine, squeezing cunt as her eyes fixated upon the prostitute's bare ass, each thrust causing the plump flesh to bounce and wobble about wildly in rhythm with her savage rutting. The goblin couldn't help herself and gave each of the meaty cheeks a nice slap. The elven whore yelped and squealed at this sudden, though not wholly unexpected gesture.

With her fist holding the golden-haired wench's hair and her feet on the back of her thighs, Minzi rammed herself hard and fast into the panting, whining elf repeatedly. Her tight walls massaged her throbbing length as they gloved it completely with each thrust, only making the goblin warlock want more.

"That's it... Take it, you little slut..." the goblin said through gritted teeth as she increased her tempo, her dick slamming deeper into the tight, velvety snatch, squeezing and massaging her veiny fuckpillar with tightness greater than she could even achieve with her own fist.

The elf's plump cheeks jiggled with each of Minzi's movements, and her big, soft, pale, and perfectly round ass kept smashing against Minzi's hips in the most enticing ways. Minzi's throbbing member disappeared into that sweet little fuckhole in one swift movement each time, before appearing once more covered in the prostitute's juices and her own precum.

With every plunge that the goblin made, the blonde wench screamed her pleasure, her hips moving to meet her, her fingers clutching the silken sheets of her bed as her moans echoed all through the brothel.

The elf's tight tunnel hugged her throbbing, veiny shaft snugly and made every thrust so pleasurable that Minzi could hardly take it any longer, yet she continued her frantic rutting into the moaning whore with gusto, eager to claim her own orgasm as well as offer one to the screaming slut.

The size difference between the two women made for an interesting contrast as Minzi slammed herself repeatedly into the blood elf. The elf was about a foot and a half taller than Minzi was, making the whole process more difficult than it would have been had they chosen any other position.

But Minzi enjoyed climbing upon her conquests in such a manner, and so the goblin continued pounding herself into the prostitute, the slaps of their skin meeting echoing through the room.

The blood elf moaned loudly in pleasure, and the goblin couldn't help but smile as she saw that the wench was trying to finger herself as she took Minzi's member deep in her twat, her hand reaching down between her legs.

Thrusting her ass out against the verdant invader, her butt jiggling with each impaling thrust, the elf didn't stop wailing and begging for more, walls squeezing down on Minzi's girth tightly as she neared her peak.

Her thoughts, while focused on rearranging the elf's insides, briefly drifted to Trixie. The changeling had to somehow infiltrate the dark rangers and it had been at least three hours since the two had parted. Measuring time was easy enough for the goblin, given the three different prostitutes she'd fucked into a near-coma now sleeping peacefully on the enormous bed.

Every stamina potion she drank lasted approximately an hour and allowed her to fuck the whores raw for that amount of time. Sadly for her, these alchemical enhancements did not remove the need for rest but simply delayed it.

Once the effects of the elixirs wore off, that accumulated fatigue would most likely crush her and force her to sleep for a day.

So she made the most of it, slapping the elf's fat rump to watch that jiggling bottom bounce about.

Perhaps Trixie had also decided to have some fun during her mission. While the creature did have limitless sexual appetites, it never stayed away for very long.

"Gnnnghh... I'm gonna..."

The elf was unable to finish her sentence, as a mighty orgasm washed over her, walls clamping down on Minzi's thrusting pole hard enough that the goblin briefly feared her dick might get sheared off at the root as a torrent of girlcum spurted all around that fat, throbbing cock.

The goblin's muscles seized as she, too, felt her release hitting her.

At the precise moment where she reached that peak, the warlock spotted a shadowy figure sitting in on a chair near the corner of the room, watching the scene in silence.

It only took one more powerful thrust of her hips for Minzi's cock to erupt, a powerful jet of virile seed spilling out into the elf's spasming pussy, as the goblin emptied her balls into those divine depths. The dark ranger smiled at Minzi's wide-eyed, terrified expression.

Terror and orgasmic bliss in equal measure took hold of Minzi as her thick, creamy nut splattered out of the elf's stretched-out gash, dripping onto the floor below.

"Nnggh..." the goblin managed to utter as she pulled herself from the elf's spasming slit, a waterfall of their combined essences falling from those drenched depths. "W-what's up?" the small green woman managed to ask, her dick still throbbing as it bounced before her, wet and dripping with the results of that animalistic fucking.

Minzi knew the woman couldn't be there for a simple social visit, and her eyes were quick to spot the second undead elf in the other corner behind her.

She tried to remain calm despite her fear as she waited for the dark ranger to respond.

"Where is the creature?" the hooded woman asked, slowly standing as the blood elf who yelped and crawled onto the bed, trying to cover herself. A fearful expression had taken hold of her features and she did her best not to scream. As most Orgrimmar residents, she had most likely seen the unnerving creatures before, but rarely up close.

"Err... What in Gazlowe's green gonads are you talking about?" Minzi asked. "Trixie? She was sent by the Warchief to..."

The woman raised her eyebrows and scoffed at Minzi's reply.

"You and I both know that your creation cannot leave your sight for so long without returning to you. Where is she? It would be better to answer the question while you still have time."

The woman drew her dagger, and Minzi was not at all reassured by the woman's calm demeanor as she approached Minzi, the goblin backing away from the naked woman until the back of her thighs hit the bed and she could move no farther. She could have probably cast a spell at her, but she didn't trust herself to finish the incantation before the black leather clad figure fell upon her.

"I- I really have no clue!"

The dark ranger took hold of Minzi's throat and the second hooded elf approached as well. Minzi gasped for air as she was lifted off the ground with surprising ease, considering the woman's slender build.

The hooded figure lowered Minzi down, bringing her face-to-face with her, glowing eyes of crimson staring into Minzi's afeared orbs.

"You've lost the creature," the undead elf stated.

"S-so did you!" the sassy goblin shot back, still out of breath from her climax, and now fighting for oxygen.

The dark ranger scoffed and pulled a purple stone from a pouch at her hip. She pressed the stone into a spot on the wall.

The wall glowed brightly and rippled as though melting for a moment, the bricks parting to reveal the watery image of a room beyond. Minzi's eyes widened, and the woman smiled wickedly at the goblin as she stepped towards the portal.

Masters of portals and summonings, warlocks such as Minzi were no stranger to such magical gateways. Still, being forcibly pushed into one was not a pleasant experience by any stretch of the imagination, and so, when she stumbled onto a smooth, cool floor on the other side, her head spinning and her stomach churning, Minzi quite nearly lost the contents of her most recent meal.

Luckily for the goblin warlock, the moment did not last, given the effects of her stamina potion which had not worn off yet. Minzi quickly recovered thanks to its effects, just in time to see the

two dark rangers walking in behind her as the portal closed. Minzi could now see the chamber that Sylvanas was currently occupying as she laid in her bath. The Banshee Queen's naked form was in full display for all in the room, and she turned towards them, unperturbed by their entrance as she relaxed in the warm waters of the sunken pool.

Minzi felt the dark rangers grab her by the shoulders and push her to the ground on her knees in front of Sylvanas as they stood by her sides.

Shaken and a little nauseous, Minzi could barely move, but she managed to glance at the two rangers flanking her. Both dark rangers remained immobile as the nude, voluptuous undead woman before her smirked towards the warlock. Her full, round tits were obscured by the bubbles in the pool, the mounds barely covered by only a few floating soap suds, and the goblin's eyes couldn't help but look, hoping that the bubbles would part for a moment.

"Now then," the Warchief said as she stood, causing the bubbles to recede, giving the goblin a better look at those large, perfect tits and her toned stomach as the naked undead stepped from the tub. Minzi's eyes wandered to Sylvanas's cleanly-shaven pussy and her heart nearly skipped a beat at the sight. "We are ready for a full demonstration," she said.

Minzi's eyes widened and the two dark rangers behind her pulled her to her feet. "Wait, now?" the goblin asked. "Here?! I don't even know where Trixie is!"

Sylvanas did not answer. She only nodded, and Minzi's eyes widened when the woman to her right began pulling her hood and scarf down, revealing the face of Beldira, though her skin appeared ever so slightly sweaty and Minzi could detect the aura of her own creation emanating from her now.

"Your little experiment managed to fool some of my best," Sylvanas said with a smirk, eyeing the false Beldira. "I think this is cause for celebration, after which we can work out the details of production..."

The Banshee Queen gestured for Trixie to come closer, and the false dark ranger stepped forward. The real Beldira was nowhere to be seen, and this new ranger seemed unperturbed by the revelation that she'd been deceived.

The Warchief's smile was anything but innocent as she watched the shapeshifter approach, her intentions clear. She waved a hand towards the second ranger, dismissing her. The woman nodded and took a few steps back, melting into the shadows.

"Now then," the pale-skinned Banshee said with a wicked smile, "we are ready for a full demonstration. It seems that some of its... secretions managed to affect me somehow, during our earlier meeting. I've been unable to find relief with any method available to me and it would appear that even our dear Beldira remains afflicted."

Trixie smiled, and both Sylvanas and Minzi could hear the creature's voice in their head. "I can deactivate the effects of the aphrodisiac if you wish," the changeling offered, a pleasant smile on her features. "All I require is a little power to do so."

Minzi had never felt so afraid yet aroused at the same time in her entire life. She had expected a harsh scolding, if anything, after this entire ordeal, yet what awaited her was quite the opposite. Had Trixie deceived her? She thought the effects were only temporary, not permanent until shut off.

Minzi couldn't help but gawk as Sylvanas Windrunner took a step towards Trixie, cupping the blob-turned-elf under the chin and staring into her eyes. Even with Trixie wearing heels, Sylvanas was the taller of the two.

Suddenly and without a word, the Warchief leaned in to kiss the changeling, taking Trixie's lips for a heated, passionate embrace, their breasts squashing together in the process. Trixie's hands cupped the back of Sylvanas' head to deepen the kiss, her tongue pushing its way into the elf's mouth.

Meanwhile, the Banshee Queen's hands acted with deft and nimble movements, beginning to disrobe Trixie. First went the cloak and the ranger armor, then the woman's undergarments. Neither action stopped two lovers' kiss. Sylvanas bit down on Trixie's lip as she unbuckled the belts on her armor, the woman before her returning the favor, the two of them soon nude, their forms pressed against each other.

Minzi's eyes widened further with each passing moment, her eyes glued to the pair as the Banshee Queen caressed Trixie's cheek and they pressed their bodies against each other as the pair slowly lowered themselves to the ground, their glistening cunts aimed right at the horny goblin.

Her cock, still slathered in copious amounts of feminine juices as well as her own cum, was rising quite rapidly from the erotic scene before her. Her eyes drank in the sight of both Trixie-Beldira and Sylvanas's rear ends, their perfect asses and pussies so close yet so far.

Without an explicit invitation from Sylvanas, the warlock didn't dare risk making a move, though she wanted nothing more than to plunge her turgid gob-dick right into those dripping fuckholes. She held her position as the Warchief and the changeling laid back, the pale elf wrapping her long legs around Trixie's hips, the pair making out passionately, their moans echoing through the room, filling it with sounds of pleasure.

"Ahn..." the Warchief uttered. Minzi couldn't tear her eyes from the lewd scene and she could clearly see the changeling's fingers teasing the Warchief's folds. Trixie was no stranger to using her fingers – or rather, her appendages – to please, and it showed, Sylvanas gasping in pleasure and moaning with every movement Trixie made.

The changeling's hands worked magic on Sylvanas's cunt, the undead elf's mouth wide open, her tongue hanging from the corner as the shapeshifter fingered her to her climax, and a few seconds later the Warchief was spasming in pleasure, a spray of fem-juices splashing on the ground below.

Minzi's own cock throbbed in need. It seemed that the two had completely forgotten about the warlock's presence as the Warchief took hold of the changeling's head and pulled her into her chest. Trixie's lips soon found the hard nub atop Sylvanas's left breast, latching onto it and teasing it with teeth, tongue and lips.

Having the two in such proximity of her nakedness made it harder than ever for the little green woman to hold her position. It would've been so easy to just pounce onto them, her throbbing cock leading the way, but Minzi resisted and instead found her hand wrapped around her meaty dick, watching intently as the two women before her pleased one another.

Trixie's hand, as her fingers pumped inside Sylvanas's twitching pussy, suddenly began writhing and darkening until it had taken on its original slimy, pitch black appearance. Though the rest of Trixie didn't change, it wasn't hard to guess what the changeling was doing, her tentacle-like appendage caressing Sylvanas's most sensitive spots as the Warchief's eyes widened at the sudden change in sensation, though the look in them was more of pleasure than shock.

Sylvanas' moans echoed through the room. "Hhghh! Y-Yes! R-Right there..."

The current Sylvanas, on her back with her cunt being pleased and her tits being suckled on, erratic breaths and pleased whimpers coming from her lips, was a far cry from the typical calm and collected woman most were used to.

Minzi was having a hard time believing her eyes, her heart racing as she witnessed the woman, her Warchief, being pleased so, but she dared not interrupt the pair as her hand slowly moved up her fat green dick, the tip of which was leaking a steady stream of clear precum.

"Oh fuck! I-It's too good... A-Almost..." Sylvanas gasped for breath, her back arching as another powerful climax wracked her form.

Trixie had no trouble making the Warchief climax over and over. The little shapeshifting tentacle-fucker had been created for the singular purpose of turning any of her targets into quivering, climaxing sluts, after all. With every passing moment and every whorish moan leaving the Warchief's lips, it appeared that Trixie was slowly reverting back to her usual gooey, tentacle-y self.

Fingers elongated, blackened and arms slowly became less firm. The transformation was progressive, as Minzi had witnessed many times, yet remained an odd sight.

From her angle and with her mighty green dick firmly in hand, it almost appeared to Minzi as though the creature was devouring Sylvanas, its innumerable appendages wrapped around the undead elf's naked body now.

Minzi stroked her throbbing member furiously at the lewd display. It didn't help that Sylvanas' moans only became louder and louder and more obscene with each passing minute. It also didn't help that the pair seemed to have forgotten all about the little goblin's existence.

Until, that is, Minzi's eyes met with Sylvanas's.

Sylvanas beckoned for Minzi to approach by curling her one finger in the warlock's direction. Tentacle-blob Trixie pulled herself from Sylvanas's folds, the woman on her back with Trixie now simply teasing and playing with the Warchief's clit and tits, moving and pleasuring those most sensitive of areas.

Sylvanas and Minzi locked eyes as she approached, Trixie's tentacles still toying with the elf's body though leaving the way open for Minzi.

Sylvanas spread her legs wide, Trixie pulling herself back so as to give the goblin full access. The view of the undead elf's glistening, beckoning pussy made the warlock's mouth water and her dick twitch, the bulbous tip wet from her own precum.

Without wasting time, the horny goblin jumped up and landed on top of Sylvanas. The Warchief, in return, wrapped her legs around Minzi's back to pull her in with her heels.

Minzi didn't need any further incentive. She plunged her green meatpole right into Sylvanas's soaking depths without hesitation, gasping as the heat and tightness of the undead elf's pussy enveloped her sensitive dick, a grunt leaving her lips as the pleasure of finally having that throbbing organ enveloped by such wonderful warmth nearly pushed her over the edge.

She wouldn't last long, but the horny goblin wanted to give it all she had before she blew her load. Fucking Sylvanas Windrunner was not an honor many could boast of. She was surprised to feel such warmth from the woman's cunt, given her undead state and all... But now was no time to think of such things, as her brain was being overwhelmed by pleasure.

As she slowly started moving back and forth, Trixie continued her relentless assault upon Sylvanas's body, using every appendage to pleasure the Warchief's writhing form, feasting upon the orgasmic energy emanating from the elf. Soon, she would also feast upon Minzi's.

With tentacles wrapping around her ankles and wrists, Sylvanas was soon held aloft by Trixie, the black, oily mass now making its way to her mouth with thick, cock-like tentacles easily slipping past her lips, muffling the Banshee Queen's moans of pleasure.

The angle given by Sylvanas's new position gave Minzi access to a much deeper penetration, her fat goblin fuckpillar slamming into the undead whore's sopping insides, fucking her spasming gash with increasing intensity.

"Fuck... If I had known you were open to these things... I'd have brought Trixie over way sooner..." Minzi said, panting as she noticed one of Trixie's tentacles moving over to Sylvanas's clenching ass hole, the thin appendage making its way inside with relative ease.

Sylvanas could not utter any kind of response with all the dick and tentacles occupying her every orifice. Every moment brought Sylvanas indescribable, mind-melting pleasure. Her back arched; body wracked by wave after wave of orgasmic bliss. She screamed against the cock-tentacle that fucked her throat with brutal abandon, eyes rolling up in the back of her skull as yet another mind-melting, toe-curling orgasm coursed through her body. Then another. And another, in an endless stream.

Trixie moved lower and started enveloping Minzi's legs, soon coating her body and moving upwards. Minzi shivered as she felt the slippery creature move over her dick as it continued thrusting in and out of Sylvanas, who seemed completely unperturbed by Trixie's actions. Her mind was too busy hanging on as pleasure threatened to overwhelm her completely.

Both women were now partially covered by Trixie, though neither of them seemed to panic at all, given the pleasure-enhancing qualities of the odd creature.

Minzi didn't know how much more of this she could take, her heart hammering away in her chest, a constant pounding in her ears. Trixie was now also squeezing the base of her cock, at once delaying her release and speeding it up. The black appendages rose upwards, caressing and teasing the goblin's modest breasts, flicking the rock-hard nipples that stood atop those green mounds.

A muffled yelp left Minzi's mouth as something smooth and slick pressed against the goblin's taint, slowly inching its way towards her asshole. Her eyes widened in shock when the little shapeshifter slipped inside without any warning, slowly penetrating the warlock's most forbidden hole, her slippery mass beginning to slowly work its way into Minzi's rectum, inching its way further into the green woman's depths.

Minzi's mouth hung wide open. Her cock spasmed and pulsated as more of Trixie's body entered her from behind, the gooey black creature moving all around her crotch and thighs as she continued slamming her throbbing rod into the Banshee Queen's wet and welcoming cunt, her toes curling from the mind-numbing pleasure she was currently experiencing.

Sylvanas came yet again.

Her eyes were unfocused as she gasped for breath, a reflex from her days as a living woman, given that her undead state had removed her need for air. Still, old habits die hard.

It would not take much more for the little warlock to reach her own peak. She continued thrusting her throbbing dick in and out of the Warchief's soaked and quivering pussy as Trixie continued invading her bowels, soon finding that most sensitive of spots deep within.

SPLAP! PLAP! SPLAP!

As soon as the slippery, slick mass inside her rectum started pressing against that one particular spot within her ass, Minzi felt her muscles seize as orgasmic bliss overcame her, every part of her tensing and her jaw clenching hard enough that she feared her own teeth might crack.

"F-Fuck! A-Aahnn..." she managed to utter a weak sound of pleasure as her prostate was stimulated by that writhing tentacle. Being immune to the creature's aphrodisiac oils did not stop one from being affected by the physical sensations Trixie brought. And when her dick twitched powerfully, it seemed to swell within Sylvanas's gripping cunt, the little goblin gasping and moaning as thick spurts of hot, virile seed shot from the tip of her thick club-like she-cock.

"Nnnnnhhhh... Aaaahh..." Sylvanas moaned, writhing as another orgasm washed over her, though it was hard to tell when the last one ended and the new one began, and what exactly had triggered this most recent one. Not that such thoughts mattered at the moment. All that mattered was the pleasure she felt as she experienced orgasm after orgasm.

Her body convulsed as it continued writhing in Trixie's appendages, and with the addition of the thick load of goblin seed, she was flooded by sensation. Minzi continued shooting her spunk inside the undead elf's soaking pussy, gasping for breath as her eyes rolled upwards from the mind-blowing sensation.

Spurt after spurt of the warm, porridge-thick goblin nut slammed against the furthest reaches of Sylvanas's divine gash, flooding the woman's whorish womb with the potent mixture.

Minzi was the first to withdraw, with Trixie's tentacle slipping out of her ass soon after. The little green woman fell on her ass with her dick still fully erect, thick globs of her own virile cum leaking from Sylvanas's freshly fucked, quivering snatch as she panted with a deep, guttural moan. A shiver ran along her spine as the aftershocks of that release coursed through her.

Trixie's form, reverted back to her original black slimy self, continued pleasuring Sylvanas, though the tentacle in Minzi's ass had found its way back to Sylvanas's cunt, plugging the woman's spasming pussy and preventing the goblin's spunk from leaking out.

Barely had Minzi recovered that the thought of assailing Sylvanas's ass next crossed her mind. The opportunity to ravage the legendary Banshee Queen might not be given to her ever again, and so she crawled closer to the woman, eyes wide, drool trickling from her lips.

She was like an animal in heat, seeking desperately to relieve herself in any hole she could find.

The warlock stared in awe as the shapeshifting, cum-soaked mass of black, slithering tentacles pleased the Warchief, all while filling her bowels and pussy to the brim.

As Minzi began making her way to the Warchief, she only saw Sylvanas move with blurred speed. The woman's movements were so quick, especially for one so assailed by Trixie, that Minzi didn't – couldn't – react.

Barely did the warlock have the time to look up that a shadow fell upon her face, Sylvanas's ample behind completely blocking out Minzi's field of view.

Before Minzi could respond or attempt to do anything to try and pry the elf's buttocks away from her face, the Warchief pushed down, causing the goblin's head to disappear completely between Sylvanas's cheeks. Her fat buttocks enveloped Minzi's face completely, the thick, sweaty orbs smothering the green woman with their weight and mass.

The Banshee Queen had always had an exceptional derriere and now her perfectly sculpted cheeks were taking their toll on the little green goblin, cutting off most of her air supply.

Not such a bad way to go, Minzi thought, her vision now only darkness.

The softness was unbelievable. The warlock could feel the Warchief's heat as well as her juices drip onto her chin. She couldn't see or hear Trixie - or much of anything, for that matter - with Sylvanas's perfect behind smothering her completely. She was trapped. The little goblin could barely move as Sylvanas ground her buttocks into Minzi's face. The act forced the smaller woman onto her back, with the Banshee Queen squatting above Minzi.

Was Trixie still pleasuring Sylvanas? Was the oil affecting her as much as it should? There was little way of knowing for Minzi, given that her world was now nothing more than two blue-grey ass cheeks, her hands reaching up to grip those enormous, round orbs. She massaged the Banshee Queen's thick ass, digging her fingers deep into Sylvanas's fleshy, supple bottom, feeling it in its entirety, reveling in the feel of it.

The grinding motion of Sylvanas's hips against her face told Minzi all she needed to know, all that was required of her. With a groan, she used her grip to spread Sylvanas's ass open wide and buried her tongue deep inside the Warchief's tight ass. She began wriggling and squirming, attempting to fit as much of the flexible, long green tongue inside her superior's bottom as she could, attempting to please the Warchief and bring her to new heights of pleasure.

No sooner had the warlock begun licking that she felt a pair of strong hands grab her eager, needy prick. Her hips began to buck reflexively into the grip. Sylvanas's soft palm gripped the goblin's dick with the softness of velvet and the strength of steel. Minzi felt a shudder go up her spine and an explosion of warmth from within, a shuddering spasm that sent her dick twitching, precum already dripping down Sylvanas's fingers.

A wriggling presence was soon felt upon Minzi's balls, massaging the apple-sized orbs firmly and the warlock knew Trixie was still hard at work, probably still pleasuring Sylvanas in any way it could. Though, without any sense but touch, she could not confirm exactly what was happening. The erratic spasms of the Banshee Queen's ass against her face did allow her, however, to determine that jolts of pleasure coursed through the woman, orgasmic pleasure at that, from what little the warlock could gather.

Minzi continued rimming the Warchief's ass, attempting to drive her tongue as deep as she could, reaching deeper inside, her nose mashed against that deep crevice to get in further. Her tongue licked Sylvanas's sphincter in circles, trying to coat her hole in as much spit as possible, her tongue running down towards Sylvanas's puffy, pink pussy as the goblin gasped for air.

Sylvanas's hand began pumping the goblin's cock at a frantic pace, her thumb brushing the tip, making sure to coat it in Minzi's precum. She worked the base of Minzi's thick shaft, while her other hand slid upwards towards her fat balls, caressing them gently with her fingertips, slowly cupping and squeezing those sensitive orbs in a teasing motion, massaging her sensitive jewels, stimulating Minzi further.

It was too much for Minzi. She tried to hold it in, but her dick could take it no longer, especially with Trixie still massaging and pleasuring the goblin's testicles. A deep grunt of pleasure escaped Minzi's mouth, muffled as her tongue continued digging deep into the Warchief's ass, followed by a muffled groan, which turned into a gasp of ecstasy.

But allowing her ass-munching servant any sort of reprieve was not in Sylvanas's plans.

Trixie, seemingly aware of those intentions, tugged on the goblin's fat ballsack, squeezing the base of her balls and denying her the orgasm so desired. The little goblin let out a whimper as she squirmed, attempting to dislodge Sylvanas's ample rump from her face to get out of her current situation, but to no avail, as she found her face smothered in those magnificent, soft, perfect, fleshy blue grey butt cheeks.

Trixie released Minzi's balls from her grip and continued stroking the goblin's dick, only adding to the pleasure given to her by Sylvanas's dexterous digits. The sensation was incredible. Overwhelming. Divine.

And while the handjob itself was indescribable to Minzi, her mind focused on her need to lick and tease Sylvanas's flexing, puckered rear hole, she soon found her prick enveloped by a new sensation, greater even than the first. A smooth softness wrapped itself around her dick, a firm, warm pressure enveloping the entirety of her eager, throbbing she-prick.

"Fuuuckkk..." groaned Minzi into Sylvanas's ass, redoubling her efforts as she felt the Banshee Queen's huge, round tits around her cock, the she-elf's moans audible as Trixie assailed her elvish snatch. The wet, writhing sensation of the tentacle-beast between them was unmistakable.

A wet, slick noise permeated the room as Minzi felt Sylvanas's large mounds around her dick, a jolt of pleasure shooting up her spine. Minzi was close. The goblin's mind was almost melting with the intensity of the pleasure Sylvanas and Trixie were giving to her, and so the warlock did not want this to end. And so, in a moment of desperation, the little goblin tried to fight back against her own oncoming climax, in an attempt to not disappoint the Banshee Queen.

As she felt Minzi's cock pulsating within her cleavage, Sylvanas allowed Trixie to wrap another one of its tentacles around the warlock's cock and balls, denying the poor green woman any chance of climaxing. Sylvanas's other hand was now stroking her own pussy and teasing her clit, causing her to moan and buck her hips in pleasure, nearly crushing the goblin whose face was trapped between her fat elven cheeks.

Minzi began groaning into Sylvanas's ass. She licked, teased and rimmed Sylvanas's tight buttohole like her life depended on it. And, given what little air she was receiving, it probably did. She was in a world of darkness, a fleshy prison, divine ass flesh surrounding her on all sides.

Sylvanas was getting close to another orgasm, Trixie's shift in focus to Minzi having allowed Sylvanas to retain some measure of control over herself, though the intensity of every movement told much of her arousal.

And Minzi had done her work well. Trixie's efforts with Minzi's cock had brought the warlock close to cumming, her dick now at a constant, steady, twitching rhythm, throbbing as precum constantly oozed from the tip of her needy cock, lubricating Sylvanas's cavernous cleavage as those fat, doughy tits slapped against the goblin's hips.

Minzi's balls felt heavier than she remembered, and Trixie seemed to take notice, squeezing them slightly as it continued to stroke her cock. She gasped and moaned, her breath short from her limited air supply. She felt lightheaded as Sylvanas kept bouncing up and down her face, that divine ass still smothering her.

Her orgasm was close now, so close, and Trixie could feel it in her, its grip tightening around her base. Sylvanas moaned deeply as she came, her back arching and her body convulsing as waves of pleasure overcame her.

At that moment, Trixie released the base of her shaft. A massive wave of pleasure overwhelmed Minzi. A thick jet of spunk sprayed out of Minzi's throbbing cock, shooting upwards. Fat, quivering globs of ballbatter flew up into the air before splattering onto the Banshee Queen's countenance and tits, completely plastering those great elvish udders in pearlescent jizz.

"NNNNHHH!!!" Minzi screamed into Sylvanas's ass, as Sylvanas herself cried out in ecstasy.

Trixie, meanwhile, resumed her assault on Sylvanas's tits and cunt, heightening the woman's pleasure to heights that she hadn't ever thought possible, her red eyes rolling into the back of her skull as she came hard enough that her mind briefly went blank.

No mean feat for one as resistant to psychic effects as Sylvanas Windrunner.

Even Minzi, who'd developed something akin to immunity against the blob-creature's powers, was beginning to feel her orgasm heighten through simple contact with the thing.

She bucked her hips futilely upwards against Sylvanas's tits, causing those obscene fuckpillows to bounce and prolong her release. Cum rained down onto the three of them, Trixie absorbing that spunk into herself.

Before long, Sylvanas was cumming so hard that she'd lost control of her own body, throwing herself off Minzi. The Banshee Queen gasped and moaned like a whore, fingers assailing her own whorish pussy as she tried to masturbate her way out of the hellish pleasures she was being forced to endure, as though forcing another orgasm would somehow alleviate the torturous sensations. Trixie was stuck to the elven woman, tentacles all over her form, massaging every sensitive inch of that impeccable body.

Minzi, reeling from her release, her cock firing off a few final spurts of thick nut, took the time to catch her breath. The sight of that writhing mass of slick, black tentacles was something else, as that form shifted and undulated over the elven woman's form. The slick, sloshing noise of the tentacle monster was the only sound in the room now, aside from the Warchief's wails of ecstasy.

There was only one thing that Minzi could do now. Her mind was clouded. Her cock was still rock hard and leaking cum.

Sylvanas had not regained control of her own mind, it seemed, so pleasure-wracked was she in that moment.

As though sensing her thoughts and intentions, Trixie's tentacles moved and undulated around Sylvanas, flipping the Warchief onto her hands and knees on the floor, giving Minzi a perfect view of that great round rump, the same she'd been devouring mere moments before.

Minzi knew she couldn't leave until she'd taken Sylvanas in her own way. Until she'd painted her bowels white.

A fresh surge of vigor came over Minzi, the oil's aphrodisiac properties seemingly enhancing her libido, albeit to a lesser extent than those who'd hadn't developed a resistance to the substance. She crawled forward and gripped Sylvanas's perfect ass in her hands, spreading those huge, fat cheeks and giving Sylvanas's ass a nice firm smack with her other hand, causing the woman's already reddened assflesh to redden further.

One of Trixie's tentacles slithered between those obscene cheeks and towards Sylvanas's cunt. The warlock used that as a guide and moved closer, until her dick was resting against Sylvanas's drenched pussy, her tip pushing against Sylvanas's lower lips and smearing pre against it.

But those ravenous, cum-slathered lips were not her target. With a smirk, Minzi slowly dragged her throbbing prick upwards, towards the puckered asshole of her beloved Banshee Queen,

rubbing her glans up and down against Sylvanas's sphincter in teasing circles, her glans covered in a mixture of juices.

As Sylvanas thrust her ass out invitingly, Minzi only responded by thrusting her tumescent green fuckpillar into Sylvanas's stretched-out asshole, lubricated by a mixture of all their juices, causing the elf to gasp and moan lewdly.

So far was this image of Sylvanas removed from the usual cold and collected ranger that, for a moment, Minzi thought she was still in the brothel from earlier under the effects of some illusion magic. But the warlock knew she wasn't under any magic known to her, so she plunged herself balls deep inside the woman, giving in to her lusts. Her fat, heaving testicles slapped against the Banshee Queen's elvish cunt with a lewd **SLAP!**

With one final grunt of effort, Minzi bottomed out, her entire cock sheathed within the tight depths of Sylvanas Windrunner's fat elf butt, causing her to gasp out and begin groaning with need, her cunt already cumming around the dark, fleshy tendrils as Trixie assailed that slick snatch.

As she thrust back and forth within that warm, slick vice-grip that was Sylvanas's asshole, the warlock used her grip on the woman's plump, heart-shaped rump to guide herself. She smacked those meaty asscheeks again, reveling in the way they jiggled and swayed from the repeated **"SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!"** of flesh on flesh.

She pounded her Banshee Queen's ass for all its worth, enjoying the sensation of having Sylvanas's soft ass flesh bouncing off her pelvis.

It wasn't long before Minzi came. It would have been impossible for any (un)living being to last any longer in that divine embrace.

It was surprising to Minzi that she was able to hold off her release for so long, in all honesty. But, eventually, her own body gave way to the overwhelming pleasure given by Sylvanas and Trixie's efforts.

She came. Ropes and ropes of thick goblin seed sprayed out from her cumslit, coating the depths of the Banshee Queen's bowels and flooding them with pearly spunk. Those first few blasts were only the beginning, and her balls worked overtime as her dick was squeezed tightly in Sylvanas's sphincter, that tight ring of muscle trying to milk every drop of that jizz into the Banshee Queen's rectum.

Sylvanas, in a state of bliss, came once again, her bowels coaxing and milking Minzi's fat rod for all it was worth.

Cock throbbing, spilling ropes of spunk as she came and came, Minzi couldn't breathe, couldn't do anything but wait for her cock to calm. She couldn't move a muscle, her jaw clenched, her eyes shut tight.

After what felt like an eternity of that divinely hellish sensation and her extremities becoming numb, Minzi could feel her orgasm subsiding. A final few drops of semen leaked from her tip into Sylvanas's guts.

So packed with cum were the Warchief's bowels that they bulged out a little as a result of being forced to accommodate Minzi's massive, meaty cumload. The warlock smirked at the sight of work so well accomplished.

Minzi continued thrusting in and out of Sylvanas's cum-soaked asshole for a short while more, to prolong her own pleasure and to see if she could force her cock back to hardness.

Nothing came of it.

She smacked Sylvanas's jiggling, sweat-covered ass and slowly withdrew, a wet slurp echoing throughout the room, as her spent cock was freed from Sylvanas's rear.

As her limp dick slid out of her, Minzi could only watch as a torrent of cum erupted from the Warchief's cum-filled rear and splashed against the ground.

With a smug smile, Minzi cast a quick spell to force Trixie away from her prey, the creature having fed off enough orgasmic energy to last her a few weeks. It crawled into a nearby box, shutting the lid behind itself.

Minzi smirked as she saw Sylvanas lying there on the ground, in a puddle of cum, a slight smile on her face. She seemed content, an expression not often seen on the Banshee Queen. Her chest rose and fell steadily with deep breaths, as her sweaty and cum-slathered form remained in that same position for several minutes, as Minzi herself remained in that room, in that same position, sitting down next to the Warchief.

She rested for a moment, her mind slowly catching up with what had just transpired, when Sylvanas's voice interrupted her.

"You have managed... some admirable work," the elf said to the warlock once she'd regained enough of her wits. She sat up for a moment before standing up, pressing one palm to her knee as she did.

Minzi could only watch with awe, her spent prick twitching slightly at the sight of the woman's heaving bust swinging inches from her face. Oh, how she wanted nothing more than to bury her face between those tits...

Sylvanas took note of the goblin's lustful stare. She smiled and offered Minzi a hand, which the warlock accepted, though with some hesitation.

Minzi expected Sylvanas to be angry, or perhaps disappointed in her for having taken such liberties. But if Sylvanas was anything, it was practical. The Warchief would never leave any task half-done, nor any desire unfulfilled, unless there was no other recourse.



And so it was, after Minzi's convincing demonstration, that the warlock was given a laboratory within Orgrimmar within which she could further her work for the Dark Lady, producing as many of the shapechanging slime-creatures as possible.

Though work was slow, many of the Horde's alchemists found themselves quite puzzled at the Dark Lady's uncharacteristically forgiving attitude towards Minzi who constantly failed to meet her production targets.

But rumors travel quickly, and so started spreading word that the increasing number of dark rangers in Sylvanas's service were not what they appeared to be, their appearance strangely coincident with the nocturnal appearance of the banshee's wails...