Elven Abodes

Elune Adore, Traveler. Welcome to Azeroth, a land of myth and legend, where champions battle for dominance and survival.

Perhaps you are familiar with this world? Mayhaps you've even walked the surface previously? Well, this time, you shall walk in the shoes of the Elves, long-lived and magically gifted.

What manner of a legend will you forge here? Take these **1000 Elven Tokens** and let us find out.

Drawbacks

Supplement Mode
(+0 ET)
As you wish. You merely glance into Azeroth, copying the form of an Elf and all that comes with it, before continuing on to another world. But beware, your hardships shall follow you until their due date is over.

Thou Art I
(+0 ET)

Perhaps you wish to mantle another? You may take the role of a figure of some importance for the duration of your time here, with the more stronger or remarkable folk requiring certain **Perks** to be taken first.

A Different Time

(+0 ET)

Perhaps you would prefer a different timeline? Mayhaps the genders of all people have been flipped; perhaps instead of Sargeras, it is Eonar who now leads the Burning Legion, or something else entirely.

Drop-In Scenario

(+0 / +100 ET)

So you wish to remain unburdened? As you wish. You receive no memories or connections; you are a ghost in the wind. Ah, but perhaps your greed gets the better of you? Then I offer this bargain: You will lose all of your memories for the duration of your stay. A full new start.

Time Extension

(+100/200/300 ET)

A decade can pass by in the blink of an eye if one is not careful, especially for an Elf. Should you wish to spend more time in these lands, then I shall extend it for 10 years each time this is taken. Should this not be enough for you, you may then increase your stay time by 100 years for **200 ET** for each purchase. And if even this isn't enough for you, then for **300 ET,** your time is extended by 1000 years for each purchase. Though I will only compensate you 10 times, after that, you will merely do so for your own amusement.

The Ennui

(+100/200 ET)

Your people have lost much to time, mighty empires brought to ruin, and the land permanently scarred. It makes one weary. You are prone to bouts of melancholia and apathy, though by default, they come and go rather quickly. However, for an extra **100 ET**, this is your constant mindset, finding little joy in life as all you see before you will no doubt become ruins and ash, just as it has before.

Babies N'ever After

(+100/200 ET)

Elven populations have never been the greatest since the Sundering, and now, you cannot much aid in that, for you are sterile for the duration of your

stay here. You can still enjoy sex freely, but if you desire children, then you will have to adopt. And for another **100 ET**, you are asexual in that you do not care for sex in any form, though you can still love others; you just don't care to imagine them naked.

We Are Superior

(+100/200/400 ET)

The Elves are beautiful, agile, magically gifted, and long-lived. The other mortals… are not. Any wonder then that you see them as lesser? You talk down to all non-Elves, be it harshly or gently, and will always prioritize your people's well-being and survival over any others. By purchasing this again, you may decide to either hold a similar view on Elves not part of your sub-group, or you look down upon magics not practiced by you and yours, as primitive. For a third purchase, you hold all three of these beliefs. For an additional **200 ET,** however, your views become far more aggressive and dangerous, as you actively seek to undermine and tear down those of lesser folk, preferably by rebuilding the empire/kingdom of your kind.

Lost Warehouse

(+200 ET)

Were you expecting to sweep through the world with your artefacts? Unfortunately, that won't happen. Your connection to your warehouse has been severed for the duration of your stay here, cutting you off from all items and artifacts you may have collected over your journey.

Dangers of Power Unknown

(+200 ET)

You lose access to all outside powers, magics, and any perks that can be understood as supernatural. You must learn the local ways if you wish to thrive here.

Looking For Group

(+200 ET)

Perhaps you were hoping to swarm your enemies with the army of companions and followers you've amassed? Unfortunately, it would seem they have been sent elsewhere for the duration of your stay. You may recruit locals, but those from the outside will not gaze upon Azeroth on this journey.

Us Against The World

(+200 ET)

For whatever reason, your sub-group never joined the faction they would have in canon, leaving them to weather the events to come alone. For the likes of the **Naga**, the only Old God victory that matters is that of N'Zoth, with all other plots and pawns being threats to Azshara. Meanwhile, the **Darkfallen** are freed from the Lich King's control, but whereas the Forsaken have a sea between them and him, the Darkfallen are stuck on Northrend and will have to face the wrath of their former master. Perhaps a civil war rages, with your group as the minority battling against Azshara or Arthas. Nonetheless, should you wish to join either the Alliance or the Horde, you will have a hard road ahead of you, as they view your sub-group (Justifiably or not) with suspicion.

Thieves! Fire! Murder!

(+200 TT)

Mortals like to collect things. They like to explore even more. Unfortunately, the two largest groups specialising in both, that is, the Explorers' League and the Reliquary, have gained a keen interest in entering your homes and grabbing your things. They will be, in general, easy to repel, but they will not cease their attempts until the end of your Jump. Why they do it is a bit murky; each one seems to have a different motivation for this home intrusion. If you happen to be a member of either organisation, then you have either a rival or a co-worker (Probably both) who wishes to either sabotage your efforts, or to just pull an unfunny (to you) prank.

Arrogance

(+200/400 ET)

One of the downsides of a long life is the fact that you tend to start looking down on those younger than you. Whether you are one such white beard, think your race to be superior to others, or are just otherwise arrogant, you look down upon anyone not of your own sub-group as lesser and will make it known either subtly through body language, or outright tell them upon first meetings. For an additional **400 ET**, your ego rivals Azshara, and you see everyone around you as amusing pets or insufferable gnats. Even your sub-group and family are seen as slightly above that, as they are your kin after all.

Slumber

(+200/400/600 ET)

Are you perhaps one of the Night Elven Druids? Because you certainly sleep like them. Indeed, you tend to sleep for extended periods of time, sometimes months, years, or even decades, with any premature awakening leaving you

drowsy and disoriented for a few moments as you adjust back into the waking world. For an additional **200 ET**, you are trapped within the Emerald Dream, much like Malfurion was. You will have to either find a way to free yourself or have someone else free you in the waking world. Thankfully, the Emerald Dream is mostly peaceful… Well, for a final **200 ET**, you are instead trapped within the Emerald Nightmare and are being tortured with the intent for you to succumb to its corruption. You will need serious outside aid if you wish to break free with your sanity intact.

Addiction

(+200/400/600 ET)

All Elves are able to consume magic to sustain themselves. Unfortunately, this often leads to addiction, which you also fall for. For **200 ET,** you only have a mild craving to consume mana, which goes away for a time after you have done so. For **400 ET**, your craving is far stronger, requiring a large source of mana such as the Sun- or Nightwell to keep you fully sated, with other sources merely keeping you at a barely satisfied state. And for a final **200 ET**, you are always hungering for more mana, not even the Wells can keep you satisfied, and you will single-mindedly focus on draining mana from all sources.

Wretched

(+400 ET)

An Elf unable to feed on magic will slowly begin to turn into a Wretch, a feebler and downright feral being that cares little for anything but feeding. And as far as anyone knows, once an Elf reaches the Wretch stage, it becomes irreversible. And unfortunately for you, you are well on your way to becoming a Wretch. You decay at a far faster rate, taking only days, whereas for others it can take months or even years. And to further complicate things, you begin in a half-Wretch stage, your mind becoming clouded the further you go on. Needless to say, if you do not find a source of mana to feed on, you are bound to a bad end as a Wretch.

Fal’dorei Curse

(+400 ET)

Once, the Fal’dorei were Nightborne exiled from Suramaar. Based in the city of Falanaar, they lived in peace and fed upon an Arcan’dor gifted to them by Valewalker Farodin, until the Arcan’dor grew unstable and exploded, either slaying or mutating the Nightborne into the Fal’dorei, half-elf and half-spider monstrosities. And now, you count yourself among their numbers. You will be

reviled by society at large, and your existence will be quite unpleasant in general. After this Jump, you may keep your Fal'dorei form as an alt-form.

The Infinite Strikes Back

(+400 ET)

The Infinite Dragonflight has struck at several individuals across elfkind history, ensuring their deaths at the start of the jump. Malfurion and Illidan will be dead, at the hands of the Legion and Maiev, respectively. Shandris will be murdered by Satyrs. Alone, Tyrande will never ally with the mortal species, and Archimonde will crush all resistance. Kael'thas died alongside his father defending the Sunwell, was poisoned by Dark'han, or was ambushed by Trolls. The same happened to Umbric and Lorthemar; Liadrin was never rescued from her imprisonment by the Amani. Even if the Scourge and the Amani were defeated, a civil war between the various Magisters is inevitable. Azshara was struck down by Deathwing for refusing to make the Nagas obedient to the Black Dragonflight, plunging the Nagas into a civil war. Lana'thel and Sylvanas escaped the Scourge, and without their leadership, Arthas will never allow the San'layn such independence and command roles, and the Forsaken will stay enslaved to the Dreadlords.

Windrunner Syndrome

(+400 ET)

For women who have lived for thousands of years, the Windrunner sisters are not known for being the most emotionally mature or stable folk, often rushing into things with little thought for collateral damage and the belief that their actions are just and right. And now, you seem to have developed a similar mentality and will no doubt cause folks to lose their sanity trying to comprehend your actions and thought process.

A Plague Upon This World

(+400 ET, +600 ET for High/Blood Elf, Void Elf, and Darkfallen)

Malfurion and Maiev foiled Illidan's ritual with the Eye of Sargeras before he could injure the Lich King. Without this weakness, there is no Plagueland Civil War, no Forsaken. By the time Arthas leaves for Northrend, the Scourge is fighting the Alliance at the Thandol Span. Dalaran is being rebuilt into a dark fortress where a new generation of Necromancers is being formed. The ruins of Silvermoon are the only refuge left for elves. In Kalimdor, the ghosts of Azshara have been dominated by the Scourge's Necromancers, and while Mulgore and Durotar are still safe, the minions of the Scourge have become dominant across the Barrens, Desolace, and the Thousand Needles.

If taken before the Third War, the Scourge would be free from the Legion and have already spread to such an extent that it could have threatened the Kaldorei Empire at its peak.

The Thunder Comes

(+400 ET)

Depending on the timeline, either Lei Shen survived his mission to Uldum, or he was resurrected earlier than originally. Whatever the case may be, Pandaria now belongs to him entirely. In preparation for the continuation of his conquests, the lesser races of his empires are fed to his fleshshapers and spiritbinders, forming new slave races and a massive stoneborn army, all bound to his will. Should you start after his first demise, then he will simply prepare within Pandaria until the Mists fade away and no doubt take both the Alliance and the Horde by surprise. And this is Lei Shen at his most powerful, when he rivaled a Keeper like Ra-Den and could subdue Wild Gods by himself.

Promises of Zul

(+600 ET)

The Zandalari have deemed enough is enough and have rebuilt the Empire of Zul under their banner. They plan to not only reclaim territories lost to the other races and to time itself, but they wish to expand even further still. They will in quick order reach a might and a power equal to their first Empire, which had the might to break the massive Aqir hordes of old. The only positive thing about this situation is the fact that they will forsake any old alliances to build a world for Trolls alone. So if the Mogu have made a resurgence of their own, then expect both empires to clash heavily.

Burning Retribution

(+600 ET)

…Elune preserve us. During your stay in Azeroth, the Burning Legion will invade in full force. Should you have been around when the Legion was already going to invade, then things would have become far harder. Not only will the Legion find a way to invade even if you had disrupted their original way of arrival, such as by slaying Medivh or Azshara beforehand, but the Legion's defeat will not rest upon a single keystone. Archimonde's defeat will see him replaced by other commanders, and even Sargeras' imprisonment will not stop the flow of Legion forces coming from Argus. As long as a single portal is

open, the Legion will be able to rebuild more and continue their invasion. Prepare yourself, Jumper, for war is upon you.

Darkened Hearts…

(+600 ET)

Did you perhaps think that people who had suffered as much as the Elves were too soft? Too passive? So be it. The Elven societies you are so familiar with have warped, becoming far more hostile, authoritarian, and tyrannical in their views.

In the days of the Empire, the superiority of the Highbornes is clearly established, as no political or military power is allowed for those not blessed by the Well of Eternity. Even among them, only Azshara's most loyal minions are allowed any real influence over the policies of the Empire. Any attempts to gather power outside of her influence are soon dominated by the Eternal Light's mental spells. Even the Cult of Elune and the demigod Cenarius have knelt before the Light of Lights. It is a world where only one will matters.

For the Night Elves, all heresies that go against the teachings of Elune are purged on sight; men are not allowed any other prospects beyond druidism, even in non-magical domains. The divide between men and women is enforced at all times.

For the people of Quel'Thalas, using Fel magic is an automatic death sentence before the Scourge arrives. Afterwards, the use of Fel magic is enforced so that all citizens must know the basics. The Light can only be wielded in the way of the Blood Knights, with no deviation allowed. Those who remain loyal to the Alliance have bounties placed on their heads, and state-sponsored kill squads are sent out on the regular to hunt any such "traitors".

The Naga have been confined within a strict caste system and a rigid social hierarchy that is enforced with slave spells and mind control. All Naga are forced into constant exposure to the Void and the Old Gods' Whispers, leading to many mutating or becoming insane.

Suramar has become an open dictatorship, with Elisande maintaining strict order through the use of her secret police, with any dissenters either disappearing or being executed on the accusation of treason. Perhaps in part

thanks to this, various Fel and Void cults have sprung up around the entire region.

The Void Elves are on thin ground with the Alliance after several of them succumbed to the Void's call, spreading paranoia among many of the Ren'dorei and the Alliance leadership. Furthermore, the Dagger of the Black Empire has found its way to Umbric and now seeks to lead all Ren'dorei to their doom. All non-Alliance Shamanic, Druidic, and Light-wielding organisations treat Ren'dorei as abominations and have a kill-on-sight policy with them.

Darkfallen are all part of a great hivemind within the Scourge, where even complete bodily destruction is not enough to be free. In this twisted pyramid, individuals are at the complete and nonexistent mercy of those above them. Susceptible to being puppeted against their will whenever their superiors desire it. To top all of it off, Arthas himself has fallen into madness and forces all Scourge members not focused on the war effort to pretend to live in his "perfect" kingdom, like a bad tale of courtly intrigues, duels, and forbidden romances.

The Haranir have become even more insular; any attempts to leave their kingdom are seen as treason and are met with lethal force. Outsiders are killed on sight, and there are even rumors of some of the Haranir falling into Void corruption.

…A Darkened World

(+600 ET)

The Elves have many enemies, and now, they have become far more dangerous.

In the days of the Empire, the actions of Azshara have turned many of the "lesser" races into the service of the Legion. As hordes of demons will exit the Eternal Palace to purge any Highborne resistance, then leave for greater targets like the Dragonflights, the people of the Empire will be left to the blades of those they crushed under their heels. Armies of Trolls led by Fel-corrupted Loas, Mogus, and Vrykuls returned to stone through the Fel and Wild God descendants, driven to rage, will all scour what land the Legion is too busy to burn.

The Satyrs, scattered and hidden across Kalimdor since their defeat by the Night Elves, have reassembled. They are led by the original Satyrs, Highborne Archmages, and Generals rewarded with demonhood by Sargeras, recently summoned back from the Twisting Nether. They are focused on bringing back the Legion through any means and are also poking at the Night Elves for weaknesses at every given opportunity. As a final danger, the Satyr have experimented upon mortals and beasts, creating a twisted, brutal, and numberless race of Beastmen, who desire nothing more than carnage and destruction.

The Amani, bitter enemies of Quel'Thalas, have rebuilt their once mighty empire to heights unseen since the Aqir Wars. Enraged by the humiliations their worshippers suffered, the Amani Loas have meddled with the energies of the Emerald Dream to empower themselves. Each of them now stands even mightier than Hakkar did at the height of his power, and they are fully prepared to unleash their wrath upon Quel'thalas. Furthermore, the Amani's old compact with Bwonsamdi has finally reached its due. For the past millennia, every high-ranked Amani has offered its soul to the Loa of Death, if, after several ages, he would allow them to return to the defense of Zul'Aman, as its eternal guardians.

As they built Nazjatar, the Nagas thought themselves the only rulers of the oceans, as the Great Sea was newly born and empty of life. But as the millennia passed and their dominion grew, they discovered that the seas that surrounded Old Kalimdor had their own kingdoms that had also expanded into the newborn sea. And for the past millennia, the abysses have been bloodied by an endless war for domination, as kingdoms of murlocs, Gil-bins, sea giants, and other such races battle against the Nagas, some with the aid of Neptulon and his elementals.

The Fal'dorei of Falanaar, twisted descendants of Nightborne exiles, have at long last connected the tunnels of their accursed home with the network of mana collectors under the city of Suramar. Spreading like a plague under the city, they are now breaching the decaying wards below the Nighthold. Outnumbering the defenders of Suramar by several orders, empowered by the abandoned mana collectors and driven by hatred, Suramar's last day seems to have come.

The Scarlet Crusade, built by the last paladins of Lordaeron, has now forsaken the Light, twisted by the teachings of the dreadlord Balnazzar. Now

led by warlocks and empowered by the Fel, the Crusade has launched an offensive on all fronts. Reinforced by summoned cohorts of demons, including lesser demon lords, and clad in felsteel, even the bastions of Stratholme and Undercity could fall against them. Not even Northrend is safe, as Mal'ganis has turned the Scarlet Onslaught's bases into networks of portals from which the Legion is preparing to end their rebellious pawns.

The Void Elves, famous for giving themselves willingly to the Void without succumbing to its whispers, have drawn the wrath of Dimensius' slaves. Bound to the will of the Void Lord since the destruction of their homeworld, the Shadowguards are Void Ethereals, compelled to assist the rebirth of their enslaver. Enraged by the freedom of the Ren'dorei and finding a weakness in their oaths, they have halted their aeon-long search to dedicate themselves fully to the extermination of the Void Elves. Gathering resources and technologies across many worlds, they are currently scouting all gatherings of Ren'dorei, seeking to wipe out most of them in one strike.

Time

The Firstborn Arise - 15,000 BDP

It is in these days that the Dark Trolls around the Well of Eternity begin their slow transformation into the very first Night Elves. Should you be of another Elven group, expect to see many strange gazes.

Eldre'Thalas Arises - 12,000 BDP

On the larger world scale, it is the time when the Pandaren cast off the yoke of their Mogu masters, but to the Elves, the only notable event was the construction of Eldre'Thalas, the city that would one day be known as Dire Maul.

The Golden Age - 14,000 - 10,000 BDP

This is the golden age of the Kaldorei Empire, when the Night Elves ruled most of the world and wielded Arcane magic with no regard or care. Should you be something other than a Night Elf or Haranir during this time, you may decide to either remain in your chosen sub-group or appear as either Night Elf or Highborne until your kind evolves, after which you will transform into your original form.

The War of the Ancients - 10,000 BDP

You know this time well, do you not? It is when Queen Azshara struck a Fel bargain with Sargeras and the Burning Legion began their first invasion of Azeroth. It is a time of loss, of sorrow, and of change. By the end of the War, the supercontinent of Kalimdor will shatter, causing the people of Suramar to isolate themselves for 10,000 years and for the Highborne to transform into the Naga. Should you be something other than a Night Elf or Haranir during this time, you may decide to either remain in your chosen sub-group or appear as either Night Elf or Highborne until your kind evolves, after which you will transform into your original form.

A Slow Recovery - 9,999 - 9,400 BDP

The world slowly begins to recover from the War of the Ancients, with the new Night Elf society slowly spreading over the continent of Kalimdor, when the Sentinels are first formed, and when Malfurion begins to train his first Druids.

The War of the Satyr - 9,300 BDP

The first Satyr are spotted on Kalimdor, leading to an eventual war that not only sees the Satyr become a permanent scourge upon the Night Elves, but also sees the creation and banishment of the first Worgen as well.

The Exile and The Long Vigil - 7,300 BDP

It is in these days that the remaining Highborne are exiled from Kalimdor, beginning their journey to the Eastern Kingdoms. And it is in these days that the Night Elven Druids enter the Emerald Dream and Tyrande Whisperwind leads the Night Elves for the following millennia.

The Sun Rises - 6,800 BDP

The Highborne, now calling themselves the High Elves, begin to settle on the northern shores of the Eastern Kingdoms, founding the kingdom of Quel'Thalas.

The Boom of Shandaral - 6,000 BDP

The Highborne of Shandaral, in their war against the Blue Dragonflight, cause a massive Arcane disaster that causes Moonsong Forest to turn into Crystalsong Forest, transforming the Dryads and Satyr within as well.

The Nightmare Begins - 4,500 BDP

Without permission, Fandral Staghelm plants branches of Nordrassil in the lands of Northrend to stop the saronite from spreading further. The sapling in Grizzly Hills, Andrassil, grows quickly but is corrupted by Yogg-Saron and

felled, its stump renamed to Vordrassil. It is through Andrassil that the first seeds of the Emerald Nightmare are sown.

The Barrows Close - 3,000 BDP
The Barrow Deeps, the sleeping place of the Druids of the Claw, and one of the prisons of the Wardens, is sealed shut for the next 3,000 years.

The Troll Wars - 2,800 BDP
The Human empire of Arathor and the High Elves of Quel'Thalas wage a war with the Amani Troll Empire, leading to the first 100 human mages learning mastery over Arcane magic and the Amani being thoroughly beaten.

The Guardian Arises - 2,610 BDP
The first Guardian of Tirisfal, the Half-Elf Alodi, is empowered by the Council of Tirisfal and entrusted with the duty to protect Azeroth for the next 100 years, before taking on an apprentice and passing the mantle to them.

The Kinslaying of Eldre'thalas - 1,200 BDP
After millennia of living within Eldre'thalas, Prince Tortheldrin and his followers begin to cull most of their Shen'dralar kin to hoard the demon Immo'thar's power for themselves, causing the city to become mostly abandoned and for both nature and fauna to begin invading it.

War of the Shifting Sands - 975 BDP
The Old God C'thun and his Qiraji followers have awoken and begin to attack Kalimdor at large. Led by Fandral Staghelm, the Qiraji are eventually defeated and pushed back to Ahn'Qiraj, but Fandral's son Valstann is slain in the process.

The First War - 0 BDP
The familiar saga begins. The Horde of Draenor has invaded Azeroth and is currently ravaging the lands of Stormwind, eventually leading to the city's sacking and the eventual Second War.

The Second War - 4 ADP
Stormwind has fallen, and the Horde, now under the leadership of Orgrim Doomhammer, is pushing north, leading to the formation of the Alliance of Lordaeron.

The Third War - 20 ADP

16 years after the Old Horde was defeated, the world is cast back into darkness as Lordaeron and much of Quel'Thalas are ravaged by the Scourge, while the Naga begin to move for the first time since the Sundering, and the Kaldorei Druids begin to leave their slumber. In the coming days, many tears will be shed, loved ones will be buried, and legends will be made.

The World of Warcraft - 25 ADP

And here we are, at the final starting point. It is a time of change, the Kaldorei have finally awoken in force, the Quel'dorei still reeling from Arthas' rampage and Kael'thas' departure. In the coming years, the rest of the Elven folk will also begin to surface, and the world will not be the same.

Location

Darnassus

The tree and home of the Night Elves, grown after the end of the Third War. It will suffer from Satyr infestations, Kaldorei politics, and will be burned down by a mad Sylvanas Windrunner during the course of the Fourth War.

Nordrassil

The original World Tree, standing proudly atop Mount Hyjal, is a holy place to many Dragons and Night Elves and houses the new Well of Eternity. It is here that Archimonde will suffer his first defeat at the end of the Third War.

Bel'ameth

The new capital city of the Night Elves after the Burning of Teldrassil, it is based within the World Tree Amirdrassil and is located within the Dragon Isles.

Nazjatar

The capital city of the Naga and the home of Queen Azshara, it is located at the bottom of the sea and is the capital of the Nazjatar Empire. Those who cannot breathe underwater are not advised to start here.

Coilfang Reservoir

The base of operation for Lady Vashj and her Coilfang Naga. It is located in the Zangarmarsh in Outland. Once again, those who cannot breathe underwater are not advised to start here.

Suramar City

The capital city and only home of the Nightborne, Suramar will become enveloped in an Arcane barrier for 10,000 years, before it is lowered during the Third Invasion of the Burning Legion.

Silvermoon City

The capital of Quel'Thalas and the home to both High and Blood Elves, it is a shadow of its former glory, thanks in large part to the Scourge that ravaged through it.

Telogrus Rift

The fragmented remains of a world consumed by the Void, Telogrus serves as the residence of the Void Elves, though the raging Void Storms at the borders may one day consume the remains and the people remaining on them.

Icecrown Citadel

The base of operations of the Lich King, it is here that many of his San'layn and Death Knights gather, awaiting his every command. Suffice to say, it is suicide to start here unless you are a Darkfallen, and even then, survival is not guaranteed.

Black Rook Hold

Once the home and fortress of Lord Kur'talos Ravencrest, the first leader of the Kaldorei Resistance during the War of the Ancients, it has since fallen into a state of disrepair. It is located on the coast of Val'Sharah, and it looms over the small Gilnean village of Bradensbrook. Should you start during the time of the Third Invasion of the Burning Legion, then the confused ghosts of the Blackrooks and Kur'talos himself will wander here and confuse you for a demon in need of slaying.

Nighthaven

Located within the peaceful valley of Moonglade, Nighthaven is the home of the Cenarion Circle and is sacred ground for both Night Elves and Tauren alike. No violence is tolerated within the valley, and all such attempts will be met by force.

Azsuna

Little remains of the previous Night Elven settlements here, either destroyed by the Sundering, claimed by time, or otherwise abandoned entirely. The Court of Farondis, The Wardens, and the Naga are the only Elven presence here.

Shal’Aran

An underground ruin found within the region of Suramar, depending on your time of arrival, it may either be abandoned and terrorized by the ghost of Keeper Selentia, or be inhabited by the Nightfallen Rebellion and refugees from Suramar, while also holding a fully grown Arcan’dor, a mana tree.

Lorlathil

A neutral village found within the forests of Val’Sharah, it is of little historical or tactical importance, beyond it being the birthplace of the Stromrage brothers, Malfurion and Illidan. Other than the Night Elven Druids, it also houses several Dryads and Keepers of the Grove.

Sub-Group

Through the effects of magic, the Elven people have diversified over thousands of years, warping into their own distinct cultures. Tell me, which one are you?

Night Elf

The first of the Elven people, the Night Elves, or Kaldorei, stand as the tallest of the Elven folk, towering over humans. They are most well known for their Druidic talents and their intimate connection with both the Emerald Dream and Elune, the Moon Goddess. Your eyes are usually some shade of blue, while your skin is some shade of purple, pink, or even blue.

Naga

Once, there was a caste of Night Elves called the Highborne, who were the closest to Queen Azshara. Now, they are the Naga, serpentine beings of the

sea. Your upper body is humanoid, while your lower body is likely to end in a tail. Female Naga have more humanoid faces, while Male Naga have more serpentine ones.

Nightborne

You and yours call the city of Suramar home, which became your entire world for 10,000 years when the Sundering came. You are now a Nightborne, your skin and nature warped by the Arcane magics of the Nightwell. Your former brethren call you mana-addicts. Will you prove them wrong?

High/Blood Elf

Not all Highborne supported Azshara; some fought with the Night Elves, and when they were faced with the choice of abandoning Arcane magic entirely, they chose exile instead. The Sunwell has warped your body to be far smaller and sleeker compared to your Night Elf cousins, to the point where you are similar in height to a human. Should you have resisted the call of Fel Magic

and joined the Alliance, then you are a High Elf. Should you have succumbed to the call of the Fel and joined the Horde, you are a Blood Elf.

Void Elf

Once you were a High Elf, but your research and subsequent entrapment in the Void have altered your body and left a permanent connection to it. Expect varied glances and mistrust from both outsiders and your former brethren, for the Void is not something so easily quelled, and its Whispers do ring within your mind, if only as a faint echo.

Darkfallen

A fancy term to describe Elves who have risen anew after death, the Darkfallen are mistrusted at the best of times, most either serving the Lich King or the Forsaken. Be you undead, a Banshee, one of the vampiric

San’layn, a Death Knight, or something else entirely, your lot is the toughest of them all.

Haranir

Paradoxically the oldest and newest of the Elven folk, the Haranir represent the missing link between the Dark Trolls and the Night Elves, though it is only in the recent years of Xal’atath’s return that your kind have resurfaced. More bestial in nature, your kind bear small tusks, various amounts of fur, and some even sprouting quills from their bodies. You are a living relic of an older time.

General Perks

Elven Form

(Free)

Whatever else you choose here, by baseline, you measure your lifespan in centuries and millennia, able to outlive “mortals” unless violence takes you first. Other benefits your new form offers are enhanced hearing, able to hear a twig snapping half a mile away, along with a slight increase in magical aptitude, enough to give even a bluntstone some talent for it.

The Long Eternity

(Free)

To be an Elf is to see kingdoms rise and fall, to see mortals live and die in the blink of an eye. To an Elf, a hundred years is a heartbeat spent frolicking about. Maybe it is nice for a time, but eventually, it all begins to blur and lose meaning. Then it is a good thing you have this, then. You will never grow bored of life, of fulfilling your duty. Your memory is so good that even thousands of years later, you can remember how each brick on a ruin was placed. And though people you cared for may have died ages ago, you know in your heart that as long as you still live, they are not gone. For their memory now lives on with you.

Patience of the Eons

(100 ET)

It can get quite tedious and boring, performing the same task for thousands of years at a time, or standing watch over a set area for just as long. Not so for you, however. Your patience and attention span are limitless, able to stand watch in a spot for hundreds of years at a time, and to look at the world with the same interest as before.

Sculpted By Elune

(100/200 ET)

It is often said that Elves are the most beautiful of races found on Azeroth, and you continue this trend. By all metrics, you are at least a 9/10 to use human terms, turning heads as you pass by and even causing some people to question their sexual orientations. For an additional **100 ET,** you are Azshara’s equal in looks, to the point where people can and will confuse you for a god of beauty. Expect a lot of admiration and envy in your future.

Elven Grace

(100 ET)

It is no boast to say that all Elves make humans look uncoordinated and dwarves fumbling newborns. Not only is your hand-eye coordination far better compared to a human, but your agility has gone through a similar increase,

now able to move like an expert dancer, flying across the battlefield and leaving all observers in awe.

I Remember
(100 ET)
Though physically different, many Elves were actually part of another group before their transformation. You may decide to forfeit your default origin and select one of the other ones presented here instead. Perhaps you are one of the surviving Highborne from Diremaul and are closer to **Nightborne** than to **Night Elves**. You may do this in future worlds as well.

Well Prepared (For Sex)
(200 ET)
You are always prepared to bring pleasure to your partners. Not only are your sexual characteristics far above average, but you all but lack a refractory period, able to go for rounds at a time without even breaking a sweat. And this also ensures that you do not get dehydrated as a result of multiple orgasms in quick succession.

Wisdom of Ages
(200 ET)
It is quite unfortunate that many of your brethren either see a problem and decide to ignore it for too long or jump the shark and cause things to escalate. Not so for you. Once you become aware of a problem, you can quite quickly tell if it is a matter you must intervene in, along with a gut feeling about your decisions. You need to discover your foes on your own, along with their true power, but when it comes time for decision-making, you will not hesitate or doubt.

For the Love of Beauty
(200 ET)
Though there are some Elves who dress in what humans and dwarves consider “proper” armor, most prefer something that shows far more skin than many would prefer. And yet, it is just as good as that which covers you from head to toe. You benefit from full protection from armor, as long as it covers at least your privates and could be at least vaguely recognized as armor. So go forth and charge into a frontline in nothing but bikini armor.

Lingering Love
(200 ET)

It is up for debate if the stereotype of humans and orcs being far better equipped compared to elves is actually true, or merely propaganda. In case it turns out to be true, you *will* want this. Once someone has fallen in love with you, they cannot be compelled or seduced away from you. Oh, certainly, some men may have bigger dicks, or other women may be beautiful, but to your lovers, you are the best there is. Even if you two end up breaking up and they find someone else, they will still have lingering feelings towards you that will take a while to fade away. Long enough for you to come and sweep them off their feet once more.

Familial Connection

(200 ET)

Family is everything, but not all families are equal, unfortunately. With this, you are guaranteed to always belong to a family of influence, be it by birth or by adoption (The latter usually in case of a Drop-In). You may consider families such as Windrunner, Whisperwind, Stormrage, or one of the other families seen among the Elves. And as a final boon, any romantic relationships between family members you are a part of are not seen as weird, strange, or wrong. This also negates any repercussions for children born of incest.

Builder of Wonders

(200 ET)

From Felo'merlon to the ancient elven cities in Suramar, many wonders throughout Azeroth were wrought by elven hands. You are the heir of their legacy, as you are capable of building all sorts of wondrous buildings and magical artifacts seen throughout this world.

Furthermore, your creations are truly timeless and capable of resisting the ceaseless erosion of time.

Hunter of Demons

(400 ET, Discounted for **Night**/**Blood**/**Void Elves**)

Hmm, so another has chosen to follow the path of Illidan, then? Through the means of consuming the blood and heart of a Demon, you have become a Demon Hunter, empowered by the Fel to become something more than a mere Elf. You are able to use Fel to empower your attacks, even transforming into a more demonic form for short periods of time. Were you to incorporate the body parts of demons, both those of the Legion and those of future worlds, then you would gain abilities tied to said demons. And as has been recently discovered, this process may also be used for the Void, with you knowing how to utilize both. Beware, however, losing control will no doubt result in an

explosion of epic proportions and the very likelihood of your own soul detonating as well. You also gain a proficiency for one-handed glaives, able to wield a pair of them, and become an elf-shaped blender.

Stars At Our Back

(400 ET, Discounted for **Nightborne**)

Though the Nighborne are the most prolific users of it, all Elves hold some connection and interest in the night sky, and Astromancy is a field practiced by many, either to predict the future or to even drain power from certain celestial objects or constellations. Like Star Augur Etraeus, you are able to draw power from the stars and, should you have an observatory or a lot of mana, even planets you observe. Observing a Fel-infused planet would allow you to cast Fel-energy, while planets corrupted by the Old Gods would grant you access to Void magic. The same principles apply to any other such celestial objects, naturally. And should they have a symbolic meaning, such as War, Magic, Life, Change, etc. Then you may connect to the concept and increase any of your abilities and/or skills related to that concept, connect to War to become a great strategist, become a master swordsman, or even a god-like trainer, and maybe even two or more at the same time.

The Master of Your Craft

(400 ET)

Most Elves have dedicated themselves to a particular craft for centuries or even millennia at a time. Why would you be any different? Choose a single skill, hobby, combat art, trick, or even manufacturing technique, then add 1000 years' worth of dedicated practice to it. At the start of future jumps, you may either choose to expand this skill by another 1000 years or choose another skill and broaden your horizons further. The skill must be something that you can train and use, so no using magic if you lack the potential for it. You may purchase this multiple times, with the second purchase costing 200 ET, and each purchase after the second will cost 100 ET.

Golden Eyes

(400 ET, Capstone Booster)

In the days of the Kaldorei Empire, Golden Eyes were seen as a sign of future greatness, though in truth it merely signified an innate potential for Druidism. But in your case, the former belief shines true. In body, you are worth fifty Elves of your kind, while in magic, you have the potential of Malfurion, considered to rival Demigods like Cenarius in Druidic arts. Or, if you'd prefer to focus on another field of Magic, you will come to quickly rival the likes of

Queen Azshara herself. For a final boon, not only will your golden eyes carry over to future worlds, but a part of this potential will be inherited by your own children, even those already born. In future worlds, you may change the eye color to one of your choosing.

Night Elf Perks

Discounted for **Night Elves**, with 100 ET Perks being free

Under A Violet Moon

(100 ET)

Of all Elven groups, the Kaldorei are the closest to the goddess Elune, and it is this bond that now empowers you. During nighttime, you receive a boost to your powers based on the moon's phase. A new moon will offer only a slight increase, while a full moon doubles your abilities. More than that, you gain access to the Shadowmeld, which allows you to become invisible during the night for as long as you do not move too quickly or do something to break it, such as attacking another being.

Saber-Teeth

(100 ET)

Night Elves and Nightsabers have held an alliance for thousands of years, and seeing one without the other is extremely rare. You know how to bond and train big cats. That is, cats that can roar. Be it lions, tigers, leopards, Nightsabers, or other big cats, you not only know how to train them, but you also understand them to a degree. Not full-on speech, but a translation of intent between you and them.

Druidic Beginnings

(200 ET)

You've taken the first step on a path walked by many a Kaldorei before you, that of Druidism. Through the manipulation of Nature, you can commune with the natural world, talking to animals, healing and animating plants, and even taking on the form of a mighty beast. Through the use of both Arcane and Nature, you can wield magics related to the moon and the sun. At this level, you would be comparable to a normal Cenarian Circle member, but with training, you could one day come to rival Malfurion himself.

Sentinel Training

(200 ET)

Founded after the War of the Ancients, the Sentinels are the protectors of Night Elven society and act as the primary army in times of conflict. You now bear their training, or are even counted among their numbers. You are a crackshot with a bow, outpacing any human archer by several magnitudes, and you move unhindered in forests and other untamed places.

A Warden's Burden

(400 ET)

The secret police and jailors of the Night Elves, Wardens ensure threats against the Kaldorei are dealt with swiftly, either by killing or containment. Not only are you skilled in the use of umbra crescents, but you also wield enough magical power to teleport short distances on the battlefield and are able to bind your foes in shackles of moonlight. You are also a master tracker, with both the skill and patience to track your quarry for weeks at a time. It is a few things that can truly slip your grasp, usually requiring long-range teleportation.

Elune Adore

(600 ET)

Elune, the Moon Goddess and Patron of the Night Elves. It is her priesthood that guides the Kaldorei forward, and whom you have gained the patronage of as well. You are able to cast Lunar magic, such as Moonfire, Starsurge, and Starfall, with experimentation leading to more varied spells. You are also blessed, or perhaps cursed according to some, with visions of both the past and the future. And finally, you now have a weak bond with Elune herself, sharing feelings and faint images between one another.

[Boosted]: Yet for all of Elune's benevolence, she has a darker aspect about her, one that you now embody. You have become the Night Warrior, charged with some of Elune's own might to wreak vengeance upon her enemies and yours. Even Dragons and Demons should be wary, for you now possess the raw power and skill to slay many of them. Though other Night Warriors have often met their demise when their mortal forms could no longer contain the power of Elune, you are spared this fate and will retain it with no issue. Your bond with Elune has matured, now able to have full-on conversations during clear sky nights. You may have your body show constellations and other features linked to the night sky if you wish.

Archdruid

(600 ET)

Did you perchance study under Cenarius at one point in your life? The horn-nubs growing out of your head reveal your new and mighty affinity for the Druidic arts, able to rouse small parts of the forest to permanent life, bathing battalions in moonfire, and even resurrecting the recently deceased. You count the likes of Broll Bearmantle and Fandral Staghelm, before his fall, that is, as your contemporaries, and reaching Malfurion's level is now a matter of centuries, instead of millennia.

[Boosted]: Or rather, that was the case at one point in time. But now, your horns have fully grown into a mighty crown as the forest around you springs to new life. So great is your power that the more primitive races could mistake you for a god on your own. More than that, however, is your connection to one of three dimensions: The Emerald Dream, The Emerald Nightmare, or the Firelands. The Dream leads you down the path followed by most Druids. The Nightmare leads you to the path of corruption and evil, rivaling Xavius in mere danger alone, and your Druidic forms bear the grey and red of your new patron. And the Firelands leads you down the path of destruction and cleansing flame, your forms now wreathed in fire hot enough to scorch flesh on contact.

Naga Perks

Discounted for **Naga**, with 100 ET Perks being free

Under The Sea

(100 ET)

There's yet to be a Naga that has drowned at sea, and you will not be that unfortunate one. You are an excellent swimmer, not only graceful in water, but also able to breathe while submerged. In speed, you rival a crocodile.

We Are Many

(100 ET)
The Naga rule most of the seas of Azeroth and, in general, have the largest population of any modern Elf group. This can in part be attributed to their ability to lay dozens of eggs per pregnancy. While here, any pregnancy you have, or cause, results in at least a dozen eggs to form within the womb, with each one guaranteed to hatch healthy. In future worlds, you may instead choose to have live births happen, with up to four babies per pregnancy. You may choose the attributes, gender, general looks, and personality of each child.

Breaker of Wills
(200 ET)
It is unknown if the Highborne practiced slavery before their transformation, but the Naga are quite known for it, having enslaved several murlocs, gilbins, sea giants, and many land-dwelling races. You are a masterful slave trainer and breaker, able to whittle down even the most stubborn of individuals into a meek servant eager to please. Those with submissive tendencies will often even break by themselves, even if you never touch them, while the more willful fools are going to require a few days of work before they start to understand their new reality. This also gives you knowledge and experience in being the Dominant in sexual encounters.

Beasts of the Sea
(200 ET)
On the other hand, the Naga also tame/enslave the various sea creatures around them, from the various sharks, wolf eels, crabs, and the agile hippocampus, all the way to the mighty Krakens that dwell in the deep waters. Not only do you know how to tame sea creatures, but you can also encourage certain traits to become dominant in their lineage, such as more submissive and calm behavior, better eyesight, or sharper claws, and so on. Finally, whatever creature you tame, be they from the land or from the sea, has an instinctual understanding of your commands, making it easy for you to simply point a finger and your Kraken will reduce the entire fleet to rubble, while also ensuring the princess it was transporting is brought to you alive.

Whispers In The Tide
(400 ET)
Perhaps you were a mage before your fall? Like the Sea Witches, you wield considerable magical power, able to manipulate water into boiling tendrils, shards of ice stronger than steel, healing the wounds of your allies, and many

other possibilities. You also hold some connection to lightning, able to incite small storms the size of villages and hurling bolts of lightning at your foes like javelins.

Opportunities Aplenty
(600 ET)
It was rather curious how Queen Azshara seemed to stumble into fortune and power through means both honest and, mostly, crooked. When you go out looking for power, be it social, magical, or physical, you always seem to stumble into opportunities that offer you just that. You will need to actively pursue these opportunities, and they will not always grant exactly what you thought you needed, but they will always benefit you regardless.

[Boosted]: And now you do not need to even go looking, as the opportunities have a habit of coming to you instead. While here, every century you will receive an opportunity to boost your power. In future jumps, this occurs once per jump and then every decade afterwards.

Tempest of the Sea
(600 ET)
The fury of the storm now inhabits you. Your form is always charged with a minor electric current, and even if you lacked the ability before, you are now able to fling bolts of lightning strong enough to destroy thick castle walls. More than that, you may create massive storms over the sea and land, raining rain and lightning upon all for weeks at a time.

[Boosted]: Your eyes burn with the Wrath of Azshara. Just as the storm before, you may now incite the very seas themselves, able to create whirlpools large enough to drag fleets of ships underwater, or release tidal waves massive enough to sink islands and permanently alter the landscape of continents.

Nightborne Perks

Discounted for **Nightborne**, with 100 ET Perks being free

Arcane Decadence

(100 ET)

During their 10,000-year seclusion, the Nightborne began to learn how to infuse mana into their foods and drinks, helped by the mana-rich ingredients found in Suramar. You, too, know how to produce manafood and manawine, quickly becoming one of the premier producers if you'd so wish. And naturally, experimenting with other ingredients is not only possible, but highly encouraged. Variety is the spice of life, after all.

Noble Etiquette

(100 ET)

To the Nightborne, it was as if the War of the Ancients never happened, and the Kaldorei Empire still existed, leading to their society continuing as it had for millennia in both decadence and courtly intrigue. You have been trained to look and act the part of a noble, your posture always perfect and face neutral unless you wish to show a specific emotion. You know when a glance or gesture is more than what it superficially appears to be, and were you to ever take part in the dreaded game of thrones, then you would quickly become one of the most formidable players involved.

Arcane Basics

(200 ET)

All Nightborne have some experience in the use of Arcane magic, and you are no different. You know the basics of magic, able to blink very short distances,

cast balls of fire, shards of ice, and blasts of pure mana. Even conjuring food is not out of the question. With this, you are on the level of an apprentice, a long but bright road ahead of you.

Duskwatch

(200 ET)

Police officers and soldiers in equal measure, the Duskwatch keep Suramar safe from threats both internal and external. Through some means or another, you have received the same training, turning you into a deadly swordsman able to wield limited Arcane magic in tandem with your sword. This also grants you the basic knowledge of how to do proper police and detective work, along with the common laws of whatever society you find yourself a part of.

Telemancer

(400 ET)

Though all Mages have some understanding of Portals, it is the Nightborne and their Telemancers who have mastered them, allowing them, and now you, to connect vast distances in mere moments. As you are, you can teleport to anywhere on a medium-sized continent several times in a row without being worn down. Should you have the proper coordinates, you can form permanent portals between locations, allowing widespread movement for your allies.

Leyline Prodigy

(600 ET)

Leylines are spread out across all of Azeroth, with Suramar having a rather large concentration of them, perhaps in large part thanks to the Nightwell. Whatever the case, you have been trained not only in how to locate and scan them, but also in how to utilize them for various uses. Set up wards that passively feed on the ley lines, do the same for various golems and other constructs, or even leech off of their power for yourself. The sky is the limit, especially as you now also bear the knowledge to replicate the various automata and other Arcane inventions found in and around Suramar, from the various golems to the teleportation beacons, and so much more.

[Boosted]: Your eyes shine with inspiration. Not only can you now construct such marvels as the Nightwell, ensuring its destruction will not result in the suffering of your people, but your presence can now, at will, encourage the strengthening and formation of ley lines in whatever location or land you wander in. Not only does this ease the casting of magic, but it can also lead to

the awakening of the talent in many who previously lacked it for one reason or another.

Archmage
(600 ET)
The legacy of the Kaldorei Empire shines bright within you. Whatever mastery of Arcane magic you had has shot up, now on the level where most mages in both Suramar and Dalaran would consider you superior. Be it freezing regiments in ice, burning forests to cinders in hours, or mass-teleportation, none of it is truly out of your grasp now. While there are still those who overpower you, the list is far smaller now than it was before.

[Boosted]: And now you may count Elisande as your contemporary, wielding Arcane power that would make even Medivh pause for a moment. But more than that, is your burgeoning affinity for Chronomancy, which, while currently only allowing you to speed up or slow down time for yourself or one other person, can, with a lot of training, allow you to either split timelines, rewind your personal timeline, freeze entire armies in place or even potentially merging timelines where even Bronze Dragons would stop in shock at your power (and call out "That's CHEATING!" in sheer anger).

High/Blood Elf Perks
Discounted for **High/Blood Elves**, with 100 ET Perks being free

Mana Drain
(100 ET)

All Elves can feed and drain Mana from their surroundings, yet this seems to be the strongest among the children of Quel'thalas. With but a touch, you may begin to drain Mana from a target to refill your own mana reserves and to sustain yourself with it. As you grow stronger in age and power, the speed and amount drained increase, but currently, trying to drain something like a Dragon would take decades and possibly end in you blowing up.

Resist The Hunger

(100 ET)

On the flip side, it is widely agreed that all children of Quel'Thalas are mana addicts, with the destruction of the Sunwell laying this painfully clear, as many either became Wretches or had to resort to far fouler mana sources for nourishment. What you have here is a boost to mental fortitude and bodily reactions, the kind that ensures that you can resist addictions and impulses, making it far less attractive to indulge in them. Yes, going through withdrawals will be painful, but nowhere near as bad as without this.

Farstrider Training

(200 ET)

Defenders of Quel'Thalas, the Farstriders are rarely seen until their arrows have slain whatever dared to invade their fair kingdom. You have, through whatever means, received training as a Farstrider and are an unseen terror to behold. Crackshot with a bow and seemingly able to disappear into foliage, your foes will struggle to find you before they have all been shot dead.

The Reliquary

(200 ET)

Formed by Tae'thelan Bloodwatcher, the Reliquary is an organization focused on collecting and securing both historical knowledge and powerful artifacts. You have spent a considerable amount of time amongst them and have picked up a few useful tricks, mainly how to perform and plan expeditions and excavations, along with a keen sense of what is safe to touch and what is best left alone. You have also gained an extensive memory and a talent for picking up languages, ensuring you will remember the proper historical facts and learn the thousand-year-old dead language in days.

Hunter of the Dead

(400 ET)

The only folk more hateful towards the Undead than the children of Quel'thalas are the Forsaken, and seeing as many of them were the former

while alive, it is a moot point anyway. You are no different; a hatred for Undead burns bright in your chest, so much so that your mere presence weakens them, with some of the weaker ones outright withering away when you approach them. As well, your attacks, be they physical or magical, deal twice the damage to all Undead, be they lowly zombies or even the Lich King himself.

Felfire

(600 ET)

The unfortunate truth was that, after the Sunwell fell, many of the children of the Quel'Dorei began to use and feed on Fel magic, many permanently tainting their eyes a sickly green. You also went down this path, and though it has altered you slightly, the power gained was well worth it. Not only does the Fel sustain you, you also bear enough power to obliterate fortress walls and regiments alike. And were you to summon demons, then only the mightiest of them would refuse your call.

[Boosted]: Your equals are few indeed, with only the likes of Gul'dan counted among them. Forget fortress walls; you could tear down the entire structure with a single spell. And when it comes to demons, even the likes of Kil'jaeden and Archimonde would take note of you, as a threat or a future rival. In fact, if you do not contact them, then expect either of them to try to contact you instead.

Sunlight

(600 ET)

Yet even as the Fel rampaged, a beacon of Light eventually arrived in the form of the Naaru M'uru. Though forcefully extracted, the Blood Elves did indeed master the Light, and now, so have you. You are a considerable Priest, able to heal entire regiments of people, and even mass resurrecting them is not out of the question, though the latter does wind you down and requires a few minutes resting afterwards. Though hurting the living is yet out of the question, you are more than able to reduce all Undead into scorching ash. The Lich King will actively account for your presence in his plans.

[Boosted]: And now, you are no longer a mere priest, but a true Paladin serving under Lady Liadrin, whom you in truth rival in controlling the Light, which now infuses you to the point where you are a proper terror on the battlefield. Such is your mastery of the Light, that you can now pull multiple mass resurrections in a row before being winded and requiring some rest.

Void Elf Perks

Discounted for **Void Elves**, with 100 ET Perks being free

Deaf to Whispers

(100 ET)

All who come into contact with the Void begin to hear its Whispers, which often drive them mad. You are no exception to this, though now you have a resistance to madness in general. You can endure weeks of Whispers and Visions at the hands of the likes of N'Zoth before madness begins to take hold, and if you are rescued before then, you will heal from the mental damage in a few days, as if it were all just a bad dream.

Power from the Void

(100 ET)

Despite the severe drawbacks, there are some perks to wielding the Void, such as the sheer power inherent in it. You may draw on the Void to empower your abilities, mostly for offensive things such as curses or attacks, but you can also use the Void while healing. Currently, the boost is quite minuscule, but with time, training, and experience, you will learn to wield more of the Void.

Portals From The Beyond

(200 ET)

Another rather useful trick shown by Void users is the creation of portals utilizing the Void. You, too, are able to create these portals, though your range currently is only able to cover the distance between Ironforge and Gnomeregan, but with time and training, this will grow, eventually allowing you

to even warp between dimensions. Simply be advised that you need absolute control at all times, otherwise you risk disastrous results.

Lessons of the Harbinger

(200 ET)

Have you perhaps spoken with Xal'atath recently? Like her, you are quite sharp with your tongue and cunning with your mind, always seeming to know how to poke the weak spots of people to get them into doing what you want. Though be aware that this will not help you should an outside variable disrupt your schemes, so always have a backup plan.

The Twisting

(400 ET)

The Void can be used to warp the flesh of others, such as with the humans of Kul Tiras, the Highborne Kaldorei, or the Nerubians of Azj-Kahet. Through means unknown to others, you have discovered a way to induce similar corruption in others. By bathing beings in Void energy, or making them drink enough of your blood, you may cause them to transform into new beings entirely. The time and amount needed will depend on the target's biology, size, and willpower, with a Kobold transforming in minutes, while a Titan would take centuries as you are now. You determine what the end transformation looks like, along with any mental changes.

The Whispering

(600 ET)

One of the most insidious aspects of the Void is its ability to affect the minds and perception of others, driving them mad with Whispers and visions. Your own connection to the Void has granted you access to this foul power. Even the smallest touch of Void opens one to your Whispers, slowly driving them mad or turning them to your side. Strength of will may protect them for a time, but only being purged of the Void's touch can save them, and as your power grows, so does their resistance crumble faster.

[Boosted]: Your eyes do not shine; they almost devour the light around you. Not even being untouched by the Void protects one from your Whispers, and such is the madness they inflict that even the strongest wills cannot endure them for long. More than that, you may now inflict these Whispers and Madness over entire cities, bringing ruin and chaos to all as your reach grows alongside your power. Finally, you may use Void energy to birth or summon

N’raqi and other beings of the Void, their numbers and powers echoing your might.

The Hunger of the Abyss
(600 ET)
The Void seeks to consume all in its wake, and now this Hunger has taken root within you. Whenever you slay a foe, you may consume a fraction of their power and add it to your own. In time, as you consume more and more, you will come to rival the likes of Xal’atath in her prime, one day even rivaling Dimensius. But as you are, this will take decades, centuries even.

[Boosted]: Your eyes shine with a horrific hunger, the kind that spells doom to all but the mightiest. You can devour life, magic, and matter around you, gaining everything that your victims were, if you fully consume them. The mighties of this world are beyond you for now, but not even the Old Gods will be safe from you for long, should you cultivate this dread hunger. As this hunger is but an extension of yourself, it is easy to separate allies from prey.

Darkfallen Perks
Discounted for **Darkfallen**, with 100 ET Perks being free

I’m My Own Master
(100 ET)

One of the many downsides to being Undead is the fact that any competent Necromancer can and will try to control you like a puppet. Thankfully, you have gained a resistance to methods of mind control, the kind that allows a freshly awakened zombie to break free from their bonds and forces even the likes of Kel'thuzad to actively force you into submission. You'd even have a few moments of lucidity under the control of the Lich King, before he forces you back into submission.

Raise The Dead

(100 ET)

That which has died walks once more with your aid. You possess the fundamental basics of Necromancy, able to raise up to thirty mindless corpses, or fifteen sapient undead, at a time. As you delve deeper into this dark magic, you become able to raise more and more undead in your wake.

Blood Of My Blood

(200 ET)

Among the Darkfallen are the San'layn, Vampyr devoted to the cause of the Lich King. Though you may follow your own path, you too have fallen under the Vampyr curse. You now require blood for sustenance, though you may still eat normal food for its own sake. You may take on the form of a bat, sprout a pair of leathery wings from your back, and wield both Shadow and Blood magic. And if you so wish, by draining the blood from a victim and then feeding them some of yours, you may bestow the Vampyr curse upon them as well.

Ranging In Death

(200 ET)

In life, you were most likely a member of the Farstriders and fell alongside Sylvanas against Arthas, before being resurrected. Or perhaps you are an anomaly entirely. Agile on your feet and skilled with a bow, you are a long-range assassin, able to survive for months on end in the wilderness. But more than that, the body you currently inhabit is not your true body, merely the one you possess. Should it ever be destroyed, your spirit will free itself as a Banshee. As a Banshee, your Death magics grow more powerful, your scream can disorient, even kill people, and should you find a corpse to your liking, you may possess it and take it as your own.

The Plague Lord

(400 ET)

Ah, so you crave the foul power of the Plague, perhaps? You are now a member of the Royal Apothecary Society and rival the Grand Apothecary in skill. Not only can you brew poisons and potions among the best of them, but you also know the secrets of creating the massive yet simple-minded Abominations, which you can, with time, improve even further. Worst of all, however, is your knowledge of the creation of the Undead Plague that devastated Lordaeron.

Runic Master

(600 ET)

It is uncertain where exactly the Scourge gained their knowledge of Runes, perhaps from Ner'zhul himself, perhaps it was learned from the Vrykul. Nonetheless, just like the Scourge, you too know of Rune magic and can engrave them on weapons, armor, and even structures for a variety of effects. Not only that, but you are immune to the effects of Saronite and can work the foul metal like iron.

[Boosted]: And now you push your knowledge of Runes even further, able to create magical effects similar to Frostmourne, a Liche's phylactery, or one of the several Necropolises such as Naxxramas. More than that, you may alter the essence of the undead you raise, able to turn them into Death Knights or Liches.

Throne of Domination

(600 ET)

Domination magic, first created by the Primus of Maldraxxus, then weaponized by the Jailer and passed on to the Lich King. It is a powerful magic capable of many magical effects, but in its basic use, it is used to alter and force the minds of others into compliance. Currently in your hands, it allows you to trap others in shackles of pure will, the subjugation of mindless and weaker undead and people, and it even allows you to create portals to locations within your continent.

[Boosted]: And now, you are a terror to behold indeed. You can dominate the minds of other undead as easily as breathing; even the Lich King will struggle to wrestle back the control of his armies. The living fare no better, as you can infuse things with your will, and when worn, the wearer's mind and will are subdued, turning them into your willing puppets. Finally, with the usage of a powerful Foci, you may tear down the Veil between worlds, allowing access to the realm of the dead; in this world, it is the Shadowlands.

Haranir Perks

Discounted for **Haranir**, with 100 ET Perks being free

Unseen, Unknown

(100 ET)

The Haranir rely on secrecy and isolation, preferring to remain distant from the other peoples. You are, on average, far harder to find, leaving behind minimal tracks or traces. More than that, you slip easily from the minds of others, with only the most insistent of pursuers able to track you for longer than a few days.

Quilled Beasts

(100 ET)

Each Haranir has so far exhibited the ability to take on the shape of various creatures, primordial cousins to their modern counterparts, all of whom bear quills along their forms. You are able to take on the form of a massive bat, a long-tailed bear, an agile wolverine, a fast sable, and a massive axolotl. In the future, you may decide if your forms also bear a more "primordial" look, with fur and quills added to said forms.

Sculpting the Branches

(200 ET)

To date, we've yet to see the Haranir use anything made of metal, or even all that much made from bones or hides. That is because they have learned how to grow and treat plant-matter in a similar vein, giant leaves as armor, and

staffs of rock and wood as weapons. You know how to craft things from plants; with this alone, your creations are able to match common steel weapons and will no doubt grow mightier still as you venture forth. You also know how to infuse your creations with magical effects, such as the ones used to remove any traces of magic left behind. If you have the mana required to cast them is of course a different matter entirely.

Whispers of Nature

(200 ET)

From the Haranir, you can see glimpses of the Druidic potential held by their descendants, the Night Elves. Though the latter hold a far broader mastery of Druidic Arts, the Haranir specialize and excel in plants. When it comes to magics that interact with plants, be it controlling, healing, or growing them, you have great potential for said arts. And, were you to invest a part of your magical power, you could infuse specific plants with sentient life, bringing forth creatures similar to the ones roaming Harandar.

The Keeper of the Roots

(400 ET)

The Haranir hold a close bond with plants, tending to the mysterious Great Roots that spread across the caves and earth of Azeroth. You are an excellent botanist, able to identify and take care of all manner of plants, with each unknown one quickly becoming familiar to you in a matter of days. Under your care, even the sapling of a Worldtree would bloom within months of being planted.

The Mirror of the World

(600 ET)

The Haranir are perhaps the closest to Azeroth and her Worldsoul, bar perhaps the Earthen. You are no different, now bearing a link with whatever world you find yourself in. Through this link, you are able to feel the health and balance of the world. Should there be threats or imbalances, you will gain a bad feeling along with the general location of whatever is threatening the world. Upon discovering this threat, you will get several hunches and ideas as to how to deal with them.

[Boosted]: Then again, it would be far easier if the world simply told you, yes? Indeed, your bond has grown to such a degree that the World actively communicates with you, warning you in advance whenever trouble arises. But more than that, whenever you face these threats, you receive a boost to your

body and abilities, proportional to the threat you face. A group of Goblins polluting a lake will offer only a minimal increase, while facing off against the Burning Legion would see you reach the powers of the fabled Night Warriors.

The Missing Link

(600 ET)

The visage of a Haranir often leaves folk confused, for they bear signs of both Elves and Trolls. In truth, they are the missing link between both races. This has, of course, passed on to you, in this case bearing the beauty, grace, and connection to nature held by Night Elves, but also the brutality, regeneration, and sheer grit shown by Trolls. And in future worlds, you may choose two species and act as the true or metaphorical bridge between them, gaining features from both.

[Boosted]: From now on, you always gain the benefits of the myriad of sub-races related to your own group, be they physical, mental or magical. Were you a Forest Troll for example, you would gain the strength of a Dire Troll without worrying about the size. Or, to get back on topic, you would gain traits from each Elven group, at their very peak. This also allows any children you have with different species to be perfect hybrids, who showcase the best qualities of both parents.

Items

To help prepare you further, you receive **300 ET** to use in this section only.

Basic Gear

(Free)

We can't have you run about without at least something on you. What you have here are some sturdy clothes and a set of leather, or equivalent, armor. They are guaranteed to always keep you reasonably warm and will always fit, no matter what form you take. Also included is one weapon of your choice, made from good-quality steel or, once again, an equivalent material.

A Small Hut

(Free)

Somewhere to lie down and rest. Certainly, it isn't the largest of places, but it remains warm, is bound to keep you safe from all manner of weather, and it houses up to four people. It is a good beginning at the very least.

A Mage's Tools

(100 ET)

All spellcasters, not just mages, need a few things to be truly effective. They need a focus of some kind to give their spells an extra boost. They need a grimoire, where they write down different spells. And most importantly, they need patience. While the last one you must seek elsewhere, this does provide you with a grimoire with an infinite amount of pages and an auto-search feature for just the right spell or nugget of wisdom. And the focus may be of any design, be it a staff, a crystal ball, or perhaps a weapon! You must also choose if it gives a significant boost to one school of magic or a smaller general boost to all magics.

Warden Armor

(200 ET)

Bearing the visage of an owl, the Warden armor is crafted from moon silver and is therefore extremely light, yet far more durable than steel. The armor protects you from the harshest of weather, allowing you to traverse days at a time in a freezing tundra with little discomfort. The armor bears a minor enchantment, which muffles your footsteps and clanking, turning you into a silent specter waiting for the moment to strike.

Arcan'dor Seed

(200 ET)

You have something precious here, a seed to an Arcan'dor, a tree that mixes both Nature and Arcane to bring forth a perfectly symmetrical tree that produces mana-rich fruits, each one able to sate an Elf's need for mana for weeks. Normally, an Arcan'dor seed would need constant and careful tending, lest it become unstable and explode, but thankfully, yours is guaranteed to grow without issues even if you didn't tend to it.

Demon Hunter's Warglaives

(200 ET, Free with **Hunter of Demons**)

A pair of warglaives used by demon hunters. It is covered with fel runes that channel fel magic and is particularly deadly when used against demons and their ilk.

Warden's Umbra Crescent

(200 ET, Free with **Warden's Burden**)

An umbra crescent commonly used by the Night Elf Watchers. It is inscribed with mystical Kaldorei runes that allow the tracking of a quarry by showing

both its general direction as well as piercing all attempts of disguise and magical identity concealment when inscribed with the target's name.

Blight Production Facility
(200 ET, Discount for **Darkfallen**)
Were you perhaps hoping to please the Banshee Queen with your efforts? I certainly do not see any other reason for why you'd have the horrid facility built. Indeed, you now have a large facility where you, or anyone you assign within, can brew up the horrid Blight or the Undead Plague, en masse. With a bit of tinkering and experimentation, you could start producing other just as horrid and wondrous products.

Black Blood Extraction Facility
(200 ET, Discount for **Void Elf**)
Dug from deep underground, where the tentacles of the Old Gods burrowed into the crust of Azeroth, this highly mutagenic substance has been revealed to possess many advantageous properties. Through alchemy, the black blood can be used to mutate large quantities of individuals into stronger and faster forms, without risks of instability or madness. Through engineering, it is a powerful fuel and ammo, allowing the creation of weapons able to disintegrate entire beings in one shot.

The Vineyard
(200 ET, Discounted with **Arcane Decadence**)
Were you hoping to ease the lack of manawine in Suramar? Perhaps you need a hobby in your twilight years? In either case, what you have here is a massive vineyard capable of growing all manner of grapes and other fruits. Included also are the necessary equipment needed for brewing and refining manawine and other mana-infused beverages.

Temple of Elune
(200 ET, Discounted with **Elune Adore**)
A temple dedicated to the goddess Elune. It bears a passing resemblance to the one found in Val'Sharah, and could even be a perfect replica should you wish it so. By praying here, you may communicate with Elune directly, and any spells related to the moon or stars will be both more powerful and easier to cast if done so within the confines of this holy place.

The Constant Observatory
(200 ET, Discounted with **Stars At Our Back**)

Modeled after the Eternal Observatory found in Suramar, the Constant is a large building with equipment needed to observe even the most distant of celestial objects. Suffice to say, it boosts any and all Astromancy casts within and in its vicinity.

Mage Tower

(200 ET, Discounted with **Archmage**)

A mage tower of your own design, it contains a library full of all kinds of spells, rituals, and magical knowledge ever developed in the setting, as well as dedicated workshops and laboratories to experiment in.

The place is fully warded against intrusions and scrying. It can be accessed through teleportation circles that you can place inside your properties.

Necropolis

(400 ET, Discount for **Darkfallen**)

Oh my, you have gained a Necropolis much in the same vein and design as Acheron and the infamous Naxxramas. Capable of flying in the air and teleporting across the world, this Necropolis (the name is up to you) is large enough to house and train an army vast enough to conquer a small kingdom. But where it specialises is in recruiting, raising and training both Necromancers and Death Knights, the latter of whom strangely seem to retain some of their biological functions, despite their undead status. The Blight Production Facility can be integrated into the Necropolis.

Dark Heart

(400 ET, Discounted for **Void Elves**)

A dangerous Artifact, the Dark Heart. Created by Neltharion and imbued with the hunger of Galakrond, it is able to consume all magical energy and then convert it into Shadow. Even something like Dimensius, though very diminished and weakened, was devoured by the original. By default, the Dark Heart has enough Shadow stored within to destroy a city the size of Dalaran, with further mana naturally allowing it to perform far more mighty feats. And yes, you can use it as an external power source should you wish it so.

Frostmourne & Helm of Domination

(600 ET, Discounted for **Darkfallen**)

Forged from Runic and Domination magics, this sword and this helm are mighty artefacts of Death. The sword wounds the souls of its victims, carving shards that both fuel and empower itself and its wielder.

Unfed, Frostmourne is already able to cut through non-magical armors and weapons, feeling lighter than any weapon should. As more souls are fed to it, even magical defenses will be cut by the sword, and its wielder will become stronger and faster, gaining ever-growing reserves and skill of Death magic. The Helm is filled with the power of Domination, which allows it to bind the souls of undead to the will of its bearer, thus allowing the bearer to control any and all uncontrolled undead, and even undead under control of others may be wrested to your side should either your will be greater or your magical might superior. And should you potentially be in possession of both, you may utterly suppress the wills of these so-called "masters" to mold their sense of self as if it were clay, such that, except for continent-destroying magical strikes or direct intervention by the Holy Light, it is impossible to free them. The bearer is able to see through the eyes of his thralls and command them telepathically, even when separated across the world. Undead thralls, living allies/minions, lesser artefacts, and spells can be empowered/cursed to bind their victims to the Helm and its bearer.

So, I trust you are prepared, then, yes? After all, I doubt the Lich King much appreciates his prized artifacts being copied after all. By default, taking on the familiar forms of a sword and a helmet, these two artifacts bear the same powers as their original counterparts, able to rend and rip souls apart, control the undead en masse, and bring ruin to all who oppose you.

Dimensional Ship

(600 ET, Discount for **Blood Elves**)

How you came upon this, I cannot say. What you have here is either a Naaru or Legion variant Dimensional Ship, capable of traversing between worlds and dimensions. The Naaru variant is the size of the Exodar, able to transport around a million people at maximum capacity, but lacks much in the way of weaponry. The Legion variant sacrifices a good amount of room for people in favor of enough weaponry to destroy cities in a few shots. Either ship is crewed by default by an all-female crew of either Draenei/Eredar (depending on the model) or by Blood Elves. How they treat you is up to you, but by default, they all regard you rather fondly.

Tidestone of Golganneth

(600 ET, Discount for **Naga**)

An artefact left by the titan Golganneth, it is a large stone able to use Arcane magic to manipulate large quantities of water. With it, a mage would be able to create a water elemental strong enough to sink an archipelago or open the

seas all the way to the sea floor. The arcane energies contained within the stone could also be used to help seal a dimensional breach. Even broken, the stone can keep functioning as long as the shards are reunited. A series of stones floating around a white pearl, the Tidestone of Golganneth is one of the fabled Pillars of Creation and holds power over all water. So great is it that one could reshape the oceans anew or drown a continent beneath the waves.

Naaru

(600 ET, Discounted for **Blood Elves** and **Void Elves**)

The Naaru are beings of pure light, wielding it to protect mortal species all across the Great Dark Beyond. And this one has chosen your people. Stationed in one of your cities' temples, it emits a field of Light, shielding it from Fel and Void creatures and healing the inhabitants. In its presence, Priests and Paladins will naturally develop potent abilities, with the best among them potentially reaching the level of Uther the Lightbringer. This Naaru will be extremely fond of you and regard you as a deeply cherished companion.

But even the brightest lights cast shadows…

Should you be one of the Ren'dorei, the Void Elves, you have found one of the most tragic sights in the Great Dark Beyond. When wounded or drained of their Light, a Naaru starts inverting, Void replacing Light, until a Void God rises, a being able to end worlds. You found this Naaru trapped and alone, on the verge of the final transformation, and stabilized it. It now waits silently for your decision. Will you absorb it yourself to boost your Void powers, or will you offer it to an ally, allowing them to reach power beyond their hopes and dreams, or perhaps just take it with you as an ally and friend (perhaps even more than a friend, or perhaps they're just a slave)?

PS: Neither Void Gods nor Naaru can destroy planets, but they can rampage across one until it is consumed by either the Void or the Light if they are not defeated first.

A Monarchy of Your Own

(600 ET, Discounted with **Golden Eyes**)

Congratulations, Your Highness. You have come into the possession of a city-state like Suramar, and it bears a design of your choice (by default, the architecture is similar to your own sub-group). It houses thousands of people

as it is, with the capacity naturally increasing as you expand further. You may incorporate **Mana Well** into this item, turning your city into an Arcane nexus.

The Land of the Elfin

(600 ET, Discounted with **Golden Eyes**)

A city needs some land to stand on, yes? You have come into possession of some land, large enough to house your city, a World Tree, and some other structures with plenty of room to spare. Be it a vast forest like Val'Sharah, an underwater land like Nazjatar, a floating rock within the Void (guaranteed not to be consumed by it), or something else entirely, yours will be a kingdom to remember for time immemorial.

The Sapling of a World Tree

(600 ET, Discounted for **Night Elves**)

Connected to the Emerald Dream, the World Trees have always held a great importance for Night Elves, serving as both homes and as sources of power, even immortality, as with Nordrassil. You do not have a full-grown tree, but you do have a sapling that is bound to grow into its own within a century if left to its own devices, or even faster should you possess the proper Druidic aptitude. At base level, it can serve as a home for your people and as an entrance for the Emerald Dream. Should you have a **Mana Well,** then it won't be a sapling you receive, but a fully matured World Tree that grants not only immortality but also boosts the power of Nature/Life and Arcane/Order-aligned magic, and it even greatly increases (10x-100x depending on the proximity of the Tree and the Well) the mastery speed of the aligned magics.

You may, with the help of your Worldsoul, grant the ability to grow/birth elves by itself, an elven couple, or a lonesome elven female. The first method is having one or more beings drip their blood on a leaf or a seed of the Tree. A leaf or seed will absorb the blood of the to-be mothers, then the would-be parents will either take it back home to plant and to grow their daughter; The second method is that they could entrust the leaf/seed to the World Tree to grow, upon which will be granted a daughter within 10 months; The third method is that an elf can be granted a seed which they will then insert into their womb, upon which their body will believe the seed to be a fertilized egg, and within 10 months she will have her own daughter in her gentle and loving embrace. This may also produce only men as well, if you prefer, or even a mixture of both genders (Or even some completely new one, should you have encountered examples of such before).

Mana Well / Well of Eternity

(600/1000 ET, Discounted with **Golden Eyes**)

Just like the Sun- and Nightwells, what you have here is another font of Arcane magic. Depending on the magics you wield, the Well can imbue further effects, but at the bare minimum, it can sustain an entire kingdom of Elves mana-wise, along with granting increased lifespan (depending on one's proximity to the Well). Should you so wish, it can begin to change you and the people around it into a species that, on some level, reflects the Well's nature.

However, for an additional 400 ET, you may instead receive something far more powerful: A perfect replica of the original Well of Eternity, a source of infinite mana, and a game-changer for anyone who possesses it. Bearing all the benefits of a standard Mana Well, it also allows you to communicate with the Worldsoul of Azeroth, as well as that of other Worlds in future Jumps, with a Worldsoul forming should the world lack one already. All Worldsouls will quickly become infatuated with you and will use some of the Well's mana to form a physical body designed to be as pleasing to you as possible. Said body is extremely fertile, and any children born will hold magical potential far greater than that of other mortals. With this, you gain the backing and love of a God in all but name.

Should you wish to grant other Worlds (and/or Stars) their own Soul, you may use the Well Water with the help of your Worldsoul to grant them their own Worldsoul / Starsoul. These Souls will be born infatuated with you due to the influence of their Mother Soul.

Those born and in the sphere of influence of any of these Souls seem to put elves higher on their list of priorities than they should. Such as seeing a lost elf child, they would protect and guide them back, even at the potential cost of their life; to asking an elf in seemingly distress if they're in need of help, even if said elf was actually just thinking of what to do on a weekend. Mere mundane animals will even bring a lost elf to their home and even food; they might even sacrifice themselves if truly needed. Ah, Elves are indeed Loved by Nature. However, on another note… On another note, it seems that those born in the sphere of influence of these Souls seem to be only female? …Let's just hope that their species doesn't go extinct…

Companions

Import Companion

(50 ET)
Each purchase allows you to import a companion. They get 600 ET to use for perks and items.

Canon Meet-Up
(Free)
Purchasing this guarantees you will meet up with one canon character on good terms. If you can convince them to join up, you can take them with you as a companion.

Animal Companion
(100 ET, One Free w/**Saber-Teeth**, **Beasts of the Sea**, **Whispers of Nature**)
Azeroth is host to many a wondrous creature; it would be a shame if you could not take at least one with you. Smarter than average, your beast companion is fully loyal and trained, ready to tear the throats of your foes and offering warm cuddles by a fire.

Eelatra and Yrlani, The Exodite and The Iybraesili
(100 ET)
Saying this strange pair is confused and lost is an understatement. Supposedly hailing from far beyond Azeroth, yet completely unaware of the Cosmic Forces or the Burning Legion, these two “Eldar” are rather strange in their ways. Eelatra, hailing from the Maiden World of Agathun, has adapted to her new situation extremely quickly, enjoying the new sights and experiences alongside her loyal Carnosaur mount, Chorzia. Yrlani, despite her aloof countenance, still struggles with her new reality, often flinching whenever spells are cast as if expecting them to go haywire and any attempts to compare her Psyker abilities to magic always lead to her calling you a fool, then her going on tangents about how her psychic abilities are obviously far more advanced and useful than the barbaric and primitive “magics” wielded by the people of Azeroth.

Nethri Starchaser, The Confusing Herald

(100 ET)

When you first met Nethri, you thought her to be rather beautiful, if slightly skinny. After a rather scandalous accident involving the both of you, a flock of Dragonhawks, and a court full of partying nobles, you stumbled upon Nethri in the showers, and HIS squawk of alarm made you even more confused at the very feminine man. Preferring to dress in feminine clothing, Nethri's beauty leaves many a courtesan a grumbling second. The way he wiggles under your gaze, the longing sighs, and masterfully knitted clothes are signs that this very, VERY, confusing man might indeed still long for someone like you.

Mirea "Miri" Manabanks, The Slutty Support

(100 ET)

Minerva had become obsessed with Azeroth since her boyfriend left her. So, when offered the chance to actually go there, she leapt at the chance. Now calling herself Mirea, bearing the body of an extremely busty Blood Elf and armed with the Sex System, she has taken it upon herself to aid whatever group she finds, but to also lay with just about anyone of legal age, gender, or relationships be damned. Each time she has sex, she can improve one of her attributes, with her specializing in both healing and buffing her allies. Through means unknown to all but you two, Mirea has joined you as a permanent companion, her spells already strong enough to grow back limbs in hours and dispelling curses with the best of them. Her cries of lust as you rail her improve the morale of your forces at the sounds of your superior virility, while your foes become distracted, aroused, and ashamed. Because of your

superior skills and ever-changing form, Mirea feels she has found her true “Hubby”, with her fantasizing about presenting you to her ex, with you showcasing how much better you are compared to him.

Lightbloom, The Ancient

(100 ET)

The Ancients are considered one of the oldest beings on Azeroth, having been old when the Trolls were young. Lightbloom is no different, having witnessed many of the events on Azeroth, be it personally or by communing with Nature. Despite her form being covered in scars, she yet retains her kind and motherly demeanor, with her treating you like a favored grandchild. Though by default an Ancient of Lore, you may decide to have her be of a different kind of Ancient instead.

Tharela, The Bloody Dryad

(100 ET)

When one thinks of a Dryad, a heavily scarred and muscular amazon is not the first thing that comes to mind. And yet, Tharela is a veteran of countless battles and rivals Remulos in size. She has little patience for small talk or frolicking in the woods, not while the enemies of Nature still roam free on Azeroth. Depending on your alignment, her definition of what constitutes Nature will change, but whatever the case may be, she trusts you like a comrade of a thousand battles and will always have your back, just as she knows you’ll have hers.

Dustmane, The Herald of the Wilds

(100 ET)

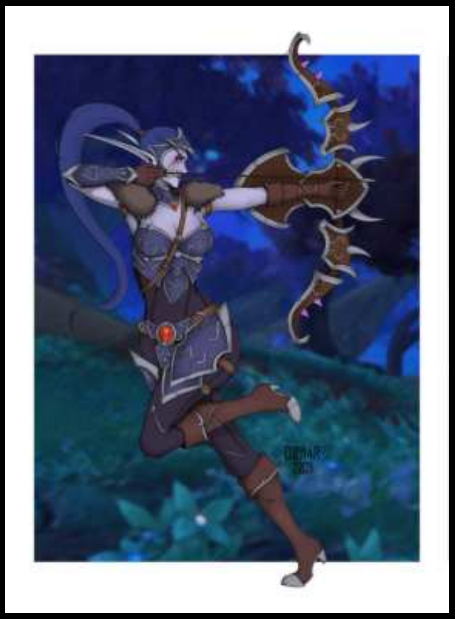
A venerable thing, Dustmane has seen many seasons come and go, the Wildkin quietly observing each passing day with patience that makes even the Titan-Forged look restless. Though the tongues of mortals escape her, she is more than able to communicate through gestures and calls. Be it the mandate of Elune, genuine friendship, or something else entirely, Dustmane has attached herself to you as an advisor. And, should you require some violence, may I remind you that the Wildkin are on average the size of a bear with matching claws and the horns of an elk?

Tyrande Whisperwind, The High Priestess of Elune
(100 ET, Free for **Night Elves**/with **Elune Adore**)
Malfurion's passing was sudden and unexpected. Though some suspect Fandral Staghelm to be the culprit, no one has been able to prove anything. Nonetheless, the news left Tyrande heartbroken and despondent. She secluded herself within the Temple of Elune for a year to mourn, with Shandris stepping up as the leader of the Sentinels. Only recently has she begun to make regular appearances in public again. It was during one of these appearances that you two met, and she became very attached. She finds your presence soothing and reassuring, often ensuring you two can simply talk in peace for hours at a time, and she has even begun to smile again, even if they are small and tender things only meant for your eyes. Whenever you are deployed on missions or go adventuring on your own, she gets extremely worried and will more often than not insist on accompanying you, her fear of losing another important part of her life too much to bear. Your first time together will be in a secret glade, with only the moonlight as a witness. It is going to be slow. It is going to be tender. Neither of you tiring until the last ray of moonlight. And within a few months, Tyrande will discover she received Elune's greatest gift.

Shandris Feathermoon, The Sentinel-General

(100 ET, Free for **Night Elves**)

You aren't sure what manner of madness convinced you to peep on the bathing Sentinels, but you did not expect it to end in a massive orgy with about half of the garrison and then being declared the official stress-reliever of the Sentinels. Shandris herself keeps tabs on you whenever possible and regularly sends invites for "private meetings", which are just code for "You are going to fuck my best Sentinels as I watch, then you're going to leave me bowlegged and cross-eyed". Apparently, a lot of the Sentinels have divorced their previous partners, and their exes can't even be mad about it.



Maiev Shadowsong, The Ceaseless Warden

(100 ET, Free for **Night Elves**/with **A Warden's Burden**)

Waking up chained in a cell and being interrogated by a scowling Night Elf was not the most pleasant of experiences, though the sight of her fuck drunk after escaping made it very worth it. Then, about a week later, she captured you again and rode you until it was you who blacked out. Then you escaped again and left her mind broken, again. And from there, it became a routine of sorts for her to capture you and then you two fucking like rabbits. Busy people though you are, your rendezvous happens infrequently, but at least once a month. And sometimes Maiev sends one of her Watchers to make sure you haven't lost your touch. Though you are not quite sure if their armor was always that skimpy, or if they've been making some modifications lately.

Leyara and Istaria, the Staghelm Ladies
(100 ET, Free for **Night Elves**)
Leyara lost her husband during the War of the Shifting Sands. She almost lost her daughter, Istaria, to the Horde, had you not intervened. Convinced you are the only way to ensure both of them survive, she has attached herself to your forces and will be quite eager to slaughter your foes, especially if they are of the Horde. Recently, she has begun to experiment with the Element of Fire, seeking a new weapon to bolster your forces with. Istaria is of a more gentle composition, merely happy to have some extra security for both herself and her mother, whose obsession she is rather worried about. Yet, if the subtle glances she gives your way during training, she seems to have an inkling as to what may have captivated her mother.

Azshara, The Tide-Queen
(100 ET, Free for **Naga**)

Fortune smiled upon you one day, when you stumbled upon the fabled Queen Azshara, weakened and vulnerable. Without hesitation, you took her then and there, raping her for hours despite her moaning protests. Afterwards, her mind deluded herself into thinking all of this was her original intent, to find a proper suitor for herself. Whenever you see her again, she acts as if nothing happened, as if she were still the mighty and untouchable queen speaking to a peasant she had picked for her own amusement. But when you approach her, you see the hesitation and tremors, until you touch her and she just stops. Whatever degrading act you do, whatever order you give, she deludes herself into thinking it was her idea originally and goes along with it. In her mind, she couldn't have been raped, bred, and dominated by another being, so this is obviously all part of her master plan.

Vashj, The Cat-Eyed Darling

(100 ET, Free for **Naga**)

No doubt you have heard of Lady Vashj, the former handmaiden of Queen Azshara, the ally of Illidan Stormrage, and the future Baroness for the House of Eyes. This… is not her. This is a young child, by both Elven and Human standards, whose eyes glimmer with a suffocating amount of love and devotion. Depending on your choices, she is either your biological daughter or an orphan you adopted through some means. You are her everything, an example she strives to emulate to the best of her abilities, while also trying to make you proud at each possible opportunity. Yet beneath this devotion lies a burning jealousy and possessiveness that sees many women in your life either suffering various accidents, or for her to monopolize your time as much as possible. With time, stern words, and perhaps a few spankings, she could be persuaded to loosen her stance. Whatever you choose to do, just be aware she will always love her Papa the most in the entire world.

Thalyssra, The First Enchanter
(100 ET, Free for **Nightborne**)
You found her wandering the wilds of Suramar, delirious and near Withering. You took her in and tried to nurse her to health. Then, in a hungry frenzy, she kissed you. And it was then that she discovered your bodily fluids, especially your cum, contained far more mana than any crystal could offer her. And quickly she came to the realization that she no longer craved mana, but your cum. Desperate to master her addiction, she tries to wean herself off from it, but eventually, be it days or even weeks, she always comes crawling back for more, and the cycle begins anew.

Valtrois and Stellagosa, The Arcane Duo

(100 ET, Free for **Nightborne**)

You've known Valtrois since you were children, closer to siblings than friends. So it didn't take long for you to realize she and Stellagosa had feelings for one another. Feelings that, much to your own frustration, the two refused to acknowledge or admit. So you came up with a plan: Lock them in a room and force them to confess. The problem came when you accidentally locked yourself in with them. Several further revelations occurred, such as both of them also having feelings toward YOU and… Well, when you three finally got out, you became far closer than you ever were before.

Elisande, The Grand Magistrix

(100 ET, Free for **Nightborne**)

She tried to defeat you, over and over again. Each time, though, you struck her down and forced her to rewind time. Then, she offered her body. And you took the offer gladly. However, as she tried to escape by teleportation, a sudden orgasm ruined her casting and struck her in a timeloop of endless sex for weeks, before the spell finally came to an end and she was taken away. She has arrived in the past, landing… directly at the feet of your present self. The sight of you staring down at her shattered whatever resistance she had, and before you could blink, she was already kissing your cock in fealty and begging you to take her as a broodmare.

Mavrana Mooncrest, The Once And Future Queen

(100 ET, Free for **Nightborne**)

Before Elisande ruled Suramar, there was Mavrana Mooncrest. Considered one of the fairest of the Night Elven rulers, she was well-liked by her people, but in secret, much of the nobility loathed her and coveted the crown she wore, the jewels embedded in it containing a sizable amount of Arcane power. She disappeared before the War of the Ancients, and her crown was stolen by some of these nobles. And now, thanks to you, here she stands. Just as beautiful as ever, she is not too pleased to see the state her people have fallen into and seeks to fix things up. It is up to you, her newest advisor, to decide if she merely retakes the throne of Suramar, or if she will bring about a resurgence for the Kaldorei Empire, perhaps with you as the king-consort?

Margaux, The Vintner Dame
(100 ET, Free for **Nightborne**)
In normal circumstances, the vintner known as Margaux would have met a brutal end due to Elisande's increasing crackdown on dissidents. In this stream, however, you have managed to save not only the life, but also the reputation of this rather kind-hearted woman, and have been rewarded rather handsomely for it. Peppering your face full of kisses (the lipstick took several washes to come off), Margaux has sworn herself to you as your private vintner, creating ever more luxurious and borderline magical brews, with each batch having different effects depending on your tastes.

Alleria Windrunner, The Voidchaser

(100 ET, Free for **High Elves** and **Void Elves**)
You and Arator were friends for some time when he began to tell you tales of his parents. It was around that time that the dreams about his mother began, which you chalked up to a small crush and hero worship. Then you began to study the Void, and after realising how many tentacles it often involves, the dreams became far more vivid and erotic. When you finally did meet her, she gave you a smoldering kiss as her eyes burned with lust. Those dreams hadn't been dreams but a nascent connection between you and her, meaning she had felt everything you had dreamed of, and that had molded and conditioned her into a devoted and very needy sex slave for you. Unfortunately, as a result of these "tormented" nights, she was too slow, and Turalyon paid the price. Something she desperately tries to hide from you and Arathor, burying the guilt in mindless lust. Arator is mostly fine with this, although he warned you that calling him son would earn a holy smite to the face.

Vereesa Windrunner, The Ranger-General
(100 ET, Free for **High Elves**)
You grew up with Vereesa as a close friend of hers. You were the best man for her wedding with Rhonin, and as the Scourge ravaged Dalaran, you carried her pregnant body and young Arathor to safety, hunted by Sylvanas' enslaved wraith. It was you who looked after Arator and her sons when she and Rhonin were busy with Dalaran politics, and you were there for her when Rhonin passed away, and she plunged herself into the war to numb and forget the pain. And then, when she returned after the defeat of Garrosh and saw you there, still a sturdy pillar for her family, her heart began to beat a bit faster. When the children were all asleep, she came to your room and silently climbed into your bed, kissing you as she undressed. The twins and Arathor were quite smug the following morning.

Liadrin, The Fireglaive
(100 ET, Free for **Blood Elves**)
You first met Liadrin during the Fall, stumbling upon her and Vandellor, saving the latter's life. Then you three, along with many survivors, fought your way out of the city and into a safe haven deeper in the woods. You two have been inseparable since, a dangerous team of Scourge hunters, with Liadrin wielding a glaive bathed in Light and Fire, bringing ruin to all Undead and Trolls who dare threaten her loved ones. And, after a rather heated kiss, a fierce battle, and passionate sex, you two told Vandellor together that you were going to tie the knot within the next few months. Apparently, the Light had pulled a fast one, and now Liadrin carries your child. Suffice to say, Vandellor was happy and slightly exasperated.

Valeera Sanguinar, The Lady in Scarlet

(100 ET, Free for **Blood Elves**)

As it turns out, slavery is not that uncommon on Azeroth. One needs to only dig deep enough, and the rot reveals itself. Whatever you did to earn this young Blood Elf's contract, it has certainly left an impression on her psyche. Like a Koala to a tree, she has latched onto you as a lifeline, convinced you are one of the few actually worth trusting and caring for. She offers her talent with blades, her yet budding beauty (sure to turn heads in the coming decades), and her affinity for poisons, for your indiscriminate usage. Give the word, and she'd assassinate all of the Alliance and the Horde, just to please you.

Verana, The Voidstar

(100 ET, Free for **Void Elves**)

One of the childhood friends of Alleria Windrunner, Verana was among those who were trapped alongside Magister Umbric within the Void and was subsequently transformed into a Void Elf. Rather fanatical in her belief for Alleria, Verana is among the best fighters found from the children of Quel'Thalas and will fight to the bitter end for both her allies and for her people. By whatever means, you have gained her loyalty and can expect her to go through hell or high water with you. Were you to be jailed within the Maw, Verana would be among the first to stage a rescue mission. Though if you do not particularly care for Alleria and her actions, then you can expect some friction and arguments between you and Verana.

Xal’atath, The Harbinger

(100 ET, Free for **Void Elves**/with the **Dark Heart**)

Spending aeons as an entity of pure Void, Xal’atath only saw lust as another weakness of mortals. A weakness that she used to make you give her a body. She decided to reward you, if only to be able to gloat about how Azeroth’s fate was sold for sex. She left barely able to walk, unable to sit, and with a deep ache that no toy nor lesser mortal could fill. She refuses to submit yet, but whenever you lie with a woman, you can feel Xal’atath looking through their eyes, feeling through their body. She still flees your approach, throwing whatever woman is at hand to distract you, as Ansurek experienced. But each time she lets you get closer.

Lyandra Sunstrider, The Lady of the Unresting

(100 ET, Free for **Darkfallen**)

A need to prove herself worthy saw Lyandra storm into Icecrown in search of Felo’melorn. Though she did claim the sword, it ultimately led to her death and

resurrection. But, for whatever reason, she has now found herself under your command. Somewhat disgruntled with this new development, she still insists upon proper decorum and doing her damned best at whatever task you set her upon. Should you be of a noble status, perhaps even having known her in life, expect her to treat you with actual respect and perhaps even joy. Otherwise, you will have your work cut out for you.

Delaryn Summermoon, The Deathguard
(100 ET, Free for **Night Elves** and **Darkfallen**)
She died there, on Darkshore. A young elf, abandoned by Elune and the Alliance. But when the Val'kyr breathed unlife into her cooling body, it was you whom she first saw, and she hasn't let go ever since. Though muted, her emotions remain, with her anger and love the most pronounced of them. The former is aimed at her former allies, while the latter is directed solely at you. With a word, she will kill anyone you desire, and should it please you, she will even offer her body to you with glee. Curiously, despite being undead, her body can still support and nurture life.

Sylvanas Windrunner, The Banshee Queen

(100 ET, Free for **Darkfallen**)

Your master wasn't pleased after you slew Sylvanas before him, but your request to resurrect her as close to a living being as possible so you could use her as a sex slave did amuse him enough that he not only spared you but also granted your request, too. You used her with relish for the remainder of the Third War, though when your master was defeated, you fled with him to Northrend. She faced you in the Halls of Reflection, and you defeated her soundly. While her allies fought across Ice Crown, you were making sure her body remembered who truly owned it, only ceasing once you felt your master fall and that damned Blightcaller coming to rescue his precious Dark Lady. Again, you tracked her down near Andorhal and fucked her for a while before fleeing when Blightcaller came to her rescue once again. The same happened in Stormheim when she wandered off on her own in search of Helya. And then, when she finally abandoned the Horde and came to Icecrown to break the barrier, you were there… waiting. In your hands was the decapitated head of Nathanos, showing that this time, there would be no hero coming to save her. And so, her bow clattered uselessly to the floor, she got to her knees, took out your cock, and called you master. And you smiled, for your precious pet was right back where she belonged, and this time neither of her sisters would come for her.

Lana'thel and Thal'ena, The Bloody Royals

(100 ET, Free for **Darkfallen**)

You actually knew Lana'thel, and the two of you were on decent terms before your death and re-awakening. It was by your request that she and her daughter Thal'ena were made into San'layn, with the express purpose of serving under you. While your liege meant that as you being their commander, the compulsion placed on their minds meant that you could regularly have

your way with them, and they could not and would not refuse. Lana'thel actually proves her worth with her tactical thinking and Blood Magic, ensuring you actually utilize her as something other than a mere sex slave. Her daughter Thal'ena, however, is all but useless as anything BUT a sex slave. Not that either of you minds, as you receive sexual relief and she receives a daddy that pampers her just as much as he spanks her. No doubt, once you find a way to get undead pregnant, both of them will bear your children in no time flat.

Orweyna, The Keeper of Roots

(100 ET, Free for **Haranir**)

The Haranir follow their traditions rigidly, wishing to remain far away from outsiders. Orweyna, however, feels the sort of curiosity one does not simply suffocate. And so she has latched herself to you, wishing to learn more of Azeroth and, naturally, of you. Though not the most talkative sort, Orweyna is rather friendly and bears magical knowledge that borders between Druidic and Shamanistic. What you end up showing her is up to you, as it is whether you will aid her in protecting the Great Roots when the time comes.

Scenarios

The Sundering

It is the dream of many Highborne to one day serve in Queen Azshara's court. And now, you have reached that dream and ascended as one of her advisors. Though far from the merciful queen she portrays to the public, she values your advice and will listen to whatever you have to say, even if she rarely actually follows your advice.

One night, Azshara calls for you to a private audience where she informs you of a startling discovery: Apparently, Xavius, your fellow advisor and bitter rival, has come into contact with Sargeras and his Burning Legion, who now offer power unimaginable for Azshara's help.

From the look on her face, you can tell she is tempted, but as is usual, she desires to hear your thoughts on the matter. And it is here… that you decide upon the fate of the world.

Path 1: A Bargain Made

Though the thought of agreeing with Xavius on anything disgusts you to your very core, you cannot deny that, in this case, his advice is sound, and she should take the offer.

So it is that a bargain is struck and the Well of Eternity is converted into a portal for the Legion to come through.

Of course, this has naturally caused resistance to form. From the Night Elves, the Kaldorei Resistance has formed. Led by Kur'thalos Ravencrest, the Resistance quickly becomes a massive thorn in your side.

Though slaying Ravencrest will deal a massive blow to the Resistance, you will also have to deal with Malfurion Stormrage and Tyrande Whisperwind, who will quickly take up leadership after the passing of Kur'thalos.

While Malfurion is of no consequence, your queen demands you bring Tyrande to her alive, so she may deal with the traitor personally.

Once the Resistance has been laid low, you must defeat the Aspects, including the Dragon Soul-boosted Deathwing, who has made his betrayal clear to all.

Another obstacle you must deal with is the myriad of lesser mortal races that are spread across Azeroth. From the Trolls, to the Tauren, the Mogu, the Furbolg, and so on. Bring all to ruin, wipe them all out.

And finally, your last obstacle is the myriad of Titan facilities spread across Azeroth. These are not the broken-down and neglected husks seen in later days. These are the facilities in their prime, with armies of stone and metal marching alongside the Watchers to face you and yours. Of all the foes, it will be them that give you the most challenge.

Yet, when the last enemy lies dead, and all of Azeroth belongs to the Kaldorei and the Burning Legion, you receive the following:

[Ascension]
In not only conquering all of Azeroth, but establishing firm dominance over all of Elfkind, empowered by both the Fel magics of your Legion allies and the Arcane power of the Well of Eternity, you have ascended as a Demon Lord on par with Archimonde and Kil'jaeden. Bearing power unmatched by most mortals, just shy of a Titan Watcher and possessing the immortal soul of a demon, your rule over this world and future worlds is all but assured.

[Scepter of Sargeras]
Originally, this scepter was designed for Xavius, but as you have overshadowed him entirely, Sargeras has gifted it to you instead. While it boosts Fel and other Chaotic magics, its true power lies in its ability to scry

and create portals to other dimensions. It has become a symbol of office, a sign of your divinity, and the mark of your right to rule and conquer over all.

[The Burning Empire]

Azeroth has paradoxically been both scarred and improved by your victory. The lands not belonging to the Kaldorei Empire are in a heavily scarred and ruined state, covered in charnel pits where the rebels and lesser races made their last stands. But the lands within? They are a new Argus, the creations of Arcane and Life twisted by the Fel into horrors. The last remaining forests and jungles of Azeroth have turned into nightmarish realms of Darwinian evolution. The remaining Highborne cities have become black cathedrals of black stones and viridian glass. Zin-Azshari has grown into a citadel equaling Antorus, surrounded by shipyards and factories where the Legion's warmachines are built. The Quel'dorei have risen into the Fel'dorei, a new demonic species that is quickly rising through the ranks of the Legion, ready to oust the Eredars from their thrones.

[Azshara, The Fel-Priestess of Jumper]

Azshara had a few minutes to feel indignation at the fact that you had reaped most of the rewards when it had been her to whom had been promised power. But after witnessing the Dark Titan, she has finally learnt her place and submitted. Now she spreads your teachings and governs your temples with a fervor previously unseen. She still sees all non-Elves as lesser, but now she believes they may earn their place by submitting to you in full. She institutes regular orgies in your temples, where all who are fertile may enter and receive the chance to be blessed by your seed with children.

[The Servants of Jumper: Tyrande, Maiev, Elisande, and Thalyssra]

They all tried to defy you before your ascension, and you made your displeasure known. You shattered Tyrande's mind by constantly fucking while bombarding her mind with commands to submit, until all you had left was a mewling kitten begging for your babies and put to work as a maid in nothing but an apron. Maiev was angry, her heart full of rage. It was her body that you broke first, by making it so all pain is pleasure to her. By the time you were done, Maiev acted reluctant as she served, knowing full well a single slap would give her a mind-breaking orgasm. Elisande sought to hide Suramar away from you, and for that, you drained her ability to wield magic and carved several Arcane and Fel runes upon her body, the kind that would allow you to punish or reward your new dancer, clad in little more than jewelry. Finally, it was Thalyssra. Though she tried to resist in the beginning, it soon became

clear her tiny insurrection could not defeat you, and so, humiliated though she may have felt, she surrendered to you, naked and prostrated before you. For her foresight, you elevated her into one of your commanders, right after ensuring her womb was properly filled, of course. She leads your armies with quiet fervor, desiring to show that sparing her was not a mistake.

[Alexstraza and Ysera, The Broodwyrms of Zin-Azshari]

The Dragons suffered for their defiance, with most of their flights reduced to just a few fertile females and made to mate with your loyal followers, or with you, should you desire it so. But you've kept two of them just for yourself, the remaining two aspects, Alexstraza and Ysera. Alexstraza is by far the more fertile of the two, her clutches reaching about a hundred per pregnancy, and her protecting her children with zeal, for her mind has come to see you as her one true god, and each child is one of your many gifts to her. Ysera remains mostly asleep, occasionally giving birth to a clutch of twenty. Yet as she slumbers, she scans the minds of your people and opponents, influencing their dreams and manipulating them to your desires. More than once, she has drawn you to the Emerald Dream to help her break in an unruly woman who thinks that she would be the one to stop your plans and could defy your rule.

[Sargeras, Burning Avatar of the End]

Amused at your selfishness, your base desires, and your arrogance in desiring the World-Soul as a mere sex slave, Sargeras decided to reward you with a bonus, an avatar of himself, modified to your tastes. This burning giantess, holding a shard of a Titan's true power, is still mighty enough to fight several draconic aspects at once. Engraved in her mind is the directive to follow you into the multiverse and spread the will of the Legion, until all is ashes. To ensure your participation in this, she is fully willing to offer her body, the memories of her original self's lust for Azeroth awakening a dark hunger in her. Should you not find a way to keep her busy by fulfilling her new sex drive, countless versions of the Burning Legions will appear across the Multiverse, until all is burning.

<u>Path 2: True to Elune</u>

Now you can certainly say that Xavius is up to no good and probably a complete traitor. You urge her to either have him detained or executed on the spot for treachery.

Unfortunately, Xavius, the snake that he is, manages to escape from the capital, and your problems only begin from there. Apparently, Xavius had schemed for a long time, causing instabilities in case his offer was declined.

Within weeks, there will be reports of the Sisterhood of Elune rebelling, claiming the Highborne have raped, enslaved, and slaughtered Night Elves at every chance.

Then begin the reports of the myriad of lesser races attacking the Empire from all sides, stretching resources and wiping out villages with impunity. At the same time, a Fel-infused plague wreaks havoc among the populace, and the only ones who can actually treat and cure it are the Sisterhood, who are either too busy rebelling or are being targeted whenever they make an appearance.

And a final threat reveals itself when several nobles in court start to wonder if Azshara should have accepted Xavius' deal instead. Not only does Xavius have sympathisers within the nobility, but several cults have also sprung up.

Though varied and spread out, the cults can be categorized into three groups:

The Kingmakers, who desire not only to dispose of you but to also depose Azshara and to install a ruler of their choosing on the throne instead. They regularly disrupt communications, attempt to assassinate either you, Azshara, or your loyalists.

The Supremacists, who view all non-Highborne, including your fellow elves, as being barely above livestock to be treated as they please. As long as they remain, it is very unlikely the Sisterhood will cease its rebellion.

Finally are the Infernals, Xavius's closest followers and the ones intimately tied with the Legion. They will kidnap people on the regular to use as sacrifices, and they will not mind unleashing hordes of Demons in populated areas for maximum havoc.

But all of this… is not the main threat, not even close. The ones mentioned before are first and foremost meant to keep you distracted and stretched thin, for the true threats lie further outside the Empire.

The Troll empires, at least the Gurubashi, Amani, and Drakkari ones, begin to assault your borders, while the Zandalari enter a brutal civil war. The Trolls

have agreed to a bargain with the Legion. They will assist in wiping out the Kaldorei Empire and sacrifice their Loa to create Dark Portals that would allow the Legion entry to Azeroth on mass. In exchange, they are promised power unseen and the chance to bring their waning empires to heights unseen since the Empire of Zul. While the other tribes agreed almost unanimously, the Zandalari have been split, with one side wishing to accept, while another side refuses to sacrifice their Loa for something like this.

A similar thing is happening in Pandaria, where the Mogu have thrown their lot in with the Legion and plan to not only sacrifice the August Celestials to create a Dark Portal of their own, but they also seek to corrupt the High Keeper, Ra-den, into a servant of the Legion.

Should they succeed in these rituals, and the Legion leaning side among the Zandalari is victorious, then the Legion would have five massive entry ways to send countless armies to overtake Azeroth.

Suffice to say, it is in your best interests to ensure most of these rituals cannot be performed, as it would all but guarantee the Legion's victory.

So, you have your work cut out for you. Enemies and threats come from within and without, each one dangerous on its own, but focusing on one may mean another one can fester even more.

Victory or Death, those truly are your only options here, Champion.

By the skin of your teeth, or by luck unmatched, you have defeated the myriad of threats seeking your destruction and received the following:

[The Kaldorei Empire, Damaged But Not Broken]
Congratulations are in order; your people yet live, even if many have lost their lives in chaos, and much of the land has been ravaged. The empire still stands and celebrates, not only because of victory but because they now have a king to rule alongside their queen: You. From the shores of the Well of Eternity to the farthest cities of your kind, all Kaldorei bow to you, ready to follow across the multiverse. An entire civilization delving ever further within the mysteries of Arcane, and with access to an infinite source of it. The Empire's hosts are ever ready to march at your command, immortality allowing the soldiers to master all weapons to their fullest, while the war mages are

ever ready to demonstrate the superiority of Arcane. Wear the crown with pride and lead your people to glory, your majesty.

[Azshara, The Unbent Queen]

Much as it rankles her pride, Azshara knows things would have gone far worse had you not been there to help. Fighting beside her, saving her from assassins and enemy warlocks, keeping the Empire together, standing your ground against her, and the mind-blowing sex have earned you her respect and desire. A world without you would be… unworthy of her light. No other being is worthy of standing at her side, of having a claim over her. So, she has taken you as her spouse and king, her one and only equal. Though her imperious and arrogant attitude remains, she tries her best to accommodate your more eccentric views of seeing your subjects as folks worthy of respect. Oh, the things she does for love…

[Elune, The Warrior-Hunter]

But love did not bloom only from a near-Divine woman, for the goddess of your people has also become captivated. Taking you as her husband and champion, she is always with you where moonlight shines, even willing to force eclipses to reach you when needed and face off against any god who would dare threaten you. Of course, unless you are god-like in your own right, expect her to be overprotective and clingy, as in her eyes all mortals are quite fragile and so quick to reach their ends, and even Wild Gods have shown themselves painfully killable.

[The Sisterhood of Elune]

As a divine mandate from your godly wife, her priesthood has been converted into several orders dedicated to you. The Wardens, the Sentinels, and the Handmaidens. The Wardens, led by the fanatical Maiev Shadowsong, are your, and any demigod child you may conceive, bodyguards. Swearing off any man except you, they keep themselves within heavy armor, hiding their features from all unworthy males, and mastering many close-quarters weapons. Within a few decades, Maiev's fanaticism will spread across this order, stopping all outside recruitment in favor of breeding, until all but the first generation of Wardens is made up of your daughters. The Sentinels are led by the young Shandris Feathermoon. Formed as the personal agents of Elune and you in the Empire, they are meant to spread the will of the goddess to all Kaldorei and assist the regular forces in defending the people of the Empire. While separated from you most of the year, in times of peace, they are afforded one month every 10 years to return to Zin-Azshari, where they will be

allowed to join your harem, although few are the Sentinels who have not met you before that time, during your travels across the Empire. This order does not swear off men, although most Sentinels will after a night with you. The Handmaidens are the order closest to its roots, fulfilling many of the duties of the old priesthood, such as healing the sick and injured and using the blessings of Elune to protect and empower the people of the Empire. Each and every one of them are also your personal whores, their bodies trained from childhood to please you, their minds taught all of your desires. They are led by Tyrande Whisperwind, the High Priestess of Elune and Moonlit Concubine. It is Tyrande's duty to train the chosen virgins for orgies in which Elune, Azshara, and you will participate. Whenever you are unable to sate Azshara's or Elune's lusts, it is Tyrande that comes to them. Whenever Azshara or Elune desires a child without being pregnant, it is in Tyrande that it will be conceived.

[Azeroth, Daughter of Eternity]

As the festivities of the war's end calmed down, a giant beam pierced the surface of the Well of Eternity, the waters receding to reveal a young elven child, the perfect mix of Azshara's and your best features. Awakened by the drain of the Well's energies to fight the Legion, and witnessing the efforts of the Kaldorei in defending the world, Azeroth decided to join her defenders, to witness their lives and help them, deciding to take the forms inspired by the two focuses of her children's hopes. But the war ended early, and her awakening was more obvious than expected. So now, Azshara and all of the Empire are persuaded that the girl is a gift from Elune, proof that there is only one worthy Queen of Azeroth. In her new body, Azeroth has yet to learn how to use her near infinite Arcane power, but as she'll grow under the tutelage of Azshara (who summoned the best experts in child care to learn how to not raise a parent-killing narcissistic psychopath like her parents did), her mastery of Arcane will rise beyond even the Aspect of Magic's, becoming a goddess in the flesh. As for you, you are her perfect father, who knows better than her how a relationship between father and daughter should be. And once she has fully matured, well… Elune and Azshara have learnt to share.

<u>Path 3: Something Stirs In The Deep</u>

You internally chuckle. It would seem your rival's master had decided to make his move, coincidentally around the same time when your own master, N'zoth the Dreamer, had done the same.

Through genuine charisma and a bit of aid from your patron, you manage to convince your queen that no, siding with Xavius is not worth her time, and she should instead consider your patron N'zoth, for his is a power older and far more cunning than that of the Legion.

Bemused at the rather obvious power play you made, she listened as you made your case, and intrigued, along with perhaps a bit of preference for you over Xavius, she agreed to your bargain.

Yet as word of your pact spreads, chaos begins to erupt as the agents of the Legion, both demons summoned and their myriad of cultists alike, and the forces opposed to both the Fel and the Void, such as the Titan-Forged, Dragons, and the Wild Gods, seek to stop your plans.

Not only must you spread the worship of the Void, and N'Zoth in particular, within the Kaldorei Empire, you must also defeat the fools attempting to stop you from freeing your master and corrupting the Worldsoul of Azeroth for the Void.

Your master's prison lies somewhere between the Well of Eternity and the location where Uldaman might have been built, had things gone differently. The facility is well hidden; some suspect it is fully underground and hidden from mortals.

Were you to corrupt one of the Titan Watchers, you could perhaps have them lead you to the prison. Then again, perhaps a more satisfying method would be to simply sink all of Azeroth under the waves and discover your master's prison beneath the waves. His gifts do include the act of transformation, after all. It would also rather handily deal with most of your opponents, as all of them lack the ability to breathe underwater.

To aid you in this task, you must find the Tidestone of Golganneth, which coincidentally is held in the lands of Azsuna, under the watchful eye of Prince Farondis and his court. The prince will not hand the stone over, of course, claiming you to be nothing more than a monster and a madman, but what would such a shortsighted fool know of what is to come? Farondis is an adept mage, as a Highborne should be, so he will give you some challenge at least.

Yet, even after freeing your master, you are not yet done. N'Zoth has weakened drastically after his long imprisonment and needs sustenance to return to his former glory, preferably by consuming souls. Be it either willing cultists, your unwilling mortal prisoners, or even the Wild Gods or Dragons themselves, you will have to feed your master enough souls that even Sargeras will hesitate to attack him.

By whatever means, you have freed N'Zoth from his prison and defeated your foes, granting you the following:

[Herald of the Void]
Your master is generous indeed, granting you a form both beautiful and terrifying to behold, a mixture of your former Elven self and a Naga to bring about a being capable of going toe-to-toe with a Titan Watcher and having decent odds of coming out the victor. Not only is your mastery of the Void awesome, but you also receive **The Whispering** in its boosted form, with any points spent refunded in full. You can also now transform others into more Sea Elves, or Lura'dorei.

[The Sunken World]
Nothing remains above the waves, with most forms of life not aligned with you drowning as the continent sank. While much of the ocean remains an untamed frontier full of creatures older than Elves, the cities of the Highborne have remained in usable condition and could even be considered beautiful. Your people have warped, becoming a far more beautiful combination of serpent and Elf, though seemingly most of the male population perished during the transformation, leaving only a female population eager to worship you and N'Zoth as their gods and masters. You may decide if you rule from Zin-Azshari, or if you'd rather take residence within the newly rebuilt Ny'alotha to be closer to your god.

[Azshara, The Serpent Queen]
This was certainly different from what she expected, but ultimately, Azshara is satisfied with this turn of events. Obviously, a world where your people survive means the lesser mortals will no longer be a problem. She is able to form a massive snake-tail from her legs, which she often uses to coil gently around you as you work. Apparently, you are comfortably warm for her.

[The Sisterhood of N'Zoth]

Once the Sisterhood of Elune, these women were twisted and broken by both your master's Whispers and by your own tender mercies. Retaining their female-only membership, the Sisterhood is located within the former Temple of Elune, where they worship N'Zoth, along with you as the high prophet. Not only are all of them eager to lie with you, but they can also project their former image as holy women to lure in unsuspecting women, whom they then proceed to corrupt into more devoted followers. They hold mandatory orgies every three days, with you, Azshara, and N'Zoth all being invited by default.

[N'Zoth, The Deep One]

Your god is pleased with your devotion. Or rather, your goddess is, as apparently, she took a single look at you claiming one of her priestesses and decided she wished to be on the receiving end. Her tentacles, which she has used for a myriad of purposes during your encounters, partially stretch across the now sunken world, terraforming parts into traps for your enemies and other parts into viable settlements for your people, made from stone, coral, and bits of her own flesh.

Windrunner Subjugation

On the eve of the Second War, the Amani, led by their warlord Zul'jin, struck deep within Quel'thalas, capturing the Ranger-General Lireesa Windrunner and murdering her husband. Her daughters and lieutenants have followed them within Zul'Aman to free her, unaware that the Trolls are being empowered by the Loa and that the Horde fleet has landed in the harbour of Amani'zar, ready to strike at Silvermoon directly while most of the Alliance still look south.

Should you save Lireesa and her daughters, you will still have to deal with the Horde invasion, which may not be possible at this point in the war. Help evacuate the weary family, as well as all the elves you can, will force the matriarch and her daughters to rely solely upon you. As the war worsens, she will be desperate to push you into further assisting her people, even ready to offer her body. And should you single-handedly push back the Horde into the sea and present Zul'jin's head at her feet, Lireesa will mourn her husband for the rest of the war before inviting you to dine with her as soon as you return to Windrunner Spire, a dinner that will end in her room as she declares that the Windrunner bloodline must grow.

After saving her, her sisters, and her mother, there is little that could freeze the lust the youngest of the Windrunner she-elves has for you. You could just wait until you are back at the Windrunner Spire, isolate Vereesa, and force yourself on her. The young and still innocent she-elf would submit immediately. Or you could wait a few days until Lirath tries to sacrifice himself to save innocents from Troll raiders. Vereesa would then drag you into her room, rip apart both of your clothes, and beg you to use and break her tight, nubile body for as long as you can extract pleasure from it.

Alleria will take a little while longer to woo. Whether Quel'thalas stands or falls, she will go south to fight the Horde alongside the Alliance. Follow her and stand by her side against the Horde. Be the hero, saving the innocents and your fellow soldiers while reaping the lives of the greenskins like wheat. As twilight falls upon the last battlefield of the war, you will have a choice. Go to Alleria's tent and slack your lust upon her sleeping form. Upon awakening to the pleasure of finally overcoming the deep weariness of the war, Alleria will quietly ask you not to stop and keep banishing the memories of fallen friends. Or you could go to one of the hills overlooking the crater of the dark Portal and wait under the stars that she joins you. Watching the stars together, she will reveal her knowledge about her sister's relationship with you, and, proclaiming that her sisters and she have always needed to learn to share, she will throw you upon the ground and mount you for the entire night.

A few weeks after arriving back at Windrunner Spire, Sylvanas will return, fully aware of your relationship with her female family members, and despising you for it. Near midnight, you will be called into the master bedroom of the spire, where what you will witness will depend on your previous actions. Should you have dominated Lireesa, Vereesa, and Alleria, they will have, in turn, broken Sylvanas, raping her ass and mouth until she submitted, leaving her virginity for you to break, alongside what little remains of her will. But should you have taken the soft path with the other Windrunner women, you will find them surrounding a naked, blushing, and kneeling Sylvanas. Guided by her sisters and mother, she will offer herself to you, offering you her virginity and all of herself, as long as you do not separate her from her family. She will quickly overcome this brief moment of shyness and refuse to be the submissive, daring you to prove you are worthy of dominating her body.

For seducing the Windrunners and providing them with a firm bedrock to lean on, you receive the following:

[Lireesa, The Windrunner Matriarch]

The first of four, Lireesa's fertility has gone into overdrive since your first night together. The loss of her husband, her capture, and the close call with her daughters have made her wish for a home full of life and joy. Not only does she want more daughters, but she also keeps urging you to give her granddaughters as well. And she will not stop until every hall of Windrunner Spire echoes with the laughs of happy children. She is an experienced Ranger-General and ruler of the Windrunner holdings, good at leading and administering armies and lordship, as well as the politicking required to keep her post.

[Vereesa, The Lustful Nymph]

Of the four, Vereesa is the most devoted to you; her attitude almost worshipful. You are the hero who saved her, her sisters, and her mother, and for that, she will do anything for you, being the first of the family to consider sharing you. Her libido skyrocketed after you took her virginity, and she wishes to fuck at least twice a day. She has discovered a love of roleplay, with you as the barbarian and her as the scared prey. She is far less experienced in warfare and leadership than the older members of her family, but she is the heart of the family, bringing smiles and pleasures to everyone.

[Alleria, The Fierce Aid]

War has a way of forging bonds, and you two are no exception. Alleria shows the kind of loyalty that means she'd follow you to the Void if needed. While her mother has more experience, Alleria's talents were forged in the fires of war, through many defeats and victories. She knows you best of them all, a faithful shadow ever ready to assist you, yet aware of your flaws, and so always alert to anything attempting to use them. She enjoys claiming her sisters and mother during your regular orgies, oftentimes either preparing or cleaning them up, to the point that if Vereesa is not being used by you, it will be by Alleria.

[Sylvanas, The Dutiful Daughter]

Since you have obviously become the patriarch of the family, Sylvanas has started to call you father. She has become the caretaker of the family, taking care of tasks that would distract you from her sisters, administering the domain when Lireesa is too pregnant, making sure Vereesa doesn't kill herself from sexual exhaustion... This formality disappears as she begs her Daddy to wreck her ass until she has forgotten all the unfinished duties. It is only with you that she lets herself be Sylvanas, instead of the family's caretaker. She

asks not to be impregnated yet, as she has too much to do, but nothing less than that will force her to calm down and rest.

[Thas'dorah, Legacy of the Windrunners]
A heirloom of the Windrunner family, Thas'dorah has been passed on to you due to your new position as the patriarch of the family. Capable of turning even a mediocre archer into a master, this bow allows you to become a long-distance terror against any enemy that stands in your way.

[Windrunner Spire]
The traditional home of the Windrunner family for centuries, the Spire has become your veritable lovenest as you and your lovers explore every inch and surface within. Any servants employed are of the female persuasion and have no doubt been involved in at least one tryst with you and the ladies. No doubt the rather empty halls will soon ring with the giggles and laughter of many children, and the village, which bears the same name and will also follow along, below, will surely celebrate at the sight of their ruling ladies finally rediscovering a spark of joy in their lives.

Satyring Around

It has been seven hundred years since the Sundering, since the Kaldorei Empire and Kalimdor shattered. In that time, the Night Elves and the remaining Highborne have tried to rebuild what little they can. But war is upon them once again.

The Satyr, not seen since the War of the Ancients and led by Xalan the Feared, have re-emerged and begun to wage war upon their former Elvenkin. The conflict will bring a heavier toll upon the already weakened Kaldorei, and Kalimdor will bear scars from this conflict for millennia to come.

So tell me, Hero. Which side are you on?

The Hooved Ones:
You stand as one of the Satyr, your first attacks catching the Kaldorei by surprise and leading to quick victories. At your side, you summon many of your Legion allies to swarm the Kaldorei.

For a good while, you will make headway, conquering Ashenvale and many other Kaldorei strongholds. But then, Xalan will be assassinated, and you will be thrust into the position of leader over all Satyr.

To make matters worse, the Kaldorei have begun to develop ways to stop demon summoning, limiting your recruitment pool massively. The Kaldorei have also unveiled the Worgen, the feral beasts, though barely kept in check by their allies, tearing through your forces like butter.

Each victory from then on will be far harder fought, requiring proper strategy, guile, and even luck. Then, when you begin to make headway again, the Trolls intervene. Led by the Zandalari, they begrudgingly join the Elves in fighting against you, fully aware that your victory could spell doom for Azeroth.

It will all come to a head at Mount Hyjal, where the Kaldorei, the Wild Gods, and the Trolls all prepare to meet you in one last battle to decide the fate of Kalimdor, if not all of Azeroth.

When the last of the Kaldorei lie defeated, and you have established Satyr dominance over Kalimdor, you receive the following:

[The Horned King]
Your victory has infused your being with power. Not only are you a head taller than your fellow Satyr, but your horns have morphed into those of a stag, a crown fit for a king. A single swipe from your claws will slice a man clad in steel armor in two. Your magical abilities have skyrocketed, rivaling Malfurion and Azshara in power if nothing else. You may grant, or force, depending on the target, the gift of Satyrhood upon a target, their minds remolded to hold iron-clad loyalty to you above all. And finally, all tribal and “evil” groups will look upon you more favorably, with tribes oftentimes submitting the moment you reveal your true horned form to them.

[The Claws of Ursoc]
These fist weapons appeared to you one day, wreathed in the power of the Emerald Nightmare, a clear sign of Xavius’s favor. They increase your physical attributes threefold, and each wound left begins to fester immediately. Those slain will have their souls sent directly into the Nightmare, where they are broken and corrupted into your loyal servants, and then reborn as extremely attractive Satyr women.

[The Enslaved]

Though you slaughtered most of the Kaldorei, you kept some of their women as your slaves and trophies, most of them either former warriors, or recent widows and orphans. Through a vigorous showing of virility, you've managed to tame most of these Kaldorei women; some you have even employed as fanatical warriors, while others have been relegated to nothing but servants and sex slaves.

[The Consorts of the Antler, Tyrande Whisperwind and Shandris Feathermoon]

Shandris thought she could assassinate you by herself. By the time you were done raping her, she was apologizing furiously for thinking too much of herself. Now showing signs of the curse taking hold in the form of short horns, Shandris gleefully helps you rape and slowly break the will of her adopted mother, Tyrande, who, despite the constant assault and pleasure, still retains some of her will, enough to pray to Elune for mental fortitude and help. But you know that with each orgasm and day that passes, her resistance grows slightly weaker.

<u>The Children of Night:</u>

By the time you realize the Satyr are on the move, they have already taken Night Run. Your foes strike at such a speed that your people have little time to prepare or react.

To make matters worse, the Satyr are opening portals to summon demons of the Legion to help in their conquest. It is around this time that the Highborne, those who sided against Azshara, flee Kalimdor to what will be later known as the Eastern Kingdoms.

But just when things seem darkest, a pair of druids named Belysra Starbreeze and Ralaar come before you and ask for your help in creating the Scythe of Elune, which would allow them to refine the Pack form into the more vicious and powerful Worgen.

During the creation process, you volunteer to be made the first Worgen, and in a surprise twist, you are in perfect control of your instincts, while still retaining the brutal power of a Worgen.

With your new pack at your side, you begin to turn the tide against the Satyr, especially when some of the Wild Gods, namely Godrin, join you in the charge.

Eventually, you manage to drive back the Satyr until they only hold the ruined city of Eldre'thalas, which they have taken over. Though they have mustered what little remains of their forces, it will be a cakewalk compared to the rest of the war.

When the last of the Satyr has been slain, and you join the howls of your pack, you receive the following:

[The First Wolf]
Even after the war ended, you still feel the Wolf stir within you, eager to tear your foes to shreds. With a thought, you transform into a hulking Worgen, far larger than any that followed. Strong enough to tear an Ogre in two, fast enough to outrun cars, and with senses good enough to track a target across ancient Kalimdor, your form is an Apex predator. A hint of the wolf remains even in your other forms, making women interested in the feral air around you. All wolves, werewolves, and, naturally, Worgen, feel submissive around you and will often either submit or flee when you arrive.

[The Pack]
The Worgen were created based on you. They bear some resemblance to you in both forms, be it the color of their fur, eyes, hair, or even some mannerisms. Each one treats you like a god, desiring to see the pack grow with more Worgen. Naturally, the pack is by default all women, each one desiring to lie with you and perhaps even bear your pups.

[The Scythe of Elune]
Belysra was reluctant to hand this over at first, but a thorough pounding proved to be a very convincing argument. A deadly weapon in its own right, the Scythe enhances any moon or lunar-based spells. But its true value lies in its ability to turn women into Worgen, whose only loyalty and love is to you. And though these Worgen may be more feral in manners (you can turn this part off), they are bound to keep their intelligence and sanity, unless you wish otherwise.

[Belysra and Ishala Starbreeze, The Knotted Druids]

After “convincing” her to part with the Scythe, Belysra felt whatever lingering affection she had for deceased mate Arvell die a quick and painless death, as her mind became consumed with thoughts of both her and her daughter Ishala serving under you, bearing you an endless amount of pups for the rest of their lives. And Ishala herself is more curious than anything, seeing how obsessed her mother has become, left the younger Kaldorei both concerned… and very curious indeed.

You Are Not Prepared

(Requires **Hunter of Demons**)

You come to atop the Black Temple, where Illeria Stormrage, an old friend and the founder of your order, gives you and your Illidari the task of scouring the world of Mardum for the Sargerite Keystone, while she and her forces remain behind and deal with a set of intruders who’ve made a mess of her operations in Outland.

She entrusts this task to you, her oldest ally and only man to have survived the Demon Hunter procedure. She casts one last longing look your way as you step through the portal.

Your task is simple in Mardum: You must find the Sargerite Keystone, strike a heavy blow against the Legion, and perhaps the most important of all, ensure all of your forces survive the ordeal. Let not even a single Illidari fall, not here, not now.

Upon your return, Keystone in hand, you will have no more than a few seconds to register the fact that Illeria has been slain, before Maiev Shadowsong’s magic freezes you and your forces.

The next time you awaken is within the Vault of the Wardens, where a demonic inclusion courtesy of Gul’dan and the traitorous Cordana Felsong has broken the bindings of several dangerous beings, and the Wardens, in their desperation, have released you.

You must release the remaining Illidari, capture the beasts currently rampaging across the Vault, and escape.

Once you've escaped and gathered your thoughts, you join the Horde and the Alliance as members of the Legionfall, fighting across Azeroth and the Broken Isles in particular, weakening Legion forces, building up your own, and tracking down Gul'dan, for he has stolen the corpse of Illeria for no doubt nefarious purposes.

Once Gul'dan lies dead, the Pillars of Creation are collected, and Illeria is miraculously returned to life, the final stages of Legionfall begin. You must invade the Tomb of Sargeras and close the portal that churns out endless amounts of demons. When the portal is closed and Kil'jaeden is slain, Illeria brings the broken world of Argus near Azeroth, allowing you to strike at the very heart of the Legion and track down Sargeras himself.

Time to earn your title, Demon Hunter. And Sargeras is the biggest prey there is.

For bringing about the doom of the Legion, you receive the following:

[Demon-Blooded]
As you discovered on Mardum, your soul is immortal like a demon's. Unless slain within the Twisting Nether, you will simply return to life upon your soul returning to your body, or possessing the corpse of another. More than that, you are now able to take on the form of one of three demons: A spiked bulwark, a winged fiend, or a hungering beast of the Void. Finally, you now know the secret of initiating others into Demon Hunters, though unless you refine the process further, the initiation only works with women, while men have a 99% chance of dying a gory death.

[The Slayer]
As much a title as it is a moniker, you are the Slayer, the one who can slaughter even the mightiest of demons. Not only do your attacks deal thrice the damage against otherworldly beings, but you also ensure that your targets do the world a courtesy and remain permanently dead, to the point where even resurrection will not work.

[The Illidari]
What remains of Illeria's Burning Crusade. The Demon Hunters, each one a woman of inner strength and zealous devotion, willing to die for their "Brother" (i.e., you) and seeing the act of bearing your children as the highest honor possible. The Coilskar, the ladies of Vashj, whose talent with magic is only

eclipsed by their gossip about you and her trysts. The Ashtongue Tribe, Broken women, even more devoted to you than your Hunters, desperate to prove their worth by any means necessary. And finally, the Merciless Hand, a group of Shivarra that take joy in tormenting your foes and tempting your lust. A mixed army, certainly. But all are loyal and deadly in their own right.

[Lady Vashj, The Coilfang Matriarch]
You knew Vashj before the Sundering, before the corruption. When you heard Coilfang Reservoir had fallen, your heart dropped. And when you saw her on board the Fel Hammer, your heart soared. The romance you once held was a beautiful, naive thing between two young people. Now, this thing of yours is something far more complicated, yet equally precious.

[Illeria Stormrage, The Betrayer]
You grew up with Illeria and Malfurion long ago. Back then, you thought she had eyes only for Tyrande, but deep down, she only wanted you, which is why she offered you the chance to join her all those years ago. And now that the Legion has been dealt with, Illeria does not hesitate to mount you when it is just you and maybe the other Illidari. And then, when you are both spent, she whispers her secret desire: To have both her and Tyrande service your cock, their bellies bloated with your daughters. Maybe one day, this desire will come true.

[Akama, The Broken One]
The leader of the Ashtongue, the Draenei Akama, would have abhorred allying with and submitting to someone so infused with the Fel, seeing them as no better than demons. The Broken that is the current Akama, however, is content. She has seen your fervor in defeating the Legion, in defending the innocent. Such dedication must be rewarded, and if her body can give you even a bit of comfort, then so be it. She certainly isn't arguing, secretly hoping she'll bear one of your children. An heir and an apprentice to pass her knowledge on to, if nothing else.

[Matron Mother Malevolence, The Mistress of Pain]
Though she began her defiance of Sargeras due to finding him a bore, a larger part of Malevolence's motivation has since evolved to be about seeing you ascend to new heights, desiring to be there when you lay claim to a throne she thinks is rightfully yours. That, and she enjoys teasing you, fully aware you are one move away from taking her down and making her title perhaps more real than she ever thought possible.

[The Fel Hammer]
Your base of operation, the Fel Hammer serves as a mobile fortress, able to travel between worlds and locations with the activation of the Keystone deep within. Not only does it allow you to invade your enemies at a moment's notice, but you have also managed to capture a Legion dry-dock, where you can build even more ships like this, should you have the resources for it, of course.

[The Aldrachi Warblades]
Once the weapons of the mightiest champion of the now extinct Aldrachi, these glaives were wielded by the traitorous Caria Felsoul. After defeating and thoroughly correcting her for her treachery, you claimed the glaives for yourself. Each wound given, each life taken, heals and empowers you, allowing you to battle near endlessly as long as you have enemies to slay. As well, the wounds left by these blades usually catch on fire, the hunger for battle left by their original wielder still lingering on.

[Twinblades of the Deceiver]
Another one of your Illidari sisters, Vanis Felsoul, fell in the defence of the Black Temple and was tortured by Kil'jaeden until she broke. She wielded these blades in the Legion's name until you found her. Seeing you and realising she was about to attack her beloved brother, she broke down, dropped the blades, and begged for forgiveness, which you granted her. Now you wield them, perhaps you even slew Kil'jaeden with them as revenge. The blades hunger for blood and death, striking at all foes within a few meters around you.

<u>War of the Kaldorei</u>

(Requires either you or your companion to be a **Night Elf**)

It boggles the mind, trying to comprehend the logic behind Tyrande Whisperwind's actions. Not only did she slaughter countless Wardens and a Keeper of the Grove, but she did so to free a known traitor to the Kaldorei people, Illidan Stormrage.

Maiev Shadowsong, the leader of the Wardens, has declared Tyrande a traitor, and the Kaldorei have been split as civil war rages.

To compound the matter further, a third group has formed, decrying both sides as unworthy and foolish. Led by Leyara Staghelm, these Insurgents seek to bring down both the Sentinels and the Wardens, claiming them traitors to all Kaldorei. Unknown to all, even to Leyara herself, the Insurgents are being manipulated by Leyara's father-in-law, Fandral, along with Xavius the Nightmare Lord, seeking to weaken the Kaldorei as much as possible.

Dark days are ahead, Champion. The future of the Kaldorei people… Now lies in your hands.

Path 1: The Sentinels Stand

Of course, Maiev couldn't see the bigger picture, the woman's grudge against Tyrande and obsession with Illidan both famous among your people. And Leyara? She wasn't even a babe when Tyrande assumed the position of leader of the Kaldorei.

No matter, then. Tyrande's plans may have been delayed, but a Kaldorei civil war is the last thing any of you need. So, Tyrande has appointed you as her commander while she deals with the Legion's presence on Kalimdor.

Do not expect Maiev to back down on this issue; she will try to kill you and then go after Tyrande. Leyara will not back down either, strangely insistent on all of you being corrupt and enemies to the Kaldorei.

Perhaps you manage to talk them down (which is very unlikely), or perhaps you are forced into slaying both in combat before peace can be achieved.

By the time Tyrande returns victorious, both the Wardens and the Insurgents must be subdued. So get to it, Sentinel.

For restoring order to the Kaldorei lands and revealing the threat of the Nightmare, you receive the following:

[Tyrande Whisperwind, The Stalwart Sentinel]

(Will replace **Tyrande Whisperwind, The High Priestess of Elune**, with all points refunded)

Malfurion's time in the Dream had left him changed. His interest in matters outside of the Dream and pure Nature, muted and distant. This also included Tyrande herself, to whom this change in behavior was perhaps even worse of a blow than the entire civil war. Though still remaining steadfast in her duties,

she one day stumbled into the barracks, very drunk, and discovered you in the middle of a session with Shandris and another one of the sentinels. Outraged, she declared it all unfair and joined in, venting her problems and frustrations for all to hear as she demanded you seed her womb. And the next day, you were made the new leader of the Sentinels, with Tyrande making it clear you and her have a lot more to talk about.

[Shandris Feathermoon, The Sentinel-Champion]
(Will replace **Shandris Feathermoon, The Sentinel-General**, with all points refunded)
Joining you was just another assignment, as far as Shandris originally cared. You two would pacify these rebels, she'd return to Tyrande's side and receive her next orders, rinse and repeat. Then you got to talking and really hit it off, a friendship forming in quick order. And then, she saw you and one of her Sentinels going at it in the baths, and she… Well, she needed a change of clothes after watching you two. Suffice to say, she acted very stiffly with you for the next few weeks as she always watched you fuck a different Sentinel each day, until she could take no more and confronted you in private… She couldn't walk straight for a week after that, and the knowing looks her Sentinels gave her burned harsher than any Fel fire could.

[The Sentinels]
Your girls with bows, arrows, and attitude. This campaign had you grow close, very close, with the Sentinels, to the point where there would be only minimal hesitation before deserting if you just commanded it of them. Unseen until their arrows have already landed and pierced through foes, the Sentinels may not be the best in head-on confrontations, but a more disciplined ranged force you will struggle to find.

<u>Path 2: The Wardens Stalk</u>

It was only a matter of time before someone got arrogant and freed Illidan. You just didn't think it would be Tyrande of all people. Rage burns in the hearts of your order for the betrayal and for the deaths of your sisters.

Maiev has given you command over a large number of Wardens and ordered you to deal with the Sentinels, blindly devoted to Tyrande, and the Insurgents, whose dogma is nonsensical even amongst themselves.

But your leader knows that not all of the rot is visible. And so it is that she asks you to also investigate just what exactly caused the Insurgency to sprout up, no doubt revealing shocking truths, which may help in peacefully dealing with at least one enemy faction.

Though avoiding civilian casualties would be preferable, all of you know that sometimes casualties are unavoidable, and to make each life lost count.

The clock is ticking, and your enemies approach. Time to start investigating, Warden.

For overthrowing the would-be queen and purging the heretics, you receive the following:

[Maiev Shadowsong, The Warden-Queen]
(Will replace **Maiev Shadowsong, The Ceaseless Warden**, with all points refunded)
You exceeded her expectations, a rare thing indeed. So much so that when she was declared queen, it was you whom she appointed as the head of the Wardens and her chief military advisor. It has become something of a tradition for her to spar with you after a stressful day, which usually ends with you two fucking afterwards in a private bath. A queen must relieve stress somehow.

[Marin Bladewing, The Valiant Aide]
For a Warden, Marin could almost be considered warm, but still made of steel. A master of logistics, she made sure your forces never ran out of supplies during the campaign, and a firm bond of trust formed between you two… Then you stumbled upon her in the baths, and you witnessed how she went from a hardened Warden into a stuttering and surprisingly soft-looking young woman. That encounter ended with you tailing it out at breakneck speed. The next few ended in a far more steamy manner. Somehow, this has improved her morale immensely and led to supply lines flowing far more smoothly than before.

[The Wardens]
Your sisters in steel, the dour, serious, and devoted. Heavily armored by Elven standards, these Wardens will go through hell and high water at your command. After all, you led them through this damn campaign; surely you've earned their trust at this point. And if their armors have been modified to show more skin than before, just to catch your eye at a convenient time, I'm sure that's just a mere coincidence.

Path 3: The Insurgents Sway

Outwardly, it may seem as though the Insurgents are unified in cause and belief, but that is only looking at the surface. Dig deeper, and you will see a small group of people, you included, who have grown concerned over Leyara's claims and reliance on her father-in-law, whose actions seem more insidious by the day.

Some investigation and visiting the Druid burrows reveals a horrific truth: It is not the Sentinels, nor the Wardens, who are the traitors. It is Fandral, who has allied himself with Xavius, the First Satyr and mortal enemy of the Kaldorei.

They are puppeting Leyara to weaken the Kaldorei enough for Xavius to corrupt the yet slumbering druids, which would be a devastating blow for Azeroth as a whole.

So now you must not only fend off the attacks of two enemy factions, but you must also reveal the treachery of Fandral and slay both him and his master, before it is too late.

The walls are closing in. Time to prove your mettle, Insurgent.

For slaying the traitorous Archdruid and installing a less ancient leadership, you receive the following:

[Leyara Staghelm, The First Speaker]

(Will replace **Leyara, the Staghelm Lady**, with half of the points refunded)

Something in Leyara broke when all of the manipulations and lies were revealed. Despondent and lost, she spends most of her time in the calm cottage Istaria now lives in, staring out of a window and pondering where exactly things went wrong. Then she sees how you and her daughter interact, and her world gets a bit brighter at the sight of your bond. Even if her gut twists at her desire to share something similar with you.

[Istaria Staghelm, The Resurgent Hope]

(Will replace **Istaria, the Staghelm Lady**, with half of the points refunded)

It was actually Istaria, your second-in-command, who first brought up the suspicious activity around her mother and grandfather. And when it turned out he had betrayed your people and manipulated her mother into committing

treason… She left his corpse in an unrecognizable state. And after the war, Istaria has mostly put down the bow, the life of a warrior not truly her calling to begin with. Now she spends most of her days carving, be it decorating various objects, or making full-on statues, with you as her frequent inspiration and model. Though worried deeply about her mother's mental state, Istaria tries to look forward to the future, whatever it may bring, hopefully with you involved in some capacity.

[The Caretakers]

By the time you confronted Fandral and Xavius, much of the Insurgency had disbanded, leaving you all by yourself with Istaria and Leyara to face the treacherous Archdruid and his master. That is, until the sudden arrival of several Druids and Dryads, each one furious at the corruption wrought upon Nature and the Dream. After the deaths of Fandral and Xavius, many of these same Druids and Dryads decided to remain by your side, convinced that you were surely the true champion and caretaker of the wilds.

Suramar Nights

(Requires either you or your companion to be a **Nightborne**)

Woe falls upon Suramar, for Grand Magistrix Elisande has sided with the Legion, leading to a civil war between her forces and those of First Arcanist Thalyssra, who opposes Elisande's plans.

Though Thalyssra herself was last seen fleeing wounded into the wilds surrounding Suramar, many of her loyalists still lurk within the city proper, and it is still believed Thalyssra yet lives.

This is a time of turmoil; the fate of the Nightborne hangs in the balance. A balance, which you have a part in deciding.

Path 1: Gather the Duskwatch

You are Elisande's trusted commander within the Duskwatch, the main police force and peacekeepers of Suramar. With your second Victoire at your side, it is up to you and your forces to root out Thalyssra and her rebellion.

Though you could easily just crack down on all suspected rebels, perhaps a softer touch is needed. After all, violence and oppression will only lead to further resentment. You need a carrot to go with your stick.

Be it through bribery, seduction, or force, you begin to root out Thalyssra's allies. From Vanthir the innkeeper, to Silgryn the spell-fencer, a street-rat named Arluin, Ly'leth Lunastre, an influential noble. Even Victoire, your second, has her doubts about your cause.

Nonetheless, you root out rebels wherever you find them, until eventually members of the Horde and the Alliance begin to stage an assault upon Suramar itself, while Thalyssra and a select group of champions infiltrate the sewers of the city.

Not only must you deal with the armies besieging the city, you must also deal with Thalyssra and her strike team, who seek to slay Elisande and Gul'dan, who is enacting a ritual atop the Nighthold. Now, while you have little care for the Orc, slaying your mistress is the last thing you will allow the rebels to do.

So go and enact your duty, Commander.

For putting down the Nightfallen rebellion and ensuring Elisande remains in power, you receive the following:

[Elisande, The Mistress of Time]
(Will replace **Elisande, The Grand Magistrix,** with all points spent refunded)
Having drained power from the Nightwell to defeat many of Thalyssra's allies, Elisande has found herself charged with Arcane energy, her control over Chronomancy skyrocketing to levels where even Nozdormu has to be wary. As her trusted Commander, Elisande ensures you are well treated, giving you a private villa with a small vineyard and staffed by maids almost fanatical in their duties to keep you sated and your home spotless. Curiously, one of these maids, your favorite in fact, looks and sounds eerily familiar to Elisande. But surely the Grand Magistrix has better things to do than play at a maid. Surely…

[Victoire, The First Blade]
After hearing whispers of her doubts, you confronted Victoire in private. You fucked whatever rebellious thoughts she had from her mind, leaving behind a regretful and zealous second-in-command, who sought to prove her devotion to you and Elisande by bringing about the downfall of many rebels.

[The Nightwell]

A font of incredible power, the Nightwell shines with power not seen in quite a while. Not only is it able to sustain all of Suramar (the kingdom, not the city), but you are able to tap into its reserves to cast an impressive amount of spells with increased power, while also ensuring the Well does not become unstable.

[The Duskwatch]
Your boys, well, mostly girls, who fought alongside you to safeguard Suramar from the rebels and the Legionfall rabble. More loyal to you than to Elisande at this point, the Duskwatch will be the first to answer your call to arms, battering your foes with spells, before descending upon them with blades.

Path 2: The Dusk Lily Blooms
Perhaps you were one of Thalyssra's original supporters, perhaps you were a hermit living outside the city. Nonetheless, you found her wounded and led her to Shal'Aran, where the Withered would not approach and where you two would plan the downfall of Elisande.

You will need allies, of course. Both from within and without Suramar. It is up to you to track down the few allies that fled alongside Thalyssra.

Oculeth, the Chief Telemancer, hides within his own laboratory and needs aid in recovering his research.

Arcanist Valtrois wanders the wilds of Suramar, investigating the various ley-lines scattered across the region.

Ly'leth Lunastre, an influential noble with serious issues over Elisande's policies, as well as suspicions about the questionable death of her father.

Valewalker Farodin, the guardian of the Arcan'dor, whose aid you will need should you wish to stave off the withering.

Silgryn, the spell-fencer and one of the guards within Suramar, whose knowledge of the streets will aid you in gaining a further foothold within the city.

Vanthir, a humble innkeeper and a source of hope for the mana-starved citizens in the suburban areas of the city.

Finally, Arluin. A common thief, perhaps, one that demands a high price in the form of mana, but one who knows the streets like the back of his hand.

They, along with perhaps the recently arrived Horde and Alliance, will allow you to wage a war in both shadows and in the open, possibly culminating in you infiltrating the sewers and cutting through the Nighthold, then finally slaying both Elisande and Gul'dan.

There is a large certainty of death and a small chance of success. What are you waiting for, Champion?

For freeing your people from under the tyranny of Elisande and driving back the Legion, you receive the following:

[Thalyssra, The Dusk Lily]
(Will Replace **Thalyssra, The First Enchanter**, with all points spent refunded)
Though lesser to Elisande when it came to magical power, Thalyssra's charisma was second to none, which proved itself a major boon in gaining allies for the rebellion. When the burden of leading Suramar becomes too much, she always finds you and curls up next to you, a habit picked up during your early days of building the rebellion. You are her pillar, a support structure she needs to remain stable.

[Ly'leth Lunastre, The Madame of Suramar]
Despite her high position, Ly'leth proved herself a valuable ally to your cause, even being willing to infiltrate Elisande's inner circle as an advisor, which eventually led to her capture and imprisonment. It was then, after you rescued her from the Nighthold and slew Elisande, that she invited you to her villa. Clad in nothing but tempting underwear, she and many of her female attendants rewarded you for your heroics. And such occasions have become far more frequent, to the point where there is even gossip of a proper courtship going on.

[Arcan'dor]
Though you may have gained a seed from before, this Arcan'dor is fully grown and mighty, able to bear enough fruit to sustain all of Suramar. Should you plant it in a forest, then over the coming months, it will begin to convert other trees into more Arcan'dor, while also granting you a single **Arcan'dor Seed** per year.

[The Nightfallen]
A rag-tag group of rebels, the Nightfallen are those close to Withering, the disgruntled civilians, disillusioned guards, and sympathetic nobles. This force is of little use in an open conflict, but when it comes to infiltration and information gathering, you will find few groups better in either.

Path 3: Return of the Queen

Elisande, Thalyssra. Both so willing to set brother upon brother, parent against child, all the while begging outsiders for help.

No, you serve neither side, for both are unworthy. Instead, you and you alone serve a far worthier liege: Mavrana Mooncrest, the former Grand Magistrix before Elisande rose to power, and whose disappearance happened under dubious circumstances.

Now she has returned, angry and seething at the state of Suramar, blaming both Elisande and Thalyssra for its current state. She has named you her Herald and has tasked you with aiding her in building a power base and then taking down the two unworthy usurpers.

But first, you must find her crown and the jewels it once held. Not for the magical power, or even for the symbolic value of it. No, your queen merely wishes to reclaim the one piece of her past that still remains.

Once your queen has reclaimed her crown, it is time for you two to get to work, gathering allies and sympathizers among the Nightborne, fighting off both Legion and Legionfall influence, and undermining the power bases of both Elisande and Thalyssra, preferably avoiding large-scale battles to minimize the loss of life.

Mavrana has placed all of her trust in you, Herald. Do not disappoint her.

For bringing about Queen Mavrana's return and casting down the two unworthy usurpers of her rule, you receive the following:

[Mavrana Mooncrest, The Queen Returned]
(Will replace **Mavrana Moonscrest, The Once and Future Queen**, with points used refunded.)

Though it is strange, seeing the state her kingdom was left in, Mavrana is still beyond glad to once again sit on the throne. Her charisma, though not as good as Thalyssra's, ensured many flocked under her banner with little effort, while her magic, not as mighty as Elisande's, reduced many of her foes to dust. As her dear Herald, Mavrana expects you to always conduct yourself with dignity when in public, listen to her woes, give her footrubs, and, when in private, treat her like a cheap whore and fuck her stupid as a way to relieve her stress after a long day of ruling.

[Arluelle, The Revenger]

You found her starving, near Withering. After you fed her mana and she found out her brother Arluin had perished due to Thalyssra's actions, she swore revenge on the two women who had brought much suffering to her and her family, and joined you as a surprisingly deadly swordswoman. Though their defeat did lessen the pain she felt, there was still a lingering hole in her heart, one that you filled with both support and love. Secretly, she hopes to one day build a new family with you, even dreaming of naming her firstborn after her deceased brother.

[The Crown of Stars]

A replica of the crown worn by your new queen, this piece of headwear is adorned with twenty gems, each one filled with more mana than a single mortal could ever spend. Not only does the crown itself sustain and empower you with mana, but you are able to link up to twenty people with these mana reserves, each one benefiting from it without the crown or its jewels losing their magic.

[The Faithful]

Surprisingly enough, many of the nobles and common guards flocked under Mavrana's banner, some still remembering the prosperity of her reign, while others merely desired to side with someone other than Elisande or Thalyssra. When it comes to matters of diplomacy and defence, The Faithful prove themselves more than worthy of your patronage.

Regardless of whatever Path you choose to follow, you receive the following:

[Suramar, The Kingdom of Night]

Battered, bruised, and more than a little beaten up, Suramar stands as a testament to the resilience of your people. The region around the city itself, including a now purified Temple of Elune, is in a far better condition. Perhaps it is time to lead your people out to reclaim what you once lost?

[The Ley Lines]
The myriad of ley lines scattered across Suramar have ensured the region is strong with mana, and now they will follow you to future worlds. You may import the ley lines in future worlds, enforcing whatever magic is found in the world. You may designate one region/kingdom where the ley lines are the strongest, making it the best place to cast and learn magic over all.

Troll Wars

(Requires either you or your companion to be a **High/Blood Elf**.)
It is the early days of your people, when Quel'Thalas was but a fraction of its future size and might. What land your people have taken once belonged to the Amani, the Forest Trolls. And they want their lands back.

Led by their emperor, Jintha, and aided by the Zandalari, the Amani have begun to amass forces to lay siege upon Silvermoon. And you, be it through spywork or sheer luck, have discovered their plans.

Of course, the magisters will not believe your claims, arrogant in their belief in the Arcane. So you will have to prepare on your own at first, evacuating outer villages and dealing with the Troll raiding parties. After all, each dead Troll is one less enemy to be dealt with later. And as you campaign, you will come upon the most curious of patrons: Menera Sunstrider, the crown princess herself, and a known visionary. She will be one of the few to believe you outright and will grant you what aid she can, which isn't a lot, unfortunately, her young age rendering her childish in the eyes of the magisters and even her father.

One of the things you could do to convince the magisters early, before the death toll grows too numerous, is to infiltrate some of the Amani camps and steal their battle plans, perhaps even assassinating some of the Zandalari envoys, thus weakening communications between the two empires.

Eventually, however, your time runs out, and the Trolls lay siege upon Silvermoon itself. To break the siege, you would need something truly

powerful, be it one of the fabled Pillars of Creation, one of the Legendary Artifacts used during the War of the Ancients, or something just as destructive.

Should you manage to break the siege, then the Amani will be on the back foot, and you may begin a counterstrike, no doubt backed by the magisters and all of Silvermoon and Quel'Thalas as a whole.

March to Zul'Aman, burn every settlement, slaughter every troll you find, kill every Loa they worship. Give no quarter, for they would not do the same either.

And after Zul'Aman has been razed, all that remains is Jintha'alor, where the remaining Trolls have become desperate, and Hakkar the Soulflayer has been summoned, empowered by all of the slaughter committed during the conflict.

It's the final push now, all that remains of the Trolls stand within Jintha'alor. Can you make the distance and bring down an empowered Hakkar?

By bringing about the doom of the Amani empire and expanding the kingdom of Quel'Thalas beyond its small borders, you receive the following:

[Lord-Regent of the Sun]
For your valor and deeds, King Dath'remar Sunstrider has named you the Lord-Regent of Quel'Thalas. When it comes to tactics and strategy, few are your equals and fewer still your superiors, especially when it comes to guerrilla tactics. More than that, a part of the Sunwell's power has bonded with you, granting you a mana pool equal to a Blue Dragon's.

[Felo'melorn, the Hand of the King]
Another boon granted by King Dath'remar, Felo'melorn served as his weapon of choice for many centuries, and he hopes you wield it just as well. Burning with the power of a sun, Felo'melorn cuts through flesh and armor like butter, can be used to cast fire magics (which it empowers further), and is immune to curses and hexes of all kinds.

[Menera Sunstrider, The Princess of Quel'Thalas]
It was like straight from a storybook, a gallant(ish) hero growing closer with the crown princess, with the two of you falling in love and sharing a kiss upon your glorious return from Jintha'alor. Soon, talks of a grand wedding began to make

their way around the court, and neither of you has confirmed or denied anything yet. Though rumor has it that the princess has supposedly been putting on noticeable weight around the stomach area, so perhaps you should tie the knot soon, before people realize just what exactly that weight is…

[Liathra Dawnstar, The Sunblade]

Liathra was among those guards tasked with protecting the outer regions of Quel'Thalas and took part in evacuating the myriad of villages. Unfortunately, her units' success rate was abysmal, always arriving too late with so few survivors that it was heartbreaking. And then she saw you, leading entire villages' worth of people to safety, and she knew, then and there, whom she'd follow. Inspired by your example, Liathra started a third political faction, the Blood Furies, whose goals were far more militaristic and expansionist compared to the lax Farstriders and arrogant Magisters. It was in large part thanks to her and the Blood Furies that Silvermoon held for as long as it did before you broke the siege. And when the call came for a retaliatory strike, Liathra was the first to volunteer, the thought of fighting alongside her idol setting her entire body on fire.

[Zul'jirra, The Last Ember]

The granddaughter of Jintha, Zul'jirra begged for surrender, offering herself to you in exchange for allowing the children too young to wield weapons to flee to Zandalar, never to return to these lands. Intrigued and more than a little tempted, you accepted heartily and took her then and there, the blood of her virginity still fresh on the ground. Since then, you have kept Zul'jirra around as a trophy of sorts, though you do allow her freedom of movement within a private wing in your villa, away from the prying eyes and sneers of your fellow Elves, where you, her, and your children show affection without being judged. A spell placed on her womb guarantees she can only give birth to children of whatever race you are, but that has not stopped her from teaching your eldest some of the Amani customs, those that you allow at least. This is her way of preserving some of her culture, you suppose.

[Quel'Thalas, The Kingdom of Dawn]

Greatly expanded, yet most of the land still unused, the Quel'Thalas you see is far greater than the one seen in another time. With the Amani threat eliminated, the woods are far calmer, and there is a general peace across the kingdom. With you as the probable future king, it would be foolish to leave your future kingdom, or its people for that matter, behind. The Sunwell shines bright, and your people prosper, as it should.

[The Amani Maids]

Perhaps because of the pleading of your future wife, or perhaps you did not wish to see an entire race extinct. Nonetheless, you have here a small tribe's worth of Forest Troll women, all submissive and morose after the destruction of their empire. You've put them to work, tending to your estate and, should you show them kindness, they will eventually come to care, perhaps even love you, thankful for your kindness.

The Forsaken King

(Requires either you or your companion to be a **Darkfallen**)

The Lich King came, and with him, Death. You were among the brave High Elves who stood against him and, though you might have bought time for civilians to flee, met your end at the other end of Frostmourne alongside Sylvanas and her Farstriders.

Now, it is the end of the Third War, and Arthas' control over the Scourge has faltered so that you, Sylvanas, and a myriad of others have broken free and fled to what was once Lordaeron.

Now the Forsaken need a leader as you hide within the city of Lordaeron and plan your next move. Though many listen to the word of Sylvanas, just as many listen to yours, so it is only natural that you and Sylvanas join together and lead the Forsaken together.

But what road exactly will the two of you lead them on?

Path 1: The Frozen Throne Calls

All of you remember the deeds done while under Arthas' control. All know the bitter rejection shown by those you knew in life. You are monsters. Why bother hiding it? Why even try for redemption if rejection is all that awaits?

So to hell with it all. You urge Sylvanas, your queen and equal, that there will be no peace with the living, and as long as Arthas remains, your people are not safe in the slightest.

Under normal circumstances, Arthas would be too powerful for your people to defeat. Thankfully, the defeat he suffered at the end of the war means he is

weaker than ever, and if you mobilize quickly, you may be able to slay him before he merges with Ner'zhul at the Frozen Throne.

So that is where all of you go, sailing across the sea on boats no doubt taken from now dead sailors, and you land in Northrend. Compared to the Scourge-infested nightmare it would be in the future, the continent is still mostly inhabited by the living, with the Nerubians remaining alive, and even the giant population being in a healthier state.

Even then, your pursuit of Arthas will not be easy, as what Scourge he does command is still a formidable force. Nonetheless, you hunt him down and slay him at the foot of the Frozen Throne.

After a tender hug and kiss with Sylvanas, the voice of Ner'zhul speaks and beseeches one of you to don the Helm of Domination and ascend as the Lich King, with you eventually donning it, ascending as king, and taking Sylvanas as your Lich Queen.

And from there, your task is clear: To create a world where the Forsaken may live in peace, you must tear down the world of the living. Secure Northrend first, raise an army of Undead, both mindless and sentient, then bring ruin to all, until only the dead and Undead remain.

By forging a kingdom of Undead and granting your Forsaken a world free of woes, you receive the following:

[The Lich King]
The monarch of the dead and terror of the living. Your body has been restored to its prime, holding an illusion of life, able to taste food and have children (with each one in a similar condition and predisposed towards either being a Necromancer, Val'kyr, or Death Knight), but you do not need to sleep, nor eat. The cold wind of death and winter heralds your arrival, freezing even the hottest of deserts if you linger in the area for long enough. You receive **Raise The Dead, Runic Master,** and **Throne of Domination** for free in their boosted forms, with any points used refunded in full. You also receive **Frostmourne & Helm of Domination** for free, with any points used prior refunded in full.

[The Forsaken Scourge]

The ones who fought alongside you, who died and rose in your name. The Forsaken society is composed in the following way: You and Sylvanas are at the top, your words treated as gospel and law. Below you are the Desolate Council, who ensure your edicts and commands are enforced. Then there are the Death Knights, your military arm and police force. The Val'kyr and Necromancers ensure your numbers remain stable, with some of the Val'kyr even bearing you children of their own. Below that are the citizens, the people who wish to live in Undeath. Finally, there is the Scourge, the mindless hordes that serve as cannon fodder and tarpits for enemy champions.

[The World of Undeath]

Where once Azeroth was a land of vibrant life, now it is gripped in the cold ice of Undeath. Indeed, only undead remain to make a living of sorts, with your foes' corpses either littering the lands or raised as further members of either the Scourge or the Forsaken. Your capital, be it in Northrend, Quel'Thalas, or somewhere else entirely, rivals the Icecrown Citadel of another time in both might and defensibility.

[Sylvanas, The Lich Queen]

Your queen, your partner, your equal. Though her emotions remain muted, what you and Sylvanas have can comfortably be called love in all forms. At her urging, you raised her sisters and mother as Forsaken, her family now serving as her handmaidens, which pleases her greatly. She has made it a point to have you lie with the entire Windrunner family, hoping that your seed takes root in at least one of their wombs.

[Lianne and Calia Menethil, The Failures of Lordaeron]

In a fit of twisted revenge against Arthas, you raised both his mother and sister as your undead sex-slaves. You, Sylvanas, and the Forsaken all enjoy tormenting them, partially blaming the pair for allowing Arthas to descend into his madness. Lianne feels remorse, fully believing to have failed her family and people. So it is that she offers her body to you on the regular, hoping that she may one day earn your forgiveness by bearing enough children to make up for those slaughtered by Arthas. Calia, on the other hand, struggles to accept the fact that her former people actively hate her, and she still tries to call her former subjects to action, not yet realizing they see her as the last person to follow. Her mind is frayed further by the absolute pain she feels whenever she tries to call upon the Light, and she has often come to you, begging you to help alleviate the pain, to explain to her why things went the way they did.

Path 2: Redemption Blues

The things you did when controlled by Arthas can never be redeemed, not truly. But that does not mean you cannot strive for redemption regardless.

You do not chase after Arthas; your people need stability, not further war and slaughter. Lordaeron, as they knew it, is gone, burnt and torn down, but perhaps something new can be built from the ashes instead?

You will find few friends among the living, most seeing you as abominations. Perhaps you are, perhaps not. As long as they do not threaten your people, then you are content to leave the living be.

But as you secure the Undercity for your people, the Scarlet Crusade starts to become a problem, the Light mad zealots hunting your people down like animals and attacking the few settlements you have on hand.

In the midst of all this, as you and Sylvanas plan ways to deal with not only the Crusade, but also ways to enforce your borders to ensure none try to invade, a pair of undead approach you.

One of them, Lilian Voss, is the daughter of High Priest Benedictus and desires to help your people in dismantling the Scarlet Crusade entirely.

But it is the other undead who has both yours and Sylvanas' attention: Calia Menethil, the crown princess of Lordaeron, and the sister of the monster who doomed the Forsaken to this existence. Yet, she is not like the others. Her body is whole and infused with Light.

She wishes to help the Forsaken, to hopefully bring them some peace. For in her undeath, she has learnt of a way to infuse others with Light, to grant them a facsimile of life. And now, in exchange for taking her as an advisor, she offers you two this gift of hers.

Feeling intrigued, you volunteer while also telling Sylvanas to kill both you and Calia should this prove to be a trap. When the process is done, you feel… Whole, alive. Yes, your emotions and sense of touch are still somewhat muted, but you are most definitely in a better state than before.

And from there, it doesn't take long before most of the Forsaken have become infused with Light. Not only does this mean the Crusade's main weapon no longer works upon your people, but your numbers have begun to grow due to a wide amount of pregnancies, courtesy of celebrating couples and married folk. Now, your people have a future.

But the Crusade still threatens this future, and they must be eliminated. Utilizing the talents of Lilian, Sylvanas, and her Dark Rangers, and whatever power you yourself wield, you must bring down the Scarlet Crusade and secure the lands of what was once Lordaeron entirely.

When the lands are finally at peace and the Crusade but a bad memory, you receive the following:

[Light-Infused]
You could pass for one of the living, were it not for your still pale skin and golden glowing eyes. You are closer to life than death, able to eat, sleep, and have children, but neither sustenance, rest, nor time has any hold over you. You receive **Sunlight** in its boosted form, and any points used will be refunded in full.

[The Cherished]
Some say they are called the Cherished due to their connection to the Light, but in truth, they are called that because of you and Sylvanas, who Cherished them when the rest of the world Forsook them. You two are their beloved monarchs, the ones who gave them a future beyond misery and slow oblivion. Though you can infuse those who have died with Light to create more Cherished, the Light-infused state of your people means they can repopulate naturally.

[Lordaeron, The Phoenix Reborn]
Though Quel'Thalas still shuns you, you still decided to pay tribute to your heritage by making the sigil of your kingdom a phoenix. All land that was once Lordaeron now falls under your command, with the Undercity acting as your capital and the former Scarlet Monastery serving as a major stronghold in the region.

[Sylvanas Windrunner, The Fairy Queen]
The Light turned your partner into a beauty that makes even Azshara look ugly in comparison, while also brightening Sylvanas' mind. Still serious when it

comes to her duties, your queen rules and moves with grace unmatched, an ethereal presence worthy of respect. Her Banshee abilities have changed, now allowing her to become a smoke-like being with spectral wings. And your relationship, once somewhat cold and distant, has blossomed into a full-blown romance, the kind that leaves both breathless after hours of lovemaking.

[The Champions of the Cherished, Calia Menethil and Lilian Voss]
Yet it wasn't only Sylvanas who stood by your side. Though they entered the picture at a later date, both Calia and Lilian have integrated themselves among the Cherished and in your inner circle. Calia, deeming you and Sylvanas to be more competent rulers, has settled upon the role of an advisor and healer, giving you counsel when needed… Or hiding under your desk to relieve your stress as you work, the thought of being caught giving her a surprising thrill. Lilian has taken the role of a spymaster and assassin, keeping an ear to the ground for any who would threaten you or your kingdom. Though nowhere near as bold as Calia, Lilian does occasionally come to find you for a tender and intimate moment, one that usually draws both Sylvanas and Calia to join in as well.

The Last Elven Man

Woe has fallen upon your people in the most unfortunate of ways. As if overnight, all males of your particular sub-group have perished, be it to a disease, a curse, or an intricate and kingdom-spanning assassination plot. Nonetheless, your numbers have been decimated as widows, orphans, and everyone else struggle to pick up the pieces after this tragedy.

In the midst of all this, the talks of reproduction start sprouting up, and the gazes of all fall on you, the last man of your kind. Or, at the very least, the last of your kind with a cock.

It is up to you to breed enough of your kind to ensure you will not go extinct. As you breed more and more, you notice how your virility seems to grow with each pregnancy, and you feel the interest of a powerful being upon your back.

Once you've bred at least half of your people, this being makes their presence known.

For the **Night Elves**, **Haranir** and **Nightborne**, it is Elune herself, weeping for her children and urging you to keep breeding to heal the wounds created in your fellow men's passing.

For the **Children of Quel'Thalas**, it is Anveena, the manifestation of the Sunwell herself. She is curious about your doings and wishes for her protectors to recover their numbers.

For the **Naga**, it is your queen, Azshara. She is rather bothered that half of her subjects have all died, and after seeing your prowess, has deemed you suitable enough to help her people repopulate.

For the **Void Elves**, it is a shard of the Void-Lord Dimensius. This shard, taking on the appearance of a shadowy elf, feeds upon the tantric energies produced whenever you breed and wishes to see you continue.

For the **Darkfallen**, it is the Lich Queen, Arthia Menethill, who makes her presence known. She is very intrigued by your success in breeding undead and hopes the children born will be mighty warriors in her army.

After this encounter, you notice how your balls ache as your cum production skyrockets, resulting in multiple children per pregnancy. As well, you note how your partners begin to develop more seductive and beautiful figures as they give birth to your children.

Once all women have given birth to at least one of your children, all heavily skewed towards girls, strangely enough, and your kind's future is secured, you come upon your final challenge:

Dressed in nothing but scant jewelry and lying seductively upon a massive bed, is the leader of your kind. Seeing you breed all of those women has left them extremely aroused, and they demand you not only breed them too, but dominate them as well.

When all is said and done, you need to leave them bow-legged, fully pregnant, and completely fucked stupid. After that, you may consider your people saved.

For going the distance and saving your people from extinction, you receive the following:

[Your People]

Naturally, you get to keep the people you saved. By default, they all function as Followers, though you may import any number of them as Companions; after this, they cannot be imported back. With them also come the lands you manage to hold while doing your breeding duties, which can be imported to future worlds as either a separate land mass or in a location of your choosing. You will also find your people to be very open to any changes you wish to introduce to society, as you are now seen as something of a God-King and a Fertility God.

[Fertility? Yes]

The blessing you received never fades away. Not only is your cock now simply the best around, but your fertility and libido are such that you could breed an entire country by your lonesome and only feel slightly winded by the end of it. And, should you so wish, you may turn off your fertility and libido entirely, should you wish for a break. Whenever a woman impregnated by you gives birth, their features become more beautiful, and their aging slows down or even reverses in the case of older women. Included also are the abilities to determine the gender, general personality, and looks of your myriad of children. Finally, your memory has been enhanced so you always remember the names, birthdays, likes, and dislikes of your children and lovers. You can impregnate just about anything now, and your base number of children will be two, though more are very likely.

[I Am One, We Are Many]

You have a lot of lovers wanting for your attention, the same for your myriad of children. Unfortunately, you are but one man…Or are you? Indeed, you have gained useful power indeed. You are able to create a number of clones from your mana, with the amount increasing with your mana pool. These clones have the strength to overpower humans with ease, but cannot take more than two punches before dissolving. They are all able to have sex, and both impregnate others and get pregnant themselves. You decide if they function as extensions of your mind in a hivemind, or something else entirely.

[The Last Man]

Perhaps you desire to re-create this event in the future? At the start of your jump, you may decide if the men of whatever race/nationality/group will all one day disappear, die, or be transformed into women themselves. The events that follow conspire to make it so that only you can help keep the population numbers up, with no one finding it strange.

The Night Elves, Nightborne, and Haranir receive:

[Elune, The Sow-Goddess]

Once upon a time, Elune was a Goddess known for her kindness, quiet resolve, and gentle nature. Now, she can also be described as a breeding-obsessed bimbo. Still gentle and nurturing, she wishes to not only constantly be pregnant, but to also see the remainder of her children brought under your banner too. To that effect, she has begun to send corruptive thoughts through the moon and starlight, with her clergy hit especially hard. All who experience this corruption will slowly begin to grow hornier, their breasts grow to massive sizes (full of endless delicious and nutritious milk that can substitute for food and water, and with time even replacing sleep) and can keep growing until the elves wish for it to stop, and they will find their partners becoming increasingly unsatisfying as they are bombarded with visions of you breeding Elune and your people, and how blissful they all seem to it all. All of Elfkind WILL be bred by you, so declares Elune, the Goddess of all Elves, your personal Breeding Sow.

But… Even if all Elves are ***bred*** by you and bask in your loving light and serve under your mighty Pillar… There are still those who have yet to feel your love… The Un-Elves! They whose birth has locked them from your love… This shall not stand! This ***must*** be rectified! Your love shall embrace all that is, all that could be, and all that ever has been!! All shall be granted the Gift of Elven Sisterhood!!! In one tiny moment when Elune gazed upon one of her non-Elf druids, she was overtaken by guilt. How could she forget about the Un-Elves? How could your Love be All-Loving if the non-Elves are left out? As such, Elune devised this spell. A spell of love that mere words are insufficient or even blasphemous to describe this Grand Gift.
By the Power of True Love!
All shall be granted the "Gift of Choice", the "Love of the Elven Gods!"
~Thus Spoke Elune~

The Children of Quel'Thalas receive:

[Anveena, The Lightbringer]

Anveena was the most clueless when it came to sex or breeding. Any wonder then that she was so heavily affected when she lost her virginity/hymen, or when she had her cervix both rammed and penetrated, or… when she got her

womb smashed, deformed, and then used as a condom? Going through a masochistic awakening, she is determined to inflict a part of the pain you delivered to her upon your people and on your foes. To this end, she is able to unleash blasts of light, rarely even affecting sunlight for a few minutes, that, when coming into contact with a person, will cause one of two reactions: For the men, the pain is excruciating, and they often either faint from shock or die unless she also heals them. For the women, the experience is a mind-breaking orgasm induced in their minds as they are forced to connect pain with pleasure as Anveena hurts them while also healing them at the same time. Those who fall entirely under Anveena's masochistic love feel their bodies grow soft and supple, their skin almost glowing with faint light, holding marks and wounds for a long time, gaining increased survivability. On top of that, they also gain an increased healing speed while their wounds and marks heal in an aesthetically pleasing way.

The Naga receive:

[Azshara, The Queen of Domination]
Though more than happy to submit to you in private, Azshara has had perhaps the least amount changed from before you claimed her. Relatively, at the very least. Seeing all other men as inherently inferior, she assigns any that are born or arrive within your borders as chaff and servants, unless you intervene and command otherwise. As for women, Azshara ensures all know it is she who stands as your queen, and any who overstep their bounds are quickly turned into servants, often tag-teamed and broken in by the two of you. Both she, her handmaids, and all other servants in your capital have taken to wearing little more than skimpy bikinis, as their forms slowly become far more Elf-like, though still retaining their scales and aquatic affinity.

Influenced by their Queen's magic and mood, the Naga have begun to take more elven traits. Their bodies will quickly transform to be more elfin-like, with breasts full of seemingly endless delicious milk. Those with a kinder disposition will transform into elven ***mermaids***, while those with a ruthless disposition will transform into elven ***mersharks***, Those who merely want to forever copulate and be bred into eternity will transform into elven ***merrows***; Those who devote their entire life to the King and keep the Naga civilization running are the ***Sea Bishops***; The second last type are the accidental daughters or the ocean and you, the ***Nereids***; The last type is special… For they are born into their role and can never leave it (not that they would ever even think of that), these are the ***Sea Dragons***, the direct daughters of you

and Azshara. These daughters of yours decided that they have but one purpose in life… to fulfill any and all desires of their beloved Papa, these lovable terrors of yours, who inherited any and all things they possibly could, wants nothing more than to make Papa proud and happy. And even if Papa is happy, He can be even happier if they work smart and hard enough!

The Void Elves receive:

[Dimensius, The Lust of the Void]
Dimensius, this shard at the very least, has no frame of reference for what genders are meant to be. To her, there is only a breeder (You) and breeders (everyone else). To her, men are just disfigured breeders who cannot experience the ecstasy of sex and giving birth. Therefore, she has taken it upon herself to warp the bodies of men into women, while also flooding their minds with visions of you claiming and loving them. This leaves the women rather devoted to you as a God of Love, especially as Dimensius introduces them to you one at a time, so you may make their first time as magical as possible. Of course, if you don't like the idea of twisting men into hot women, you need just tell Dimensius not to do it. She will do it, but do be prepared to receive occasional pouts and mentions of unfair treatment towards men.

After all, only women are being treated specially in this harem of yours. They gain improved beauty, fertility and slowed/reversed aging (You); increased breast size and a more satisfying partner (Elune); mind-breaking pleasure, softer and supple bodies, greater survivability and increased healing speed (Anveena); even more beauty and an affinity for water (Azshara); and now even the once hated Curse of Undeath has been, or is being, refined to the point that it's now no different than a Blessing of Immortality (Arthia)!

The Darkfallen receive:

[Arthia Menethill, The Lich Queen]
Something in her fragmented mind twisted into place as you two lay in bed after rigorous fucking. Soon, she presented you with a Death Knight, commanding you to breed her on the spot. She kept presenting you with a new Death Knight each day, each one becoming more and more life-like, until the last one appeared completely alive, sans for slightly glowing eyes. It is then that she revealed the truth: She had refined Necromancy to the point where the undead would not lose any of the benefits of being in this new state,

while still retaining the benefits of undeath. These undead women, being both living and undead, will be known as the Unliving Women, the ***Alven***.
And after culling her less willing Liches and Necromancers (that explains why Kel'Thuzad disappeared so suddenly), she has mandated all future Scourge women be raised in this state and be brought before you to breed with, while she herself watches and masturbates until it's her turn, when she eventually fucks the new Alven into unconsciousness.

Elven Unity

(Requires the completion of **The Last Elven Man** first)

Yet upon saving your people, you hear of how a similar calamity has fallen upon your cousin species. Disorganized, frightened, and, perhaps most importantly, unprepared.

Indeed, your new queen suggests that since you brought peace and saved your own kind, you could do the same for others as well. And, let us be clear here, the thought is very attractive.

Through seduction, force, and good old diplomacy, you must ensure that all of the remaining Elven sub-groups fall under your banner and that all have been bred to ensure their populations do not die off.

And, just like you had to do with the god-being of your own people, you must claim and breed the ruler of the other Elven groups as well, cementing your status as a God of Fertility even further.

For bringing about the unification of elvenkind, you receive the following:

[The Jumpdorei Empire]
Poor choice of name aside, what you have here is an approximation of territory and people not seen since the days of the ancient Kaldorei Empire, with people even more devoted to you than they were to Azshara. How the different Elven groups are integrated within is up to you, as are the various policies and laws. You may import this to future settings, with it either appearing as a new continent and superpower, or you may have it start out with pre-existing history for whatever setting you arrive in.

[The Courtesans of Jumper]

You remember all of those godly beings, the queens of Elvenkind? You have taken them as your courtesans, each one bearing your brand above their wombs and a slavish love within their hearts. You gain the remaining Companion rewards from the Last Elven Man.

[The Superior Breed]
By conquering the rest of the Elves, you have proven yourself superior, and all shall know this for a fact. You radiate an aura about you that makes men grow ashamed and spineless, while women grow submissive and lustful. Compared to your own kind, you are better in every way, and your children, though not quite on your level, are still far above their contemporaries. Of course, you may toggle any and all aspects of this perk, from full to none and back at the speed of thought with but your intent and will.

Turning The Evolutionary Clock Forward

In hindsight, the conflicts between the Elves and Trolls seem rather silly. Why not bring both peoples together, preferably under your banner?

Some would call your plan diabolical; others would call it brilliant. You are going to ensure that, by the time your time here is over, all Trolls are some manner of Elf. They do not need to be of one of the already existing breeds; in fact, I encourage you to diversify as much as possible.

How you do this is ultimately up to you, but here are a few clues where you could start from:

The Loa: The gods of the Trolls hold much influence over their worshippers. Perhaps the key to turning their followers into Elves… is by binding their gods to Elune?

The Well of Eternity: It was the exposure to the original Well that saw the Dark Trolls transformed into the first Night Elves. Who is to say the one at Mount Hyjal cannot be used for a similar effect?

Flesh-Shaping: The Mogu brought about many races through the use of flesh-shaping. No doubt knowledge of this art can be found within the ruins of their empire. Though perhaps you should figure out a way to make the process painless before using it?

Titan Artifacts: The Titans left behind many mysteries and powerful artifacts. One of them could aid you in your task. Perhaps a reworked Curse of Flesh?

By whatever means, you have managed to bring about the rebirth of the Trolls and Haranir, granting you the following:

[The Genefather]
You became a rather dab hand at this remaking species thing. Whatever you used to convert your ancestors into Elves now follow you into future worlds, allowing you to bring about the births of new species, though you have the easiest time creating Elves due to being so familiar with the process.

[The Reborn]
And now your new kindred follow you, possibly making you the mightiest power on Azeroth from a numbers standpoint. Though memories of their past lives linger, the Reborn have, for the most part, accepted and embraced their new lives and are very, VERY, thankful to you for blessing them this way.

A Lesson in Eostian Warfare

When the War of the Ancients began, not all Highborne remained on Azeroth. Some sought sanctuary on another world and, through pouring their considerable magical power together, they opened a portal to a lush world untouched by mortal hands.

Gathering their belongings, households, and their myriad of servants and slaves, these Highborne departed Azeroth and settled upon what they now called Eostia. In time, the elves spread wide and their human servants, originally meant to serve as sacrifices for the Legion, even further.

As is the way of things, a schism happened. Some of the elves refused to abandon their practice of Fel magic, and so they were banished to the north. In time, these Elves became darker in skin as they delved deeper into Fel magic. And so began the war between the High and Dark Elves.

Then millennia later, a group of orcs fleeing Draenor discovered Eostia and began to spread out. The elves, their numbers decimated by centuries of war, began to use orcs and humans as their proxies in this constant conflict.

Now, decades later, you are approached by a Kirin Tor mage named Astrid Flamel. Having scoured through a variety of Highborne relics, she has discovered the location of Eostia and has come to you for aid, desiring to explore this new world.

The two of you, along with whatever forces you deigned to take with you, arrive to a Eostia ravaged by war. The elven population has shrunk, and most of their kingdoms have either been reduced to ruin or taken over by humans.

You arrive just as a pair of elves, a high elf named Anna Florence and a dark elf named Grace Campbell, are being attacked by a group of human mercenaries known as the Black Dogs. For all their bluster, the humans are quickly dispatched, and the two women, beyond grateful, explain the current political situation of Eostia.

To the south and east stand the kingdoms of Lescatie and Anith, ruled over by queens Celestine and Serafina, respectively. The two high elves are considered god-queens and have ruled over their kingdoms for hundreds of years at this point.

To the west stands the small kingdom of Fulstadja, a land of forests and supposedly the last kingdom to be inhabited exclusively by high elves, making it a tempting target for any slavers. The realm is ruled by Queen Evelyn Moinard, considered young and inexperienced at just 150 years of age.

And to the north stands the ominous Dark Tower, from which Olga Discordia directs her orcish horde to slaughter and defile the southern kingdoms, as she believes the dark elves to be naturally superior to all others.

To combat Olga's army, both Lescatie and Anith have begun to employ mercenary companies as troops, most prominently the Black Dogs, who act with impunity, pillaging and raping as they wish, while the clergy and nobility of both kingdoms grow evermore corrupt and decadent.

And on top of this disaster of a world, there are increasing reports of Void and Fel creatures running rampant, implying that more malicious forces have begun to turn their eyes towards this world.

Your objective is rather clear: You must evacuate all Elves from Eostia and flee. Certainly, you may take any peaceful humans or orcs with you, but your main concern will be your Elven kin.

As you come to quickly discover, your greatest threat is not actually Olga or the other queens, mayhaps not even the Fel or the Void. It is the Black Dogs, led by Vult, who will prove to be the largest obstacle in your quest, as Vult desires to create a slave-empire and will not allow any prime slaves, such as the Elves, to leave.

Their tentacles stretch deep; many nobles, clerics, and knights hold loyalty to the Black Dogs. They have their hands in an underground slave trade, no doubt a precursor to what they have in mind. It should be noted that most of the slaves on offer are half-elves, and that half means you must free them as well.

If you evacuate all of the Elves, but do not fight the Black Dogs, then expect Vult to mobilize his full might to chase you and yours down in a desperate attempt to stop you from fleeing.

If you decide to eliminate the Black Dogs early before starting your task, then a scant few survive, including Vult, who, depending on how badly you damaged his body, may return empowered by either the Fel or by the Void. He will rebuild his army, now mostly composed of creatures aligned with whichever Force empowers him. In this case, Eostia is all but doomed.

Yet as the portal closes behind you and the Elves of Eostia gaze upon their ancestral home once again, you receive the following:

[The Elves of Eostia]
While nowhere near as numerous as their Azerothian ancestors, the Eostians are still a rather large group of Elves, High, Dark, and Half. Thankful for your rescue, they have become rather devoted to you, even more so than they were to Celestia, Serafina, or Olga. And as a final and perhaps depressing note, you do not spot a single man among them. Take that how you will.

[Astrid Flamel, The Golemancer]
After the hair-raising and libido-inducing adventure you two had, is it any real surprise she decided to stick around with you? A skilled golemancer and with decades of experience (not that she shows the latter), Astrid is a curious soul

and, unknown to you, managed to pick up some grimoires on Eromancy while in Eostia, and she would very much like to experiment with you.

[Mistiora Arte, The Whore of Jumper]

Once upon a time, Mistiora was fated to be the next Dark Queen, but her rape at the hands of some goblins ruined that plan. Were it not for her cousin Olga, she would have been executed for her impurity. She escaped to the southern lands and was rather quickly enslaved by humans. After decades of enslavement, she had resigned herself to being the consort of a powerful lord from the far-off kingdom of Eldonia. That is, until one fateful day, she and her "master" attended a slave auction, one that you and your forces stormed. Her master slain and seeing a chance at freedom, Mistiora swore herself to you on the spot. Though useless in combat, her centuries of experience as a prostitute have taught her ways to read people like books, and she is more than happy to lend her talents to your cause. And naturally, she quite often joins you in bed, hoping to give you multiple daughters. She still loves her cousin, but knows that she cannot be left unpunished for her crimes. While she doesn't intervene during Olga's punishments, Mistiora visits her later to comfort her.

[Grace and Anna, The Maids of Jumper]

They came to your tent the very night after saving them. Swearing themselves to you, they rewarded you with their bodies. Apparently, both were widows, and their libidos had only grown since the deaths of their husbands. Grace is the more cheerful of the two, serving as your personal cook and bedwarmer. Anna is the more serious one, tending to your properties and ensuring both them and your cock remain clean.

[Chloe, The Devoted Servant]

Once the half-breed bastard/sex slave of a human noble, she was rescued by Olga and became the loyal bodyguard of the Dark Queen, mastering the sword and martial arts. All that matters in her life is her queen that she secretly loves. Captured alongside Olga, she offered herself to you as long as her queen was spared. When she is not fighting by your side or protecting Mistiora at the demand of her queen, she is beside Olga, taking care of her and occasionally participating in Olga's punishment.

[Luca, The Forsaken Child]

The Dark Queen's rescue of Chloe had a tragic consequence, as she was briefly captured and raped. Luca is the result of that incident, left behind by

her mother to have a chance to escape. Raised as a slave for the Black Dogs' patrons, her life was a dark, hopeless tunnel until you arrived. You saved her, and for that, she will forever be in your debt. By treating her as more than a piece of meat and with your goal of saving elfkind from Eostia, you have gained a fanatical follower, ready to answer all your needs.

[Evelyn Moinard, The Young Queen]

The young queen folded almost instantly once you revealed your intentions to evacuate her and her people. The crown's weight had been a burden she was barely holding up, and now, she feels free. Now serving as your cupbearer, Evelyn notes and tracks everything you do, desiring to become someone just like you. You will quickly see her adjust her appearance, behavior, and even personality based on what you show and teach her.

[Olga Discordia, The Fallen Queen]

Despite claiming to uphold the values of and protecting the Dark Elves, Olga was always rather quick to doom villages of her people to her Orc troops as breeding stock as a way to keep them in line. For these and many other crimes, you have stripped her of whatever raiments she had and sealed her magical power away. Collared and branded, you parade her around as your beloved pet. In a twisted form of retribution, you have begun to hold "fertility festivals" where the women she has wronged, along with anyone else interested in participating, take turns with her as you breed her abusers. In a way, she is helping to rebuild her people back up, even if it is through degradation; which, if the constant state of arousal she is in is any indication, she secretly loves even as she throws hollow threats at you and everyone else and depending on your own disposition, this may go into the territories of extreme fetishes with the right amount of healing prowess.

[Celestine and Serafina, The Sister Queens]

Though no longer worshiped as gods, the sisters have not lost their grace or kindness, being only thankful to you for saving all of them. Celestine, the more moderately clothed one (relatively speaking), offers her gift of visions to you, along with access to her stacked and fertile body, as she very much enjoys the thought of bearing multiple children. Her sister Serafina, her dignity hidden only by her absurdly long hair, is the more experienced of the two and gladly advises you in the matters of ruling… When you aren't busy plowing her fields like a beast, at least.

End Point

Your time on Azeroth has come to an end. What will you do next?

● Another Quest / Move On: You continue on your chain, the luster of adventure still fresh in your mind.
● You Feel Rested / Stay: You've fought and bled for this world, and you wish to enjoy the fruits of your labor. You stay here, and your chain ends.
● Homecoming / Return Home: This has been enough excitement for you, and you wish to go home. Your chain ends, and you return home with all you have gained so far.

Notes

- **All companions can have their genders flipped if you prefer, and all backstories given are more as a narrative idea and can be changed at your leisure. The same applies to those gained from Scenarios.**
- **You may skip the time requirement for the Scenarios if you are Ageless/Immortal and have taken the Time Extender enough times to stay past the original time of the event(s). Or maybe the Bronze Dragons helped you?**

- **You may skip the race requirement for the Scenarios if you have a shapeshifting ability or taken "Greater Visage" from the Dragonflight Jump**
- **Scenarios that create conflicting or alternative timelines can be taken, either because you can travel through time and space yourself, or because you have a Bronze/Infinite companion or friend who'll give you a ride to where you are needed. Basically, fanwank it.**
- **On the matter of "Female Only Birth" of Worldsouls and Starsouls' influence, just tell them to stop it. They're only doing this because they think that more Women = more Children = more Siblings = more Love and/or Attention from Father. Tell them to stop, and they will, and if you ever want it to start again, just tell them.**
- **Yes, with the Sow-Goddess Elune, you can create a negentropic civilization that uses milk as energy. Have some elves give birth to soulless female bodies or create some soulless female bodies and have Elune bless them, now create a method to convert elf milk into energy and energy into milk, and boom. A civilization that uses milk as fuel now finds a way to convert energy to matter and vice versa, and you have become the great God of Milk.**
- **Also, yes. Dimensius can grow to become a full Void Lord with enough energy and/or matter devoured (oh yes, I do know that you want to take her to WH40K to feed on those disgusting daemons and tyranids).**
- **The other women from Kuroinu exist during the A Lesson in Eostian Warfare Scenario, so you can claim them too if you wish. But the Scenario's focus is on the elves, and therefore, everyone else (except for Astrid) goes unmentioned.**
- **Liathra Dawnstar, The Sunblade, and Zul'jirra, The Last Ember are expies of Liadrin and Zul'jarra, respectively.**

- **As stated in a comment earlier, the Dimensional Ship item can have as large a crew as you think it needs. I'm bad with numbers.**
- **The boosted form of The Missing Link basically gives you access to the main traits of sub-races related to you. In the case of Elves and other WoW player races, this gives access to the Racial Traits that are Not learned, but inherited. Outside of that, you'll have to improvise.**

Azshara's Naga Tribe ~ General Facts

Influenced by their Queen's magic and mood, the Naga have begun to take more elven traits. Their bodies will quickly transform to be more elfin-like, with breasts full of seemingly endless delicious milk. They are capable of both live birth and releasing fertilized eggs from their pussy. Due to their corruption, their bodies are even more lewd than other elven sub-groups. They were first corrupted by the Fel in the War of the Ancients, then corrupted by the Void when they sank into the ocean. You must first understand this: the ocean is brutal, even more so than on land. They are, were, Elves, but now they have the traits of fish (and snakes?). Any unfertilized eggs? They are eaten by even their mother/layer/producer. They are capable of laying hundreds to millions of eggs, not all are fertilized, of course, but you see this? Hundreds to millions of children in one womb during a live birth… This is lewd as fuck, friend. So they usually laid eggs, upon which they would create underwater caves with milk pools. Yep, you heard that right, pools filled with their own milk simply because they couldn't be bothered to take care of that many children at the same time. This led to Nagas being even more distant and brutal towards their own kind. There are memories and recorded instances where the Old Naga parents would casually eat and kill their offspring. If the new immature Nagas were unlucky, or rather lucky actually, they might have been killed and eaten by any other aquatic creatures. If they truly were unlucky, they might have met a grumpy male Naga, after just escaping, who took his anger out on them by fucking eating them alive bit by fucking bit! Fuckin' brutal, man. Brutal, I say.

As I said, they were once El,ves so they weren't physically mature until they were 20 years old. Some fish's lifespan is 20 years, upon which they would have multiple mating seasons… And thus by not being physically mature, they were considered expendable, cannon fodder to be blunt about it. Therefore, these new changes that appeared after you bred Azshara and became the King is something that all immature Naga love you for. You gave them a hope to not suddenly die by an angry adult Naga. While they seem to obey Azshara, your opinions are the ones that matter. You seem to like humans choking to death on your cock? The Nagas will quickly acquire new Human slaves for you to torture. You want a female Dragon? Give them some time and they *will* get you a female Dragon in heat. However with these new changes are also new breeding and birthing laws. Unless specifically told by their King, most Nagas will give a live birth… Having millions of children moving in their womb, the children of their beloved King.
Hope you're ready for your Naga-pire, you better be.

The New Nagas Types

Mermaids: Those Nagas with a more kinder / softer dispositions will transform into elven *mermaids* with a snake tail and possess even greater breast size (and even more milk) than a usual Naga and even greater affinity for healing and purification magics. Due to their kind nature they were assigned to be the ones in charge of food production and to be caretakers and nurturers and of all young Nagas. They will teach them the Arts of Nurturing and ensure they grow into a "proper" Naga (the New Ways, not the Old Ways). Mermaids have blue scales.

Mersharks: Those Nagas with a more ruthless disposition will transform into elven *mersharks* with a snake tail but their bodies possess more shark traits, they have lean but powerful muscles, being five times stronger than a usual Naga, they have the usual magic talent of an ordinary old Naga but they have gained an enhanced combat instinct and greater aggression towards all non-Naga and non-Elves. They ensure that even if one isn't a mershark, one knows how to protect themselves in both the ocean, in rivers and the lakes. Mersharks have black scales.

Merrows: Those who merely want to forever copulate and be bred into eternity will transform into elven *merrows*, who resemble mermaids with some differences… One is the fact that merrows are twice to thrice the size of mermaids and that their breasts and asses are double to triple the size to that of the mermaids. Also, do not rely on the merrows for anything other than sex and anything related to sex. It will end catastrophically for both your side and the enemy side, but the headache isn't worth it.

Wanted info on a coastal enemy? You get info about the brothel locations and how good someone is in bed, while your enemies suddenly get a boom in both lust and babies with news of sexy fish women. Need a spell that lets all (female) Naga get fucked but there's only one of you? Give them some time (could take years to decades) and they could create a portal spell that perfectly overlaps your cock with the space within a spell inscription, you would feel everything, your cock and cum is real, the only problem is the fact that it's stuck on where it's coming from. On a ring? Cock outta ring. On a wall? You have a living dildo on a wall… They are the ones who introduce immature Naga to how life came to be and they ensure that all Naga are filled with an eternal devotion and love for their King and that they prioritize the pleasure and devotion of their 'King' with all that the Naga have. Merrows have red scales.

Sea Bishops: Those who devote their lives to their King, they care not for anything else than their King. The King's Word is Gospel, the King's Word is Truth. Oh they do listen to the Queen, but only because Azshara is the 'current' chief breeder of the Naga. The Naga changed *after **you*** bred her, not because she voluntarily did it. As long as she remains your 'High Breeder' they will listen, the moment you declare her to not be the 'High Breeder' then she is to either be an ordinary citizen or become a slave. Very many Naga remember the fond times of being a Highborne and a Pure-Blood Elf. The *Sea Bishops* are bureaucrats, the ones that keep the Naga civilization running. They possess the greatest magical talent and ability short of the *Sea Dragons*. Sea Bishops have turquoise scales.

Nereid(s): This type is… let's just say complicated. They are either the souls of human women or recently deceased human women that were transformed into a *Nereid* when either their soul (long dead) or body (recently dead) were completely violated by my residual power that drifted in the ocean when I was on my breeding spree. Due to the fact that they only have my biological / genetic material in them they are my Purest Daughters, but also the Daughters of the Ocean since only the Ocean and I were used to give birth to them. And technically, they don't exist. No Naga can give birth to them and they have no real connection to the Naga except for me but the fact that I *don't need* the Naga to have a water-elf tribe is uncomfortable to the Naga. Thus a compromise was proposed; the Nereids were to be the Princesses, they would have all the authority and power of an usual princess but every move would be scrutinized by Sea Bishops, the King's devotees. The Nereids are 'currently' only able to give birth to Nereids. They possess the Sea Dragons' Water affinity, magical might and Water-Aspected mind. It is very difficult for them to be on land / out of water for a long time, luckily they have water magic and there's no magic nullifiers, right?

Nereid General Appearance

Sea Dragons: The last type is special… For they are born into their role and can never leave it (not that they ever would even think of that), they direct daughters of you and Azshara, the *Sea Dragons*. These daughters of yours have but one purpose… to fulfill any and all of their Father's wishes and desires by any and all means, this is the 'hidden' wish and desire of their Mother, and this is the only way to help their Father. Being ten times the size of a usual mermaid Naga with a draconic tail instead of a snake tail, these lovable terrors of yours will inherit any and all things they possibly could and you allowed them too (which means mostly everything).

Sea Dragons: The last type is special… For they are born into their role and can never leave it (not that they ever would even think of that), they direct daughters of you and Azshara, the *Sea Dragons*. These cheerful and devoted daughters of yours have but one purpose in life… To fulfill any and all of their Father's wishes and desires by any and all means, this is the 'hidden' wish and desire of their Mother, and this is the only wish they have. Being ten times the size of a usual mermaid Naga with a draconic tail instead of a snake tail,

with draconic horns on their head and draconic claws (which they can transform to elven hands), these lovable terrors of yours will inherit any and all things they possibly could and you allowed them too (which means mostly everything). They can only give birth to a mermaid Naga or in rare cases a Sea Dragoness will be born (1/1.000.000th chance).

Outclassing all Naga other than their Mother and Father, they possess great skill and power in the magics of Water, Arcane and Void. Being at least 10-50 times stronger both magically and physically, they are capable of very many things. But their physical and magical might isn't the most terrifying thing about them, that would be their minds. Due to their immense affinities their bodies, souls and minds are more inline with the magics. *Water affinity* has made their mind not only adaptable with increasing learning speed, but also granted them a surprisingly clear mind. Brainwashing, mind control, corruption and even illusions will have no effect unless they are brute-forced into them by at least 50-100 powerful mages at once; *Arcane affinity* has granted them not only eidetic memory but also increased processing and computing speed capable of processing 50 parallel thoughts at 100x faster speed than mages.

Arcane is also Order thus they 'see' the connection between things and thus extrapolate accordingly and therefore know how to break these connections; Lastly is *Void affinity*. The Void is always there, you just don't always know it. Thus they discern almost immediately on what to do, what to say and how to either break a person in or get them compliant. These Bishops of yours are indeed terrifying, but to them you are the greatest Truth. Order continental empire to be reduced to slavery within the shortest time? Give them max a month and you'll have your slave-pire. Truly, daddy's girls are terrifying when it is at this level of power.

The Grand Gift of Elune

There are but two requirements to cast this spell: 1) The caster must possess both a pair of functional breasts and a functional womb in other words, they must be biologically female; 2) The recipient ***must not*** be an Elf and be capable of self-thought and self-awareness. Upon being cast the recipient's soul will be inserted into the caster's womb. And thus the caster is now both physically and magically the recipient's new "Mother", and the recipient is now the caster's new "Daughter". Until the Grand Day, the mother and daughter will live in symbiosis, the daughter will feel everything the mother feels, every emotion, every sensation and should the mother allow it, even her mother's

thoughts. There is one area that the daughter will deeply feel every detail in what should be excruciating detail but is actually very pleasurable. Every twitch, every squeeze, every breath of her mother's womb will be felt. To put it simply, the womb is the daughter's phylactery, it is what keeps the daughter from passing into the realm of the dead and her soul from dissipating.

This grand spell… Is the Rebirth / Unbirthing Spell! Its sole purpose is to turn non-Elves into Elves! But to simply physically turn someone and then having them acclimate in soul and mind… That would be too cruel, therefore the new daughter shall not only acclimate her mind and soul inside her mother's body but she shall also be granted the gift of experiencing her new birth from the very start. From her mother's love to the Day of Conception to the Grand Day of Re-Birthing! Upon the Day of Conception (this takes weeks to months or maybe even years) you shall solely spend time with the new mother and daughter pair, from creating or buying clothes, to singing for them both, where you shall grant them all of your love. And the highlight is indeed Conception, for when you (the Father) and her Mother are to Conceive your new Daughter. Your daughter will feel *everything* her mother feels while also feeling the sensations of the womb even more deeply. Feeling her mother's fullness while your unconceived daughter feels herself stretching beyond what she thought possible, feeling her mother twist her body when her cervix is rammed while your daughter is being kissed your cock, her mother feels the long, thick cock and the heat it radiates; while your daughter is scorched by not only your heat but also the lust and love you radiate. It should break any mind to feel this but this is the Gift of the Goddess of Elves. Feel the Passion of your Progenitors, and bask in it. The greatest sensation is when you finally release your life-giving seed in the mother-to-be upon which she will feel pleasured, loved and fulfilled while your daughter-to-be will finally feel the True Gift.

When your life-giving seed finally enters and fills the mother's womb, her daughter will feel them, the Gifts: The Gift and Love of Elune, the very many Blessings of her Father's many Queens, the Love and Magic of the Worldsoul and finally the Overflowing Love, Desire, Lust and Life from her Father. Your daughter's Mind and Soul has been Reborn, all that is left is her Body which you will continue to make in the coming weeks / months / years. She will feel the Sex, the Growing of her Body and finally; the day before her True Rebirth she will make a choice, keep any ties to her old life or completely cast it off. Whether it be name, aesthetic feature, memories or even mere aura, she alone will make the choice whether it stays or not, and what stays or not.

And on the Grand Day of Re-Birth, she will feel the loss of both her mother's and father's life-giving waters, then lovingly and gently squeezed out from her safe haven of her mother's womb and into the awaiting Worldsoul, who will softly and gently greet her Body, Soul, and Mind with an ever so gentle kiss.

This… This is the Grand Gift of Elfhood that Elune has devised. But even she could not spread this to the infinite multiverse and beyond the blind eternities., Thus with your Love, Lust, Desire, and the Weight of *All That You Were*, *All You That Could Be* and All That You Are that her and your Gift/Love *would* be granted. It was with such gravitas that you Nascent Spark was forced to become the Sacrifice to be Source both the Spell and the Transformation should you ever fall, be erased or if you didn't Spark at all. Of course, should you Spark then this Oath will be made

By the Power of True Love!

All shall be granted the "Gift of Choice", the "Love of the Elven Gods!"

~Thus Spoke Elune~