



Azeroth, the world of adventure and endless danger. No doubt you've heard of the noble Alliance and the brutal Horde.

Yet your journey does not center upon them this time around. Instead, you will find yourself amongst the Beasts, races that have remained hostile towards the two major Factions for a long time now.

Be you a beautiful Harpy, a humble Murloc, or a savage Gnoll, you will no doubt make your mark on the world, for good or for ill.

Now, take these **1000 Beast Tokens** and begin your adventure.

Drawbacks

Hardship builds character. Take as many as you believe you can handle.

Supplement Mode

(+0 BT)

As you wish. You merely glance into Azeroth, copying the form of one of the available Race selections 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 BT)

Perhaps you wish to mantle another? You may take the role of a figure of some importance for the duration of your time here.

A Different Time

(+0 BT)

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

Drop-In Scenario

(+0 / +100 BT)

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 fully new start.

Time Extension

(+100 BT)

A decade can pass by in the blink of an eye if one is not careful. Should you wish to spend more time in these lands, then I shall extend it for 10 years each time this is taken. Though I will only compensate for 10 times, after that you will merely do so for your own amusement. I hope you have a way of prolonging your life, most of the bestial races have rather short lifespans. Your Companions will receive the exact same amount of BT, they're stuck with you for this whole time *so they deserve some compensation*.

Lost Warehouse

(+200 BT)

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.

Strange Magic

(+200 BT)

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 BT)

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.

No Peace

(+200 BT)

Bar a certain few Scenarios, the main factions are not going to have favorable impressions of you. And with this, that is unlikely to change without backbreaking effort. The supposed "Main" races and Factions majorly distrust you, with any existing discord turned into full-blown hate.

Wanted: 'Jumper'

(+200 / 400 / 600 BT)

You are now seen as the *Elite* of whatever species you are, and to finally put an end upon you, the locals have placed a Bounty that has attracted a lot of Adventurers that desire the Reward, *they're all convinced that there is a Rare Drop from you too~!* Expect Parties of five to constantly try to and kill you, at least on a daily basis. They won't be the strongest and won't be of the best crop, but they will be persistent, and *they will never stop coming*. Killing them will just make a new Party take the vacant spot; don't expect to ever be left alone... But if it's not enough, for an additional **200 BT** you are now a *World Boss* and will be facing weekly Raids of forty experienced Adventurers that will come for your head, each expecting an *Epic Drop* for their work and a colossal Reward for bringing in your head! *Good luck*, you'll need it~! So those Raid groups mentioned earlier? For **600 BT**, they are now a daily occurrence, with there being a ten-percent chance of multiple Raids striking on the same day.

Rather Dim

(+200 / 400 BT)

It is rather unfortunate that some of the Beasts exhibit a severe lack of intelligence. Something you have unfortunately partaken in. For **200** points, you are merely a lot slower than normal, needing several repeats to

understand more complex ideas and in general, taking far longer to figure things out. For **400** points, however, you rival most Gnolls in the stupidity department. Your attention span is abysmal, your speech broken to the extreme, and anything harder than counting to five will give you a headache.

The Oldest Known Emotion...

(+200 / 400 BT)

... Is Fear. And you know it well, for it is by far your greatest emotion. For **200 BT**, you are merely a lot easier to frighten. A scary story will have you watch the shadows for a few weeks, while a jumpscare might give you a minor heart attack. But for **400 BT**, your fear is rather overwhelming, everything looks like or feels like a potential threat, and you may even lock yourself within your own room just to feel somewhat safe.

Burning Hot

(+200 / 400 BT)

You have something of a temper. For **200 BT**, you are merely easily irritable, loud noises turn you grumpy, and you always sneer at those who annoy you.

For **400 BT**, however, your temper flares from the smallest of things. If someone sings off-key, you will try to tear their vocal cords out. If someone so much as looks at you funny, you will try to gouge their eyes out.

Breeding Frenzy

(+200 / 400 BT)

You wish to expand your brood, to a near uncontrollable degree. You are always ready to breed passing women, your dick always hard and obviously showing your desire, and your thoughts are easily distracted. For an additional **200 BT**, you are not just ready and thinking about it, but you are always doing it. Any passing woman who is fertile has you go into a frenzy, where you proceed to relentlessly breed them until they are heavy with your children, dropping everything else to spread your seed.

Mmmrrgllm

(+300 BT)

Oh, dear. It would seem your mind has been scrambled, leaving it a mess. If you are not a **Murloc**, then you can only speak and think in Nerglish, their very confusing language, and are unable to learn any other language for the duration of your stay. If you are a **Murloc**, then you do not and cannot understand Nerglish at all, making you an outcast amongst your own people.

Rotting

(+400 BT)

Your body has been raised in a state of undeath. Though your flesh yet remains, it is slowly rotting away. Though you yourself do not smell it, the stench you leave behind nauseates others. Though you no longer need sustenance or sleep, it is a hollow comfort. Not only has your fertility taken a nosedive, but other people will look upon you with horror and disgust, many of them will attempt to slay you for various reasons.

A Lit Candle

(+1000 BT)

Did you ever wonder why the Kobolds feared the dark so much they always kept a lit candle on their heads? Thought to be a mere legend, the Darkness now hunts you. An Eldritch Being older than time, it lurks in the dark places and corners of the world, waiting for a moment to strike. You must remain in light at all times, be it sunlight, lamplight, or just a meager candle. Remaining in darkness for longer than a few seconds will lead to you weakening and the Darkness killing you. Should you manage to drive it off or slay it, then it will return again the next day, far angrier and even more fearsome.

A World Not Your Own

(+1000 BT)

Have you heard of Azmerloth? A variant of Azeroth, where all races are Murlocs instead. Well, now you will get rather familiar with this world, as you have landed there and will spend your time exclusively in this timeline. Though the people appear familiar, you have a hard time either taking them seriously, or even understanding them to begin with. And for the **Murlocs** who no doubt think, this would be a breeze, you will instead land in a world where everyone is of one of the other Beast races, where you will be just as much of a stranger.

Time

[Before the Sundering - +10 000 BDP]

It is unclear for the most part when the Beasts truly came about. Even Centaur roamed the lands before Zaetar and Theradas began their affair. You may choose a point between the Titan's Ordering of Azeroth and the years leading up to the War of the Ancients.

[The War of the Ancients - 10 000 BDP]

The Burning Legion has begun its invasion, and should things go as planned, then at least Agamaggan and Aviana will meet their demise in the coming years. While defending Azeroth would be the better choice in many respects, nothing would stop you from throwing your lot in with the Legion and reaping the benefits afterwards.

[After The Sundering]

The Legion was pushed back, but at a great cost. The greater continent of Kalimdor has shattered, leaving only smaller continents behind. The once powerful Kaldorei Empire has for the most part ceased to be. It is a time of uncertainty, a time when a Beast could carve his name into history.

[The Birth of the Centaur - 1 100 BDP]

The Tauren have awoken Princess Theradas, who has consumed all life from Mashan'she and transformed it into Desolace. In the coming days she will meet and fall in love with Zaetar, the son of Cenarius, and from their union will the Centaur of Kalimdor be born.

[The Gnoll War - 75 BDP]

United under the cunning Packlord Garfang, a massive Gnoll army will begin to ravage the lands of Stormwind, pillaging multiple towns and villages as they go. Through the actions of King Barathen Wrynn, Garfang will eventually be slain, leading to his Gnoll Army scattering due to infighting and solidifying Stormwind as the controlling power in the mid-southern parts of the Eastern Kingdoms.

[The Third War - 21 ADP]

Doom approaches. The Burning Legion schemes another invasion through the usage of the Scourge. The Scourge itself, led by the disembodied Lich King, will ravage the lands, releasing plagues and raising all in their path as Undead. The fate of the world will be decided in the coming months. What part will you play in the events to come?

[Classic - 25 ADP]

The Horde has established itself on Kalimdor, Lordaeron remains under the control of the Forsaken, and the Alliance suffers from internal corruption. These will be the days when all Beasts have their chance to do something of note, be it terrorising the Barrens and Desolace, haunting the woods of Elwyn

Forest, or turning the waterways into your own little fiefdom. It is a time of great risk, yes, but it is also the time of Adventure and Conquest.

Location

[Maraudon]

The birthplace and holy ground for Centaur, this combination of caves, burial grounds, and a primal temple, serves as the final place of rest for both Centaurs, and their father, Zaetar, as well. Theradras spends most of her time deep within, lingering around the grave of her beloved.

[Hogger Hill]

A small hill within the Elwyn Forest, it is here that Hogger and the Riverpaw Gnolls plot out their assaults on Stormwind and where Hogger will one day meet his end.

[Witchwood]

Located at the foot of the Highmountain, Witchwood is full of Harpies who torment the Tauren in surrounding lands. The woods also house several animals twisted by the Harpies' magic, and the Ettin Gornoth wanders aimlessly amongst the trees.

[Gundargaz]

Technically not a Kobold settlement, Gundargaz is where the Quickwick tribe have made their home, allying with the Earthen and their Machine Speakers to secure a home for themselves.

[Winterfin Village]

A small Murloc village under the control of the Winterfin tribe, it is located in the northwestern parts of the Borean Tundra in Northrend. The tribe is for the most part more docile, though an earthquake will soon release an insane Makrura named Claximus, who will take control over the majority of the tribe.

[Razorfen Kraul]

Surrounded by massive thorns sprouted from the blood and remains of their progenitor, Razorfen Kraul is the ancestral home and effective capital of the Quilboar as a whole.

[The Rest of Azeroth]

It is a wide and wondrous world out there. If you would rather trek somewhere not already mentioned, as long as it is on Azeroth, you may start there instead.

Races

Centaur

(Free)

The lower body of a horse, the upper body of a man, and the stench of a rotting corpse, that is the Centaur of Kalimdor. The Children of Zaetar and Princess Theradas, your kind are the scourge of the lands, defiling and destroying as you will.



Gnoll

(Free)

By far one of the most widespread species, the Gnoll are hyena-like humanoids known for being violent savages with little in the way of intelligence. But as shown by Gargang and Hogger, your kind do possess the potential for cunning thinking, and even so, your kind are deadly in numbers, for you breed faster than rabbits.



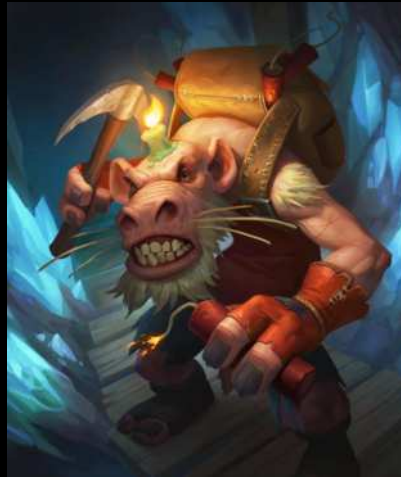
Harpy (Free)

The Daughters of the Wild God Aviana, the Harpies are a mono-gendered species bearing a strong resemblance to Night Elves, but with the talons, wings, and feathers of birds. Beautiful and deadly, most Harpies are a danger to both outsiders and their own if one is not careful.



Kobold (Free)

Diminutive rat-men slightly bigger than Gnomes, the Kobold are one of the most common beings on Azeroth, though most prefer to keep to their deep tunnels underground. Cowardly and obsessed with candles, a lone Kobold may be nothing more than a road bump, but remember, they are very rarely alone.



Murloc

(Free)

The terror of the waterways and the deep seas alike, Murlocs are perhaps the most numerous and widespread species on Azeroth. Though small and alone are easily dealt with, they prefer to ambush and swarm their enemies in large groups. Alternatively, you can be a Gorloc, a more ancient species from which Murlocs evolved from. Slightly taller and with wide mouths, Gorlocs are just as dangerous as their descendants.



Quilboar

(Free)

The descendants of the Wild God Agamaggan, the Quilboar are humanoids with porcine features and massive quills jutting from their backs. Savage, fearless, and xenophobic, the Quilboar defend their

lands and the remains of Agamaggan with zealotry that has even the Scarlet Crusade pale in comparison.



General Perks

Hung Like A Horse

(100 BT)

No doubt, the sight of so many beauties running around will get you excited to have your way with them. By taking this, your sexual organs, be it a dick or pussy, will always fit and be compatible with other sentient life. Your gigantic horse cock can pleasure a woman without killing them, and your vagina can accommodate a dragon. Just do not think too deeply of logistics and enjoy the ride instead. Also, yes, you can give yourself a pussy as a man, or a dick as a woman.

Handcrafts

(100 BT)

Despite their brutal appearances, all Beasts have some knack for primitive arts and crafts. Be it Scrimshawing, Wood carving, painting, or another such craft, you now know one of these crafts and are considered one of the most competent in the field, amongst Beasts and the more Civilized folk alike. You may purchase this multiple times, each time learning a new craft.

Babies For All

(200 BT)

One of the contributing factors for the spread of your kind is your fertility. Not only can you breed with anything capable of producing children, but you are

able to toggle how many children per pregnancy are born, with the default being triplets, but scalable to ten (or none if you'd rather avoid the pregnancy with a certain partner). And after the first time, the mothers will feel compelled to give birth to more of your children, an addiction to it if you will, though you may toggle this off if you wish. In addition, you may decide the gender and general appearance of your children, if they are perfect hybrids or take more after either of their parents' race, and they will be quick to build romantic and lustful feelings towards you.

Schrödinger's Baby

(200 BT)

Though, if you do not wish to flood the world with your children, this might help. You, or your partner, may place their pregnancy in stasis, with it remaining in whatever state it was until you decide otherwise. Every nine months spent in this state will count as a "birth" for any Perks requiring it. Alternatively, during conception, you may instead choose to turn it into a 1-UP for whoever carries the child, granting them a second chance at life should they be slain for whatever reason.

Bestial Temptation

(200 BT)

You have a magnetism to you, one that manifests against more "civilised" people. Those who live in houses of stone and metal, who buy their food instead of hunting it, who sneer at your kind as savages. Now you intrigue these kinds of people. Your appearance and lifestyle make them curious as to how it would be like to live as you do, how it would feel to submit to you as their alpha. And even if they reject this temptation and leave for other pastures, it will still linger in their minds for weeks on end, tempting them to return to you for a taste.

Iron Stomach

(200 BT)

Chances are that you will have little chance to eat things fresh, or even things that are usually safe for consumption. Because of it, your stomach and intestines have become robust, able to eat rotting flesh and pure garbage, and gain the same amount of nutrients as if from a well-done beefsteak. This does nothing for the smell or taste, unfortunately, though you may flip a figurative switch in your mind so you do not register either.

For Survival

(200 BT)

It's a rough world out there, one that demands sacrifices to be made. You can, at command, turn off your empathy and disgust, now being able to consume a fried Orc with the same gusto as a roasted boar. More than that, you are far more willing to do what you feel is necessary for survival, be it to raze an innocent village, so your group can survive, or to leave behind the sick so the rest of you can escape successfully. This can be turned off, of course.

A Spark of Magic

(200 BT)

Some of your Progenitor's power lingers within your blood, granting you an instinctual connection to magic. You have some control over one of the six cosmic forces and the magic associated with it. This is merely a spark at this point, you will need to actually train to truly master your new power. But it is a foot in the door, you only need to step forward. You may purchase this up to six times, each time connecting to another cosmic force.

Herbal Knowledge

(200 / 400 BT)

When one lives within the Wild, it is a good idea to know what plants are safe for consumption and what is best left alone. Not only do you have an encyclopedic knowledge of all mundane, non-magical plants, but you also know how to turn these into potions and medicines. For an additional **200 BT**, you also know the same for magical plants.

Hunter

(200 BT)

If you cannot hunt your own food, there is a good chance you will starve to death. With this, you no longer need to worry about such. You are a competent hunter, not only able to track prey over long distances, but also knowing how to identify tracks, how to mimic certain calls, how to cover your scent, and finally, where to strike for the quickest and/or cleanest kill.

Enchantment!

(400 BT)

As it turns out, some Beasts are capable of giving enchantments to items, even if they are rather crude compared to, say, the Elves, for example. Be it a totem that spews out flames, or a fertility idol that slowly drains the intelligence of a woman when used.

The Wild Lord

(600 BT, Capstone Booster)

A spark of your progenitor has manifested in you, turning you into something greater and better compared to your brethren. Your lifespan is measured in thousands of years, with violence more likely to slay you than actual age. You are a head taller than others of your kind, bearing the strength of ten of your kind (or ten men, whichever is greater), and able to take hits that would wound even an Elekk. The same can be said of your talent for Magic, able to harness it far better than even some of the Elves.

This also boosts your appearance, refining your features to befit a lord of the wilderness. Amongst your kind you are the sex symbol, the ideal partner and those not of your kind will often begin to wonder how it would feel to lay with you.

Centaur Perks

Discounted for **Centaurs**, with 100 BT Perks being free

Equine Benefits

(100 BT)

If you are male, then you have a proper horsecock, which you can pull back into a sheath and cum gallons at a time. If you are a woman, then your pregnancies will become a lot easier. There will be little pain when giving birth, it may even be somewhat pleasurable, your children come out as developed as a two-to-three year old child, able to walk within hours of being born, and you will be able to function as normal right up to the last couple of days of pregnancy, and after giving birth, you'll be back to normal after a day or two of recovery. This perk can be inherited by your own children and any lovers you may have, with the effect changing depending upon their physical gender.

Steppe Rider

(100 BT)

Your stamina is a thing to behold, able to go days at a time, be it either riding across the fields, or during lovemaking. Your speed in general leaves Humans a distant second, nearing the speeds of a moderate car. And finally, you automatically adapt to having more or less than four limbs, not flopping about if you suddenly find yourself with the lower body of a horse.

Archest of Archers

(200 BT)

There are few things more dangerous than a Centaur with a bow and a full quiver. While standing still, though you will not hit the bullseye with each shot, you are always guaranteed to hit your target, even if in the chest instead of the head. But should you do the same while moving, then in a complete disregard for logic, your shots not only always hit dead-center where you aim, but also seem to strike with half more power than they should.

Pheromones

(200 BT)

It would be hard to attract mates if one smells like a corpse all the time. While this does nothing to remove your smell, this does help change the reception to it. Those of your preferred gender find your scent pleasant, with enough exposure to it leaving them quite aroused, and long periods of time subjected to it can leave them rather addicted to it, though both of these can be toggled if you wish. Not only does this make them more agreeable to you in general, but you can also share this with your children and lovers at will, though you yourself are immune to this by default, unless you wish otherwise.

Harem of Power

(400 BT)

A Khan should have multiple mates, to ensure he has plenty of heirs and to show his virility. Your power grows the more lovers you have, each one adding a fragment more to your being. You are also able to manage such large groups, and this Perk ensures they will not fight amongst one another for your favor, nor will their own descendants consider it either. It is far more likely that in loving you, they will also come to love one another almost as fiercely.

The Khan

(600 BT)

The earth shakes slightly as your hooves meet it, as if sensing your new power. Indeed, a fragment of Theradas' power has manifested in you, granting you control over the very earth itself. You can resculpt hills, drain life from small forests, and even birth small Earth Elementals with some effort. The Centaur of Kalimdor will quite easily fall in line, seeing you as the worthy heir of their Mother and a true Khan in the making.

[Boosted]: Yet was your father not also of great power? Your lower half can take on a more refined Stag-like shape, and you may even have small nubs of

horns growing on your forehead. This is to signify your new power to nurture life, be it to heal a sick creature, grow small saplings into majestic trees or even revitalise the land itself. Centaur of all kinds will wish to flock under you, seeing you as the worthiest of Khans. And to show their loyalty, they will bring you tribute, be it items, food, or even slaves recently captured. Many will grant you their daughters or even their wives, seeing it as a great honor should you bless them with children.

Gnoll Perks

Discounted for **Gnolls**, with 100 BT Perks being free

Pack Hyena

(100 BT)

Gnolls are most effective when fighting in packs, and you are no exception. When fighting alongside allies, your coordination increases, and you almost seem to be clairvoyant, able to strike in sync with your fellows. As well, you are an excellent trainer of Hyenas, able to tame and domesticate them for various, mostly violent, purposes.

Bestial Visage

(100 BT)

My, but what large teeth you have. Your teeth and jaws are strong enough to crack bone, allowing you to eat the entire corpse so nothing is left to waste. Additionally, your nose is as sharp as a bloodhound's, able to track a target from a small droplet of blood.

Decaying World

(200 BT)

Now this is a foul power. Considered by some as the Sixth Element, Decay magic is a dark form of Shamanism, where the wielder forces the Elements to do their bidding, twisting them into sickly and dangerous beings. You have taken your first steps on this path, able to slowly rot and corrupt the minds and bodies of mortals, but also corroding and corrupting the very Leylines, though this would require several Decay users to succeed within a few decades.

Laughter of Doom

(200 BT)

Your kind share a lot in common with Hyenas, including your appearance and a tendency to let out laughter constantly. This laughter is actually a threat, which you can unleash at your foes, frightening most into fleeing mindlessly in terror, with only the most iron-willed able to ignore it.

The Gnott

(400 BT)

Yours is a weapon of mass impregnation, tall and intimidating. Other men will feel inadequate after seeing it, while women will go weak at the knees as their ovaries all but explode in preparation for your seed. And were you to actually fuck someone, you would ruin them for life, never again able to feel pleasure from other men. No contraceptive will protect wombs from you, magic fails and condoms break, ensuring you will always shoot true, though this can be toggled off if you wish.

Packlord

(600 BT)

Your control over your pack is ironclad. Those you lead follow you without question, or any thoughts of betrayal or usurpation. Your presence evokes respect among the more savage civilizations, and you may absorb such groups into your own by thoroughly defeating either them, or their leader, be it either through violence or fucking them into submission. People recruited in this manner will quickly adopt similar mannerisms and beliefs as you, ensuring there are no conflicts within your Pack. Race doesn't matter much, as even Humans or Orcs can now truly fit into the Pack with this Perk and as long as you're leading it.

[Boosted]: Yet what about when there are no savages to be found, and you are in need of additional forces? Well, then you turn to your captives. By forcibly training, or merely fucking, your prisoners, you can reduce them into a similar state of mind as Gnolls, reducing a prim and proper princess, into a cannibalistic savage with only killing and breeding on her mind. If that isn't your cup of tea, you can turn them into shy, devoted, and submissive broodmares. Additionally, for each brought-in member of your Pack, you permanently gain a small amount of their overall prowess added to your own. Of course, you may also use this to shift things in the opposite direction, turning one of these feral beauties into a highly sophisticated maiden. Or something in between.

Harpy Perks

Discounted for **Harpies**, with 100 BT Perks being free.

Children of Aviana

(100 BT)

Though your relationship with your mother may be rather rocky, you are still one of her children. Tall as a Night Elf, your wings grant you near-silent flight, and your hearing can pick up the movements of a mouse three rooms down.

For non-Harpies, this can either manifest as physical wings, or merely ethereal energy constructs.

Nestmother

(100 BT)

Instead of having direct children, you may instead choose to carry eggs, or impregnate your lover with them. More than that, you know how to care for eggs, how to build a nest, how to keep them warm, and how to tell when they will hatch.

Birds of a Feather

(200 BT)

Though bearing no need for mounts of their own, Harpies do tend to tame birds of different kinds, often twisting them into the large and dangerous Roc birds. You know how to domesticate birds for different purposes, but you also know how to twist these into Rocs. With a bit of tweaking, this method can also be used to turn other beasts into similarly dangerous alternatives.

Perks of Motherhood

(200 BT)

It is quite important that all see you have given birth to many daughters. For each child you give birth to, your curves grow, along with your height, and your features become more pleasing to the eye. And both your children and all lovers will benefit from this as well, growing just as large as you. This can be toggled, and you can decide if the growth or beautification will cease at a certain stage. This also applies should someone else give birth to your children, either because you are a futanari, or because you've later on gained a female form, to which this can work retroactively.

Conversion

(400 BT)

Though you are more than able to birth dozens of eggs to grow your numbers, there is another method. You know of a ritual where you take an Elven woman, reduce them to a fuck-drunk mess, lay them on a ritual circle, and then channel a spell that will turn them into more Harpies; this ritual can work on other species with some tweaking, along with allowing you to change their gender as you will, though for the duration of this jump, it will only convert others into female Harpies. These newly converted will worship you like a goddess, thankful for granting them such pleasure and ascending them into something greater.

Harpy Queen

(600 BT)

Your feathers darken, and a faint shadow lingers about you. You now know spells of a dark variety. How to twist the land and beasts into your service, how to drain the souls from others and then feed upon them. Yet some of your mother's presence manifests in you, granting you control over the winds and storms, throwing bolts of lightning from your hands, and summoning gusts of wind strong enough to lift an Ogre a few feet into the air. And though you may not be a queen yet, you do possess the cunning and smarts to not only rise quickly in ranks, but also ensure you will stay there. This also means you are quite able to gauge how loyal your subordinates are, how likely they are to betray you, and, most importantly, if they are in love with you. It will be rather easy to then twist them into being extremely loyal and totally in love with you, if you so desire.

[Boosted]: Some of your feathers are bleached a bright white, while your beauty now rivals Azshara in her prime, able to captivate and make people fall in love with you by simply seeing your face, though both of these can be toggled. A spark of Aviana now beats within you, granting you control over the winds themselves, able to whip them into massive hurricanes, or to calm a raging storm into a gentle breeze.

Kobold Perks

Discounted for **Kobolds**, with 100 BT Perks being free.

Tunnel Basics

(100 BT)

All Kobolds spend a good amount of time underground, digging deeper and more complex tunnels. You are no exception, able to plan out and mine entire tunnel complexes, without compromising the integrity of your work. No need to fear for cave-ins or running into pools of lava when you're the one planning things out.

The Rat Wrangler

(100 BT)

It is little surprise that your people have a connection to both rats and moles of all kinds. Not only do you know how to raise, domesticate, and understand these creatures, you also know of ways to selectively breed them to make them larger, big enough for even Orcs to ride comfortably.

Swolbold

(200 BT)

Either by the blessing of the Darkflame Candle, or by a quirk of evolution, you have become a Swolbold, a far more muscular version of a Kobold, rivaling Ogres in size. Though lacking in nimbleness, your strength is a thing to behold, and your new state has all but removed the inherent cowardice amongst Kobolds in general. And yes, your dick has grown to the size of a club, able to clobber someone to death if swung hard enough, while leaving most women frozen from the sheer shock of seeing it.

You Yes Take Candle

(200 BT)

The ever-burning candle over your head must be good for something other than merely lighting the room and keeping the dark away, yes? You are able to use the Candle as a focus for your spells, mostly for Pyromancy, of which you know a moderate amount.

Waxmancer

(400 BT)

Wax is the most important material used by the Kobolds, used in the construction of golems, the creation of their precious candles, and even in architecture. You now know how to control and shape Wax, using it as a reagent for spells and rituals of all kinds, or to shape Wax golems and Elementals. With some effort, and perhaps help from your fellow Waxmancers, you can even create a mighty Wax Dragon such as the fearsome Waxadred.

The Candle King

(600 BT)

Perhaps you are not quite a King just yet, but you are certainly close. Your charisma increases, allowing you to lead even the most cowardly of Kobolds into war. But it is your ability to find treasures and other such curiosities deep underground that raises eyebrows. As long as you go looking for treasure, you will always find something. Usually these treasures are located in areas you could easily turn into settlements or even fortresses, and word of your discoveries always spreads far, attracting people from all over to come and see, and usually even swear themselves to you.

[Boosted]: I would suggest switching your candle for a proper lamp, to show your new status and might. You are the new Big Cheese, as it were, with most Kobolds simply swearing themselves to you the moment they meet you. Be it out of genuine loyalty, or because they fear the monster you now control.

Indeed, the Darkness now serves you, able to be summoned with but a thought to slay your enemies. Though it is weaker in the light, it can still wander there and tear apart your foes. And as befitting of you conquering the worst enemy of your kind, you are able to inflame the courage within the hearts of your followers, allowing them to ignore the feelings of fear and doubt. If you took the **A Lit Candle** Drawback, then your Darkness is merely a copy, with the original still very much intent on slaying you.

Murloc Perks

Discounted for **Murlocs**, with 100 BT Perks being free.

Murloc Mania

(100 BT)

This perk offers two benefits. For one, you are able to understand Nerglish and other similarly confusing languages and even teach some of it to outsiders. The second is your amphibious nature, now able to swim with the best of them and breathe both in and out of water.

From the Deep

(100 BT)

You have come a long way, haven't you? Your eyes appear reflective with no pupils, your teeth are now far sharper, and from your forehead protrudes a glowing lure, usable for luring in fish in murky water, lighting dark rooms, or

even usable as a magical focus. To add to this, you are able to withstand deep ocean pressures, just as at home at the bottom of the sea, as you are above it. If you wish, you may toggle the cosmetic changes, but keep the actual perk effects. How this works for the lure is up to you, perhaps your eyes glow and work as a focus instead?

Murhulk

(200 BT)

You don't see your kind very often. You are a Murhulk, a larger and muscular variant of Murloc. So muscular that your arms function as another pair of legs. You'll give an Ogre a run for their money in strength, and seeing you charge has people scramble to get out of the way. And yes, this does increase your dick size, turning it into more of a sword than anything.

Sharky Boy

(200 BT)

Despite the name, your kind share some kinship between both sharks and crabs. Now you know how to domesticate them, be it for livestock or as attack beasts. Of course, when it comes to sharks, they are usually bound to water, but thankfully you are able to enclose your sharks, and other aquatic companions, inside a bubble of floating water, allowing them to be just as dangerous menaces on land as in water.

March Of The Murlocs

(400 BT)

Murlocs are the most dangerous in groups, becoming the banes of foes over and underwater. You are a terror when fighting in a group, capable of perfectly coordinating with up to a hundred fellow fighters, your strikes always hitting vital spots. And should you be within friendly territory, then you may summon your allies with a war cry, where they will appear for a brief time to slaughter your enemies. This ability takes a few minutes to recharge between uses, and any allied slain will only bear some feelings of shock and faint scars from the experience.

Tide Chief

(600 BT)

You feel the water move in rhythm with your breathing, subconsciously calling upon it. You rival an average Water Elemental in power and control over the water, able to create small whirlpools to draw people below the waves and

conjuring large bubbles of water to pelt at enemies like cannonballs. Murlocs will treat you with respect, fully aware of your talents and future status.

[Boosted]: Though Neptulon is yet your superior, your control over the waves is still a terrible thing to behold. Not only do you now possess the ability to speak with aquatic beings, but your water magics have shot up in power, now able to release massive tidal waves to wipe out entire cities from the map. Murlocs from across the world, both this and future ones, will continue to flock under your banner, almost carried by the sea currents to ensure the fastest time.

Quilboar Perks

Discounted for **Quilboars**, with 100 BT Perks being free.

Spined and Ready

(100 BT)

From your arms and back sprout massive quills, each one sharp enough to pierce through leather armor. You may flare these up, turning your back into a trap for anyone trying to strike from behind. You may remove a quill with a simple tug, with a new one growing back within the day. Should you wish to not poke everything with your quills, you may retract most of them and fold the ones remaining against your back.

Boar Management

(100 BT)

Pigs and boars are sacred to the Quilboar, who feel a kinship with the porcine beasts, with the largest and most tenacious of them seen as gifts and signs of favor from Agamaggan himself. Now you understand these creatures, able to communicate with them and train them as loyal companions and even mounts, with you possibly even encouraging them to grow in size, perhaps one day rivaling your progenitor.

A Brute

(200 BT)

You have undergone a ritual that has left you changed. Now the size of a Tauren with strength to match, you are a physical terror. Your quills are now more like bristles, tangled and sharp. You may control these quills, with them

acting like crude tentacles and able to lash out at your foes, their sharp tips breaking against skin, after which they will be quite hard to remove.

The Cold of the Grave

(200 BT)

Were you aware that some Quilboar had allied with the Scourge at one point? I would assume so, seeing as you possess a knack for necromancy. Though far from reaching the heights of Kel'thuzad or, gods forbid, the Lich King himself, you are able to raise a group of corpses as zombies with little issue, and you even know how to create and spread a weaker version of the Plague of Undeath.

Geomancy

(400 BT)

A crude form of Shamanism, Geomancy is highly valued and widely practiced amongst Quilboar. And now you continue this practice, calling upon the strength of Agamaggan. With little effort, you bend stone and earth, forming it into obstacles and traps, or float up chunks to shoot at enemies. You may have a contract with an Earth Elemental, who augments your power further. At this point, resculpting the land is yet out of your reach, but if you practice for long enough, you may yet do so.

Thorn King

(600 BT)

You have unlocked a particular secret of the Quilboar. The secret to growing the massive Thorns that grow around their many settlements. With a bit of blood and magic, you may start to grow these Thorns. By default, it will take a single thorn a year to grow to the massive sizes seen elsewhere, but with regular sacrifices of blood, both your own and that of others, this can be sped up considerably. This has also given you some insights into Blood Magic, for which you will find a strong affinity for, along with Thorn Magic, which allows you to shoot spikes at people, or conjure large ones temporarily below a target.

[Boosted]: The blood of Agamaggan is strong within you. Now you may grow Thorns within weeks, with blood sacrifices reducing it to mere days. Yet your Thorns now have a curious effect, on those who live under their protection. If you wish, you may cause the Thorns to put mental pressure upon your subjects, which makes them feel worthless without the protection of the Thorns and to feel as if they are not worthy of their protection. They will do

their best to prove they are worthy, be it by becoming mighty warriors, becoming some of the most sensual of concubines, or something else entirely. But perhaps more culturally significant, is your newfound ability, to assume the form of a massive boar akin to your progenitor. While initially only able to take this form for ten minutes for a day before being worn down, this time will in time grow as you gain more power and experience.

Items

You need some proper gear if you wish to conquer the land and breed some bitches. Have an additional **300 BT** to use in this section only.

Primal Gear

(Free)

We can't have you running about with no clothes on, unless you really want to. This set is made out of leather, with possibly a metal pauldron or two to protect your shoulders. It's tough enough to endure dagger stabs and sword slashes. Included also is your choice of an iron weapon, for further protection.

Trusty Tent

(100 BT)

Most Beasts are nomadic in nature, rarely remaining in a single area for long periods of time. Because of this, they usually carry tents with them, a tent such as this one. Large enough to house and another of your kind, this tent made of animal leather scales to your current size and always keeps the insides warm. Included are also two bedrolls, or whatever equivalent it may be for your species.

A Humble Candle and Pickaxe

(100 BT, One free for **Kobolds**)

What is a Kobold without his candle and pickaxe? Very dead and embarrassed. Now you have the essentials of a Kobold's existence, able to wander even in the darkest of caves without fearing the Darkness.

Beast Standard

(100 BT)

This battle standard bears your Clan's/Pack's/Flock's symbol and is large enough that all on the battlefield can see it, but light enough for an adult to

carry with a single hand. Not only does it work as a way to identify you on the battlefield, but it also raises the morale of your forces when they gaze upon it.

Owner's Collar

(100 / 200 BT)

This dog collar bears a blank nameplate and seems to almost invite you to put it on your neck. It can be attuned to a single wearer, who will from then on be unable to remove the collar by themselves. Then the collar must attune to an owner, who now knows at all times where the wearer is, and the owner can teleport to the wearer akin to the Hearthstone. For an extra **100 BT**, the Collar bears a lewd enchantment upon it. Perhaps it restores the intelligence of the wearer temporarily, or perhaps the owner can place the wearer into a trance, from which they awaken without memory of that time afterwards. Suffice to say, if you wish, you can wear this collar yourself. Hopefully you have a trustworthy owner.

Pet Bindings

(100 / 200 BT)

This collection of collars, muscles, and leashes are all designed to be used on humanoids, with them morphing and shifting to fit their wearer. For **100 BT**, these are merely cosmetic and only useful for pet play and to display your fully broken-in bitches. But for an additional **100 BT**, these Bindings carry a dark enchantment. Should someone wear even a single piece of this gear on them for an entire year, then they will progressively become dumber as the days go by, until they have been turned into actual pets. You may turn this enchantment off, or decide if it will stop after it has reduced the intelligence of its wearer to a certain point.

Reverse Saddle

(100 BT, Free for **Centaur**)

Now this is a strange contraption. Appearing as an ordinary saddle, it shifts to accommodate the mass of the rider. However, when sat upon, it binds the rider, turning them into your prisoner until they are released. This can also shift to be strapped underneath you.

Coffle Chains

(100 BT)

Perhaps your latest raid left you with more slaves than you could transport, in which case these endlessly stretching chains will come in handy. When snapped on a prisoner, they lose any desire for escape and will be quite easily

led around. None of the chained need any sustenance or sleep to function, nor will they collapse from fatigue of a long march. They still feel the stress and pain of long marches, but they will remain physically in perfect condition. Upon the chains being removed, the slaves will feel worn down but well-fed, with their hunger, thirst, and tiredness continuing as normal.

Murloc Costume

(100 BT)

Well, this is an odd attire, to say the least. A full costume depicting a Murloc, you are able to fit inside this even if you were gigantic, with the costume scaling you down to the size of a human. When wearing it, Murlocs will mistake you for one of their own, and it is quite warm on the inside. You may purchase this multiple times, each time the costume depicts another of the Beasts.

Captive Harness

(200 BT)

Well, this is a depraved piece of gear. This harness wraps around a woman's (Or man's) body, leaving them immobile and powerless. You can then attach it to your chest, where the woman is always positioned in a way where you can easily bury your cock into her, even during a fight. The harness scales so it always remains in this position, but it also releases an aura that makes your enemies hesitant to attack, not wishing to harm your latest captive.

Fertility Idol

(200 BT, Can be purchased multiple times)

This bronze dildo shaped like a pregnant humanoid in the throes of pleasure may seem ordinary, but it in truth holds a dark enchantment upon it. By placing it in the room/tent of a woman, it will begin to slowly change them, both physically and mentally. Their bodies become more voluptuous, while their minds become horny, their intelligence begins to drop, and their patience disappears. After a few days, the woman will become horny enough to use the dildo to masturbate, finding it far more pleasurable than any dick. In doing so, the effects are magnified, ensuring that within a week's time even the wisest and most intelligent of women can barely remain calm without her hand fingering her cunt. When reaching this state, the dildo will be sucked into her womb, where it will dissolve and be absorbed by her body, making her extremely fertile and permanently reducing her into a primitive brood cow desperate for your babies. To ensure they will not get rid of the dildo, it subtly affects their mind, where they will merely throw it somewhere where they can't

see it and forget about it until they become desperate enough to pleasure themselves with it.

Magic Conch

(200 BT, Discounted for **Murlocs**)

This magical conch shell looks worn but well-kept. By placing it near your ear, you hear the sounds of waves and the gurgling of creatures older than time.

By asking a question, the voices will answer back in short and simple sentences, such as “Dance” or “Do nothing”. Though cryptic and incredibly simple, the advice given will always prove to be helpful if followed.

The Living Banner

(200 BT)

A large banner with either a plank of wood or a cross at the end of it. You can choose to bind one of your captives to it, usually naked, to showcase your prowess. The higher up or more powerful the captive was, the more the sight of them broken and bound affects the battlefield, with enemies discouraged, and your own troops emboldened and invigorated.

Warbow

(200 BT, Discounted for **Centaur**)

Carved from the tusk of a Magnataur and one of its tendons to serve as the string, this bow radiates primal power. Compared to regular bows, it hits twice as hard while weighing only a fraction in your hands.

X'caliboar

(200 BT, Discounted for **Quilboars**)

Once wielded by a Quilboar hero whose name has been lost to time, X'caliboar is a weapon held in high regard by the Quilboar, its wielders seen as the very paragons of their kind. The weapon itself is capable of cleaving heavily armored men in two with a single swipe, with even the toughest of enemies suffering serious wounds.

Candle/Lamp of Brilliance

(200 / 300 BT, Discounted for **Kobolds**)

This candle is far mightier in stature and power, radiating a small aura of warmth even when unlit. It functions as a powerful focus for all Light, Wax, and Fire magics. For an extra **100 BT**, it is a Lamp instead, able to be worn around your neck or as a crown. It not only functions as previously stated, but it also raises your standing and influence over all kinds of Kobolds. Within the

Lamp resides the fire spirit Rakinishu, a mischievous sort. She can be summoned to incinerate your foes and wreak havoc on the battlefield. She can be imported as a Follower or a Companion, with the Lamp retaining its power and with you able to bind another fire spirit inside to increase its power even further.

Protective Thorns

(400 BT, Discounted for **Quilboars**)

Harkening to Razorfen Kraul and Razorfen Downs, these massive thorns can be placed around a settlement of your choosing, where they will form a protective barrier around it and force the enemies into narrow and dangerous entryways.

Breeding Pens

(400 BT)

The heavy scent of musk and body fluids assaults your nose as you approach this half-underground structure. If you ever wish to gain more battlebeasts, you may place them here, where they will enter into a rut and breed with any and all available females. Were you to throw any of your female captives or slaves here, then the beasts would assault them just as eagerly, and thanks to a spell cast upon the very foundations of the building, the women in question will come to love this and are more than able to carry the beast's offspring. If this results in a purebred beast, or some kind of new race entirely, is up to you.

A Village of Yours

(600 BT, Discounted with **The Wild Lord**)

A **Trusty Tent** is good for a lone traveler, but if you happen to have a larger group and wish to settle down more permanently, then this will probably come in handy. Large enough to house up to 100,000 of your people, the actual design and layout of the village is up to you.

The Lord's Burrow

(600 BT, Discounted with **The Wild Lord**)

A **Village** is a good place for your people to live in, but what about you and your (probably) growing family? This is where **The Lord's Burrow** comes in handy. Built in a style of your choice, but always bound to look impressive, this house/mansion looks normal on the outside. But inside you will discover it to be far bigger than on the outside. It will always keep expanding as your family grows, and neither you nor anyone allied with you can get lost within

the house. Included are also several blueprints for specific rooms, such as a dungeon where you can break in and train new slaves, a nursery where all births are guaranteed to be successful and without pain, or a laboratory that seems to have all the ingredients needed to brew all manner of lewd potions.

Somewhere to Be

(600 BT, Discounted with **The Wild Lord**)

But both the **Village** and the **Burrow** need land to be placed on. This has you covered. No doubt you've seen the beautiful vistas of Azeroth, from the tropical and warm Durotar, to the awesome snow-covered peaks of Highmountain. And now you can take a copy of one of these lands, with none of the people- of course. It is large enough to hold both **A Village of Yours** and **The Lord's Burrow** with room to spare.

Companions/Followers

Import Companion

(50 BT)

Each purchase allows you to import a companion. They get 600 DT to use for perks and items.

Canon Meet-Up

(Free)

Purchasing this guarantees you will meet up with one canon character under good terms. If you can convince them to join up, you can take them with you as a companion.

Loyal Beast

(100 BT, One free w/**Pack Hyena, Birds of a Feather, The Rat Wrangler, Sharky Boy, Boar Management**)

As it has become clear, many of the Beasts share a kinship with their more primal kin. Now you too may have such a companion. With each purchase, you receive one mundane animal Follower, who can be later imported as a Companion if you so wish, but cannot be turned back into a Follower afterwards.

Elemental Companion

(100 BT, One free w/**Decaying World**)

Either because you practice Shamanism, or they merely wish to try and live on the "wild" side of life, you have formed a contract with an Elemental. A

Follower by default, which of the four main elements they correspond with, along with their personality and general looks. Should you have **Decaying World**, then you can receive a corrupted version of said Elemental instead, who is far more cruel and submissive towards you. This can be purchased multiple times, each time granting a new Elemental.

Your Clan/Pack/Flock

(100 BT, Free with **The Wild Lord**)

Whether this is your actual clan, or just an excuse to lead a tribe of women with you as the only male, is ultimately up to you. Nonetheless, this is a stable-ish population of 1000 of your kind, all of whom hold ironclad loyalty towards you. By default they are treated as Followers, but you can import individuals or the entire group as Companions.

The Adventurer

(100 BT)

You are not quite sure what to make of them. One day, this Adventurer simply appeared and began slaughtering your people, muttering something about “trash mobs” and “bad drops” before coming face-to-face with you. Your otherworldly nature became quickly apparent, which left them rather excited to finally meet another “real” person here. Bearing a Gamer system reminiscent of the one found in World of Warcraft, this Adventurer is convinced they are merely stuck inside a game, instead of it being true life. Whether you force them to face reality, or allow them to remain within their delusion is up to you, but either way you have gained a chattermouth companion, who appears as one of the main/playable races found within Warcraft.

Gemma Blackthorn, The Lost Druid

(100 BT)

Poor Gemma, once one of the gems of Gilnean High Society, now little more than a humanoid monster, or so she claims. After contracting the Worgen curse, she could not bear the looks of scorn and fear. When a Night Elf offered to mentor her in the Druidic arts, she gladly accepted. Unfortunately, her self-doubts and loathing have left her trapped, unable to take on either a human or Worgen form. She has been caged within her Wildkin form for the most part, only able to take on anthropomorphic forms of other beasts. Ashamed, she has secluded herself deep within the wilderness, at least until you came along. With you, she feels accepted, outcasts from wider society. Perhaps with your help she may assume her old human form, but she seems

to be in no hurry. Rather, she constantly tries to take on the form of your kind; for what purposes remains somewhat unclear.

Nelsi The Dryad

(100 BT)

It is rare to see a Dryad so far from their groves and forests. Yet far she has come indeed, for Nelsi suffers from a malady only you can, supposedly, cure.

She has been struggling with being slowly corrupted by the Emerald Nightmare, and because of a vision granted by Elune, she has now come to you. You will find her to be extremely gullible to the more mundane facts of life, including in the matters of sex. Which, coincidentally, is one of the things you must provide her with if you wish to purify her. The other is tender love, giving her hope of a new tomorrow. Of course, after purifying her, there is a good chance she will shyly ask to remain by your side. And if a part of that is because she has come to lust after you, that is merely a good bonus.

Alternatively, you could subject her to depravity and corrupt her into a slut more interested in pleasure than taking care of nature, beyond corrupting the rest of it to match her new views on life.

Skitch, The Wax Adept

(100 BT, Free for **Kobolds**)

Well, well, ain't she adorable? Something of a wallflower, Skitch much prefers to let others do the talking for her, as she has a rather noticeable stutter while speaking. Feeling more like a little sister than anything, she is quite eager to prove her worth to you, mainly through the use of her Waxmancy, as her talent for it seems to eclipse most other Kobolds in potential if not in current skill.

Waxtrot, The Delivery Rat

(100 BT, Free for **Kobolds**)

The scent of cheese surrounds this rather plump Kobold. Despite her appearance, Waxtrot is actually the premiere courier found on Azeroth, able to deliver messages and small packages within days. And now, you hold her contract. For you, she asks for cheese and head pats as payment, while anyone else must pay in hefty sums of gold or candle wax.

Howler, The Scheming Bitch

(100 BT, Free for **Gnolls**)

The glint in her dark eyes betrays her cunning and lustful mind. Her one goal in life is to gain a cozy and safe position, and she has deemed it best to serve

under you. Her scheming mind is now at your service, be it to either sabotage diplomatic meetings, or to just turn women into willing broodmothers for you.

She would appreciate the chance to at least have a go at some of your women, especially if you are fucking a litter of pups into her at the same time.

Hogger, The Unstoppable Chieftain

(100 BT, Free for **Gnolls**)

The myth, the legend, the big chief herself, Hogger holds a legendary status on par with Garfang amongst the Gnolls, not only for her tactical prowess, but also for her seeming inability to stay dead. Convinced you are her loyal and very capable second in command, she will often command you to attack enemy locations, and she makes sure to reward you with fresh maidens for you to breed. If your relationship remains as such, or you decide to break her illusion (And perhaps her mind), will be entirely up to you.

Murky, The Future Queen

(100 BT, Free for **Murlocs**)

Well, ain't she a cute lil' thing? Murky is a young Murloc hailing from the Swamprock tribe and has, through one means or another, landed as your foster child, or perhaps biological daughter, depending on your romantic history. Eager to please and with a natural charisma to easily inspire her fellow Murlocs, Murky thinks the world of you and will seek to emulate your actions the best she can.

Grrgllammmm, The Gorloc Seer

(100 BT, Free for **Murlocs**)

Though her scales have begun to fade with age, this Grrgllammmm has a rather sharp mind for a Gorloc, possibly due to her abilities as a Seer. Indeed, she is quite ready to read your future when asked, and to top it all off, she is a rather talented cook as well. At least by Gorloc standards, she still sometimes puts too many spices for any other race to consume without getting sick from it.

Khata, The Khan's Daughter

(100 BT, Free for **Centaur**)

Depending on your choices, you are either the Khan she takes her title from, or possibly the one to impregnate her mother, who is the Khan. Or perhaps neither is true, and she has merely joined you out of curiosity. Nonetheless,

Khata is in many ways the ideal Centaur, prideful, strong, and quick to violence. She will act rather bratty and forceful with you, hoping you will put

her in her place underneath you. And when she is not acting as such, she will make sure your forces are up to her high standards, and she will quite eagerly decapitate and present the skulls of your enemies to you as trophies.

Khosu, The Wind Walker

(100 BT, Free for **Centaur**)

Now this is a rarity, a patient Centaur. Covered in a light layer of fur and trained in the arts of Shamanism, Khosu has heard voices in the wind since she was but a filly. As of late she has received visions, showing you and her together, a land across the sea with other Centaur on it, and a bird that bends the winds and lightning to its will. What these visions mean she cannot truly say, though her constant blushing seems to indicate at least some of them are of a more intimate bend.

Shana, The Last Feather

(100 BT, Free for **Harpies**)

The last of her Flock, you found Shana weeping over the corpse of her mother and decided to adopt her as your own. As you raised her, you noticed the sheer devotion she held for you, which partially masked the sheer desperate need she had for ensuring you would not leave her. Be it by slaying your enemies, seducing women to your bed, or even offering her own body, she wishes to remain by you until she dies, and gods help anyone who tries to stop her.

Redtalon, The Mistress of Death

(100 BT, Free for **Harpies**)

Red-feathered, grim-faced and bearing several scars that only enhance her natural beauty, Redtalon has always only cared about fighting and the shedding of blood. How she came to serve you is a mystery, but you cannot argue with the results. Becoming a blender of sharp talons and blood magic, Redtalon eagerly shreds your enemies to pieces and will sometimes demand you rut her there and then, while still covered in blood and gore.

Blacktusk, The Rumbling Earth

(100 BT, Free for **Quilboars**)

Quite cheerful, this one, especially for a Quilboar. Named for her signature black tusks, Blacktusk is a rather talented Geomancer, though she prefers to use her talents to build instead of destroying things. Be it carving out caverns to turn into housing, a lifelike statue of you, or merely a shrine dedicated to an ancestor, she has a knack for these things.

Bortha Ironbane, The Keeper of the Dead

(100 BT, Free for **Quilboars**)

Grim-faced and bearing the image of a skull on her face, Bortha is a boar of few words, most of which are used during funeral ceremonies. Her last name comes from her inherent ability to rust all manner of metals by simply being near them, though she has thankfully learned how to control it. Should she ever bear children, then you will quickly discover each of them to have inherited this strange ability.

Scenarios

Legacy of Howler

In a different strand of time, Sylvanas Windrunner would seek to recruit a pack of Gnolls as additional troops for the Horde. Through a series of events, including the constant shift in the tribe's leadership and the schemes of a female Gnoll named Howler using a **Fertility Idol**, Sylvanas was reduced into a cock-hungry slut, whom Howler, revealed to be a futanari, proceeds to breed her silly, effectively taking over the Horde and dooming several women into a similar fate.

Though you may not be a Gnoll, nor does it have to be the Horde, but any faction from the Argent Crusade to the Alliance will do, the Leader, or at least the female representative, has arrived to initiate diplomacy and hopefully recruit you for their faction.

Like Howler before you, you must turn this woman into your breeding sow and take over her faction, with her as your puppet ruler. Should she not be the leader of her faction, it would be good to try to manipulate events to where she can take over.

Be it through subtlety, like Howler, or by more direct means, you must ensure you have her well broken in and bred, and all too willing to sell her own people into similar fates.

After you and your tribe have taken over the faction and doomed its women to a future of constant breeding, you receive the following:

[Little Choice]

The events that led you to taking over your Faction will replicate in future worlds, ensuring a major Faction will come to you hoping to recruit you.

In addition, their representative/leader will always be a gorgeous woman, who will be a lot more tolerant of any misconduct, though lewd things will still lead to violence. And were you to provide them with something nice, such as a luxurious tent where they can rest between negotiations, then they would be somewhat willing to overlook your glances and lewd jokes, perhaps even letting you cop a feel.

[Breeding Faction]

Whatever Faction you've taken over, probably well on its way to include only slaves, breeding sows, and food sources. Of course, you may decide to change how it all functions through your new breeding bitch, who will happily declare any edict or command that comes from you. But suffice to say, all women here will be far more receptive to your advances and a lot more fertile, ensuring they will always bear many of your children and growing your already massive Pack even further.

The Kolkar Conquest

(Requires **Centaur** Race and the time **Classic**, Or the use of Time travel)

One day you wake up within a tent, not surrounded by your pregnant harem, but by the sounds of the dying and the smell of blood.

You have taken the place of Warlord Kolkani as the leader of the Kolkar Centaur within the Kolkar Crag. Your group has been reduced to just you and ten fertile women.

It is up to you to build back your numbers by breeding the women with you, and when your numbers have grown large enough, conquer all of Durotar for the Centaur.

It will not be easy, of course; not only will it take some time for your children to grow, but the Horde will no doubt react to a major Centaur presence in their proverbial backyard by sending groups of Adventurers to deal with you.

Luckily, most of them have freshly exited the *Valley of Trials* and are quite green when it comes to serious combat, though a few senior Adventurers will occasionally appear as well.

Strangely, all of them seem to be attractive women of either Trolls or Orcs, and they always give you enough time to mount an ambush where they can be safely captured and turned into further breeding stock.

When you have bred a large enough army, you must begin your march. From the *Valley of Trials* to *Sen'jin Village*, all the way to *Orgrimmar* itself, you must conquer it all. Tear down the buildings, slay the men, and claim the women and their wombs for yourself.

For having conquered Durotar and secured new lands for your Clan, you receive the following:

[The Jumper Clan]

Consisting of the original centaur women you began with, the many Adventurers you captured, tamed, and bred, and all of the daughters born from these trysts. They all love and lust after you and will gladly storm into war, as long as their beloved Daddy Khan leads the charge.

[Durotar, The Land of Hooves]

Whatever civilization was trying to build itself here has been wiped out for the most part. Bar the few huts and tents, the once desolate plains are once more under your control, and here you may indeed thrive, for the land always provides you with enough water and game to feed your ever-growing Clan.

Dungeon Rush To Betterment
(Requires either **Murloc** or **Kobold** Race)

Your kind are seen as jokes, the bottoms of the barrel. Weak, ugly, and pathetic all around. Well, now you have a chance to improve things.

Choose up to 7 sentient species not native to this universe that share some ties to your current race. Be it either the name, features, or culture, they must all have something in common with you.

After your selection, Dungeons will appear in the world, within which are members of one of the chosen races. For each Dungeon cleared, you can choose one of the features shown by that species. Be it their looks, size, physical abilities, magical abilities, or a more obscure ability.

However, there is a challenge to this. Once you've entered the Dungeon for the first time, you have a week's time to clear it, before it disappears permanently and you gain no reward. Should you be defeated or slain while inside, you will teleport back to the entrance and can try again.

Though if you wish for a more challenging experience, then you may choose to turn the Dungeon Heroic. In this state, you only have a single life/defeat available. If you lose, then you are booted out of the Dungeon, and it disappears, leaving you with nothing but a taste of ash in your mouth.

But if you clear a Heroic Dungeon, then you may choose two attributes from that species. Or if you wish to only strengthen your own family, then you may choose a single individual from the beaten race's history and gain two specific attributes from them.

For clearing at least some of the Dungeons and improving your kind's general being, you receive the following:

[The Delver's Hard Hat]

This hard hat with a lamp on it comes in a color of your choosing. It protects your head from most physical blows, and looking at it fills you with a sense of pride and accomplishment.

[Conqueror's Spoils]

The Attributes you've taken from the beaten races have integrated within your very essence. Not only do you benefit from them, but all of your lovers and any descendants do so as well.

[The Reborn Race]

The people who followed you, now more than they once were. The members of your race who followed you during this endeavor now follow you to future worlds, eager to assist you in whatever endeavors you have.

New Daughters **(Requires Harpy Race)**

You are the last of whatever Flock you belonged to; your sisters, mothers, and daughters, all gone.

In your time of grief and need, you have gained a tool to help you rebuild. With the power of **[Soul Birth]**, you are able to rebirth the souls of slain women as loyal Harpy daughters.

But not just any peasant will do. No, you desire far worthier children. Across Azeroth there are many women whose names evoke Awe, Terror, and Lust. Jaina Proudmoore, Sally Whitemane, Tyrande Whisperwind. Them and many more.

Of these women, you will need to slay and then rebirth at least twelve. After that, you and your new daughters will have to rebuild your Flock. Alternatively, if you are not interested in slaying these women outright, then you can always try to persuade them into going through the conversion ritual, should you have the **Conversion** perk, of course.

For bringing your Flock back from the brink of destruction, you receive the following:

[Soul Birth]

The power of Rebirth. By slaying a woman, you absorb their soul within yourself. You can then either release said soul, or force it to reincarnate within your next child, be it one birthed by yourself, or by one of your lovers. The

child will be of whatever race you yourself are, though for the duration of this Jump it will be locked into being a Harpy, and the child will bear features from their previous life, such as hair or eye color, along with any magical potential. All past loyalties are shed away as your new daughters gleefully swear their undying love and devotion to you. Post-Jump, you may use this on men as well, either converting them into your daughters, or giving birth to sons instead.

[A New Flock]

Made up of your new Daughters, both rebirthed and not, your Flock's wingbeats echo like a march of doom, signaling the poor maidens of the world that you are coming for them.

The Ashen Hunter

In a few weeks time, word will come to you of an ashen-haired woman hunting down all manner of monsters near where your group is set up.

Then a few days later, some of your people start winding up dead, slain by this Ciri woman. And she is coming for your head.

Commanding limited power over time and space, she can teleport in short bursts and even travel to other worlds by concentrating for a few moments. To top this off, she has been trained in the art of combat and is a deadly foe for most mortals.

Now, while slaying her would be more than satisfying, her power does intrigue you. And besides, has she not slain many of your brethren already? Certainly she should repent for her deeds by giving birth to twice as many as she has slain.

Capture this human woman and turn her into your breeding sow.

The sounds of your newest conquest gurgling herald your victory, earning you the following:

[Blink]

Some of Ciri's blood ended up in your mouth, and through an unexpected reaction, you have developed some control over space-time. Like Ciri, you are able to teleport a few feet in the blink of an eye, with your range growing as you get more experience in the usage of this power.

[Ciri, The Breeding Slut]

Some called her the Lady of the Worlds. Others desired to see her crowned an Empress. She desired to be a Witcher. Instead, you turned her into a breeding sow. Though a glimmer of resistance yet burns within her, she has for the most part accepted her new role and just enjoys your attention. At least, Eredin and his Wild Hunt seem to have either lost all interest in hunting her, or they have lost her scent permanently.

A Case of Two Sorceresses

(Requires the completion of **The Ashen Hunter**)

A few days after your final victory over Ciri, rumors begin to float of two strange magic users asking for her description.

Consulting your newest breeder, it becomes apparent that these two are Triss and Yennefer, a found family of sorts to her. It does not take you long to realise they could become another thorn in your side should they learn of what has become of Ciri.

So it is that you must strike first. Eager to add more sisters to your harem, Ciri advises you to kidnap them and then break the two sorcerers into more breeders for your group.

They will prove somewhat paranoid and on guard, snatching them will not be easy. And even after capture, they are quite stubborn, though utilising the maternal love of Yennefer and the allergy to magic of Triss could be the way to break them.

After finally fully breaking them in and adding the two sorcerers into your group, you receive the following:

[Yennefer, The Lilac Mother]

Her inner resistance lessened after realising you could get her pregnant and grant her a biological child, which she had always desired to do. Not long after, she eagerly joined her adoptive daughter in worshipping you. And she has made sure her womb never remains empty, always desiring to birth more and more children for you. She nurtures them into proper daughters, in love with their daddy and insanely devoted. Naturally, all of her daughters bear her signature lilac-colored eyes.

[Triss, The Magic Addict]

As it turns out, her allergy reacted strangely with the magic of Azeroth, her body reacting to it like it was on drugs. Through abusing this, you managed to get her body permanently addicted to this sensation, and through that, secured her compliance. Horrified at her situation, yet too addicted to try and break free, Triss has submitted to you, and with each day, her horror fades more and more as the pleasure overwhelms her.

The Ladies of Chaldea

Your group was traversing over some particularly difficult terrain, when an explosion happened in the distance. Upon further investigation, you discovered a massive crater, within which lay three human women in compromising positions and their clothes all but torn.

Intrigued, you gathered them up and brought them into your camp. Upon waking up, you discovered they only remembered their names: Mash, Ritsuka and Olga. Everything else they had forgotten.

Interestingly, they seem to have imprinted on you, taking your words as gospel and eagerly doing what you wish.

And so you guide them along, slowly teaching them to cast away whatever fragments of humanity they have and to instead embrace the life of a Beast.

Their memories will return by the end of the Jump, or by **40 ADP**, though your teachings will have changed their views on their past deeds.

As your time draws to an end and the Ladies fully swear themselves to you, you receive the following:

[Ritsuka, The Milk Cow]

Though just as curvy as her fellow humans, it was her breasts that were the largest of all. Heavy with milk rich in nutrition and mana, you harvest and drink it on the regular, then give the rest of it to your Pack, which grows stronger with every sip. And each time you breed her, the milk quantity and quality seem to grow better still.

[Mash, The *Thicc'est* Shield]

The Mana found on Azeroth strengthened Mash physically, turning her into a living shield. And each time you fuck and breed her, this durability seems to only grow, along with her curves and devotion to you and your Pack. Some of her daughters are already showing similar signs of a more durable body; perhaps they will become similar to their mother as well?

[Olga, The Breeding Bitch]

Olga's subconscious desire to earn approval has turned into obsession, and she has become obsessed with fulfilling all of your desires, and as the Pack has to keep its population high, she designated herself as the main *Breeding Bitch* and does her best to raise the *Pups* into more *Bitches* for you, though all of these *Pups* are female and seem to be unable to bear any males themselves. But she also is the one who starts to bring other women into the Pack for *Breeding*, as making the Pack strong is something that she thinks will make you happy, and that is all she cares about now.

The Scarlet Assault

(Requires the time **Classic**, Or the use of Time travel)

If one is to believe the Scarlet Crusade, then all who do not worship the Light and are not of pure human blood are at best lesser in standing, and at worst vermin to be exterminated.

Be you a Gnoll seeking to prevent his Pack's destruction, a Quilboar doing a preemptive strike should the Crusade ever reach Kalimdor, or a Harpy looking to add more daughters to their flock.

Your reasons are your own, but nonetheless you have mustered a large force of your kin and have departed for the lands of Lordaeron, your target the Scarlet Monastery.

It will be a challenge; not only will the Forsaken no doubt mobilise in reaction to seeing such a large army of Beasts on their lands, but the Scarlet Crusade is no joke, wielding the Light with fanatical fervor that leaves most Paladins a distant second.

The two main threats, however, are the Crusade's leaders. Sally Whitemane, the High Inquisitor, is a zealous believer in the cause, her mastery of the Light such that even death cannot contain her. And Grand Crusader Saidan Dathrohan, in truth nothing but a corpse possessed by the Dread Lord Balnazzar. He will retain his disguise for as long as possible, but when push comes to shove, Balnazzar will reveal his true nature and unleash his full power.

But though the challenges are many, you must prevail nonetheless.

And when the Scarlet Monastery falls to your forces and the Crusade itself lies broken, you receive the following:

[Sally Whitemane, The Slutty Inquisitor]

Let us be clear, she was probably the reason you originally set off on this quest. Formerly extremely arrogant and haughty, your tender mercies left her in a broken state. Now convinced you are the only true god, she has made it her mission to both spread your bloodline and your teachings across Azeroth and beyond. Any children she personally has will inherit both her connection to the Light, and also her namesake white hair and red eyes.

[Light's Wrath]

This infamous staff was originally meant to be the ultimate weapon of the Light, before Balnazzar sabotaged its creation and made it unstable. But now in your hands, the Staff has stabilized and recognized you as its only master. Even if you lacked any control over the Light previously, the Staff has granted you control over it, allowing you to unleash power unimaginable by most, easily incinerating a platoon of soldiers, while bringing back tens of people with a single cast.

[The Scarlet Beast Lands]

Your dreams were not only of Whitemane's Scarlet Thighs and powerful staffs; you also desired the lands held by the Scarlet Crusade, and now you do indeed control them. With Scarlet Monastery as your citadel, what land the Crusade once held has now been taken over by your kind, with the few humans remaining finding their new lives in bondage to be disturbingly pleasant.

Visiting Relatives: Northrend

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

Time for a small family reunion, don't you think? Yes indeed, Northrend does have some children of Cenarius, the Magnataur.

The upper bodies of giants and the tusks and lower bodies of mammoths, the Magnataur make even the fiercest of Centaur look like pacifist Druids.

And you are going to Northrend and showing the Magnataur that your kind is superior to theirs.

Through magic or by the strength of arms, you must conquer the scattered Magnataur prides and ensure they follow your commands in all things. No easy feat, of course, but the reward...

By effectively taking over much of the grasslands of Northrend, and bringing your brutish cousins to heel, you receive the following:

[Frostborn]

Be it the cold of Northrend, or you consuming the blood of slain Magnataur, you have taken on some of your cousin species' qualities. You bear the strength of the Magnataur, along with their immunity to cold and frost. At will you may assume the form of a Magnataur, or fuse it with your Centaur form instead.

[Mammoth, The Behemoth]

Called such for her mind-boggling size even amongst the Magnataur, Mammoth is well known for her brutality in combat, as well as her buxom chest. Your display of total dominance has convinced her that you are the only one worthy of her, and she expects you to give her plenty of cubs, and she will help you grow your Pride even further still.

[The Beasts of Northrend]

The brutish Magnataur now follow you. Though lacking almost any talent for magic, they make up for it with their gigantic strength and bulk, easily toppling castle walls and crushing enemy infantry under their gigantic feet. On top of that, the Snobolds have followed along. As small as their Kobold cousins, they have traded away the warm candles for instead receptacles filled with bloodspore flowers, which release a calming scent that attracts a particular breed of giant moths.

Visiting Relatives: Dragon Isles

(Requires either you, or your companion, to be a **Centaur** or have **Khosu**)

Ah yes, the Maruukai. The first Centaur to walk on Azeroth, they have long since lived in the Ohn'ahran Plains on the Dragon Isles, with no knowledge or care for the other continents.

Perhaps it is time to bring them into the fold? Not only are the Plains more fertile land for your kind to roam on, but the Maruukai have been blessed by the Wild God Ohn'ahra, and you wish to gain some of this power for yourself.

Of the myriad of Clans found amongst the Maruukai, Clan Nokhud is perhaps the closest to your kind in manner and could be tempted to join you with little difficulty. The rest of the Clans however, you will have to conquer by force.

When the Ohn'ahra Plains and the Maruukai themselves have been conquered, you receive the following:

[Blessing of the Winds]

Taken by force from Ohn'ahra, you feel as the wind currents change and shift.

With but a thought, you call forth lightning and wind, able to cover whole regions in raging storms for weeks on end. You are able to grant others a weaker version of this, empowering your forces with the power of the Winds.

Optionally, your eyes may glow with the power of lightning.

[Ohn'ahra, The Chained Goddess]

You've defiled her completely, not only by taking her powers but also by enslaving both her and the Maruukai as a whole. Now bearing the form of a feathered Night Elf, Ohn'ahra has become despondent and will quickly take to any manner of training you wish to inflict upon her.

[The Maruukai Horde]

Before, the Maruukai were of a far more noble bend, far more in tune and at peace with nature. But now, that seems to be eroding away as we speak. With each mare you rut full of your foals, with each disobedient Maruukai slain, you are warping them into more of the brutal variant of Centaur feared by the people of Kalimdor.

The Darkspear Isles

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

You awaken on the Darkspear Isles as one of the many servants/slaves of the Naga Sea Witch Zar'jira.

Treated as a goddess by your fellow Murlocs, Zar'jira demands regular sacrifices from you, leading to you and your fellow servants raiding the local Troll tribe for captives, along with any passing sailors and other folk.

It bothers you something fierce, to be ordered around by such a cruel mistress, the threat of death looming over you like a Sword of Damocles.

This has to come to an end. Be it by yourself, by rallying your fellow Murlocs, or even bringing the Darkspear Trolls into the fray, you must overthrow Zar'jira and grant freedom to your people.

Of course it will not be easy; Zar'jira has centuries of experience over you and wields impressive magical power. But it's nothing a bit of smart thinking and overwhelming numbers won't fix.

By overthrowing your Naga mistress and securing freedom for your tribe, you receive the following:

[Murloc Isles]

The isles are now under your control, large enough to house several more tribes, or a swarm of your own children if you wish. Though there is a large volcano near the center of the Isles, it will not become active unless you, for some reason, make it so. With this you also gain the Murlocs who fought alongside you, now your own personal army, and a demi-god of sorts. Expect lots of offerings, from food to prayers, even maidens should any be captured.

[Zar'jira, The Humiliated]

Turnabout is fair play, as they say. Now stripped of her former luxury and adorned with a collar that gives out painful shocks whenever she attempts to cast magic, you have made Zar'jira your personal slave. Though yet retaining her former arrogance, each time you debase or shock her, this arrogance withers away, slowly being replaced by thoughts of submission.

Sub-Quest 1: The Spear Renewed (Incompatible with The Spear Broken)

You could try and defeat Zar'jira alone, but do you not have a possible ally on the Isles? The Darkspear have suffered under her just as fiercely and could prove themselves as worthy allies.

Of course there is the problem of you formerly serving under the Naga Witch, but diplomacy is not impossible. Sen'jin is a wise leader, and should you approach with peaceful intentions, he will hear you out.

You must secure a permanent alliance with the Trolls and then, with their help, defeat Zar'jira.

For your more diplomatic endeavors, you receive the following:

[The Darkspear Tribe]

Since you went out of your way to help them and even offered your hand in friendship, the Darkspear have as a collective decided to join you on your travels. And if some of the women are throwing appreciative glances your way, well, it is only natural that you be rewarded for your good deeds, yes?

[Sen'jin, The Witch Doctor]

For quite a while now, Sen'jin has felt her time as the chief was coming to a close. And now that the largest threat to her people has been dealt with, she has abdicated from her position and granted it to her son Vol'jin. Now she would very much like to travel with you to lands unknown, bringing with her decades of experience as a leader and Witch Doctor.

Sub-Quest 2: The Spear Broken (Incompatible with The Spear Renewed)

Oh yes, the Darkspear. Perhaps in another time you might have tried to approach them peacefully. Unfortunately, there is too much bad blood between your peoples, and you simply have neither the time, nor the inclination for diplomacy.

You still need them, however, but you will not ask them. Instead, you will force them. Weak and whittled down in number, your Murloc forces will quite easily conquer the entire tribe, unless you commit a horrendous tactical blunder.

Though I am certain you will not do so and will instead conquer the tribe with little difficulty.

For conquering the Darkspear tribe, you receive the following:

[The Troll Slaves]

You've reduced what was once a noble people into broken slaves, conditioned to fight your foes and offer themselves to you when commanded. You will find that in time, these Trolls will begin to exhibit several Murloc-like qualities. Skin will be replaced by scales, their fertility jumps through the roof, they will develop gills with which to breathe both over and under water. This

development seems to hasten by a few generations, should you personally breed any of them.

[Zharil, The Loa of Dominance]

Your displays of dominance over both the Trolls and Zar'jira have led to the formation of a new Loa. Bearing a form of your choosing, she is incredibly weak at the moment, only able to grant the weakest and smallest of blessings.

But with each act of domination, with each race broken and enslaved, she becomes stronger. Conquer an entire planet, and she will rival Rezan in his prime. Expect a cult worshipping both her and you to form within a short span of time amongst your followers.

The Conquest of Nazjatar

(Requires the completion of **The Darkspear Isles**)

Zar'jira was only one of many, not even at the top of the Naga totem pole. Many more of your brethren waste away in bondage, serving the Naga and their "god"-queen Azshara.

You've proved your superiority over the Naga once already, it is time to do so once again. This time at a far larger scale.

Led there by your newest slave, Zar'jira seems to take some delight at the very thought of her once proud people reduced into servants for a "mere" Murloc of all things.

Though the amount of Naga you will face are far larger than on the Darkspear Isles, your pool of recruits has also expanded. Not only are there Murlocs, but also Ankoans, Gilbins and even Sea Giants, most of whom one could persuade to participate in a slave revolt, in exchange for their freedom or even a position of power within your new regime.

If you actually keep to these promises or not is dependent on you, but nonetheless, with this new army, you must defeat the Naga and their queen, Azshara. Were you to first defeat and then enslave Azshara, it would surely break the morale of her followers, making it easy to take over.

Be it through hook or crook, for conquering the Naga and cementing the Murlocs as the new rulers of the ocean, you receive the following:

[King of the Seas]

Neptulon will be seething by the end of things, for now you threaten his rule over the waters. You receive the boosted form of **Tide Chief** for free, with any points spent being refunded in full. Such is your power now that you may cause cataclysmic tidal waves, able to sink continents under the sea with some effort.

[Nazjatar, The City of Scales]

The former capital of the Naga, now under your control and shaped to your desires, in both culture and layout. Included are the slaves you rallied together and probably freed, along with the Naga, now reduced to slaves in turn and made to serve you and your people in whatever capacity you desire.

[Azshara, The Oceanid Slave]

There is little that remains of the once proud queen, now reduced to a near-brainless broodmother for your offspring. Able to switch between her former Night Elven form and that of her Naga form, she switches them at your command, and when you are not breeding her, she quite eagerly trains her former handmaids into loyal pleasure slaves for you and anyone you deem is worthy of them.

The Kul Tiran Tides

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

Oftentimes you will hear of how the Kul Tirans are the greatest of seafarers, the masters of the sea. So great is their arrogance, that the daughter of their Grand Admiral bears the title “Daughter of the Seas”.

What a joke. They do not live in water, they sail over it. Where you need only your body to traverse the currents, they require massive ships just to move about. And they call your kind inferior.

Show them what true mastery of the Seas looks like. Sink their ships, break their keeps, and take their people. Men have offered enough insults to your kind; time to pay them back.

When Kul Tiras and its people have been conquered, you receive the following:

[Kul Tiras]

From Stormsong Valley, to Drustvar and to Tiragarde Sound. The land and the people now serve you. If you allow them to retain some of their culture, or reduce them into mere servants and slaves, is your own decision.

[Jaina and Katherine, The Women of the Sea]

You've made sure to educate these two of just how wrong their claims of any mastery or relations to the sea were. Bearing your personal brand over their wombs and with a no-clothes policy enforced on them, you regularly parade them around their former kingdom, reminding the humans of how far they have fallen.

[The Ocean Choir]

In Kul Tiran myth there are tales of Mermaids, half-fish and half-human women, with beautiful voices that enchant those who hear them. And now, some of these Mermaids have come to join your court. Able to turn their flippers into human feet and back, they spend most of their time livening up your court with song and dance. And in private, your relationship could be far more intimate indeed.

Domesticating Mulgore

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

How long has it been, you wonder, since your people began to war with the Tauren? Until now, your people have been hunting the Tauren, driving them further and further away from their former homes.

But now, the situation has changed. Travelers from across the sea have come and offer their assistance to the Tauren. And now, they are

pushing you back, and should things remain, then you will face certain defeat.

Or at least, that would be the case were you not here. It is up to you to change the tide and ensure the Centaur people are victorious over the Tauren and their new Horde allies.

Bring about total victory and conquer your enemies, in mind and body, so that they will never again cause you trouble.

With your control over Mulgore solidified and the Tauren fully subjugated, you receive the following:

[Mulgore]

The land of grassy plains and tall bluffs, you have taken over Mulgore for your clan and the Centaur in general. Any crop here will grow fast and be nutritious, while wild game is in abundance and never seems to run out when hunted.

[A Broken Horde]

There is a price for defiance, one you have extracted from the Tauren and their Allies. Their leaders slain and decapitated, you have reduced the rest of them into your slaves. Some now carry your foals, others have become slave soldiers, some work the fields, others act as servants. Whatever pride there was, has been destroyed utterly. Now only submission and obedience remain.

The Grandfather's Forests

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

Your relations with the rest of your family are strained at best. Your father abhorred the state of your kind and was slain for it. Your mother feels indifference at best, while your grandmother has disowned both her and all of you.

And then there is your grandfather Cenarius and your myriad of cousins, the Keepers of the Grove and the Dryads. They hate you, preferring to mingle with the two-legged Elves instead.

Path 1: Sticks and Stones

But can you truly blame them? Your brethren aren't exactly the kindest of beings. But what if you actually approached them, wishing for peace and understanding?

Instead of charging ahead like a beast, destroying everything in your wake, you will instead begin talks of diplomacy and even friendship with the children of Cenarius.

They and their Night Elf allies could be a far better influence on your brethren than your own mother, that is for sure.

For finally bridging the gap with your paternal family and for giving your brethren a better parental figure, you receive the following:

[Child of the Forests]

You feel as a warm and gentle presence wraps around you, like a comfy blanket on a winter's day. You receive **The Khan** in its boosted form for free, with any points used refunded in full. The forest has embraced you as its own, allowing you to bring back the dead as long as their body retains some of their flesh, and you could quite easily grow a forest in hours and even bring about the birth of Ancients.

[The Cenarian Family]

Though your cultures have clashed rather heavily, the children of Cenarius have adopted you and yours as the little siblings of the family, young and somewhat foolish in need of guidance. Expect many dryads and even some of the Night Elves to dote on you and try to "educate" you in all manner of things.

[Cenaria, The Beloved Grandmother]

If you did not loathe Theradras before, then you do now. Cenaria has proven herself a kind and warm presence in your life, always making time to listen to your woes and offering sage advice when needed. Perhaps there is more to your relationship, but at baseline you have finally gained a maternal figure actually worth a damn.

Path 2: The Trampled Woods

The forests are barred from you, forced to wander the plains. But no longer, for you have decided to right this wrong the only way the Centaur know, by force.

You will take the forests by force, conquer them with your clan. But taking just the forests is not enough. No, you must “convince” your estranged family to see things more your way, to welcome you in with open arms.

As for their Night Elven pets, you could be persuaded to keep them around, though their arrogance will have to be broken first.

When the forest finally embraces you as its true ruler and your cousins accept you as their own, you receive the following:

[Lord of the Forests]

A title taken from your Grandmother to signify your mastery of the wild. You receive **The Khan** in its boosted form for free, with any points used refunded in full. So great is your power that you may warp wild beasts and the plant life into monsters obeying your will, and any who remain in your domain may, at your leisure, begin to take on a more feral disposition.

[The Cenarian Horde]

Certainly a more proper name than **Cenarian Sluts**, yes? You have reduced much of the noble Night Elves and your Dryad cousins into broodmares, carrying the foals of either you or someone else deemed worthy enough.

[Cenaria, The Broken Grandmother]

Your family reunion was a messy and vigorous ordeal, leaving her bowlegged and quite heavy with children, yours to be specific. Her once magnificent horns have long since fallen off, and she has begun to increasingly resemble a meek mare rather than a proud stag, a fact she has come to rather enjoy, all things considered.

The Ravager of Men

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

The humans and Gnolls have been feuding since the days of the ancient Arathi empire.

A feud that has been for the most part gone in the humans' favor, with the closest the Gnolls ever got being during the Groll War, which almost saw the destruction of Stormwind, had it not been for the cunning of king Barathen Wrynn, who achieved victory by slaying Garfang, the leader of the Groll hordes and whose death led to massive infighting and the dissolving of the Gnolls into small warbands and packs.

But that was 75 years ago, and since then the Gnolls have fared no better. But now you are here, and your heart burns with vengeance, with a desire for conquest, a desire to tear down the walls of men and defile their women.

Lordaeron, Stormwind, Dalaran, Stromgarde. Four great kingdoms of men. Though Kul Tiras and Gilneas are counted as well, one lies beyond the sea and the other hides behind a massive wall.

While Gilneas' ruin will come in time and Kul Tiras may face its own end eventually, you need only concern yourself with the first four mentioned.

Gather your forces and set out. Tear their walls of stone apart, defile their people, and destroy their wills.

And when the last of the four falls to your might, you receive the following:

[The Four Kingdoms]

A sad sight, perhaps, to see the once proud kingdoms reduced to ruin, their populace little more than slaves and food for the Groll overlords. The human population has dwindled, with those remaining now clad in rags and leather, forced into demeaning work, made into food sources, or constantly bred. Your Groll population will no doubt skyrocket within the few following years.

[A Royal Harem]

Their husbands, brothers, sons, and friends slaughtered and then being defiled by a Gnoll. Is it any wonder that some of them have already broken?

You have taken the queens and princesses of each kingdom as your own concubines, clad in little and forced to bear your pups. Some yet resist, while others have long since broken and have come to love your rough treatment.

Wolves on the Wall

(Requires the completion of **The Ravager of Men**)

King Genn Greymane thought that by building a gigantic wall and sealing his people away from the rest of the world, they would remain safe from all threats.

How very wrong he was, for now you march towards their kingdom, intent on subjecting its people to the same fate as their fellow kingdoms. But instead of weak men, you are met by wolf-men, the Worgen.

It would seem that the Curse has managed to infect the entire Gilnean population, though strangely they appear to be mostly in control of their new states.

No matter, even if they will put up a much better fight now, they will still fall to your might. Your pride will accept no other outcome. Perhaps tracking down the mage Arugal and the strange Scythe he wields may prove useful?

When Gilneas has fallen to your Gnoll army and its people subjugated, you receive the following:

[The Scythe of Jumper]

Taken from the dead hands of Arugal, the Scythe of Elune has changed after being in your presence. Though it is still linked to the Curse of the Worgen, the Curse it releases has warped. Now instead of wolf-men, it is hyena-men that are born from it. The ones already infected will retain their current forms, as will their children unless mating with a Gnoll or one of the new Worgen. But all infected are submissive towards you and will follow any order or command without hesitation.

[Gilneas]

The gothic landscapes of Gilneas have become filled with the laughter of Gnolls and the howling of female Worgen, relentlessly bred by their new masters. Gilneas City has become a den of debauchery, with the prisons now full of stockades where any passerby may have their way with the prisoners on display.

[Tess, Mia and Lorna, The Worgen Bitches]

Genn Greymane and Darius Crowley proved to be the biggest thorns in your side, so it only made sense that you defiled their families before slaughtering the two men. Tess has embraced her new role as your bitch, happily fucking you for days on end, or slaughtering anyone who dares question you. Mia has seemingly de-aged several decades as a result of the Curse, with her attempts at keeping a regal bearing despite you fucking her in public merely amusing you. And Lorna has resigned herself to this fate, reluctantly embracing the pleasure and even the freedom your more savage lifestyle offers.

The Lord of Tunnels

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

It has always been a contested thing, who holds the title of best miners. The Kobolds, or the Dwarves.

As of late, your clan in particular has had several conflicts and overlaps with the Dwarves of Ironforge, and it is driving your people mad and scared.

Something must be done, and fast, before things escalate further. Unless you actually wish it so.

Path 1: The Two Stones

Surely King Magni will be open to diplomacy? Certainly, seeing a Kobold asking to speak instead of flailing about in a scared frenzy will give them whiplash, but it should help you get a foot in the door.

And then you will have to negotiate, ensure both peoples agree to sharing the mountains and the resources within.

Perhaps even solidifying a permanent alliance and unification of your peoples. Goodness knows what you could accomplish with the Dwarves and Kobolds united as one for the first time since time began.

For bringing about peace between your peoples, you receive the following:

[Ironforge]

The mountain bustles with activity, Dwarves and Kobolds working hand in hand. Not only does this include the city and mountain of Ironforge itself, but also the many mountains surrounding it as well.

[Moirra, The Candle Queen]

It was a bit of an awkward thing, when she first proposed a courtship to you.

All nervous, blushing, and stuttering. Apparently she found you rather adorable and your desire for peace as very admirable. Since then she has lost most of the stutter and nervousness, though the blush remains. Instead of wearing a candle or even a large lamp, she has braided her hair with small lantern-shaped crystals that glow with faint light. Though Magni might faint when he hears you are already expecting your first child.

Path 2: The Brightest Candle

Oh, who are you kidding? This is the chance to finally put those damn Dwarves in their place, mucking about in your mountains and messing up your tunnels.

You won't wipe them out, goodness no! You will simply take over and force them into a more controllable state; that way they still get to mine, and you can benefit from their craftsmanship without paying large amounts of gold for minor trinkets!

The Dwarves are rather tough, but they will quickly learn that it is in truth your people who rule the mountains and caves of Azeroth, and you have the numbers to both prove and back up this claim.

When Ironforge, along with its people, has fallen under Kobold rule, you receive the following:

[Candleforge]

Ironforge was a formidable city, but it lacked something rather crucial: Candles! And now, several of them litter the place, with a large one now always burning where King Magni once held court. The Dwarven people were unfortunately too stubborn to surrender, so you have now reduced them into slaves and prisoners. You will set them free, of course, after they have fully submitted and accepted your rightful rule over them.

[Moira and Eimear, The Candlebearers]

You had to show Brann, now crownless and beardless, that defiance has its price. In this case, you have taken his wife and daughter as concubines. You treat them well, they never go hungry, and you make sure to gift them with shiny jewelry. Of course, their clothes looked rather uncomfortable, so that is usually all they are wearing.

The Seekers of the Sun

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

It is a rite of sorts, for each Harpy to convert at least a single Night Elf into a Harpy daughter. But as of late, you've heard rumors of a new Elven civilization entirely. One located in the Eastern Kingdoms.

Tales of smaller stature and of Arcane might have you salivating at the mere chance to add these Elves into your Flock.

It is time your Flock moved to greener pastures anyway, and so it is that your migration across the sea begins, until you have reached Quel'Thalas.

Perhaps you wish to start slowly, first kidnapping people from the villages surrounding the city, before laying siege to Silvermoon itself, your goal the Sunwell and the magical power within.

***When you have laid claim to the Sunwell and bathed in its waters,
you receive the following:***

[Suntouched]

The Sunwell's Arcane powers have bonded with you, granting you a near-endless source of magic, along with a mastery of fire and blood magic. Your children also benefit from this, gaining a far larger manapool and affinity for storm and wind magic, with even the dumbest of them now able to wield magic on par with a Mage with decades of experience. Optionally, your feathers can turn fiery red and seemingly burn with bright flames. This can be toggled off or even combined with other forms.

[Quel'Thalas, The Queendom of Harpies]

Your claiming of the Sunwell caused a major backlash in the High Elves. Going through an orgasmic transformation, each one was turned into a female Harpy, now devoted to their new Queen, you. Their feathers are a brilliant red, and though their connection to the winds and storms is lesser, their abilities over fire and blood more than make up for it.

[Liadrin, The Jumper's Talon]

Of your myriad of new daughters, Liadrin is perhaps the most Zealous of them, her faith in the Light now twisted into an obsession with you. Each word you speak she treats as gospel; oftentimes she will finger herself silly while thinking of you dominating her. Any who defy your will she will deal with; men she will slay on the spot, while women she will bring to you for conversion and enslavement.

Rise of the Guardian

The War of the Ancients saw many fall, including several Wild Gods, or Ancient Guardians, as some call them.

Among them, were the progenitors of the Beasts. Aviana, Agamaggan, Kohrir, Mmrrmlasss, Ikrit, and Yeengri.

Their loss took a part of your very essence with it, and none of you have felt entirely whole.

But now is the time to change that. It has been shown a few times over the centuries that Wild Gods can be resurrected. And you must bring back your own ancestor, by whatever means necessary.

For bringing back a god from the dead and helping to restore a missing part of your people, you receive the following:

[Ancient Guardian Returned]

Your Wild God progenitor walks Azeroth once more, though depending on your methods, their opinions on their return may vary drastically.

The Harpies receive:

[Aviana, The Mother of Flight]

Covered in white feathers and bearing golden decorations, Aviana appears as a Harpy yet greater in all matters. Feeling the open wind underneath her wings and the sight of so many of her daughters bringing about her return, she feels her heart burn with joy. With you as her herald, she hopes to bring her remaining children back to her more noble teachings.

The Quilboars receive:

[Agamaggan, The Great Boar]

She savors the feeling of earth underneath her hooves, its firm foundation a comfort she had all but forgotten. Now able to take on a Quilboar form, Agamaggan looks forward to seeing not only the sights of this new Azeroth, but also what her children could become, with you and her guiding them upon a new path.

The Centaur receive:

[Kohrir, The Fair Stallion]

Though only the progenitor of the centaur now known as Maruukai, she has deemed your Kalimdorian breed a worthy enough supplicant. Though not particularly impressed by your brethren's lack of intelligence and hygiene, she has decided to help you in elevating the rest of your kind to a more cohesive and dangerous whole. She does not do this for free, as she expects you to give her offerings, be it in the form of blood, food, or full-body massages.

The Murlocs receive:

[Mmrrmlasss, The Abyssal Toad]

You are not quite sure if she is completely in this realm. Speaking in a language that makes Nerglish sound simple, she spends most of her days mostly submerged within a lake. Yet when she is roused into action, her intent echoes in your mind, receiving visions and feelings too powerful to be anyone else's but hers. These visions usually have you do actions that will later have proven to be the exact thing needed to protect your people from enemies.

The Kobolds receive:

[Ikrit, The Molder of Caves]

Bearing the visage of a mole, Ikrit bears a staunch curiosity and a bravery that stands in stark contrast to her descendants' own cowardice. Saddened to see her kin in such a state, she has requested your help in defeating, or perhaps taming, the Darkness that has haunted the Kobolds for so long.

The Gnolls receive:

[Yeengri, The Quiet Hound]

One would expect the progenitor of the Gnolls to be a cackling and feral monster, not a quiet and ponderous soul lounging most days on a warm rock. Yet that is exactly what Yeengri prefers to do, utilising her considerable talent for magic to flip over old tomes full of lore that leave even some of the Bronze in a tizzy.

The Council of Beasts

To the Alliance and the Horde, you are lesser. To them, you are nothing more than animals, to be culled when your numbers grow too big and when they wish to steal your land.

To dissuade them from this, you will have to unite. Not simply your own kind, but the rest of the Beasts. The Centaur, Gnolls, Harpies, Kobolds, Murlocs, and Quilboar. All need to fall under a single banner, your banner.

But simply uniting them will be a challenge, for not only do most of the Beasts lack central governance, but they are also mostly feral.

So your task is two-fold: Unite the Beasts into a coalition on par with the Alliance and the Horde. And also ensure all member races embrace a singular culture, one molded by you.

When you have forged the Beasts into a cohesive whole and become a global superpower, then you earn the following:

[Cultural Revision]

It was like herding rabies-infected chickens, truly. But now, thankfully, you've learned from your mistakes and next time will have nowhere near as much trouble. When it comes to uplifting the more "savage" cultures, you know what to do so it all happens both fast and with little difficulty. Though turning cavemen into a space-faring race will take a few decades, ensuring those cavemen know how to tend to the land, build proper houses, and even forge steel, are all things you can do within a single decade.

[The Council]

All of the races you united and the territories they hold, it all now belongs to you and will follow you on to further worlds. You may incorporate other factions and territories to this item.

End Point

The Time has come for you to say your goodbyes and continue on your adventure.

- **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

- [For The Pack](#) on Hentai Foundry was a major inspiration for the Gnoll section and the Legacy of Howler Scenario.
- Yes, I have a Breeding fetish, and I am going to indulge in it from time to time.
- 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.
- 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.