

Abalo Awak

The Golden Plains of Mulgore slipped silently by beneath him as the buttes of Thunder Bluff loomed ever closer. He could never understand why they called it 'The Golden Plains' when they were so obviously green, rolling hills. But then, many things about the Tauren were beyond his understanding. They were clearly a deeply spiritual people, but still primitive. Almost intentionally so, it seemed. After thousands of years, they still lived in dwellings made of skins and rough-hewn timbers instead of crystal or even stone.

On the few occasions that he had personally dealt with any of the Tauren they were always under less than ideal circumstances. Long-held prisoners, dying, or already dead. All the others with whom he'd had up-close dealings with were usually trying to kill him. There were those in Dalaran. But they were usually in a section of the city to which he was forbidden entry. Those in Booty Bay – they were far too...civilized to carry the same fascination for him.

On many occasions, he'd flown by Tauren camps and outposts. Close enough to watch them, but never close enough to rile them into coming after him. At least...not often. Never before, though, had he attempted to come so near to their capitol city.

For months, he had been working with his griffon, training him to land as silently as possible. He would then dismount and send him off to slowly circle, just out of weapons range, until called for. Practicing in Thousand Needles made things a little easier, especially given the Tauren outpost located there. The considerably smaller size of the butte meant that, if he could land behind a tent there and not be heard, then landing on Thunder Bluff without being detected should be even easier.

One thing his trainers had always struggled to teach him was patience. All too often, he would rush into a lesson and get burned for it – sometimes literally. Certain types of elementals required a more deliberate hand to master. The same held true for certain types of situations. A slow, gradual progression would, often, yield a far sweeter success.

He wanted this to be the sweetest yet.

Some aspects of his plan, he had worked through very carefully. For example, he had circled Thunder Bluff for almost two weeks – sometimes by day, sometimes by night – to determine the best spot to land without being seen or heard. Behind the large tent where most of the druids seemed to go looked highly promising. No guards ever patrolled there and there were always several skins stretched out nearby, either drying, acting as a wind-break, or both. Those would prove quite useful for his plan. Crucial, in fact.

He had selected his target on his third day flying around the city. To a casual observer, he was like any other member of his race. But upon closer study one could see the differences in his personality. The others ebbed and surged in behavior, ranging from sedate to frenetic. One moment, they would be sitting quietly and talking, resting, or eating and then rushing off into a fight the next. The one he watched was vastly more patient. Measured and meticulous. Concise and calculated. Each time he walked a circuit around the city, it took exactly the same amount of time. And that was critical to his function.

He was the Hourmaster; the timekeeper for the whole city.

At the top of what he presumed was the Tauren 'hour', the Hourmaster would pound his large sticks onto the thick, leather heads of the drums. The concussion would boom out across the entire city and let everyone know what time it was. And so his routine continued in flawless repetition.

He'd come agonizingly close to achieving his goal once before, but his timing had been off. The Hourmaster had stopped earlier in his circuit to talk to someone that apparently needed directions and so was not willing to stop longer than a few moments. Just long enough to step up to the hole cut into the large, spread hide. He slowly poked a large finger through the hole and felt around the edges. When a warm and slick mouth wrapped around his finger, he flinched in surprise and then chuckled.

"Abalo Awak," the bull intoned. The mouth around his thick digit suckled with an increased sense of need and was rewarded with a low, husky rumble. Despite the evident eagerness and skill of the person behind the taut wall of leather, the Hourmaster pulled back his finger and stepped back. The bull sighed a bit and muttered, "Anohe isha halo." before walking away to drum in the hour.

For hours after that encounter, he savored the flavor on his tongue and for the weeks that followed, the memory of it. A powerful and earthy musk, like the scent of rich loam so unlike any of his own people. The Tauren had wild an untamed aroma to them, especially the druids. His own race had an appealing scent as well, but it was more refined. Often too heavily veiled under perfumes and incenses, it did not carry the same rush of the primitive. The hum that permeates one's senses when stalking through a deep jungle, never quite sure if you are predator or prey.

He found himself stroking the tendrils which hung from his chin, a habit which his trainers found unsavory and uncouth. Of them all, only one did not chastise him for absently stroking himself in public. And that instructor taught him far more than any shaman before or since. The only one he could honestly say he cared about making proud. The only one he could honestly say he cared about. He, too, had a wild taste to him.

Tonight would be different, though. Tonight, he would succeed. He had to. Each night he flew by, each time he risked landing, he risked being spotted. Too much of that and the guards would step up patrols, change their patterns, and he'd have to start all over again. Or give up. And he'd rather die than give up.

Well...almost.

The wind rushed passed him as he circled far enough out that he would not easily be seen. His gryphon followed the practiced path that they had flow for the past several weeks leaving him free to focus his mind elsewhere. Far above the city, at the very top of the tower where their wyverns landed, a small, magical swirl began to form. Suddenly, he saw Thunder Bluff as though he stood there, atop the highest tower. He turned in a slow circle and searched the city below. Finally, he spotted the Hourmaster.

His perception felt razor sharp as he slowly tracked the bull around the city, following his normal course. Twice he was almost stopped by someone, and both times, they turned to someone else nearby. The Hourmaster started across the bridge that would lead him to the area they had met before. This was it. Now was the time.

He freed his mind from the spell, feeling that brief moment of disorientation that comes with it, especially when you're already moving. Rather like going to sleep and waking up somewhere you don't expect. Anticipation caused him to tug at the reins a bit too hard and earn a squawk of complaint from his mount. He shushed the bird half and hoped that no one heard as they swooped in, swift and silent, as they had a hundred times before. Dive in and sweep straight up along the cliff side. Time it right and your momentum fades just as you reach the top, and you land as quietly as stepping from one room to another.

A pebble crunched beneath one of his cloven hooves, causing him to freeze and hold his breath for a moment. When no mob of angry guards came rushing around the walls of stretched leather, he flicked a hand signal to his gryphon who immediately tossed himself off the bluff with wings outstretched and disappeared into the silent night to circle and wait to be called.

He wanted to run forward, to grind his face against the leather and shove his tongue through the hole, whining and pleading for the reward he had waited and worked so long to receive. The words of his most favored trainer, spoken in a deep, smoldering voice, echoed in his mind and held his body in check. He swallowed once, his tongue oddly dry given how close he was to pouring sheets of drool down his tendrils.

Taking measured, deliberate steps, he walked forward to the wall of kodo hide and knelt before the hole. He pressed a finger through it to open it up far enough to allow him to see the back of the tent where the druids trained. Off to the right, farther around the tent, would be where the strange Tauren who always seemed to be yelling about piles of dirt would be standing. Off to the left, is where the bull who had haunted his dreams for so long, the object of every waking desire, would be walking towards him in mere moments. Tonight, he would get what he wanted. Tonight, his dreams would come true.

His breath caught in his throat when he saw the flicker of torchlight. The voices of Fear and Hope were screaming within his mind at equal volume. One voice telling him to run, blow into the carved whistle and dive off the side of the cliff, trusting that his mount would intercept him before he hit the ground. The other voice telling him to stay a bit longer, wait and see...and feel and smell and taste. Desire won out over discretion. Wanton over wise.

And there he was. The Hourmaster strode with the same, exacting pace as always, one hoof in front of the other. A soft click of the tongue when he was close enough to hear it brought the bull's attention towards him. A broad and sly smile spread across his face as he strode over to the hole. A quick glance left and right and he stepped close enough that the bulge in his loincloth almost pushed through the slit in the leather.

Many things have a price. Some good, some bad. Patience is like that in some ways as well. The longer you have to wait for something, the harder it is to maintain your composure when you finally have it presented to you. Patience had had its turn. Now it was Hunger's time to shine.

He buried his face against the slowly expanding bulge in the fabric and breathed in deeply, drinking in the heavy, intoxicating scent of pure, male Tauren. His hands pressed against the thick leather and he was overjoyed to feel the shape of the thick, meaty thighs pressing forward from the other side, trying to push farther through the hole. He brought his hands together on either side of the distended cloth and struggled to pull it out of the way gently, rather than tearing it off.

“Washte alo balo,” the bull chortled as his half-hard cock sprang free and bounced lewdly against the shaman's cheek. His hands quickly moved to grip the rapidly plumping flesh, sweeping it back and forth across the bridge of his nose, crossing his eyes to focus on the mast as he craned his head back and dragged his tongue up along the underside.

He wrapped his lips around the tip of the shaft and leaned into it, swallowing as the broad head reached the back of his throat. Inch by inch, it disappeared past his lips as if it were tailored to fit inside. Though it wasn't quite as easy as he made it seem, the male on the other side of the wall couldn't have guessed. The bull groaned low and loud, leaning even harder against the leather which separated them, the outline of his form becoming more clear as the coarse and intensely musky hair about the base of his cock ground roughly against the shaman's face. The whole expanse of kodo hide vibrated as the bull shuddered and growled out something completely unintelligible.

He may not understand the language...but the meaning was quite clear.

He smiled to himself, which only served to tighten his lips even further around the turgid girth sliding in and out between them. As he pulled back, leaving only the tip inside his mouth, he swirled his tongue around the crown and swept it through the hole at the top. A huff, gulp, and sigh drifted through the dividing wall. A

few heartbeats later, the pulsating pole seemed to lose some of its rigidity. The bull shuffled his hooves for a moment and lifted some of his weight off of the hide between them but he did not withdraw completely.

“Ovaktalo pawene,” he whispered gruffly.

The shaman slowed, but did not stop his attentions. The bull's massive body blocked any view through the hole, and he could not hear anything beyond the pounding of his own heart in his ears, his panting attempts to catch his breath each time he pulled the meat from his throat. It was difficult for him to care about anything beyond what he was doing. Then he heard it. Another voice. Another set of hooves walking through the grass and sandy soil behind the tent. Most likely one of the guards who almost never came back here.

There was a brief exchange of words between them and some laughter. Then the hooves started wandering off to the right. The bull's cock began to harden again in his mouth. As he started to lean forward onto the shaft again, the bull drove his weight against the wall so suddenly that the shaman could hardly prepare for the invasion of flesh into his throat. He began to choke and wrench around the monstrous intruder, which only seemed to make the flesh all the firmer.

Blinking tears from his eyes and struggling to regain control over his reflexes, he focused all of his attention on the shaft and balls before him, suckling, caressing and worshiping the bull's pride like a supplicant. Time and again, the mocha-colored mast sank into the grip of his neck until the heavy sack, matte black like unpolished obsidian, bounced or ground against his chin. Each trip along the bull's spire made it a bit easier to manage. But an especially sudden thrust would still cause him to convulse and have to pull off far enough to swallow and catch his breath.

Shortly after restoring his rhythm from one of these somehow delightful interruptions, he slowly became aware of a presence beside him. Perhaps it was the scent that got to him first, but there was no mistaking it.

Troll.

His accent was so thick that even if he had been speaking a familiar language, it would have been hard to understand. He seemed to soak up the shadows and become more visible as he stepped right up beside the shaman. He belted out a cackling laugh and uttered something. The bull on the far side of the wall replied. There was an eerie sort of coo to the troll's laugh as he licked his lips and stepped forward. Trolls were reputed to eat people. Not in quite the same, cannibalistic fashion as the undead, but close enough to it that the shaman was growing steadily more afraid. The troll slid fluidly beneath him and undid the front of his simple, cloth pants freeing his cock which was still more than half hard, despite his apprehensions.

His body betrayed him openly as the troll's tongue, almost frighteningly warm, wriggled and slithered in an almost sickening fashion all over the upper third of his shaft. Unbidden, he legs spread further apart to allow the troll's single tusk to slide between them as the powerful lips engulfed his shaft. He wanted to moan, but his throat was occupied. Instead, his thick tail began to slowly lash back and forth. Before his tail could complete a second swing, a tight grip closed around it. He had thought that it might be the troll's strange feet, but the angle was wrong.

Then he realized. The other Tauren guard.

This was getting far too out of control for his liking. He didn't want this. Everything he had wanted, all he had worked so hard for, waited for, was the bull on the other side of the leather wall. These other distractions, while potentially quite pleasurable in other circumstances, were far more than he had pla--

His mind shattered before he could finish the thought.

A tongue the width of his fist smeared, slick and sloppy, beneath his tail. A fleshy staff, so much like the one he still held between his lips yet slightly thicker, slide between his legs and along the length of his own shaft. The troll drooled a curtain of slobber across the guard's cock which slid back far enough to take aim, ground forcefully against the space beneath his tail, demanding entrance.

Before he could pull back far enough free his mouth to speak, both bulls plunged toward one another filling him from end to end with more than he ever thought he'd be able to accommodate. He tried to cry out as the invasion beneath his tail caused explosions of light behind his eyelids, but the Hourmaster's presence in his throat made anything other than the wet, squelching sound of gagging impossible.

He'd had things inside him before, but this was different. Never this much, never this fast, never this deep. While the discomfort was fading rapidly, the intensity of pleasure was overwhelming. As if his body were possessed, it sucked in and thrust forward and bucked back with desperate abandon. The bull behind him seemed to surge to an insanely thick girth, but it was actually his stretched hole clamping down as he lost all sense of control and was, quite literally, pushed into his climax from behind.

Beneath him, the troll spluttered and coughed as what felt like weeks of frustration erupted into his mouth and across his face. He laughed a bit and muttered something which made the guard chuckle and try in vain to push back into the vice-tight hole.

The Hourmaster, however, was silent for a long moment before responding. During that long, quiet moment, his shaft, so eager and hard before, began to deflate. As more words passed between them, the tension grew and the bull's cock shriveled and retreated through the hole.

He was practically thrown to the ground by the guard behind him, who did not even bother to put away his fleshy hammer before grabbing the one made of wood and stone. The troll, his face still coated in the pearlescent sheen of his seed drew a long, wicked kris and stepped closer as the Hourmaster came stalking around the edge of the wall of kodo hide. Hatred burned in all their eyes. Though none as viciously as the Hourmaster whose glare also carried the fires of betrayal.

The shaman tried to scramble back against the barrier which, until moments ago, was a source of bliss for them all. His hooves tangled in the pool of fabric that his pants formed around his ankles and he fell. He kicked one hoof free as the troll lunged forward with the wavy blade. Fiery pain flared in his side where the blade bit deep. Blood poured freely from the wound as he bundled all of his strength into one frantic action.

He ran.

With one hand pressed to the wound at his side, he clawed for the whistle tied around his neck. The earth split open and a small totem pushed up into the night air. It shook with power and caught the guard's attention. But only him. The troll and the Hourmaster were still right behind him, and he felt himself losing momentum. The troll must have used a poisoned blade. A second totem burst from the ground and the troll's steps slowed as though he were slogging through mud. The troll shrieked strange words after him as he slowly fell behind.

He may not understand the language...but the meaning was quite clear.

The Hourmaster's hooves continued to chew through what little space separated them, catching up a little more with every stride. The shaman reached the edge and leaped as far out into the night air as he could. As he brought the whistle to his lips and drew breath, his senses were battered once again by the taste and smell of the bull he'd longed so long to be with. He blew loud, long and shrill, praying to The Light that all his preparation would pay off. At least this part of it.

The Golden Plains of Mulgore rushed up at him silently. Though, now, they were a ghostly, silvery-gray. A fitting color, given that he'd probably be ghostly himself in another moment.

Talons locked around his upper arms. The world stopped rushing to embrace him and began to sprint along beneath him. He only realized how close it was when he had to lift his hooves to keep from kicking a prairie stalker in the head.

Pain speared through him again as his hanging weight tore at the open wound in his side. A part of him welcomed it. It meant he was still alive.

A short time later, they landed on a ledge overlooking the plains; Thunder Bluff standing proudly off in the distance, bathed in moonlight. The shaman dug through his pack and donned some of his regular clothes. He called up another totem and let its power cleanse himself of the troll's poison before dismissing it. He set to work building small campfire and cooking a meal. These tasks were simple and gave him time to think.

Everything had gone so well until the others came along. Without their intrusion, everything would have been perfect. They'd have both gotten exactly what they wanted. Both of them. The others were the problem. Maybe, if they weren't around, if the shaman could get the Hourmaster to the hole by himself. Maybe then they could finish what they started before. Maybe then they could forget that they were from opposing sides in a war and simply make each other happy again.

It was almost a week before he flew back. Just as before, he spent the time to study from afar, to learn the patterns of patrols. To see Him.

The Hourmaster's habits remained unchanged. And why shouldn't they? He, the shaman, was the anomaly. The random cog dropped into the machine which threw everything else out of sync. And yet, there was still a fluttering of hope within him.

As he had before, he sailed silently up behind the stretched kodo hide, sending his griffon off to circle until summoned. He crept as quietly as he could to the spot where he had so nearly become the happiest of his entire life. The fluttering wings of Hope stopped dead. There, where the hole had been, were now a set of crude stitches. The thread dark and thick. As he leaned in closer, he caught the scent.

Blood. His blood. The thread used to sew the hole shut had been soaked in it. He walked back to the edge of the bluff and whistled for his mount, looking back over his shoulder.

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