

# The Rhonin Diaries

Part 1: Call of Knaackazulu



Rikkrad'a'Knaackazulu

# The Rhonin Diaries

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## Part 1: Call of Knaackazulu

It was a beautiful early morning day, Rhonin had woken early and headed downstairs to eat some delicious cereal. The sun was shining into the kitchen only to be outdone by the shine gleaming back from Rhonin's hair almost blinding the sun, the sun retreated back a bit giving way to some shade.

There was a knock at the door. „ This early? „ Rhonin mused to himself.. would he need to save the world before he had his balanced breakfast... the thought amused him. With a pursing of his lip he gave the door a stern look almost intimidating it to open itself, the door obliged, it knew what had happened to the other doors who weren't as quick to react... they lay as fire wood.

There was an Orc and Draenei at the door.... the Draenei clearly wise beyond her years strolled into the house. The Draenei was busy resisting the urge to remove her clothing in the presence of Rhonin so the Orc stepped forward and interjected. „ Rhonin! We need you to save the world! „

Vereesa had woken and come downstairs... her eyes glared at the Draenei in jealousy however she was not able to do much, she had lost her bow 5 years ago when meeting Rhonin and had not replaced it yet... she scurried back upstairs muttering.

„ So! „ exclaimed Rhonin „ It appears that it's time to kick ass and chewbubble gum „ the Orc and Draenei looked at each other.. shrugged then looked back towards Rhonin „ Whats Bubblegum“ the Orc exclaimed?

„ Stupid newbs „ Rhonin smirked, looking over to his Raptor army, they were busy snickering at visitors /brofisting each other with a few chest bumps.

„ Well Orc! spit it out what is this dire emergency, My Captain Crunch is getting soggy and my patience running thin! „ The Orc new he didn't want to have his nose busted on this day so he stepped forward and said... The Orc knew he didn't want to have his nose busted on this day so he stepped forward and said „Master Rhonin, the world needs your help once again. The shaman have sensed a terrible disturbance among the elements.“ The Draenei nodded,

lending credence to the Orc's words. Rhonin took a piece of pink, rubbery mass from his pocket and chewed on it absent-mindedly. „What kind of disturbance?“

„We believe it to be unnatural. Unfortunately we are unable to pinpoint what it is exactly. In any case, it must be some sort of sinister presence,“ stated the Draenei. The archmage nodded, accepting her wisdom.

„Well, „ Started the Orc „Thrall has decided that it's time to put aside the differences between Alliance and Horde once and for all, but we've hit a snag.“ The Orc looked at the floor a moment, scuffing his boot on the Firewood planks.

Rhonin sighed exasperatedly and rolled his eyes „Out with it man. Is Garrosh whining again, is Wrynn still making trouble? I can do a lot but changing these two minds will take me at least half an afternoon.“ Rhonin knew, it would take at least that much time to stop Wrynn from reminiscing about his time as Lo'Gosh and trying to boost his ego so he'd be able to see his gorgeous red hair in the eye.

„No... not really. It's Vol'jin and Mekkatorque.“ Came the answer. The Orc had taken time to position himself near Rhonin's favourite vase, maneuvering it between him and the master mage to enable himself a little buffer. „They refuse to join in the talks if they can't have their capital cities back. And well... At least the Gnome has a decent excuse because his bedroom has been taken over by elites and all...“

„... But because Mekkatorque has a demand, so does the silly blue troll... I see... Well, I think I can get this piggie washed even before my hair loses its wonderful morning lustre.“ Rhonin rubbed the little beard he sported, and made him look oh so manly and rugged, and then nodded to the Orc „Tell your boss I'll be over in a minute. I still have the Captain to adress.“

Rhonin hefted his silvered spoon, catching it in the light coming in from the window and sat down, dismissing the Orc for now...

„Who... what was the female?“ asked Vereesa. „And how could you stoop so low as to speak with mere Orcs!“

„She was a Draenei, a member of a noble race older than even your own. As for the Orc... He wouldn't be able to do much harm. I have prepared my defensive spells last night, but I never got to use them.“ He stared at her accusingly. „What? I really did have a headache,“ she said unconvincingly. He would never lose his admiration or love for her however. He knew she felt the same way about him.

„I saw the... Draenei... eying you, husband.“ Rhonin chuckled. „Can you blame her?“ The Elf laughed in her clear voice. „No, I really cannot.“

Rhonin was disappointed.... after all he had done for Mekkatorque he was still whing. „I build those pukes a glorious Tram to travel and it's still not enough? „

blowing bubbles with his pink rubbery substance. Vereesa gave him a puzzled look „ You did my love? „ had it been anyone else that questioned him he would have incinerated them on the spot.. but not Vereesa his love.

Rhonin leaned in close to whisper so that his guests would not hear.. „ Do you remember that council meeting in Ironforge we had after we had dinner at your parents? „ Vereesa nodded. „ Well.. your moms cooking isn't very good and caused a great unsettling in my stomach... So I had stowed away to a remote area in Ironforge to relieve the pressure in my guts „ Vereesa gasped „ You didn't! „ „ I couldn't help it dear... I aimed my fanny away from Ironforge and purged the demon's from my anus the force cut a swathe of destruction through the ground which is now the route travelled via tram „ \* Ahem \* the Draenei interjected. „ Shall we be on our way dear Rhonin? „ Rhonin knew it was time to go he ran upstairs and packed his survival kit, it consisted of a loincloth and some hair products.

As the companions set forth to Ironforge Vereesa ran out for Rhonin „ Please let me join you on this mission! „ Rhonin laughed „ Who then would have dinner waiting for me when I arrived home? „ he patted her on the head and gestured for her to return inside. „ Hop on a Raptor Orc... the Draenei she rides with me „ he smiled as the group headed for Ironforge

On the road to Ironforge, however, the mountains shook, and a deep voice echoed as a gigantic humanoid clockwork robot lumbered into view, „I told you landlubbers I was going to improvise.“ Rhonin's eyes went wide as his massive intellect, dwarfed only by the splendor of his fiery hair, processed who the speaker was. „Smite!“

Vereesa reached for her bow, forgetting that she had lost it back during the Day of the Dragon and never thought to get another, so captivated was she by her husband's rugged good looks and rapid advancement through the Kirin Tor hierarchy.

As smite readys his attack, rhonin puts on a monocle and casts flare! While smite is blinded, vereesa kills one of the raptors surrounding rhonin and uses it's femur to fashion a bow, she plucks one of rhonins fiery red hairs for a bow string and prays her one arrow hits him. Just as she was about to shoot, drek'thar runs in with a / brofist yelling „ don't hurt this cow!“ apparently he join DHETA, despite being a warrior. Rohnin says „ your fired“ and summons a unseen force to blow them away. All the dranei and elf bowed at his leet awesomeness, but he didn't care, he was missing a strand of hair.

The Orc ran after the swept away Drek'thar he had been a fan of his for ages and was not going to pass up a chance at an autograph.

Rhonin pulled out his survival kit and grabbed his comb, this was no ordinary comb... During the War of the Ancients Cenarius had molded this comb from

wood.. a gift to Rhonin for sparing his life. It was the only thing strong enough to pass through the intense red heat emitted from Rhonin's hair. The group waited 3 hours as he brushed his locks.

In the Horizon a dwarf headed there way. „ Got room for a dwarf in this rag tag party ye be havin'? „ Rhonin asked the dwarf his name name but he already knew... he knows everything. „ Ya can call me Tenderheart Friendlybrew „ the group snickered exchanging /brofists and chestbumps.

„ We must find out what Smite was after! „ The Draenei chimed in „ but first we need to locate that Orc Trilokvia O'rcann who has ran off after Drek'thar!

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Thrall sat back down into his chair, he was clearly tired from battle, it was the third time this week that a group of 25 - 40 random Alliance races had rushed into Ogrimmar with sights of claiming Thrall's head, this latest group Gnomeland Security they called themselves had been just as unsuccessful. Thrall had heard one of them mention being rewarded a bear for his head and couldn't help wonder what sort of sick person had put them up to that task. Either way there were more important things to worry about.

Thrall looked over his shoulder, with a sigh of relief he spotted Garrosh playing with his toy train set in the corner where he had left him before the battle occurred. He had told his best friend that he would take care of his son no matter what the cost and Thrall intended to keep that promise.

„ Acckkkk Arghhhh „ Garrosh began flailing around as if some invisible force was choking the life out of him, Thrall whirling around expecting too see an Assassin of some kind working his sinister magic . Saurfang had rushed out due to the commotion and took one look at Garrosh and shook his head. With a heavy slap on the back Garrosh spit out something that had been lodged in his throat.

Thrall picked up the item... covered in spit and applesauce it was a cart from the toy train. „ Sowwy Thrall, It looked so Yummy cause it wuz red „ coughed out Garrosh. Just then Thrall had realized when Grom had not wanted to spend anytime with his son... he was clearly a r'tard. „ Thrall! „ Vol'jin charged in „ Sylvanas is here she wishes a moment of your time she says it's of great importance „

Thrall looked at the helpless Garrosh and secretly hoped he would find a way to off himself while he was away in this meeting, he looked up to Saurfang and nodded. Saurfang knew he was on babysitting duty. Thrall left his quarters to meet Sylvanas but what could she want!

He met the former High Elf halfway down the path from Grommash Hold to the entrance to the darkened haven for outcasts that had been named the Drag. Despite being undead Sylvanas still retained her curvaceous figure. That was where her likeness with her living form ended though. The eyes that had once been blue like summer skies were now silver, her once gloriously golden hair blackened, with streaks of silver. Her complexion changed too, from a peach color to the steely gray of a winter sky.

„Banshee Queen,“ muttered Thrall through clenched teeth, obviously disgusted by his „ally“. „Warchief,“ she said with equal hatred. „What do you want from us?“ asked the shaman. „My magi have sensed a dark force brooding somewhere. We believe it to be a mysterious, malign entity bent on destroying both the Horde and Alliance,“ retorted the Dark Lady, her eyes narrowing.

„Aye, the shaman of Orgrimmar have sensed it too.“ It was true, even Thrall himself could feel the shadow of darkness enveloping the lands under his rule. They hadn't been able to pinpoint its exact location or even origin so far, yet they were still concentrating on this task.

„Is there no one who could possibly save us?“ asked the Banshee Queen, tilting her head and letting a lock of silvery-black hair fall out of her dark hood.

A sound almost completely beyond the range of hearing made them both turn their heads towards the large bonfire that had been erected about twenty feet far from the entrance to Grommash Hold. There, a shimmering portal was opening. Through it stepped a familiar figure, her blond locks shining like the sun, with purple robes tightly hugging her figure. She was carrying a staff with a glowing tip that was casting a greenish tint on everything that was visible despite the bonfire's presence.

„Jaina...“ Thrall said, surprise clearly evident on his face. „Why have you come?“ „I too have sensed the disturbance, old friend,“ stated the stunningly beautiful mage. „I am not sure what exactly it is, but it seems to be centered around the Dark Portal.“ „The gateway...“ muttered Thrall, shocked. Jaina nodded. „But who can save us in this darkest of hours?“ cried out Thrall. „Let me go, Warchief. I shall assemble my most trusted guards and ascend the dark path of the Portal.“ Thrall shot Sylvanas with a look, instantly silencing her. „No, Dark Lady. This is beyond the scope of powers of any of us. We need someone more powerful, preferably ruggedly handsome. I just cannot think of anyone...“

„I may know of someone,“ Jaina reluctantly blurted out. Thrall and Sylvanas turned awaiting the name of the would be Hero. „It's someone of extreme power and rugged handsomeness,“ Jaina fell into a flashback memory of her years in mage

school

It was the first day of class and Jaina had arrived early in hopes of gaining the favor of her teachers she had prepared notes and had even conjured up an Apple to brown nose with. She was busy at her locker putting away her bag when a boy a young red head with fierce eyes slipped up the locker next to her „ Meet me in the washroom so that I might have my way with you „ the boy said. Yet Jaina had no urge to slap him she wanted to obey him she couldn't explain the rush she felt when he looked at her.

„ Rhonin get to class! „ shouted the principal, not wanting to get in trouble Rhonin rushed off to class, before he left he turned back to Jaina and thrust his pelvis out with the force of 1000 demons and winked, the force knocked Jaina to the ground. „ Who was that boy! „ she gasped out to another girl who had been blown over by the hip gyration. „ They call him Van Wild Rhonin Party Liason „ the student informed her... „ Rhonin eh... she pursed her lips „ I look forward to getting on top of him.. err... to know him „ she blurted out.

„ Snap out of it Jaina! „ Thrall shouted shaking Jaina out of her daydream „ The name give us the name „ She collected herself together, palms sweaty from thinking about him „ Rhonin his name is Rhonin „ Jaina sensed a bit of jealousy in Thrall „ For the record he did have his way with me! Rhonin-Style „ Thrall huffed... „ your sure this Human is as magical as you say? „ „ I am certain of it „ Jaina replied. Sylvanas leaned in to Jaina „ If you don't mind could I get his number It's been awhile „ the girls giggled and exchanged a /brofist... „What are you giggling about?“ asked Thrall, concern and jealousy clearly readable on his broad green face. „Oh, it's nothing,“ retorted Jaina dreamily. The Warchief snorted. „Well, are you able to contact this mage of yours?“ „I might have some difficulties...“ Jaina admitted. „You see, he likes to keep for himself. He's become a lonesome rider and doesn't want anything getting in the way of his family.“ „So what do you want us to do?“ asked Thrall. „You cannot really influence it, I may be able to convince him to join the fray, however,“ replied Jaina. The Warchief felt a pang of jealousy. He had never found the one, a kindred soul who would share her life and bed with him. He thought Jaina well suited for the role, yet... No, he found it better not to dwell on such thoughts.

„Do it then,“ Thrall said, a bit more gruffly than he had intended. „As you wish, friend.“ Jaina put a soft hand on one of the Warchief's massive shoulderpads. He touched it lightly with the tips of his thick green fingers, his heart racing. Oh spirits, how he loved her. And yet he knew she would not, could not be his.

„I'd best be going then,“ muttered Jaina, softly, almost in a whisper. „Farewell...“ replied Thrall in a soft voice.

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While the horde and alliance are dealing with their infinitesimal issues, Rhonin smokes a pipe while humming a familiar tune. The sound of his humming helps distract himself from his burden of single-handedly keeping the city afloat with his mind. Rhonin acknowledges the warmth his flaming red hair gives to the city. Rhonin's hair brings an eternal summer on Dalaran while the lands around him are dead and frozen. He ponders what he should do next. Perhaps building a school for needy orphans. Or maybe destroy Saregas with one quick flip of his hair. Suddenly a graceful nightelf druid burst through door, panting

„oh great one!“ she pants.

„What is it youngin?“ he asks despite the fact she was one thousand three hundred thirty-seven years older than he. With a sudden swoosh of Rhonin's hair the poor night elf lost the air she tried so hard to regain.

„Darkness... Thrall... Jaina... need you...“ as her last words slip out of her mouth she collapses to the floor.

„I guess this world needs me once again!“ he confidently states to himself while grabbing his comb.

As Rhonin left and made his way to the Outhouse (where only he was permitted, due to the fact the toilet only worked if the sitter had ass-hairs that were fiery, burning and beautiful), he stretched and assumed several positions to give his hair optimal moonlight and ruggedness, thus increasing Rhonin's power as well. On a side note, as he stretched, a powerful demon in the twisting nether exploded into a fine, bloody mist that spelt the mysterious words „Dude, Brah“, causing the lesser demons to /brofist and chest bump in worship of their new, powerful, fiery red-headed god.

Having finishing with his hair power-up, (which took several episodes and had the odd effect of causing Rhonin's hair to stand straight up in long, gelled spikes and turn redder) Rhonin strolled thru the sleeping city of Dalaran at a leisurely pace. While he strolled, his hair sent out shockwaves that affected many of the sleeping citizens mind. Throughout the city, many of its' peoples began sleepwalking. As they sleptwalked, they did as many sleeping /brofists and /chestbumps as they could. (After this night was over, many of them found they had a strange disease called cancer)

Having made it to the Outhouse, Rhonin entered and began to begin (Knaak, lol) the ritual of Destination of Imminent Creature Kooperation. As the sounds of grunts, more grunts, plops and Ker-plunk's abounded inside the Outhouse, a

strange aura appeared and surrounded the old, wooden structure. With a Massive BOOOOOOOOOOM!-slosion, the outhouse disappeared.

Far away in Orgrimmar two guards standing guard to the entrance of Orgrimmar (another poke at Knaak's sentence structure), one an Orc and the other a troll, stare at an strange wooden shack that wasn't there before. With a small creak, the door slowly opens.

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Rhonin awoke from his snooze and wondered who the elf was in his dream was... it's didnt matter her message was clear, he was needed to save the day again and he WOULD. He looked around for his friends and seen that the Draenei was heading back to camp holding Trilokvia by the ear speaking in some ancient Draenish language. Rhonin understood though he had written all languages when he was time travelling, he sat up and snickered and the scolding the Orc was getting.

„ Hurry back lass lets get a move on „ scoffed Tenderheart ( T.H ) as we nicknamed him; was a very impatient dwarf... „ Mah stomachs been growing for days! A frien' o mine operates a Taco shop in Ironforge goes by the name of Gunner let's head there „

The group agreed they had rested enough... Rhonin turned to see Vereesa was still there... „ WTF are you still here for „ Rhonin lashed out,“ I have already told you once „ he shook his fist. Vereesa knew from the past that she was in line for a fist-mouth sandwich and turned to run.. With a pursing of his lips Rhonin teleported her back home the sounds of „ F uuuuuuu „ could be heard in the air.

Now with Vereesa gone Rhonin turned to the young and gorgeous but 10,000 year old Draenei it was time to claim his prize, he walked up to the Draenei and politely asked „ Excuse me, can you tell me if this loincloth smell like chloroform? „ he held it up to her nose. With a Wind Shear the Draenei redirected the smell of the fumes knocking TH on his ass, she had fallen for this trick before but not today! „ Won't work dude! you need to snag her in her sleep with a Burlap sack, that's what I do „ added Trilokvia showing Rhonin the sack he kept in his bag. „ Pick up T.H you goons and get on your raptors! „

The group rode hard to the gates of Iron Forge! At last they had made it, but now needed some rest....

However rest would not come easily to the adventurers, for they noticed smoke coming out of the half-closed gates of the mighty Dawrven bastion. „Oh gods...“ murmured Rhonin, quickly casting a spell to allow him and the group to breathe despite the noxious fumes. Cautiously they approached the gates.

The stench was overwhelming, despite Rhonin's spell. Still, the group advanced to face the horrors within the mountain. They quickly noticed the ravaged corpses of Dwarves, soldiers and civilians alike. The magma usually contained in the bowels of the city had risen and was forming rivers of molten rock all across the underground streets. They could hardly breathe now due to the combined stench of decay and burning flesh.

„What happened here?“ asked Trilokvia. „Is it not obvious, simpleton?“ retorted Rhonin. „This is the work of the black dragonflight! Let us make haste to the royal chambers.“ Tenderheart wanted to object at first, but Rhonin's commanding presence and rugged good looks quickly silenced him. The mage's stern eyes locked them all in a piercing gaze, rendering them unable to disobey any of his commands. Thus the adventurers followed the archmage's guidance.

As they reached King Magni's quarters, Rhonin heaved a sigh of relief. The royal chambers were locked and barred from within, suggesting that the king might still be alive...

„I have an Idea, make some room „ Rhonin shouted, he crouched down „I'm going to enter the Emerald Dream and float through these walls „ Rhonin said. „I read on wowwiki that was Uhhh.. a druid thing? Trilokvia piped up clearly confused. „That site is filled with bad information Orc! I created the F'ing Emerald Dream it's an extension of my brain power I just let druids and Dragon's loiter in there „ Rhonin began to focus but was interrupted by T.H „What about these fires the lava! „

Rhonin turned to the Dwarf clearly annoyed... „Must I do everything? Look I need some supplies! Trilokvia get me a scale from Old Crafty the fish, T.H and the Draenei go get me a Taco fully loaded from Gunner... This plan might just be crazy enough to WORK! „ he laughed before returning to his meditation.

The Orc wandered the halls of Ironforge avoiding lava as best he could searching for Ol' Crafty some of the commoners saw the hulking Orc and screamed and ran back to their homes, finally he stumbled into a forlorn cavern where he caught side of a fish sitting in the back of the pool, he was perched up reading a copy of the Ironforge times. The fish and Orc exchanged looks a mental chess match being played. „I'm going to need a scale fish „ Trilokvia informed the fish „Kiss me F'ing a\$\$ „ the Fish replied before darting into the water.. Trilokvia growled and dove in after the fish and a disturbing brawl broke out between the two. Things were looking grim for the Orc as the fish had him in a choke hold under the water... his breath fading. then he remembered a move he had been taught by the Draenei... with all his power he lept out of the water tossing the fish in the air the

orc jumped and performed a roundhouse kick rendering the fish unconscious.  
„ Roadhouse „ Trilokvia said triumphantly.

Meanwhile.....

„ Here we are lass „ TH pointed towards the Taco shack it was amazingly still in tact, the two ran in charged up to the counter. „ Can I help Ya „ the dwarf asked this was clearly Gunner as he had posters of himself plastered all over the restaurant. „ We are needin‘ a Taco! it’s of great importance „ TH added. Gunner got busy crafting up the finest Taco the world has ever seen.. „ Cheese „ he asked „ Lettuce?, „ Gunner asked „ Sure whatever just hurry! „ The Draenei trying to install a bit of urgency into the situation. „ Did you want to upsize your drink „ „ No please! just make the dam taco „ she scoffed. Gunner taking offense to this seemed to slow down adding cheese 1 strand at a time... finally he finished. „ \$16g please „ he added. the Draenei looked at TH „ Well... pay the man „ TH shrugged „ I a‘int got no money „ „ FFS „ she shouted she ran out of the taco stand to the nearest Blacksmith and sold some of her armor in exchange for the money needed for the Taco. When she got back she tossed the money at Gunner and swiped the Taco „ Lets go! „ „ Thanks for coming! „ Gunner shouted as they headed out the door.

Trilokvia headed back with his fish in tote, he paused and sniffed the air around him... something wasn’t right. He drew his weapon, perhaps the fish had friends he thought to himself. Suddenly a blast of white smoke covered his eyes blinding him „ Fear the wrath of Edis „ a Night Elf assassin had crept out of the shadows poke at slashing at Trilokvia with his daggers. In pain the Orc wildly swung catching Edis under the chin and knocking the Elf unconscious. Not wanting to cause a panic he picked up the Elf slumped him over his shoulders and continued on they may have some use for this assassin after all.

Both parties reached Rhonin at the same time and saw he was still in meditation „ RHONIN „ they shouted and the fiery mage opened his eyes. „ Dammit! I was dream banging some Dwarf women in there „ he snarled „ Magni and the others are fine! Did you get what I needed „ The Orc gave him the scale and the Draenei handed him the taco.. Rhonin took these items and with some quick magic work turned them into a great feast... which he then ate. „ mmmMmmM Good „ Rhonin wiped his mouth. „ WTF „ the group looked at each other „ The Fire?! The Magma?! „ they added. „ I like to eat first he get off my tip „ Rhonin waved his hands around snickering, pursing his lips and twitching his feiry red brows, the fires in Ironforge began to swirl around him as he sucked the life of all the flames until they were contained in a small red ball in his hands. Rhonin ate the ball and let out a burp a small tinge of smoke followed „ I like Cinnamon „ he smiled, he had saved the day AGAIN.

The group turned to the Night Elf who lay unconscious, „ WTF do we do with this guy „ TH remarked....

„Most curious...“ muttered the fiery-haired magus as the Orc pulled off the assassin’s mask. „I seem to recall these features, but... no, it cannot be...“ „Who are you referring to?“ asked the Draenei, but Rhonin silenced her with a look. „I believe we have just come across a descendant of the great Kur’talos Ravencrest himself!“ The blue-skinned beauty looked confused. „He was the one who rallied the Night Elves to rebel against the Highborne and the Burning Legion during the War of the Ancients!“ Recognition dawned upon the Draenei’s face. „Oh, I remember reading something about that... the book wasn’t too good though.“ Rhonin dismissed the female’s disapproval of the chronicles of his adventures. Many mortals, and it seems immortals too chose not to believe the story in their ignorance.

„I’ve knocked him out cold, he didn’t really seem that tough,“ mused Trilokvia. Rhonin’s gaze wiped the smirk off his face and imbued him with deep self-loathing for having attacked a member of such a superior lineage to his own. „You don’t realise what you have done! As you struck him, some of the corruption permeating your race seeped into him, sending him to the brink of death!“ Silently the Orc asked „Is there anything we can do to make him better?“ Rhonin nodded. „There is a special herb that can be found in the Hinterlands. We will have to venture there to obtain it. But since time is of the essence, I’ll open up a portal.“ He concentrated on the strands of the fabric of reality, grabbing two specially attuned ones that any other mage would be unable to grasp, and pulled the rift open. „Hurry, we do not have much time!“ The Dwarf grabbed the unconscious assassin and hauled him through the portal. The Draenei followed them closely, with Rhonin and Trilokvia as the last two.

Yet just as the Orc was about to step into the shimmering portal, an earthquake shook the mountain. The strands holding the portal open vibrated... and collapsed, leaving the greenskin stranded in the middle of Ironforge. He swore under his breath. „That fool, he wouldn’t even check if the portal was stable... and what about the Dwarves still trapped in the mountain? That reckless Human... though it’s probably quite hard having to be a hero for the whole world and look that ruggedly good all the time. I cannot imagine the burden he has to bear, poor thing.“

Thus, the Orc set off to find any survivors within the caverns, whistling merrily. Trilokvia is exploring the caverns, hoping to help the Dwarves. He then sees a gleaming piece of parchment, and he goes to pick it up. It then seems to float upwards, and being confused by this odd occurrence, he picks up a slab of rock and crushes it. Satisfied with his doing, he sits down for a moment, but the rock starts shaking, and crumbles beneath him. Surprised at this, he thinks to himself, is he really that

heavy? The brightly coloured parchment suddenly floats up, and makes out some odd symbols. It urges him to follow it, and he does.

As he stumbles through the caves, following this odd thing, he notices that the area around him is closing in, but he sees an opening at the end of the tunnel. The parchment darts towards it, and disappears out of sight. He gets on his hands and knees, and squeezing through the narrow entrance, enters a massive cavern. At the back of it, a dark figure is rocking back and forward, staring at a golden frame. He's mumbling something, talking to the glowing parchment beside him. As Trilokvia approaches the strange figure, he realises it's a white haired Blood Elf, by the looks of it, a mage. A mage judging by the stacks of Arcane powder beside him. The picture in his hands is more recognisable, it is of the majestic Kael'thas. The mage turns around, he's seen the Orc.

The mage's beady, emerald eyes bore into Trilokvia's soul. He looked very old, shoulder length white hair, sleek jaw, pale skin.

„8 years....I've been trapped here 8 weeks, living off my own conjured strudel. A mage can get sick of that delicious food very quickly. Heightened tastebuds, heightened expectations. Oh, I regret that day I set foot into this city, under the effects of invisibility I was. I've been here a whole 8 days. I really need a haircut, I spend a lot of money on haircuts you know. Oh my, did I say 8 days, I mean 8 months...no that can't be right. Oh my beautiful king, Kael'thas. Wants to save his people, you know, he's in Outland at this moment. You know what, I'm his consort, no wait, his spy. Brilliant minds can play tricks on you.“ Said the unnamed elf.

Confused, Trilokvia sat down. The mage continued, „So what's your name you great big green thing? What's your race called again...oh never mind...it's been so long. 8 days, no weeks, oh wait. That damned cave in, sealed my fate to be trapped in here forever, until you came along because of that other one. You know, I thought it was my snoring. Oh, what was your name again?“ The Orc was definitely confused, eyeing up the pile of Portal and Teleportation runes on the floor.

„Aaaah I see you're looking at my collection of runes... Yes, yes, they're quite rare you know...“ The Orc was getting tired of the mage's rambling. „Can you use them? Can you open a portal for me?“ The Elf's thoughts seemed as disjointed as when Trilokvia had first met him. „Yes, I suppose I can... I could... But would I? That is the question now.“

The Orc couldn't take it anymore. He grabbed the mage by his robes and lifted him in the air. „Now, just open the damn portal for me!“ For a moment, the Elf looked composed as he observed the greenskin, snickering a bit. „Why, you're no fun anymore. And rude, if I may add. I don't think I like you, sir.“ A blast of raw arcane energy sent the Orc flying into the opposite wall, stunning him momentarily. „No,

no, no, this will just not do..." muttered the Elf, helping the surprised Trilokvia to his feet. „Of course you may have your portal, you only have to ask politely!“

The Orc's hands were itching to bash the Elf's skull in, but he swallowed his pride. „So, would you be so kind as to open a portal for me?“ The mage's smile only widened. „There is a price for you to pay. The ley lines of this place are quite strong, you may never know where the currents will take you... Yes, a price must first be paid for me to shield you during the voyage.“ „What do you want from me?“ The Elf let loose a madcap laugh. „You are willing to face the dangers of the Nether, are you not? Well then, you must prove yourself clever enough to be able to survive them.“ In a swift stride he covered the room, placing his face but a couple of inches from the Orc's. „Please, answer me this riddle...“

„... which consists of 3 questions“ said the elf as he took a small scroll out. „Fine I'll try to answer your triv... I mean riddle to the best of my abilities“ said Trilokvia.

„What is your name?“ asked the elf, Trilokvia sighed at the low difficulty of said question and said to himself „I'll be in the Hinterlands before that blasted Arch mage gets to show off again.“ and then he grunted out „I am Trilokvia“.

„Good good“ said the elf still staring at the strange scroll he held.

„What is your quest?“ asked the elf, Trilokvia looked at him for a second, opened his mouth but decided to stay silent. The elf became impatient and startled him saying „Come on I'm not immortal anymore you know“, and thus the orc said „I'm just following some mage that has saved the world more times than imaginable...“.

The elf noticed signs of dishonesty but disregarded them, then he closed the scroll and said „Alright, here's the final and most important question....“

Almost a minute when by and the elf still hadn't made the question, when Trilokvia snapped and said „I don't have time elf! The question!“

„What is the airspeed velocity of an unlanded swallow?“

The Orc's thought went dry. Damn, damn, damn! He should have listened when the old shaman were talking about all the living creatures... His thought drifted back to basic training. All those damn boars... and the beautiful females of his generation. He knew he should have studied more, but noooooo, that damn rounded backside that always somehow turned up in front of him came to draw his attention at the worst possible times. He did remember something though...

„Come on, time is running out!“ Damn, he really shouldn't have spent so much time thinking about a silly thing like that. „Tick, tock, tick... tock... tick...“ His

lips worked as though of their own will. „What, an Azerothian or Kalimdorean swallow?“

The mage laughed out in that mad way of his again. „Well played, sir, well played.“ He lifted his hands... and Trivlokvia felt as though he were being pulled through a tube backwards. „At last I'm on my way!“ he yelled at the screaming winds of the Nether. And then it hit him.

He hadn't told the Elf where he wanted to go... Quickly as he was being warped in between time and space, he began to yell at the elf „HEY I DIDN'T TELL YOU WERE TO PORT ME!!“, but the elf didn't respond, he was too busy taking the /brofist stance, until he noticed that the orc was still there floating in between bend space.

He grind and said „I'm still on time!“, Trivlokvia sigh deeply in relieve and said „Great just send me to...“ but right before he said he wanted to be ported to The Hinterlands, the elf /brofisted him and said „can't get ported without your last /brofist ever.“ and thus the portal closed and Trivlokvia was send into oblivion.

The only thing known of him is that his death was a quick one, but since Rhonin is all knowing and all merciful, he had casted a spell on Trivlokvia when he met at his house, right when he entered. This spell transfered Trivlokvia's soul to a graveyard of Azeroth.... and he was revived in the default graveyard of Westfall...

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„AH we have finally arrived!“ said Rhonin „Yes, at last“ said the draenei „ Rhonin, i have only traveled using a mage portal twice in my long lifetime, and that was many times rougher then the previous one i experienced. Also, I thought that using a portal was supposed to be near instant travel anyways? That trip had to take a good twenty minutes...“

„Yes that portal did last a bit longer than i expected.“ Said the red haired mage.

„WAIT“ Said the Draenei „Where is TH?“

„OY, im here lass. But i seem to have a bit o something in my eyes and beard, i canna see a thing! What is this ooze?“

„I honestly do not know, TH ... heh“ said Rhonin

„Rhonin lad can ye conjure me up some of that water to was this off?“

„No problem friend, i have something right here“

Rhonin handed the jug of water to TH and turns away thinking of their new found friend and the herbs that they need to save him. Without thinking, through merely a reflex he grabbed Cenarius's wooden comb from his robes and began to verify his tough manly hair was still in place. At that moment he heard a dull thud, looking back he was his friend, TH lying on the ground, seemingly passed out.

Rhonin cooly walked over and examined the jug.

„Chloroform“ he said, „our dear friend is going to be sleeping for a while“  
„Thats fine“ said the Draenei „I need to take a rest anyways, im terribly sore for some reason“

„I understand“ said Rhonin „After a ride like that, i would be sore too. Lets just sit here by the fire“

The Draenei started to ask „What fire?“ however about that time Rhonin brushed back a single strand of his crimson manly hair, and a huge bonfire appeared before the party.

A sudden thunderous sound to the east of the party caused them to jolt to a standing position.

„He comes...“ said Rhonin

Scared, the Draenei huddles next to Rhonin taking heart in knowing that Rhonin is so manly he can slam a revolving door and nothing can touch her when he is near.

„.....Rhonin“ came a voice.

„OMG RUN“ said Rhonin to the Draenei.

Instead of running however she broke down crying thinking that her life as about to end.

„Psyche!, kekeke“ said Rhonin „Im only kidding, it is our old friend, the red dragon Korialstrasz.“

Rhonin ran up to Korialstrasz, and he knew what Rhonin expected..

/brofist!!!!

Even though Korialstrasz was prepared he felt his age old immortal bones cracking under the pressure of the Magus Rhonin's mighty /brofist. He knew what came next... the ever present sign of men, the „chest bump“

Korialstrasz prepared for the formal greeting that he and Rhonin had adopted. But something was different today, the Mage's firey red hair and small beard that he sported was flaming much brighter then usual. Right before the impact Korialstrasz was thinking „i bet there is another thick manly head of firey crimson hair under that beard.

And suddenly Korialstrasz was flying, though not by his own means. The force of the chest bump administered by Rhonin had thrown him about 300 yards into the air. Looking down at his chest as he came to a landing, he saw that there were many scales missing.

Wondering why Rhonin was picking on his age old self like this, Korialstrasz reverted to his elf form and asked....“

„Are you missing any of your party?“ The mage looked around, only now noting the disappearance of the Orc. His fiery eyebrows knitted. „It... would appear so.“ „Well then, my friend, I may just have good news for you! I stumbled across this Orc during my travels. His battered body was lying in one of the graveyards of Westfall.

An Elf, I believe he is a mage, was trying to cure him. I stepped in to heal the poor creature, but it was to no avail. He was almost too far gone, when I remembered the gift you had given me once, a single hair from your manly fiery mane. I ground the hair, mixed it with dragon-spittle and shoved it down the Orc's throat. He's resting at the moment, but I have no doubt he will recover fully.“

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The sun was high on the Northrend sky, shining down upon the spires of Dalaran on the afternoon of what was shaping up to be just another common day in the enchanted city of the Kirin Tor. With a soft, strangely arousing grunt, Rhonin opened his sparkling and amazingly perfect eyes, the vivid and lively reflections of which tore through the air, making birds sing and babies laugh all across the magical, floating paradise that was his home, although it was not really all that special; he had singlehandedly rebuilt it one dreadfully boring afternoon, after all.

After banishing fourteen Night Elf priestesses, twenty-four Draenei ladies, seven Dwarven brewmistresses, Jaina Proudmoore, Sylvanas Windrunner, Mankrik's wife, a dozen Gnomes of varying gender and naturally also a wide assortment of High and Blood Elves from his bedchambers - they had all snuck in during the night to get a taste of the Rhoninator, and Light know that they might have been lucky while he was sleeping, virile as he was, he would probably not even have noticed - he strolled down the hallway with light, entralling steps while breaking out into majestic song, causing flowers and plants to bloom in his wake.

However, as he made his way into the greeting chambers of the Violet Keep, he immediately noticed that something was wrong. Sure, there was hundreds of petitioners as always... but nobody was looking at him!

By letting out a loud and hacking yet oddly magnificent and appealing cough, he did everyone the favour of notifying them of the arrival of Azeroth's mightiest stud, once more. What happened next almost gave him a heart attack (something which, of course, would not have been much of an issue, as he would have just healed himself instantaneously anyway); there was still no reaction from the crowd! Indeed, they seemed to gaze hither and fro, everywhere but at him. Appaled at the sudden and unprecedented lack of attention, Rhonin let out a glorious frown before stepping up onto the pedestal in the centre of the room, his voice booming out across the room with the same magnificent magnitude as the chorus of the Cathedral of Light in Stormwind;

„The lord of Dalaran demands your attention! Turn your gaze upon me, faithful subjects, so that you may bask in the glorious presence of my fiery and luscious mane!“

Alas, his efforts were to no avail. Not one set of eyes rested upon him, much to the

discomfort of the flawless archmage, who grew increasingly desperate. He attempted to conjure up frost and flame - surely that would make people pay attention to him! But his spells failed miserably, and in that moment, the weakness of this greatest of all beings was exposed; without attention, he was nothing...

„LOOK AT ME! WHY WON'T YOU LOOK AT ME! I'M IMPORTANT! LOOK AT MEEEEEE!“ the subjugated demigod screamed, lost in the bloodcurdling chaos that was the attentionwhore's nightmare...

Waking with a girlish scream, Rhonin sat up in his bed, his chiseled and titillating frame covered in sweat (which obviously only served to enhance his handsomeness tenfold). Looking around, he panted slightly and orgiastically. Ah, thank the Light! It had been but a bad dream. At his sides, his fourteen Night Elf priestesses, twenty-four Draenei ladies, seven Dwarven brewmistresses, Jaina Proudmoore, Sylvanas Windrunner, Mankrik's wife, a dozen Gnomes of varying gender and naturally also a wide assortment of High and Blood Elves were sleeping peacefully. Sinking back in his pillows, Rhonin closed his coquettish eyes once more.

Oh yes, life was good.

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„ Men „ Neph muttered to herself, looked at the wounded Orc and the passed out Dwarf... „ BRB „ Rhonin snickered as he hopped on the back of the Dragon and they flew off. She had no idea where they took off too but felt assurance it was of great importance. There was a new companion among them... A Blood Elf who was muttering limrics to himself and poking at the Orc. What kind of mess had she gotten herself into, she needed to speak with her friend to get some advice, she was having issues sensing him, she reached out to his mind „ Elementium are you there? I must speak with you „ There was no response at first then finally she got a response. [DND]DeadlyBossMods Elementium is currently fighting Talbuds 67% 1/1 party members alive „ Dammit! „ she shouted.

She prepared to try to make contact again, then noticed something... she was not alone. A large party of Trolls had surrounded the party. These trolls did not look civil, and were approaching fast. Neph frowned the whiteness of her eyes beginning to glow, she stuck her arms straight out sideways and was hoisted up about 2 feet by a burst of air. The clouds darkened and the winds picked up the trolls hurled spears at her to no avail the wind threw them to the sides missing there intended target. The rain started to pour down hard and thunder could be heard from the sky „ Tell me scum, what happens to Trolls when they are struck by lightning. „ the Orc opened his eyes to see the chaos around him „ Neph don't! „ he blasted but his voice drowned out „ The same thing that happens to everything else!

„ she whispered

Thunder struck down from the sky killing several trolls in it's path winds picked up hurling trolls 100's of yards, the few remaining trolls ran off terrified. With that Neph took a deep breath the wind dyed down and she returned to solid ground, rays of sun starting to shine in. The Orc lay quiet; he had not witnessed such power in years... The elements were close to this Draenei, comparable to.. No that's crazy he thought.

A few min later Rhonin and Krasus returned, „ Where did you go „ Neph questioned „ Krasus saw a dead body in Arathi so we went to poke it with a stick, both Dragon and Rhonin snickered in delight. “We must claim this herb let's do it quickly please „ TH finally awaking said. „ Follow me Companions „ Rhonin said as he headed into the woods.

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Meanwhile in the mage tower of Theramore Jaina walked back and forth while trying to forget the stunning red haired mage. She couldnt get him out of her head, ever since the meeting she could not forget him. It was like he had burned himself into her brain.

“Jaina, are you there?” someone yelled from the bottom of the tower as if she would be anywhere else. “Yes im up here” Jaina yelled back while she hoped they would walk away. “It is someone here who wants to meet you Jaina” they screamed as if they couldnt just walk up the stairs. “who wants to talk to me” Jaina replied. It grew as silent as the streets of Silvermoon. “Hello are you there, who the hell wants to see me?” Jaina screamd with her full lungs, still no one replied.

Before she could scream again her communication orb started to glow. Jaina quickly ran over to it thouching it lighthly. As Jaina thouched it the room started to glow blue and soon it was totally blue as if it was The Nexus. “Hello, anyone here?” a dark voice said. Jaina stunned replied with a commanding voice “Yes im here, and who the hell are you?”. The voice replied “I am an ally”. Jaina suddenly looked relaxed while she stood there with a grim look on her face “well what do you want of me?”. The voice grew darker while keeping it more humble “I have both grave and good news for you Jaina”. Still Jaina stood still twisting her hair as if she didnt bother. “You know youre old lover Arthas Menethil?” the voice said. Jaina still twisting her hair as if not even bothered about the news of her old lover said “Yes”. With that reply the voice took a little break while it gathered strenght to countinue as it sounded like it was rather weak “The great Arthas is now dead after Rhonin and Tirion ganked him for ten hours on ten diffrent alts and they filmed the whole thing and put it out in the middle of Dalaran so everyone could see

it, Arthas got so frustrated that he deleted himself from the world`. Jaina closed her eyes slowly while laughing a little to herself `Well, well, well is it not pathetic how they all die so quick?`. The dark voice still weak gave out a little scream of pain as Jaina lifted her hands up in the air and all the magic surrounding the communication orb got sucked into her hands and formed a ball of arcane magic she quickly absorbed into herself. When the arcane ball was absorbed Jaina opened her eyes again laughing uncontrolled as if she tried to imitate the Joker. The blue glow around the room dissepered and on the bottom of the tower three men was lying dead as if the magic got sucked out of them. Jaina sat down on a nearby wooden chair while she still couldnt get the red haired mage out of her head. `Rhonin, Rhonin` she whispered silently to herself while she quietly took a book up and started to read it.

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They travelled through the Hinterland's woods together, Rhonin leading, and all the rest following behind. Then, the Blood Elf began to speak again, „So, where are we going? Or were we going where? And is this greenskin okay, he looks a little... green? And yuck, why are we in this forest anyway, or wood, oh it's all the same! Or, is the same it not?“.

Trilokvia was getting irritated now, not only was he sore but he had this thorn in his side, „I'm called an Orc, you weak minded elf! Go and caress your pathetic golden frame of your betrayer king! You can go hide under a tree in this vast forest!“

The elf replied, „I'm no simple elf, my name is Onuma. I love my king, and I'm proud of my people. Kael'thas should lead us to victory when he returns from Outland! He isn't more of a betrayer than Illidan himself! Oh wait...“ The mage scratched his head, „Where am I, what have you done to me! Disgusting greenskin! A blueskin too! And a short Dwarf! Haha, you're short, or is it that I am extra tall? Oh, and that greasy, horrible red hair on that huma-“

The elf exploded in a massive arcane nova. „Don't ever mention my beautiful hair again, elf!“ Rhonin exclaimed. The elf passed out, he was struck hard. „Pick him up, or drag him Trilokvia, you can decide.“ Trilokvia looked at Neph, „I'm tired, you drag him.“ Neph sighed, and hurled the frail elf over her shoulder, „I'm not that cruel, you're in safe hands my beautiful, confused elf.“ Without anyone realising, something fell from the Blood Elf's robe, his photograpf of Kael'thas.

After a few more miles of forest, Rhonin called out to his group, „We must settle for the night, there is a cave here, I'll take it with Neph. The rest of you can keep watch outside.“ As Neph unloaded the elf, the others groaned, and she followed Rhonin into the cave. The night was quite silent, except from the odd noises emanating from the cave, and the Blood Elf mumbleing something in his sleep, „It's

alright my king, soon we shall be together.“

The next morning, rhonin had conjured some lvl 5 biscuits while every groaned about the quality of the poor chef..

„Trilokvia, do the dishes nao „ commanded Rhonin „Aww,iv always gotta do dishes.... can i at least cook next time?“ whined Trilokvia. „Can't imagine Orc cuisine is anything special.... „ Here is your dirt soup and salted rock for dinner „ „ remarked Nephrola. Everyone had a good laugh about this which maade breakfast a bit more enjoyable.

„So where is this herb we have to find anyway, im starting to git tired holding this sack o' meat!“ exclaimed TH. „By the portal of Nightmare of course.“ claimed Rhonin,clearly unamused by the partys unknowingness. Everyone set out a long gasp „The portal of nightmare is gaurded by a giant dragon, he'll murder us all!“ yelled the gorgeous blue specimen. „I am the dragon lord Rhonin! i can handle anything.“ „The Dranei is correct. those dragons have been corrupted by the emerald nightmare so they are not as useless as that there garrosh lol“ jested Krasus. „haha,very well old friend /brofist! well go find some re-inforcements.“

The group set out to find Airie Peak in hopes of finding a certain dwarf.

As the group of travellers arrived at Aerie Peak, there was something odd. They searched every house, every corner, everywhere. There was no Dwarf to be found. T.H. said, „They've probably gone drinkin' laddies, they should be back shoonish, aye?“ Rhonin was not fooled so easily, with his highly attuned sense of smell, he could tell what that horrible stench was. It was of the Trolls...

As Rhonin collected up his clues, he discovered what had happened. As the Trolls came over for a drinking night with the local Dwarves, they had been mind controlled somehow. The Trolls turned against the Dwarves, kidnapped them and took them away to their caves...

A noise emitted from one of the rooms at the barrack. a sound of fighting. Inside we saw Falstad Wildhammer under attack by a few of the trolls. while he was able to hold his own against them, Rhonin quickly summoned a team of raptors to rip the trolls to shreds. „Thank ye mage, i might live to be in another book yet.“ „ maybe“ said Rhonin „ we need your help in defeating a dragon“. While Rhonin talked with Falstad, Neph and Trilokvia were trying to make sence of what the crazed elf was saying. „You have to carry the 1! thats the only way we will be able to enter tempest keep“ ranted the elf. „How does quantum physics help us fly mount? we just go in,whip a few lightning bolts and boom everything is dead“ rebutted Neph. „If you dont do that,you will have to....put on your robe and wizard hat...to pass as a blood elf.“ „none of what you say makes sence!!! Roar!!“ Nephrola attempts to cast a lava blast,but forgets she is currently resto and ends up healing him instead. „did i ever tell you about the war of 1812?“ stated the elf. „GAHHHHHH!!!! >.<.<.“

As the group dissolves into arguing, they fail to notice that the fallen bodies of the trolls have begun to bubble, hiss, and dissolve through the floor. Slowly but surely,

the melted mass of troll flesh seeps through the cracks of the rough-hewn wooden floor and disappears into the stone foundation of the building itself. Quietly at first, moans can be heard coming through the floor, haunting and laced with dark magic. The group of heroes hears none of this, instead concentrating on the sight of the draenai Neph wrestling the strange blood elf into a full nelson, followed by a devastating piledriver.

Almost as if Azeroth itself is bleeding, a thick mist seeps and flows from the ground. Clouding the senses of all who are unfortunate enough to be inside its shadow, the mist blocks out the sun and envelops our heroes in its dark embrace. „You tinkin it be dat easy mon?“ Sneered a dark and sinister voice. „You tinkin da trolls go down dat easily?“ There was a calm tone to his words, which made the tension in the air that much greater. The amount of control in the troll's words made the band of heroes uneasy... plus being immobilized in a thick misty shadow of troll remains was kinda yucky.

„I see what da blueskin is capable of, and I don't approve.“ Tension tightened around Neph's throat, but there was nothing for her to grip or fight. „And da she-male is not welcome in ma' lands.“ Shadows began to slowly crush the effeminate and irritating blood elf. „But da greenskin I recognize.“

Suddenly the mist of shadows dissipated and the heroes collapsed on the ground... all except Rhonin, he just didn't feel like it. As the mist of shadows continued to dissipate some more, the silhouette of a lean and formidable troll appeared. And as the mist of shadows dissipated even further, the troll looked to be a shadow hunter. All the shadow stuff around them kinda reinforced the notion. The troll helped Trilokvia to his feet, while spitting on the blood elf. Rhonin comb his lustrous beard as he was bored with the dialogue, and kicked at some lingering shadow-mist-stuff that still hadn't gone away yet.

„Sar'jin always repays Sar'jin's debts.“ The shadow hunter said, looking at Trilokvia, „and Sar'jin has sometin you need“... „Okay, some nice imaginative dialog there, but what do you have?“ said Rhonin, slightly bored. Sar'jin replied, „Well, da rare plant. Said to cure any ailment dat be bugging ya mon. So, lets get down to business, what price do ya offa?“

Suddenly, Falstad jumped up and kicked Sar'jin in the face. „Where's our lads and ladies ya shadowy bastard! Ya kidnapped em, now we want em back!“

Recovering from the hit, Sar'jin mumbled, „Well, dat wasn't a very smart move dere Dwarf. Now ya never gonna get ya people back. Dey be being sacrificed this very moment, and you'll be joinin' dem.“ Sar'jin utters a confusing spell, waving his long

arms in the air, A recognisable mist surrounds Falstad, he then starts to rise into the air. Onuma, the mage, countered his casting, but it was too late. Falstad's lifeless body fell to the floor. Sar'jin then lunged at the mage, only to be stopped by Trilokvia. „Nevermind him, he's harmless. Let him be, he can be irritating, but harmless.“

„Well, this is very dramatic, but can we please decide on a price?“ Rhonin asked Sar'jin. „Well, how bout 50s?“ said Sar'jin. Rhonin roared in displeasure. „Fine, ave' it for free“, Sar'jin handed the herb to Rhonin, and disappeared into a dark mist. „Nice seein' ya Trilokvia, hopefully we can catch up some time mon!“ the mist muttered.

Confused, Trilokvia scratched his head, who was that Troll? Rhonin then inspected the herb, it was the wrong one! „That lying Troll! Well, I guess we must continue the search, let's try the High Elven Lodge near here, they like their herbs.“ Rhonin left the room, with the rest of the group following. Except one stayed behind, the Blood Elf mage. He sat with the dead Dwarf, stroking it's long beard. „Come my precious, my little Kael'thas. I think I'll live, or not live with you here!“ The Elf just sat there with Falstad's dead body, mumbling illegible words to it.

The other's continued and never looked back, except the Orc. He ran back to the Elf, hit him on the head with the blunt end of his axe, and dragged him out of there, catching up to the rest. „Now, to find the Lodge, but I doubt this Blood Elf would be welcome.“ Rhonin replied, „Well, we can find somewhere to hide him later.“

„Couldn't we just say he's a High Elf? He's unconscious after all,“ asked TH. Rhonin arched a brow at the statement, and the Dwarf fell silent. „No, that isn't a bright idea, they'd recognise him.“ „So why don't you just magic his clothes to be a different color or something?“ asked Trilokvia. Rhonin smiled a sardonic smile. „You don't understand how we pure spellcasters can almost smell the presence of fel energies. You're positively reeking of them!“ „I think that's just because he hasn't washed in a week,“ mused Neph.

Rhonin and the rest rided the raptors that Rhonin once again had called to help him. They ran fast and light through the green land. The trees was uncorrupted and untouched from the Scourge that Rhonin had wiped out from the face of Azeroth some days ago. Still it was far to quiet even though Rhonin had told them it was because they where all just afraid of his fiery hair and handsome look. Still the others was on guard while they hoped the blood elf would stay like he was now. The raptors they rided Rhonin had enchanted to run 310% plus he had learned crusader aura from a drunk paladin. As the land drifted by they all had their turn to hit the blood elf with a grey rock so he would stay unconscious and dont bother them on the way. Rhonin was the only one who didnt hit the blood elf with a rock since a hit from him would kill him or make him more retard than he was already and

Rhonin was far to lazy right now.

The group arrived at Qeul'Danil Lodge it was oddly peaceful in this place, they sensed they were being watched but could not see anything it was nearing dark and this was when the Night Elves were at their best. „ I am Rhonin! were are here for the herb of I will F#%^ing level this place „ he shouted. „ That was subtle.... „ Trilokvia snorted preparing his axe „ The Warden says you are not welcome here „ a voice shout of from the forest „ It's a wee bit late to be turnin' around „ TH added hand on his hilt. In the sky it appeared to be a swarm of locusts bearing down on them.. as it got closer the group could see they were not locusts but arrows! Rhonin looked to the sky and growled „ FLAME ON! „ his hair started to glow with fire as he blasted the flames towards the sky, Krasus joined in with a breathe as the two of them incerated the arrows. „ ENOUGH! „ a female voice shouted from the forest, a tall Night Elf women walked out of the tree's

„ Your companion is Night Elf royalty „ she pointed at Edis, who had since become even more pale, almost as much as Krasus „ Who is responsible for his condition „ her voice cold. The companions all pointed to Trilokvia... „ Allow me to remove this taint from the world „ she reached for her Glaives „ Wait a bloody moment „ TH jumped in front of the Orc „ Ya won't be touchin' a hair on his head without get'n through me „ „ Very well „ she replied. Onuma sensing trouble quickly Iceblocked. Neph looked at Rhonin urging him to step in. „ Look Elf what you really need is some sexy time „ Rhonin flashed her the „ Blue Steel „ the Night Elf paused gazing into Rhonin's eyes „ I s'pose your right, I had be a jailor for 10,000 years so long I had forgotten „ she took Rhonin's hand and lead him to her quarters. Krasus snickered „ Bow Chikka Wow Wow „

They came back a few hours later both grinning ear to ear, Rhonin lit up a pipe. The Elf walked over to Edis, „ I have prepared the juices from the herb you seek „ she poured the contents into his mouth... The Elf coughed and opened his eyes and looked around then back at the Night Elf.

„ Maiev? is that really you „ Edis whispered.

Maiev... Thought Rhonin, perhaps she does not know yet, Illidan has returned! It was Rhonin whom gave him the Twin Blades Illidan used so expertly, posing as an age old demon of course. It was the mighty chrimson haired magus whom helped collect the ladies for Illidan's brothel deep within the Black Temple. Though Rhonin dared not let this bit of information slip. He knew that he could have his way with the Draenei time and time again without hesitation, however he did not want the draenei to relive moments of the past.

„Maiev“ Rhonin said, „Illidan has returned“

„What?!“ said the ex jailor of the Great Betrayer, clearly saddened at this news but at the same time excited to no extent because it was a clear chance to be able to

come upon a challenge once again.

„Rhonin, a word with you in my private quarters please“ said Maiev  
„Again?“ Said Rhonin „I mean, of course my lady“

Rhonin quickly /brofisted Krasus, because he was the only one wise enough to know the true situation here.

„Tell them of my plans now that we have revived the elf“ he said to Krasus.

Krasus began with the story „...

“Listen up ya folks cus im gonna tell you the plan of why we brought you all here.“ Krasus touched his pale skin so it started to grew even paler. “Something has disturbed the peace for a long time, but even Rhonin and i havent managed to track down for who he/she is we only know its someone who is always close to us always watching uss and are of extreme power.“ A loud moan came from behind a tree and they all knew it was an mirrior image from Rhonin. “Talk about power. Well so that thing even Rhonin havent managed to track down we knew we needed help from others to maybe drag out the true mastermind of all evil.“ Rhonin and Maiev walked once again side by side while they giggled. “Krasus my man have you told these noobs why i intended to use them?“ Krasus and Rhonin brofisted once again “Sure lad i have and they totally are into it.“ Rhonin turned to Maiev once again and said “you sure know how to turn on my images.“

As maiev and Rhonin entered the room, she smiled at him followed by a /brofist and chestbump. The Power of the Chestbump blew Maiev’s helm off, revealing her face. „So Rhonin why did you revive Illidan?“ Without hesitating Rhonin instantly replied to her question, as if he read her mind „I ran out of people that could withstand the power of my brofist besides you, Krasus and some other powerful people. Since Medivh’s death I couldn’t brofist anyone without sending them flying“ Maiev said „Now I need to hunt the Demon, AGAIN! It took me a pretty damn long time already and now its going to take another 10.000 years before he dies“

But Rhonin explained her while searching for his hairgel „Look Maiev hun, I stripped him from his demonic powers and hunger for power“ Power that Rhonin claimed as his own, but it was merely a fraction of his own power, so he gave the power to none other then Gamon. He assassinated Garrosh making lots of Horde voters happy, and thus Hails from Orgrimmar as the Warchief. „Look at the good side, now you don’t have to fight with Tyrande over the Manly but not so manly as me Malfurion when he comes back for 1 day a year after sitting in the Emerald Dream!“ Maiev thought about that and smiled „Thank you mighty Rhonin, you saved me from a life with boredom!“ the two did a /brofist and left the room. Krasus nearly died as he saw Maiev’s face.

The party spent the night at the Quel’danic Lodge, Trilokvia didn’t get much sleep

due to the loud and disturbing noises coming from the room in which Rhonin escorted Neph, Maeiv and about 10 of the female inhabitants of the lodge at the beginning of the night. When he woke up, he immediately noticed the mage hanging upside down directly above him while sleeping, continuously muttering something about Kael'Thas and biting pillows. The dwarf was snoring loudly, while laying next to 2 huge kegs.

All of the sudden, an astoundingly loud alarm sound began to ring, and Rhonin burst from the room where he „slept“ in, in a whirling spiral of flame, announcing, „Time to wake up sissies! My hair requires sunlight and a large amount of people to drool in it's presence before I get a split end!“ As he floated down the stairs on a pink cloud, a large line of women including Neph, Maeiv and Haris Pilton came strolling out of the room, with a slight limp as if they had all had their thigh joints stretched by something of extravagant magnitude. Trilokvia stood up and dragged himself out of the Lodge, with the elf taking a piggy-back ride on his shoulders, „The back of your head feels quite good!“ exclaimed the clearly disturbed mage, Trilokvia immediately grabbed him by the locks of his hair and tossed him to where Rhonin was /flexing at the top of a hill.

Krasus flew in to Rhonin, „Looks like you had a successful PuG last night!“ whispered Krasus, sharing a /brofist and chestbump with Rhonin.

After a few hours of Rhonin combing his hair in the most optimum directions to capture the energy of the sun, which is fairly difficult when your hair shines at the sun so brightly that the sun has to adjust to avoid blinding itself, he announced,

„My hair is now ready to go! But I'm hungry.“

„... what?“ Trilokvia stammered, his jaw dropping.

„I'm hungry.“ Rhonin repeated.

„I think he's hungry.“ Krasus stated.

„I'm hungry.“ Rhonin repeated exactly as before.

„Eat then?“ Trilokvia suggested fearfully, due to Rhonin rolling up his sleeves and showing off his bronzed biceps laced with red hairs with a slight curl.

„Captain Crunch, I need it... NOW!“ Rhonin yelled, his hair lighting up like a supernova, forming an eclipse with the Sun.

The elven mage then suddenly procured a box of Captain Crunch from his robe, Trilokvia /facepalming as he passed it to Rhonin, who then ate the box whole, cardboard included, then spat out the box in near perfect condition, but empty.

„Looks like it's time to go then!“ Rhonin exclaimed, instantly causing all females and most males in a 500 mile radius to swoon due to the way he posed as he said it. Then, with a flick of his fringe, a thrust of his pelvis, a scratch of his chin, and a 20 minute moonwalk, Rhonin summoned a small flock of flaming phoenixes to ride

upon. Rhonin immediately hopped onto the largest one, which was equipped with a hair salon, bar and a private room. Neph got on one with a portal on the back that seemed to lead to Rhonin's private room. TH, Trilokvia and the others got random assorted Phoenixes, save for the elven mage, who didn't have a Phoenix to fly. He then jumped onto Trilokvia's phoenix, hugging in nice and tight, „I'm going to really enjoy this ride with you!“ He mentioned loudly. With a comb of his hair and a kiss of his bicep, Rhonin commanded the phoenixes to fly, then retreated to the sanctuary of his private room, a ruckus already riling up within. Trilokvia asked, „Where are we going again?!“ and got a reply from Rhonin from within his room, „Firstly to Dalaran to get some extra hair gel, then I'll tell you where we're going next.“ He was panting heavily but masterfully, noticeable from a mile away. Rhonin waved goodbye to his fellows, as they were on an adventure to get him some hair gel. A perilous one it was.

„So, we have to go get the mighty Rhonin some hair gel, lets do that!“ Trilokvia told his group. „I have a different idea, or an idea different...or a request as you might say.“ Onuma replied, taking his thumb out of his mouth, „Can we take a detour, travelling through the Dark Portal instead, I need to...do something...“. The group sighed, but before anyone replied, the Mage forced the Orc to fly towards his destination, so the rest followed. Murmuring behind the mage, Edis asked Neph, „So how did this Blood Elf come to join us?“. „It's a long story Edis.“ replied Neph, „But let's see where it takes us. I'm not too keen on travelling back to Dalaran yet. Also, how exacty are you royalty?“. „Well, it's a long story, but I'm actually Malfurion Stormrage's son, with my mother being Tyrande.“ The group turned around, looking back at Edis, amazed.

Unfortunately, with them not looking where they were going, they ended up flying straight towards a mountain. Just before they crashed into it, Onuma muttered a spell, and the mountain crumbled. It turns out, the mage just destroyed Ironforge, by accident. Now, our odd group are wanted by the Alliance, for crimes against them, so they must flee via the Dark Portal. The crazed mage's laugh was seen by the Alliance, and this infuriated them, declaring war upon Dalaran, the Red Dragonflight, and the odd-Kael'thas-worshipping Mages of Azeroth. Rhonin then called to his group, his voice travelling by the wind, told them he would meet them in Hellfire Peninsula, with Dalaran itself. He would fly the city through the Dark Portal.

They could finally see the cracked Blasted Lands and energy storms ahead of them. Yet something shot at them with a bright flash! „We aren't close enough for...“ started Neph. „That came from below!“ exclaimed Edis, but it was too late - another blast struck Neph's phoenix and ruptured all of its organs in a horrific spray. As she plummeted towards the ground, the curvaceous draenei couldn't help but think, „if only Rhonin's fiery locks and chiseled good looks were here to protect

me“...

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Meanwhile in Theramore...

Thrall was in Jaina's quarters as he waited for her to finish a tactical meeting with various commanders. He slowly reached down to pick up Jaina's hairbrush, the one Thrall had given the mighty sorceress himself. It appeared as a simple, polite gesture last Winter's Veil, but if only Jaina knew the warchief's longing and desires! Thrall, with his eyes half closed brought the brush of with stray golden hairs to his face and inhaled deeply...

„WARCHEIF!“ bellowed a tauren messenger as the door to Jaina's chamber crashed open.

„Knock first!“ shouted Thrall as he practically threw the brush onto the counter, „Can't you knock you mangy cow-beast?!“ Clumsily attempting to straighten the objects on Jaina's desk, Thrall managed to throw more things onto the ground, and make a bigger mess. Sighing, Thrall asked, „what is it anyway?“

„We have a situation mighty shaman,“ snorted the tauren, „in your absence there has been a coup...“

„Who would DARE?!“ Rage building in Thrall's eyes.

„It is Gammon... he claims to be the new warchief“

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Quickly Edis Swapped specs to subtlty , found a crockalisk, and shadowsteped saffley to the ground and killed the crock with one swing of his not-quite-as-powerfull-as-rhonins-toenail dagger.

While Edis is saffley on the ground, Neph was still plummeting to the earth, sinse shamans don't have a levitate. Edis caught Neph before any harm came to her, after all, rhonin wouldn't take her if she was damaged. The others not noticig our decent continued onward to the Dark Portal. Nephrola would have to spend the night away from her beloved rhonin for this night. Without him, surely her cloths will stay on....

Unknown to what had just transpired behind them, the others continued without Neph and Edis. As they arrived at the Dark Portal, T.H. realised two of their group was missing, „Whered Neph an' Edis go? They were right on ma tail laddies!“ The group remounted their phoenixes hopefully to find their missing allies, and as they travelled back to the Swamp of Sorrows, their friends were on the way to the Portal. Edis was using sprint to reach the Portal, with Neph handing on his back, they were soon to reach their friends, but it was getting dark. Edis's sprint didn't last long, so they had to camp for the night. Luckily the two found an empty cave, and settled for the night. Overhead, their friends searched desperately for them.

Suddenly, a flash of light came from the Swamp, blinding Onuma and Trilokvia's phoenix, and the two plummeted towards the ground. T.H. desperately followed them down, but his phoenix had been struck too, they were plummeting down to the swamp. The mage then casted slow fall on the Orc and the Dwarf, trying to save his new friends, but wasn't fast enough for himself. The Mage hit the ground, and in a fraction of a second, died from the impact. He could not have been saved, but as T.H. had read extensively into the Holy Light, he remembered something. „The Light's Essence, said to bring the dead back to life.“ Only one sample was left in existence, and the dwarf knew where it was. „Secretly hidden within the walls of Tempest Keep, very few know where it is, but none have been successful in finding it. We can use that to save this poor Elf, as he saved our lives.“ he explained. „We were travelling for Outland as it is, we must look for it. We owe him.“ Trilokvia lifted the mage's lifeless body over his shoulder, and said to the dwarf, „Before we bring this one back to the world of the living, we must find Neph and Edi-“. As if out of nowhere, a massive flying ship tore through the trees in the Swamp. The banners on it were recognisable, it was an Alliance ship.

As The Skybreaker approached them, fresh from Northrend, the Captain bellowed from the loudspeaker: „Enemies of the Alliance, stand down. Two living, one dead, against the pride of the Alliance, we have you surrounded.“ As the Orc and the Dwarf heard what the ship had to say, a group of Alliance marines surrounded them. Trilokvia set down the dead mage, and equipped his axe, „I'll dps, you heal. Since we don't have any means of transport, I think we could use this ship.“ he said to the dwarf. T.H. nodded, if they were to find their friends, and save the mage, they would have to take control of that ship. One Orc, one Dwarf, against the elites of the Alliance.

As the Skybreaker approached simple math told the group the Portal was the only option, Edis with poison on his blades let out a fan of knives laced with crippling poison... This gave them the chance to move past the marines. „Nice work „, the Orc grunted

TH stepped forward „ We need ta speak to Varian and Magni dey need to know t'was all a mistake, made by this bafoon „, pointing at Onuma. „ Very well, we will still need the Alliance by our side in this mission, Tenderheart make way for Stormwind and inform King Varian of the situation. He is a personal friend of mine, let him know I sent you „, Neph's instructed. The dwarf hopped on his Phoenix and headed out. dodging some gunfire from the ship

„ Is this portal safe „, stammered the Orc having flashbacks of his previous use with portals. Ignoring the dangers of the portal and just wanting to get help for the mage they all jumped through the portal.

One the other side it had looked just as Trilokvia remembered it, the red soil void of any life the sky was a charred black cosmo. „ Dam you Ner'zhul „ he clenched his fist. The Draenei also looked around with a sad expression. „ I'm going to scout up ahead „ Erad chimed in, this was his first visit here and you could see curiosity had gotten the best of him.

„ Neph, can you hear me? „ the Draenei whirled around, she knew the voice then realized it was in her head „ Neph are you alright? „ „ Elementium? „ she asked back „ Where are you? why didnt you answer my calls „ there was a silence. „ I was busy locking threads and reading Hulk comics „ that sounded like Elementium alrighty she mused. „ I'll meet you guys in Honor Hold! „ the voice faded out.

The group made haste for Honor Hold they would get a good nights rest here, they worried for TH, hopefully he had made it to Stormwind. He was a smart dwarf he had to of, they assured themsevels. Before they settled in for the night Neph turned to the group. „ If any one of you mother \$%^&! lays one finger on me, I'm going to snap your \$^@! off and feed it to my Fire Elemental in the morning!!! „ the room was dead silent. „ Oh and good night sweet dreams „ and with that the group laid there heads down for some rest.

The night only awarded the band of heroes with a fitful sleep. Edis hadn't returned before the group settled down. They arrived late afterall, and Edis was resourceful enough, but still Hellfire Peninsula wasn't exactly the most hospitable... or stable land to be wandering about - day or night. Neph tossed and turned restlessly. She had sentry and earthbind totems ready and waiting, but the uneasiness for Neph wasn't external... it was an inner turmoil that jarred her. Why had Elementium distanced himself from her? Where the elements themselves about to abandon the old, yet young and provocative draenei? Much like the Broken ones of her people...

Trilokvia fared no better. It has been so long since he had seen his home in Nagrand. Was his village still intact? Are the ogres remaining in check? The orc didn't exactly receive a warm welcome at Honor Hold either. He had been questioned and searched and questioned again, despite his companions protests and explanations. Trilokvia knew he could have easily wiped out these cowardly pink-skins... but what would that have accomplished? The guards finally tolerated the orc's presence, but Trilokvia knew there would be trouble later... there always was.

The blood elf was the only one that slept soundly... if you can call death sleeping, which yes you can. It's just sleeping for a really long time and not waking up ever to go to the bathroom in the middle of the night. Death is really more like a comma here anyway because people are always getting resurrected and stuff, I mean that's why TH went to Stormwind after all.

After the fitful night, morning offered no improvement. The heroes were woken up early by loud calls and commotion. Staggering outside, the band saw the reason...

A gnome was hanging from the balustrades - hung by his own intestines... with a shadowy mist drifting from his swinging feet. Despite being asleep with the others, Trilokvia could feel all eyes on him...

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Rhonin and Krausus landed in Dalaran at Krasus' Landing - not because it was the designated landing spot. They always landed there and all the noobs just wanted to be as cool as them. Rhonin's fiery and sensual mane of hair glistened so much that three newcomers couldn't see the landing platform and crashed into the wall. Such happenings deserved a well earned /brofist from Krasus.

While time was short and the need urgent, Rhonin took his time strolling the streets on the way to the Violet Citadel. Time was relative anyway, and if time wanted to argue Rhonin would happily give time a fist to the mouth and put it back in place. Actually in this way Rhonin created the Bronze Dragonflight. He had punched Time so hard that it got all wobbly and fractured in places. So Rhonin allowed Nozdormu into existence to clean up the mess.

Upon reaching the Citadel, Rhonin had attracted quite a throng of swooning women, and a few men, lusting over his lustrous fiery hair and chiseled good looks. Flowers, edible snacks, money and more than a few panties were flung in Rhonin's direction. But then this was normal and to be expected, so Rhonin had his regular servants clean up the devotional offerings and take them to Rhonin's quarters.

/Brofist greetings were exchanged among the council and the meeting was officially ready to begin...

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Our group of travelers awoke the next morning to an ear-piercing screech. As they ran out of the Inn, what only possibly to describe as bizzare, was in front of them. Dalaran, the floating mage city, had squeezed through the Dark Portal, only to have lost part of it due to it not fitting through. It seems they just dropped the Violet Hold on top of Thrallmar, with the prisoners escaping and attacking the towns people, and part of the town being crushed. Thrall won't be happy about that, and it seems they're now enemies with the Horde too.

„danm it rhonin! Thrall won't be happy about this!“ exclaimed the Orc  
„are you questioning my authority mortal? Let's not forget who's in charge here,

I'm sure they will let it slide if we round up all the prisoners“

They headed on a short journey to Thralmar but it was on foot because rhonins phoenix was on cooldown. As they reached their destination, they met the mighty Kilrog Deadeye!

„as the trivia Orc ran up to try and get another autograph, he was met with one of kilrogs demons.

„ you are a enemy of the horde you must face my pwnzors since I'm in my prime of life.

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„ Gamon! „ the warcheif laughed assuming this was a big joke. „ THRALL! „ came a voice from a distance, the warcheif could see a huge Tauren heading his way. „ Cairne old friend it's been too long, what news do you bring „ the warcheif questioned „ It would appear as though the Alliance are preparing for war! my scouts have seen activity from Stormwind and word has reached our ears of an attack in Thrallmar! Those twisted bastards let loose all of Dalaran's prisoners on the town, only one Tauren stationed there survived, he's one of my personal bodyguards Tuan Juygg is his name, were bringing him in for a briefing. „ Cairne added. Thrall was very concerned, Jaina had made no mention of this to him or plans of war, what was going on he wondered.

„ Lok'Tar Ogar!!!! „ screamed Garrosh charging out of the house tripping over his two feet and landing in the dirt face first, several bystanders snickered at his misfortune. „ Garrosh get up, can you head down to the Inn and dipose of Gamon please „ the warcheif extended a hand to help him up. „ But Thrall... „ „ BUT WHAT GARROSH! „ he shot back „ Uhhmm... last time Gamon gave me a huge wedgy when we fought, he calls me Smellscream and takes my lunch money! „ he whimpered. „ Fine!, Saurfang handle Gamon please.... Garrosh lets play hide and seek for now „ Thrall said. Garrosh jumped up squeeling like a schoolgirl and ran off skipping into Thralls hut. „ now that he's gone, we need to assemble a team to meet this Rhonin and his flying Dalaran at once.... whos with me?! „ he shouted raising the Doomhammer

Vol'jin heard the warcheifs call from inside the hut and made his way to the entrance near the door he turned to look at the window... behind the curtain appears to be a huge bulky Orc at least he assumed it was an Orc, big ugly brown toes sticking out... and constant snickering. Vol'jin shook his head and went outside. „ Count me in mon „.

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The Night Elf pulled out his daggers, but Trilokvia stopped him. „It’s going to do you more harm than good, attacking that thing...”

He stepped forth and spoke in a loud voice: „Okay... where to start, where to start... Kilrogg is dead, killed by Danath Trollbane in a honorable duel within Auchinduin.“ The grizzled old Orc vanished in a cloud of logic. „And he most certainly was not a warlock, so that takes care of you.“ The demons looked at each other with puzzled expressions on their faces and turned into whisps of smoke.

„That’s all good and all, but what about those Fel Orcs over there?“ asked the assassin. Trilokvia laughed, plunged his axe into the blood-red sand and adressed the red beasts. „The Fel Horde’s been broken.“ Nothing happened, much to the Orc’s frustration. „The false Warchief, Kargath Bladefist has been slain.“ Still the Fel Horde remained, growling and slavering as they observed the party. „You... you cannot... you don’t exist!“ screamed Trilokvia, beads of sweat forming on his forehead.

The Fel Horde charged.

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As Vol’jin walked out the door Jaina quickly ran to her communication orb laying her hand softly on top of it. ``Hmpf why must i always have to inform these ignorant boneheads.`` she whispered silently to herself. the room started to glow like the whole Nexus exploded into the room trying to destroy youre eyes. ``Damn it why cant he use his orb when i need him`` Jaina stood besides the orb struggling to not knock it over. Then after a minute a voice started to appear ``DAAD why cant i stay up a little longer all the other kids can.`` A distant voice yelled in the background ``NOOOO you go to bed so i can prepare smashing orcs!!`` Jaina giggled a little ``Anduin please tell youre dad that Gamon has claimed the warchief title in Ogrimmar. This may be it.`` Anduin still calm, but a little stressed ``sure Jaina i tell my retard dad that right away.`` Jaina smiled to herself thinking Varians son is not a retard and in some years humans may have a real king again. ``good boy now go to bed as youre father told you, he may be a retard, but you still need sleep`` Jaina said quietly. Anduin let out a little moan in desperation and turned the communication orb of. Jaina lifted her hands of it while she smiled silently to herself. As a shadowy figure standed in the back corner of the room totally covered by the shadows looking Jaina right in the eyes as if they talked with their minds. The shadowy figure started to make a portal wich he jumped right into and dissepared. obviously he was a warlock an orc warlock.

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At this point, The orc,dranei and night elf drew their weapons and started to attack the fel orcs. Sadly the group composition wouldnt work with Neph being Ele so

she had to go Resto :p. Sadly this wasn't the one, true horde so they were easily dispatched. Rhonin stepped out of dalaran with his hair perfectly gelled. „well im glad i got that taken care of, now iv got to go check on my wifes room for a sec“ he boasted. As Rhonin left the scene of pondering what he had to check on in her room, the honor hold guards showed up and saw what the group that they let into their town did to the fel orcs. „Hey guys, we were friends with the fel orcs! they kill members of the horde so their good in our books! Your under arrest!

With their weapons confiscated, Neph, Trilokvia, and Edis were escorted back to Honor Hold and thrown - rather roughly - into the dungeon. Rather displeased that everyone was mad at them, but they honestly hadn't done anything wrong, the trio of terror started plotting their escape. „If the pinkskins want something to be upset about, I'LL give them something to be upset about!“ grunted Trilokvia. Cracking his knuckles, the orc reached out to the bars. The humans may have my axe, but I need nothing to rip these bars from the rock!

„No don't!“ But the orc gripped tight, only to be flung hard against the back wall with a resounding CRUNCH! The pungent smell of burnt flesh, and wisps of smoke wafted up from Trilokvia's hands.

„You shouldn't have done that“ mused Neph, „anyone with +12 intellect can sense the magical barrier on those bars...“

„Noob“ snickered Edis, even though his intellect was only +11.

„Let me try a little something of my own.“ Neph said with a giant smirk on her face. They seriously think putting me in the heart of the earth is imprisonment?! Reaching out to the elements, Neph called for the stones to roll away, dislodging the metal bars, and releasing the captive companions!

...nothing moved...

\*Gasp!\* Were the elements truly retreating from Neph? Had she done something wrong? The questions running through her head were interrupted by gnashing and tearing sounds far above them. Then faintly from down the hall, where the guards were stationed, Neph could barely make out the soft and familiar line...

„Does this loincloth smell like chloroform?“

Two large thuds were followed by two more smaller thuds. Without seeing, Neph knew the guards had collapsed and /brofists were issued for the endeavor. Slowing strutting around the corner came none other than the glorious Rhonin, flanked by two of his raptors, one on either side - but slightly behind because NO one walked

with Rhonin. There was no need for a torch in the darkness, for Rhonin's locks of luster commanded the dungeon.

With a flip of his hair the bars crumbled to dust. „Are you three done with your little tea party?“ Mocked Rhonin. The two raptors /brofisted each other behind the magnificent mage. „We actually have some work to do.“

Once out of the prison, Rhonin summoned one of the floating rocks of Outland to serve as their means of transport. Though she felt the terrible pain the Spirit of Earth was going through because of it, Neph didn't object, mesmerised by Rhonin's fiery mane. The chunk of land started moving slowly at first, but then accelerated, powered by the archmage's awesome magical energies.

Then the Orc remembered something. He yelled out in his native tongue: „MAGOSH!“ Rhonin arced a brow at him. „This is not a time to be looking for such petty things as an axe...“ It didn't make Trilokvia feel any better. „The axe was my only memory of my father, pinkskin. It was a family heirloom!“ Rhonin's expression changed to a sardonic smile, and he said: „Then go get it.“ With that he teleported the Orc.

Trilokvia found himself in the middle of Honor Hold... beset by Alliance soldiers. After the initial surprise he lunged, hitting a warrior square in the face with his fist. He took the stunned guard's sword for him and yelled a fierce battlecry. As he fought his way towards the armory, he could only think of how much easier his life would have been if he had remained in his little cottage in the Hinterlands, sipping Goldclover tea and eating cookies...

Trilokvia remembered that lazy summer well...

His mother had finished a batch of cookies and set it on the windowsill to cool down. Naturally, being a child with childish ways he could not help himself but give in to his child's nature and try to steal a cookie. He knew his parents would punish him mightily if he got caught. For such is the price of failure amongst orcs. And then he would get grounded for the cookie, too.

But... he was lucky...

Nobody noticed him sneaking off with a cookie in each hand and one in his mouth. He was going to eat them while watching his father chop things. His father was a retired warrior, strong in his prime and still powerfull in the golden age of his life. After the Horde was driven back, he had gathered his wife and fled to this cottage in the Hinterlands to escape internment. There they had a son. While cleaving trees for firewood he often thought back to that day his son was born...

It was night, but the moons were out and brightly illuminating the rolling hills of the Hinterlands hilly lands. He was pacing around outside, for the dwarf midwife

he kidnapped from Aerie Peak had locked him out of his own cottage while tending to his pregnant wife. And then... suddenly... one keening cry from a powerful new set of lungs that told the old warrior that one who would be better than him had been born, one who would carry his own axe into battle some day.

It was that axe that he was swinging at a hapless tree right now when suddenly there was a flash of red and mottled green. A few snarls later and before Trilokvia was even close enough to his father to call out his name the old orc was gone. Wrenched from life when a tree fell on him and hide the suspiciously raptorlike wounds. Raising his head back and shouting his anger to the woods around him Trilokvia swore revenge against the cruelty that took his father. Later again that day, adding to that revenge for his mother when he found her dead, too. Her body covered in Goldclover tea which hid the burns from arcane magics that burst her spleen wide open.

Yes... Rhonin thought as he ran his hand through his fiery red locked red hair, after which he brofisted himself. He remembered that day fondly as the day sometime in the near future when he went back in time to make sure Trilokvia inherited his fathers axe so he could use it now, this day, to aid him with the tasks he needed to do.

They were almost in the Netherstorm now. The stone spires and spikes of the Blade's Edge Mountains which seemed to only be there to complement Rhonin's rugged good looks were giving way to the broken purple wasteland. Neph was reminiscing what the Fields of Farahlon had once looked like. Rolling hills and flat fields, with myriad wild creatures grazing peacefully. Aaah, what a beautiful world this had once been, before... before the Horde. Before the Orcs's corruption. Before their skins turned green...

She found herself thinking of Trilokvia. Whereas she usually was rather fond of him, all she could feel now was rage, rage at his kind, at him. A part of her was trying to resist, but was overwhelmed by the bloodlust.

The broken lands were passing swiftly beneath them, and they could already see the powered down vessel that had once been Tempest Keep. „Tempest Keep,“ murmured Rhonin. „The end of our problems.“ He gazed upon the dead Blood Elf. „And your rebirth.“ The Draenei growled: „Let's get this over with already!“

They landed, the rock breaking and dissolving. The Spirit of Earth cried out in pain, and its agony enraged Neph further. She would have a talk with the Orc the next time they meet... a talk he'll probably leave with her blade through his heart.

„Let us enter the Eye,“ said Rhonin, softly, reverently. Krasus had never seen him

like this before. He seemed almost... humbled.

As they traversed the broken down Naaru vessel, they noticed that it wasn't quite as empty as they had expected. Its interior was decorated with mana crystals, apparently newly harvested. Rhonin snickered. Soon, all too soon they would understand.

They reached the inner sanctum, the place where Kael'thas had been defeated, but not killed. A fitting place to resurrect Onuma. Rhonin asked of Krasus to link his powers with him so they could channel the Keep's energies into the dead Elf's body. Krasus readied his fist, and Rhonin struck it with his own. Sparks were sent flying and unnatural energies raced across the room... and Krasus fell onto the ground, apparently lifeless.

„RHONIN!“ The scream echoed across the structure, a bellow loud beyond comprehension. The mage turned. „Aaaaah, filthy greenskin, you have returned. How fares your father?“ He laughed, the maddest sound anyone has ever heard. Rhonin's eyes were now glowing with an eerie light, lightning racing across his skin. „You know well enough, murderer!“ bellowed the Orc. „I grow tired of this. Neph, destroy this fool.“ „With pleasure, master,“ replied the Draenei, a snarl twisting her beautiful visage. She charged the Orc she had once called her friend.

But Trilokvia wasn't there anymore. He had moved with a speed almost impossible, and was behind her already. Slaving she swung her blades at him, only to find them parried by his enormous waraxe. He kicked her into the wall, stunning her temporarily. „Snap out of it!“ he screamed. „This beast is the one responsible for all of this! He's not your master, nor your friend! Don't you see who he really is?“ Neph shook her head to clear her vision...

And then she saw it. An image, overlapping Rhonin's features... No, that's impossible! And yet...

„Arise, my champion!“ yelled the Rhonin-not Rhonin. „Arise and serve me once more!“

The dead Blood Elf's body was floating in the air. Now, as the arcane energies raced through his veins, he started... changing. He spread his huge wings of darkness. Then his eyes opened and he said in a voice that made the Keep shake to its foundations: „I have returned to serve you, my beloved Sun King!“ Rhonin-not Rhonin laughed madly again, and spoke: „Don't look so smug, I know what you're thinking! But Magister's Terrace was merely a setback! As this foolish mage came to destroy me, I used a spell similar to the one used by the great Sargeras himself to enter his

body, slowly corrupting him and bending him to my will. And now... the time has come... to claim my throne as the true master of this universe!“

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A little outside tempest keep a dark figure walked slowly with a tormented look on his face. His skin was more brown with a taint of green from dark magic. He had orange eyes instead of red and black hair hanging over his face. The staff was long and longer than longest because it was so long that it was not so long that it didn't get any longer and it was in fact long enough to not be any longer than a normal staff. The figure walked at a speed of -10% so it seemed like it walked backwards, but that was only what this dark magician wanted it to look like so no one would track him. The dark figure held a note with a name on, that was spelled ``To my faithful servant Grímlóck the grim``

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TH had arrived in Stormwind, the city was a flurry with people. Some were preparing for war, others were tending to some of the refugees who had fled VIA tram from Ironforge. One dwarf was setting up a small taco stand in the dwarven district. TH grabbed the closest citizen a young blonde teenage boy and asked „ I need to be speakin' to your King lass, can ya point the way? „ „ What news for my Father do you have „ the boy replied. Suddenly two of the armed guards spotted TH „ One of the traitor dogs has infiltrated Stormwind get him „ At least 7 or 8 armed guards appeared almost out of nowhere. In an act of desperation TH quickly grabbed the boy and held his rifle to his head „ Get back! or the boy gets it I'm warn' ya“ „ He's got Prince Anduin! „ the guard shouted. „ Take me to your King boy I bring news... I don't wish to hurt you „ he whispered into Anduin's ear. „ Stand down guards „ he shouted out. The guards backed off a few steps but did not drop their weapons. Anduin led TH to the keep with the guards close behind. Anduin had led TH to Varian's room, once in they closed the door and locked it, TH released the neck of the boy.

Varian didn't notice them at first he was sitting down in a chair holding a beer watching a crystal orb with a person inside „ LOL! This Jay Leno Human is a funny SOB... and look at the chin on that guy it's absolutely ridiculous! What a freak „ he chuckled. „ Yer majesty „ TH interjected „ Who are you? were you sent here by Thrall to kill me „ „ Uhhh.. no sir „ he replied „ I came to clear my groups name involving Ironforge and it's accidental collapse „ „ AHA! I knew it Thrall did it! that SOB will pay „ „ No sir! „ TH partially confused „ It was a mage with us who accidentally did it.

„ Wait... „ Varian mumbled. „ So If I'm understanding you right... a mage who was hired by Thrall destroyed Ironforge... those green skinned bastards „ he clenched his fist  
„ The mage acted on his own accord, his name was Onuma „ said TH  
„ Thrall?! „  
„ No Onuma! „  
„ Thrall!?! „  
„ O..N...U..M..A „ TH spelt it out  
Varian frowned spelling wasn't his strongest suit „ T..R..A..L..L..L „  
Finally TH gave in „ Sure Thrall F'ing did it „  
„ I KNEW IT! I will clear your groups name, We go to WAR with the Horde! „  
Varian smiled... „ I knew it all along „ he said. TH knew Trilokvia would not be thrilled but at least there name was clear for now.

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The tormented person was now at the entrance to the Tempest Keep. You could hear something was happening in there, but what it was he had no idea of, but thats was why he was here to investigate for his master. with a quick look over his shoulder to see if anyone followed him he started to increase the speed with some potion he had bought not so many weeks ago in the auction house. Griml6ck took a quick look at his notes again to see if his master had writed anything specific of where he should look and it didnt. Griml6ck searched the first room, but nothing was there still he felt the presence of something or someone. As Griml6ck searched through the second room he heard something followed with a heavy crash into the wall and a surge of magic being sucked out of this place. Griml6ck still would not fail the mission with revealing himself to them, but he needed to find out what was going on here maybe if he found a place from a safe distance he could watch. Griml6ck looked into his not so long staff and summoned his little imp to chestbump it over the room while he used his emo spells to weaken himself a little to not be detected so easily and he liked to hurt himself. Griml6ck walked slowly into the room while he tried to hide his big brown/greenskin body.

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The shadowy behemoth that had once been Onuma roared. It looked more akin to a demon than an Elf now, tendrils of darkness spreading across the room, absorbing all magic. Neph tried to call out to the Elements, but they wouldn't answer. She tried to call Elementium, but only reached his automated message again. This time however it was different... there was some sort of link there, connected to an ancient shamanistic path...

A shadowy tentacle lifted her into the air, sucking her life energies from her. The Orc was trying to save her, fighting against impossible odds, hacking at the tendrils to no avail. The darkness enveloped the Draenei's figure, crushing her lungs and threatening to stop her heart. But just as oblivion was about to set in, she unraveled the cryptic message Elementium had unknowingly sent her...

The blast sent the shadowy monstrosity flying into the opposite wall. As the dust settled, Trilokvia beheld an amazing sight.

She burst through the mists, a glowing axe in each hand, with two huge wolves seemingly comprised of spiritual energy on either side of her. She lunged at the dark colossus again with a fierce warcry in her native tongue: „Enn‘han‘semment Sukkah!“

The others in the group felt stronger in her presence she was a beacon of heroism „ I feel 30% faster and I have an additional 1% chance to hit! „ Edis thought to himself he vanished and with a billy club „ bonked „ Rhonin on the head \* IMMUNE \* Rhonin's fiery hair burn't the billy club to cinders... Edis knew he needed to distract Rhonin until all this could be sorted out if Rhonin had attacked the group would be doomed... An idea popped into his head, he snuck back behind him pick pocketed something from Rhonin. It was a book „ Day of the Dragon by Richard Knaack „ it read... he had never heard of this book, it had a foolish title he thought. He tossed the book on the ground into Rhonin's view. Rhonin spotted the book „ Oh snap! That's my favorite book! „ he jaunted over to the book and perched himself down for a read. „ It worked! „ Edis smiled to himself.

The spirit wolves torn and chewed at the tendrils savagely attacking the shadow until they receded. Trilokvia spotted a warlock in the room „ he must be responsible for that creature „ he thought charging the warlock.

Neph turned to face Onumo or what was still left of the eccentric mage, why hadn't she seen the signs. With a deep breathe the young but old Draenei shaman charged.

``damn why didnt i use more life tap!`` Griml6ck cursed to himself. He started to drink some healing potion while he popped up fel armor. ``my master is gonna kill me for this`` Griml6ck thought to himself. And with a swoosh the warlock summoned a unnatrual big voidwalker named Riahdersninohr still for all the power Griml6ck had he could not control the voidwalker for far long if he didnt focus all his power on it.

With rhonin distracted, Edis could turn his attention to the elf thing. With the speed of a million rhonins, he got up to where the shadow behemoth was and drew a pair of swords, since he carries a pair of every weapon in his bags, and starts slashing away at the creature. The squishy demon absorbed his chromatically

tempered blade and bloodfang envenomer so he moved on to the fist weapons so those couldn't get absorbed. Hackig and slashing away at this thing caused nothing. „What is this thing“ thought Edis Krad.

As Trilokvia charged the gigantic Voidwalker, Neph shouted „Stop! He does not wish to be harmed unless we harm him!“ With her wolves growling and her snarling the response“ What do you want here, warlock.“

„My master sent me to uncover what has been covered by the most destructive force.“ „and what force might that be, I have felt it too“ answered Neph.

Meanwhile, Edis was trying to destroy Onuma's newly corrupted form. After exhausting all his weapons, Edis took out his bouquet of Red Roses, because nobody needs them now, and threw them at Onuma. Onuma began to collapse under the pure sweetness of the roses.

As that happened, Rhonin snapped out of reading Knaak's book.

„OMG“ he shouted „I see it now! IT has been causing this!“

With Onuma weakened Rhonin snapped out of the mind control. Rhonin waved his red fiery hair so all was pushed back to the wall except Onuma. Rhonin walked towards the corrupted form and shouted ``THE POWER OF MY RED HAIR COMPELS YOU DEMON!!`` with that said the Onuma collapsed to the ground. Rhonin then banished the voidwalker demon from the world before it could kill anyone and he ran towards Krasus brofisted him while he cast redemption on him. Rhonin had learned it from the same drunk paladin who taught him crusader aura some years ago. while Onuma crashed to the floor Rhonin quickly dragged the spirit of Kael'thas out of the body after Krasus was on his legs again and used exorcism on it to cleanse it for fel magic. Then he used a potion bottle he had on him to contain this faggot spirit of a non red hair king, but Kael'thas managed to slip between Rhonin's fingers and drifted away from Tempest keep. Rhonin did then a victory dance with five blood elf girls and draenei girls who was hiding and chestbumped Krasus who was sent across the room nearly dying again. Rhonin didn't care if Kael'thas managed to escape because Rhonin knew he would get his revenge soon very soon.

Griml6ck managed to raise himself up and tried to walk out, but Rhonin used his fiery hair to set up a firewall so he couldn't leave this raid instance. ``Yooo orc thing you have not my permission to leave yet, you have a lot to explain``. Griml6ck knew he had no choice since he was no match against this wizard, but before he could tell anything he fell on the ground as if his hearth stopped. Rhonin just sighted and used redemption on him to and Griml6ck was back, but much, much weaker. ``Damn greenskin you cant stay up two minutes without having to life tap youself to death?`` Griml6ck just turned his eyes towards the floor as if he was

ashamed for having fainted. ``Now you greenskinned monster tell me who do you work for?`` Rhonin said while he smiled with his white teeth. ``I.i...`` Grímlóck couldnt remember a thing about what he had done the past three months. It was like it had been deleted from his mind. ``damn you thick headed stupido you are not even a female why do i even bother!!`` Rhonin screamed into Grímlóck's ears before he threw him to the other side of the room where Krasus was still struggling to get on his feet after Rhonin chestbumped him. ``Someone bring me some taco im hungry!`` Rhonin shouted to the others who stood around him.

Grímlóck didnt move, it was like all his powers was sucked out of him and he could not remember a damn thing about what happened to him these past three months. ``Damn what the hell happened to me`` Grímlóck said silently.

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TH walked out of Varian's room wondering what the hell he was supposed to do next. It was at this moment his stomach started to growl. TH quickly got a move on towards the Dwarven District, to find some food which was edible to him. As he was strolling along a fragrance filled his nostrils, invigorated by the smell he drifted towards where it was coming from. He stood in front of a shack, made out of freshly cut wood from Elwynn Forest, and rang a bell for service. Popping up from under the counter was the infamous Gunner! „Oi“ stated Gunner „back so soon for one of meh fully loaded taco's I presume.“ TH stood there, stunned with the fact that Gunner was still alive after the collapse of Ironforge. „Well yes matey I am. In fact I don't want one of your tacos, I want 10,“ stated TH. TH was quite famished after travelling with Rhonin and the others only eating the food Rhonin didn't want. „Wow mate, that's going to be 45 silver.“ TH was stunned by the price, wondering why it had dropped so much from earlier, he didn't question the dwarf though. „Here you are mate“ TH exclaimed. TH handed Gunner the money and then received a bag with his tacos in it. „Wait a second there, do you have any Dr. Pepper?“ TH curiously asked. „Well of course, what kind of man runs a Taco Shack without Dr. Pepper.“ TH proceeded to buy 3 2-liters of Dr. Pepper. With his taco's in one hand, and his Dr. Peppers in the other, TH looked for a place to sit down. He wobbled along down some alley, and saw a very nice gilded chair with a table in front of it. „Well, this must be my lucky day“ noted the dwarf. As he sat down, he noticed a piece of paper on the side of the chair. „WARNING: CHAIR HAS BEEN INFUSED WITH MAGIC FROM THE GREAT RED HAired RHONIN, DO NOT TOUCH IT OR AN ARMY OF RAPTORS WILL EAT YOUR FACE OFF.“ Before he could read it though he was travelling through the Rift, and then was spit out in tempest keep, right in front of the gang. „TH,“ Rhonin exclaimed „you've brought me some tacos I presume.“ After several /brofists and /chestbumps have been exchanged between TH and Rhonin the two of them

devoured the tacos and Dr. Pepper. As space floated through Kael'thas spirit while he escaped Tempest Keep he could not stop having the feeling something was missing something he didn't know he had. Kael'thas tried to turn around as he could not go on with this strange feeling, but then he saw the fiery red hair of Rhonin. Kael'thas screamed like a little girl and used portal to get to a place far far away.

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Rhonin commanded Trilokvia to carry Grimlock outside. Not that Rhonin couldn't do it himself, he just didn't want to risk anything unworthy to brush up against his fiery locks of hair. Plus it would probably incinerate the orc warlock before they had a chance to question him. Trilokvia did as he was told, albeit with a grunt of discontent

\*discontented grunt\*

and the party moved outside. Tempest Keep had grown increasingly unstable from the raw power of all the /brofisting and /chestbumping. Once on the relative safety of Netherstorm's purple crust, Rhonin turned to the Orc, „Who are you and who sent you here?!“ he demanded with a fire in his eye, and a several glints on his teeth.

„I am Grimlock, son of ...“

„Oh like the transformer,“ interrupted Rhonin. Everyone looked at the gorgeous mage with confused expressions. „Me Grimlock smash!“ continued Rhonin, while he animated strange stomping motions. More confused expressions from his companions. „I created them noobs. Never mind you are all idiots.“

„I came here to... no, you summoned me... wait, or was I sent here?...“ the old orc's mind was a twisted jumble of shadow and fog. Where had he been these last three months? „There was this dark troll... or was it Forsaken... there were demons all around...“ Grimlock took numerous shallow deep breaths. His chest was heaving and his eyes started to roll back. He appeared lucid, but was still muttering incoherently.

„Great“ sighed Neph, „we just found Onuma's twin brother from another mother...“

„He's not making any sense at all“ agreed Edis.

„I am NOT a warlock!“ whined Onuma, who seemed to be back to ‚normal‘ after the ordeal inside Tempest Keep.

„At least he got his NAME right!“ blurted Krasus, which resulted in a (controlled) /brofist from Rhonin.

„Right, well if we want some answers from this scumbag, we'll have to get him patched up.“ stated Rhonin.

„And I take it you know what to do?“ asked Neph

„Well duuuuuuh!“ taunted Rhonin in the most childish way. „And don't question me again.“ Neph saw the clenched fist and knew she almost destroyed her own face with her lack of faith in the gorgeous mage's abilities. Rhonin flashed a sideways glance at Trilokvia, who sighed heavily

\*heavy sigh\*

made another discontented grunt

\*discontented grunt\*

and hoisted the other orc onto his shoulders. ...

The band of misfits, led by the stunningly beautiful Rhonin, trudged slowly across the purple wastes. „Where is everything?“ asked Neph. With Rhonin's fiery locks of manliness ablaze like a torch of sex appeal, the party should have been a buffet beacon to all the hostile creatures in this broken land.

„They know their place...“ smirked Rhonin, as he stopped to straighten his hair so it would be more perfect. And this was true. All the vile flayers and rock-things knew exactly who Rhonin was, for he was the reason the land was cracked and stuff floated about unnaturally.

„Not to seem belligerent...“ grunted Trilokvia, „but this old orc isn't getting any lighter. Wouldn't this all be a lot easier if Krasus just transformed back into a dragon and we all flew to our destination?“

„Yeah... about that...“ muttered Krasus, „but I just banged the shit out of Alexstraza and still haven't recovered... It takes about 50 chapters to suddenly be at 100% without warning.“

„Good thing I don't have that problem!“ shouted Rhonin, as he slapped Neph on the ass. The draenei normally would have been angry, or at least embarrassed, but was actually quite turned on. She loved a good spanking from strong and powerful god.

„Were are we going anyway?“ It was Edis Krad this time to ask the annoying question.

„We make for Area 52.“ Stated Rhonin, with his hands on his hips and one leg up on a rock. After an awkward pause, he continued, „there we can find some faster transportation...”

The group looked at each other before they did a facepalm. “What can possibly be faster than your portals?” TH asked Rhonin with his face buried into his hands.

“What is this, do you question my knowledge?” Rhonin said while his fiery red hair started to spit fireballs everywhere.

“but what is faster than your portals then?” Neph asked while she hoped Rhonin would touch her more. Rhonin’s face just smiled while he turned around without a word and his red perfect hair stopped spitting fireballs.

“What is faster than your portals RHONIN!!” Trilokvia shouted while he nearly dropped Grimlock to the ground.

“Silence!..... or I will brofist you all to death, well not Krasus cuz we are cool” Rhonin said while he blinked with his eyes and smiled with his perfect teeth. No one wanted to test Rhonin’s patience so everyone kept themselves silent for the rest of the walk to Area 52.

After one hour they were nearly there “ahh everyone over this cliff lies Area 52, so please all behave” Rhonin said and once again most of the group facepalmed, but this time Rhonin saw it. His eyes started to shoot fire beams while he nearly burned the whole group except for Krasus who stood on the side while he smoked weed.

“Damn it Rhonin stop it before you kill someone!” Neph screamed out to Rhonin.

“No one facepalm on things I say, NO ONE!!” Rhonin shouted while he laughed, but after some minutes with running from the fire beams Rhonin shot from his eyes he got bored and stopped so they could continue towards Area 52. Rhonin ruggedly awoke from his nightmareish slumber he had so suddenly decided to take remembering his dream clearly as he awoke. There was only one explanation for him passing out so abruptly after preparing to look into the future through his dreams. He had done this before, but it was never reliable and his memories of the dreams were always ambiguous and bad. They were just meant to fingerpaint him a fingerpainting of the events to come. „I have seen into the future he exclaimed with eyes shut!“ batting his molten fuming eye lashes too shake, no vaporize, the sleep from his eyes. The explanation was that someone had flashed a mirror in front of him and he had decided to faint at the sight of his glowing do, but who would do such a thing? Only the kindest person ever, Rhonin seemed to attract only the

utmost of most quality people around with his rugged good looks and general coolness. This kind person probably only wanted to share the joy that he brought them obviously from laying eyes on such a being as Rhonin clearly. Understandable he thought aloud.

What. Nothing I saw the future. Rhonin replied to whoever said that, easily forgetting the lesser beings call sign. Anyway Onyxia comes from the ground and bitches at us about something. We have to stop him. And after some argument everyone agreed to stop arguing and came to an agreement that they must do what Rhonin thought. And then just in time for dinner the lizard Onyxia flew out of the sky shaking the earthy rubble from her wings and other body parts that they have. And declared FOOLS I HAVE ARRIVED TO RAIN DEATH AND DESTRUCTION ON THIS WORLD ALL OVER IT AND COME TO END YOUR FATE MISERABLY AND I SHALL DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO DEFEND IT.

Rhonin had seen this before. It was like riding a butterfly only with wings. „No you are the fool he shouted“ meanfully. He did not regard the dragon’s feelings as important as he did not plan to extend their relationship further later down the road so he planned to lash out with all his fiery anger, though quite docile compared to his exquisite head of thick threads of hairy hair hair.

But Onyxia had lost focus and was lost in a gaze at Rhonin perpetual sex. Realizing the opportunity Rhonin realized what he should do and tore open a portal to Area 52 transporter shop and returned with a hotrod Zeppelin and everyone hopped aboard and Onyxia pursued with her black dragongang. Esteem filling Rhonin as he realized his craftiness at what he had done and he let out a bellowing cackle as a fireball ripped through the ship severely injuring him for life. „Rhonin are you ok?“ Neph asked. „Yes“ and proceeded to fly the Zeppeling with acute skills fueled only by the blazing inferno he called his hair. „ONWARD TO DESTINY“ he yelled shouting and their destination came ever closer... they hoped.

„So, he can open a portal to Area 52 and bring a zeppelin through it, but he cannot send us there directly?“ asked Edis, confused. „Shhhh lad, he’ll hear ya.“ whispered TH. Rhonin smiled a sardonic smile. These mortal simpletons... so predictable, they never saw the greater picture. Like how Onyxia would have to destroy their zeppelin... wait for it... wait for it... „NOW!“ yelled the mage, and sent the group flying off the zeppelin with a mighty brofist. He leaped after them just as the black dragons incinerated the dirigible.

The adventurers were gliding slowly towards the ground, with the help of Rhonin’s Slow Fall spell. „Damn you Human, what the fel was that about?“ grunted Tri-lolkvia. „You could have gotten us all killed!“ „But I didn’t did I?“ snapped Rhonin.

„But ye must admit lad, it was a close call,“ stated TH, frowning. Rhonin finally lost his patience. He cast a spell at the Dwarf. „What did ye have to go and do that for? And what was it even?“ Rhonin snickered. „It was a simple spell to make you unable to touch alcohol ever again, Dwarf.“

The poor paladin's terrible scream made one of the rock-spikes of the Netherstorm collapse near the party.

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At the same time on Azeroth near the Undercity a dark person walked through the gates of the ruined capital towards the elevator. The person had the hood dragged all over the face, covered the whole body with a coat and had some sort of a bag hanging on the shoulder. The person walked while you could see some blond hair hanging out. It could be a forsaken, but her hands had to light and comfortable colour. Could also be a death knight, but you could not see any blue glow from the eyes. This person still walked through the whole Undercity without being stopped or talked to until the person reached Sylvannas chamber.

“Do you got it?” Sylvannas said with her tormented voice.

“yes i got it” The person said with a soft voice. Sylvannas looked over her shoulder before she followed the stranger over to her private chamber.

“Are the others here Sylvannas?” The stranger said.

“Yes all the others are here, now i will come soon only need to finish something” Sylvannas said with a grin.

The hooded person took off her cloak revealing that it was Jaina and in the bag it was a pillow and some cloth made of silk. Inside the bedroom Lady Liadrin, Tyrande, Alexstrasza, Valeera, Maiev, Magatha, Garona, Shandris, Primal Torntusk and in the corner Veressa stood like she didnt wanna be there. They all where there with a pillow and all had cloths made of silk on.

“PILLOW FIGHT!!” they all screamed in each other mouth before charging each other hitting with their pillow.

Outside the chamber it was all silent now Sylvannas was the last one inside there and she was done for today. Sylvannas headed towards the private chamber for her little meeting. Still inside the royal quarter there was a rift a tiny rift from where the dreadlord tried to summon the demon lord before Rhonin pwned his ass. The

rift still so little no one noticed it, suddenly started to grow and grow until a spirit popped through. It was the spirit of Kael'thas.

``Why, why do Rhonin have to be so powerfull!`` Kael'thas said before he sat down on the floor and cried like a little girl.

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Back in the Netherstorm, the adventurers were setting up tents. The Dwarf had passed out because of the shock, and a Nether Ray had dropped a rock onto the head of the assassin. Krasus was looking even worse now, because he'd almost had a heart attack when he got some pictures of Alexstrasza in suggestive poses via d-mail (dragon-mail). Rhonin decided it was best if he didn't carry anyone, and the Orc, Draenei and Blood Elf couldn't carry all the others.

Neph was just about to go to sleep when she heard a whisper. Psssst, hey Neph, come here for a moment...“ Curious, she stepped behind the rock the unseen speaker was hiding behind.

There was some muffled grunting and yelling, and she reemerged with a frown upon her face. A couple of minutes later, Trilokvia came out too, straghtening his jaw with his right hand, three long scratch-marks upon his left cheek. „The fel's that ser'tos got that I ain't got?“ he grunted.

While the orc didn't have the ability to make drenei fall in love with his black braided hair, he did have one thing, a peedlfeet silver shafted arrow! He got his bow out and took aim at Neph. He quickly shot the arrow at her and as his skill in bows increased to 2, he missed and hit a sheep wandering around netherstorm. Cursing under his breath he made his way back to the tents.

Griml6ck was lying inside the tent with his eyes open. Krasus was sitting in a corner looking out into the sky while drooling on some pictures of Alexstrasza and making weird noises with his mouth.

When Griml6ck closed his eyes again the floor turned to green healthy grass and the tent became a big fruity tree. Griml6ck was home, home in Draenor before the damned legion had destroyed this place. Griml6ck raised his head above the grass and spotted his lonely family hut down the hill. Because Griml6ck had never been in any clan before. Griml6ck had never been a member, since his famliy had been banished from their clan long ago. Exiled from the terretories of the other orc clans the family hidded themself from the other orcs who wanted them dead.

``Im...im home`` Griml6ck said with a smile.

Suddenly before Grimlók could move down to the hut he opened his eyes and he was back in the tent, weak and afraid. Grimlók spotted Krasus still sitting and drooling and making weird noises. He was surrounded by idiots, why could he not kill himself with life tap why.

Grimlock cursed himself for not learning Hellfire when he was at his trainer. Everyone told him was a useless spell, which did shitty damage.

Since the companions were exhausted (except Rhonin, he never grew tired) and refused to go any further on foot, Edis offered a solution. „If Rhonin here would be gracious enough to maintain a mana shield to mask our presence and protect us from Onyxia, I can stealth back into Area 52 and hire a legitimate transport the old fashioned way. I will sacrifice the dangerous journey while the rest of you relax and bask in Rhonin’s glorious power of amazing.“

„Hrm... there really hasn’t been enough basking on this quest... Enough of that - I have an idea!“ Blurled Rhonin. The rogue here will stealth back into town for us while the rest of you bask in my glorious power of amazing!“ Edis /facepalmed at the repetitive repetition of Rhonin repeating his idea.

Edis realized his mistake just in time and [Cloak of Skill] + [Vanish] just in time to escape Rhonin’s PoM-Pyro. The night elf quick scurried back to Area 52.

Upon arriving he noticed nothing but goblins running about their normal tasks. Edis found the place he was looking for „Zxklkz’s Emporium of Exploding Goodness“... well it looked like it might work. There was only one small goblin in the shop, so Edis assumed this to be Zxklkz. „Hi, whateveryournameis, that-is-impossible-to-pronounce-because-there-are-no-vowels.“

„Oh a land-lubber, eh?“ the goblin turned around, „well you can just call me ‚Z‘. What can I get ya?“ He was wearing a full flight suit, possibly tuned for zero gravity and Twisted Nether travel, so the enclosed helmet muffed his words.

„I need a ship... preferably one without the, er... Exploding Goodness.“

„Why would you want? Ahhhh never mind. I never understood your kind anyway.“ Zxklkz started toward the back. „This way - I got what you need.“

After surprisingly little haggling, Edis did in fact get what he needed. The rogue wasn’t sure if he should be proud of himself or very worried about the low price. Right as he was about to leave Edis turned to ask a final question, „hey Z - where did all the gnomes go?“

„Damned if I care! This morning I woke up and they were just gone. Some strange shadowy mist was clinging to the town walls, but then things aren’t exactly normal

around here!“ said the goblin as he gestured to the floating purple rocks and crackling energies around them. „All I can say is my ears have stopped bleeding from their insensate screeching, so good riddance!“

Edis thanked Zkxlkz again, and headed back to camp - flying low in the modified gyro-copter..

The Gyro-copter brought him to a big purple shell sheild and decided this must be where Rhonin and the clan was. He continued inside, but he was incorrect, this was the Eco-dome of Shaly Pore and the Ethereal.

Edis Krad set down the ship and started looking for the others on foot. About 4 steps in dozens of Ethereal and raptors surrounded him, and since his Vanish was on cooldown, he decided it was a good idea to start fighting them.

„Welcome to the---“ started the marked-for-death Ethereal as he then evaporated(or whatever their death animation is)

„You wont kill me! I need to find the others!“ shouted Edis but it was useless, at this point he committed murder and was taken into custody.

Zarmaxx was a simple ethereal smuggler. Simple enough to stay materialised for more than two measures of time that roughly equals to Azeroth's year. Although he had never been into sports (you don't really look after these things if you are a being of pure energy, and he was such a being), he had what it takes to be a good smuggler: capability to run as fast as a severely wounded dragon falls from the hostile skies. And so he was on the run. Like any other ethereal, he wasn't running per se: frankly speaking, he was gliding; or, what could be the best description, he was a live example of aristotelian motion/place physics. One moment he was here - and then some inner force made him move to his destination, as fast as possible. His natural place in existence was calling for him, while his thoughts flew before him. Such is the power of purpose.

And so he went. Stars were glaring through the constant energy storms. They knew Zarmaxx' fate all too well. He fell to the ground exhausted, his energetic „veins“ „pulsing“ rapidly. The end came to him as a swift blade devastated his material form. Thus, Zarmaxx popped like a bubble. In a bath of hate.

That was Edis. Guards were simple fools; so simple, that they couldn't live for more than two years in a row in their material forms. Too simple, especially for such an efficient professional assassin like Edis.

- So, - he thought out loud, - He's not there.  
He was talking about Rhonin.  
- I have to go BACK.

And so he went, dust twirling around him.

\*\*\*\*\*

Saurfang had made his way down to the Auction House area in search of Gamon, he tried to maintain a low profile as that area was always busy and people were always buggin him for autographs.. he was a legend to these people, although he wasn't sure why. A few patrons had spotted him, so he was obliged to toss out a few /brofists and chestbumps to keep them happy. As he got closer to Gamon's hut the smell of burn't flesh filled the air, Saurfang could only imagine what was going on so he picked up his pace.

As he approached the Inn he saw a large group of rioters out front „ BC for Warcheif 2010! they shouted „ he shoved them out of the way 2 guards stopped him in his tracks „ I'm sorry sir we have no scheduled appointments today „ the guard said putting his hand out. „ Not even for Mr. Cleave? „ Saurfang questioned, the guards looked at each other then back to Saurfang „ Who's Mr. Cle..ARJGGJH-Jfjgh „ the guards fell lifeless to the ground, Saurfangs cleave and cut them clean in two. He proceeded into the tent. Gamon saw the lumbering Orc and quickly ran upstairs, Saurfang charged after him but was tripped. „ So weeee finally meet the great Saurfang „ a voice crackled. Saurfang looked around and could not see anything, he looked at the ground at the small branch that had tripped him. „ Who's there show yourself and face me „ he shouted.

In the center of the inn was a Basic Campfire burning away, Saurfang looked at the campfire „ Are you behind this treachery „ He asked „ Yesssssss „ The Fire crackled back „ Then I shall snuff you out little flame „ Saurfang laughed, partially not believe that he was actually talking to a Basic Campfire. „ You can tryyyy „ the fire hissed, unleashing a cloud of smoke which burned Saurfangs eyes, another twig lept out of the fire which tripped Saurfang to the ground. Pieces of flaming tinder then jumped from the fire onto Saufrang burning him and setting his clothes on fire „ You will NEVER be warcheif „ Saurfang swung around in desperation at the smoke, as he fought back the pain and stood up Gamon jumped on his shoulders and wrapped a wire around the Orcs neck... „ Shhhhhhhh „ Gamon whispered in his ear and the breath slowly left Saurfang, he fell to one knee „ I'm sorry Thrall I have failed „ he spit out as he fell unconcious. „ Muahahahahaah Soon Very soon I will rule the Horde! „ The Basic Campfire cackled „ Very soon „ !

Thrall looked up feeling a pain in his heart „ Saurfang?! „ the warcheif fell to his knee's „ What has happened to you old friend „.

Garrosh was sitting inside his little room while he played with his train. Saurfang had asked some druids to make it stuck in the ground so Garrosh couldnt eat it.

``TRAINZZZ DRIVIEING.....BOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM!!!!`` Garrosh headbanged the train to make his brain work.

``DIEEZZEEE ALLAINSEEEEEEE SUTUPIZZXS!!`` He shouted and tried to eat the train again, only this time it didnt work. Garrosh started to cry because he couldnt move the train.

\*\*\*\*\*

Rhonin, who grew bored the past couple of replies since they were not about him, took his shirt off! Everyone in Azeroth and Outlands /CHEERED, /BROFIS-TED, AND /CHESTBUMPED since they all saw him take it off via there wrist TVs of Rhonin provided by Rhonin for Rhonin.

The females of a thousand nations spontaneously did likewise, causing over 9000 nosebleeds. The males' testicles were attempting to tear themselves free, ashamed of their own lack of manliness. Everyone was watching Rhonin's perfect nipples and fiery red chest-hair as it was caressed softly by the winds of the Netherstorm. The caked scratches on Trilokvia's cheek opened again, unleashing a real torrent of his kind's black blood. Krasus put away the pictures of his beloved queen and took out a magical device made to capture moments into unmoving pictures. The Dwarf woke up, but the buffet of rugged manliness sent him to a coma again.

It was glorious.

Rhonin grew tired of their time in Netherstorm, such an ugly place he thought and worst of all apparently no one on this rock knew what Captain Crunch was, he had gotten so angry the day before that he stomped on the ground causing another piece to break off flying away. „ Were leaving „, he announced, the groups patience had already been worn thin, they were never supposed to have come to outland period, yet here they were several days behind schedule.

„ Krasus old friend can you fly us „ Rhonin asked „ Uhhh.... actually I was gonna take off for a little bit, I know this is dire situation but I gotta bounce „ Krasus added „ Fine! so be it! I'll find ways myself to get us going „ Rhonin snarled. Just then Edis had made it back to camp „, I wasn't able to find anything except a few Thorium lockboxes and some angry Ethreals „, Edis mumbled clearly dissapointed in himself. „ Epic fails „, Krasus snickered, the group joined in the laughter. Krasus then hopped into Dragon form and flew off „, See you at the conclusion! „, he said as his voice faded away. „ Watch this „, Rhonin exclaimed. He reached down in his loincloth into his groinal region and plucked a single red fiery hair „, Ouch „, he whimpered. With a few words of power spoken to the hair it grew and grew and grew until finally. „ Everyone hop on my magical red carpet „, he cheered. Several of the companions gagged as they jumped on, they would have refused it

they didn't think Rhonin would kill them.

„ It reaks of sex „ Trilokvia spoke. „ Hell yeah it does! Bow Chikka Wow wow „ Rhonin winked at Neph, both /brofisted Trilokvia pouted a bit, raising one hand up to the scratch still on his face. Rhonin's magic red carpet lifted from the ground and started to flying to it's destination. „ Were going to Shatthrah to use a portal „ He added „ Excuse me Rhonin, I need to touch base with the warchief, he will want to know what I know „ Trilokvia chimed in. „ Very well! I'll contact his mind and link yours to his „ Rhonin returned „ Anyone else need a mind link „ several of the companions raised a hand. „ Oh geez... he said one at a time „

Rhonin focused hard determined to find Thrall's mind link he was in Orgrimmar and could see there was an unsettling over the place, „ AHA! „ he mused „ Found you „ Rhonin dove inside the head.

„ ARGHHH! „ Garrosh screamed clutching his head as he toppled over scattering his crayon's and coloring book all over... „ Hello?! „ the voice inside Garrosh's head whispered, Garrosh stood up spun around looking for the voice he could not see. „ Harro?! „ Garrosh spoke slightly nervous, he looked at the picture of the talbuk he was coloring and poked it. „ Ahh good I've been looking for you! „ „ Did I color you bad mr Talbuk? I'm sorry „ Garrosh looked more confused then anything „ Wait... what...? Talbuk? Are you slow or something kid? „ Garrosh snarled ripped the picture book and starting tearing it up and eating it „ I'll show you what it means to insult the Horde! „ he shouted clearly impressed with his easy victory over the paper. „ I'm not a f'ing Talbuk you tard, I am a human and I'm inside your head „ „ Not for long Human! „ he laughed „ I am a tactical MASTER! „ he grabbed a knife and plunged it into his head „ DIE NAO HUMAN... „ „ OMFG did you just stab yourself in the head?! that's F'ing awesome! „ Rhonin send a mind /brofist to Garrosh, however the impact on his tiny brain left it bouncing around the inside of his head knocking Garrosh to the ground.

Thrall rushed in „ Garrosh what has happened „ he yelled seeing the pool of blood on the ground growing. „ I wuz attacked by the humanssss..... „ Garrosh spoke with his last and final dying breath „ Human Assassin „ pondered Thrall why would Varian want Garrosh dead.. he knew he needed to speak to Jaina.

Thrall announced to the town of Orgrimmar that Garrosh had been killed, the city erupted with a mass amount of /brofisting and cheers. „ PIZZA AND BEERS ARE ON THE HOUSE! „ a local bar owner shouted

The mindlink had broken Rhonin turned to Trilokvia and said „ Uhhh... dude I think Thrall just killed himself „ Trilokvia did not say anything, had the group not

seen but a single tear run down his cheek they would have assumed him not caring. „I will miss you warchief „, he thought to himself.

The flight was rather uneventful except for the masses of naked female Blood Elves and Draenei wistfully observing the carpet and sniffing the air in its wake. The glorious red of the public transport looked most magnificent while they were flying over Zangarmarsh, the contrast between the scarlet carpet's sheen and the land's dark blues making it visible from afar. All the vindicators in Shattrath were watching them now, and Rhonin murmured with a sardonic smile on his face: „Smell my groin.“

They were headed to the Aldor sanctuary now, and Trilokvia stiffened. „Human, where are we going?“ Rhonin laughed a bit and said: „To the aldor of course, I wouldn't mind paying Ishanah a visit if you catch my drift.“ The Orc objected: „But I have sworn myself to the cause of the Scryers. They'll most likely kill me as soon as I step off the carpet.“ Rhonin's smile broadened. „Trust me, the Aldor priestesses are more than eager for anyone wanting to grind reputation with them'. Hur hur hur.“

Neph turned to the level 63 Deathknight casting spells and chuckled „Stupid lowbies DK's and there names, Hey Onuma and new Warlock guy handle that newbie „ Both the mage and warlock looked at each other and smiled, turned and combined a Frostfire and a Chaos bolt into 1 flying ball of magic... The Deathknight shrieked and tried to run „I'll be back on my main you bitches! then we'll see whats up lololol „, he shouted and the bolt hit him instantly turning him into dripping goop. The Warlock turned to the mage and gave him a magical /brofist, although both „ special „, in there own sense they really seemed to understand each other quite well „ Weirdo's... „ Neph smiled.

\* Think \* An arrow landed in Trilokvia's shoulder „ Son of a... „, he shouted, he looked up to see several Aldor archers taking aim „ Rhonin you said! „ „ The WOMEN! „ Rhonin snapped back „ I can only contain the women! „ „ FML „ Trilokvia snorted as he ran towards the elevator „ A li'l help guys?! „, he shouted as arrows went whizzing past his head. Edis tossed a topless photo of Neph behind the archers, they quickly turned „ Verry... nice they „, said chestbumping each other... „ I have distracted them! „, Edis shouted giving Trilokvia enough time to jump off the elevator.

\* You have earned the achievment [Free Falling] drop 60 yards without dying \* „ Nice! „, he thought as he ran off the Scryer area to seek to medical aid.

Neph looked at Edis „ Is that a photo of me sleeping?! „, she growled, lightning starting to charge from her fingertips... „ Eeeeeepp „, Edis gasped quickly vanishing and stealthing away. „ You can't hide forever! „, she shouted knowing he was still around. „ Anyways Rhonin I need you to link me to Velen „, she knudged the

rugged handsome mage who was having a flaming contest with a flying Phoenix and still winning.

„ Very well „ he said almost instantly syncing her with Velen. „ Velen?! „ she asked.

„ Whats shakin‘ baby girl! „ he had replied. „ Ahh good your there, hey WTF is up with Elementium, I‘ve been having issues reaching him „

„ Ahhh... yeah there have been some changes around here toots, I was talking to this Goblin guy Willy Jones, we call him „ Cata „ for short... he‘s been setting up a Casino?! I think he calls it, either way he‘s got plans to have this ship up and running in no time with the profits „

„ WTF is a Casino? „

„ Let me break it down for ya babe, people come here, sit at these glowing machines and insert gold. then some lights spin then they stop and have to put more gold in, it‘s genius. We‘ve already cleared 200,000 gold in it‘ opening week „

„ So what about Elementium? „

„ He‘s been busy cleaning toilets, Cata likes to run a tight ship and he‘ not allowed to mind call or text during working hours „

„ So what should I do! The world is in jeopardy „ she asked

„ Head to Orgrimmar and rally with the warchief, you will need to stop the war brewing between the Alliance and the Horde first, if you are to succeed in this task.

„ Very well sir „ she replied breaking contact. Life was so much simpler back in the day she sighed.

She turned to see Rhonin but he had already ran into the priestess‘ hut „ Who wants to have a sexy party! „ he shouted the sound of dozens of women who had erupted in celebration.

A retribution paladin walked down the road to the Aldor base. With full tier 10 gear and shadow‘ edge he was prepared for revenge against the intelligent mage and funny looking warlock. He walked with his hand tightly around the axe ready to crush anyone who dared get in his way for his sweet revenge. As he stood near the elevator he looked up and smiled a little with his mouth and he activated avenging wrath with seal of command. The elevator started to go up to the top. Lightning shoot down to the ground as the paladin stood on the top not far away from where his alt had died at the hands of the stupid magicians.

``I told you all i would get my main, and now i will camp you two for FIVE HOURS!`` the paladin laughed while he charged the two magicians.

Shwoooosh a sound came from the distant and the paladin falled to the ground burned and dead.

``I dont got time for this, i got a party here`` Rhonin said and walked back to his screaming draenei girls.

The Dwarf had gone to the World's End tavern. He wasn't too happy about the situation. Actually, he was starting to think Rhonin was intentionally getting them into trouble. Only after he had ordered a pint of ale did he remember Rhonin's curse.

„Ahhhh buggerit,“ he said. „It's not like that git can do anything right.“ He took a sip of the invigorating liquid and waited. And waited. Nothing happened. He cried out: „Hah! Rhonin, you and your curses. All just smoke and mirrors!“ He tried to dance a little victory-dance...

And found himself lying on the ground. He didn't understand. Usually he had no problems holding his ale...

He took out the little book he always carried with him. It told him exactly what happened during a fight and any changes that befel him.

What he discovered made him throw up. Or maybe it was just the ale.

This is what the book said:

Your drinking skill has increased to 1.

Rhonin's Curse (Dwarf) [Rank 1] lowers your drinking skill by 1.

You have unlearned drinking.

\*\*\*

Neph couldn't sleep in. She had hidden in one of the Aldors' houses, but still she felt uneasy. She just knew the assassin was hiding somewhere with the Device for Capturing Moments as Unmoving Pictures (DCMUP) he had pick-pocketed from Krasus.

She had a plan. Now she was pretending to be asleep, waiting for a sound, any sound that might betray the Elf's position. And then she caught it, a creak almost beyond hearing...

She threw down her fire totem and made it spout a ring of fire. The assassin's concentration broke, revealing him. She leaped at him and pinned him to the wall.

„Now I've got you, you bastard!“ she yelled.

The screams and plights for mercy echoed throughout Shattrath.

\*\*\*

The next morning, a mysterious figure stepped off an elevator onto the Aldor Rise. His broad shoulders were covered in a smelly substance, and the enormous battle-axe he carried too. The guards were grimacing in disgust, but they had been told to let the stranger pass. He was headed directly to the largest building on the rise.

His heavy fist struck at the barred doors. And again. And again. When noone seemed to want to answer, he kicked them open. The place was full of half-dressed Draenei women. Trilokvia snickered. Obviously Rhonin had been ,showing them the Light'. He was looking for the red hair among the blue bodies...

„WAKE UP YOU BASTARD!“ he screamed at the sleeping mage. Rhonin woke up and shook his fiery hair, sending the surrounding Draenei into exstasy again. „Ooh, greenskin, what a pleasant surprise! I see you've been... working.“ „You damn pinkskin, I was awake all night, killing the stupid spiders in order to get to neutral. I lost all my Scryer cred just so I could come to this damn rise!“ Rhonin smiled his sardonic smile. „Good, we were just about to leave.“ „LEAVE?!?“ yelled the Orc. „I've been grinding /&\$\$%ing spiders the whole #\$\$%& night! I'm barely neutral! Any mistake I make now might make the guards attack me again!“ The mage asked: „So why did you do all that? What was the point?“

„I've grown sick and tired of you getting to ,grind rep' with every damn female you come across! Now it's my turn!“ Rhonin yawned. „But not before I get my Cptn. Crunch,“ he said. The Orc lost it now. He lifted the mage by the scruff of his neck. „NO YOU DAMN SER'TOS! NOT AFTER YOUR DAMN BREAKFAST, NOW! NOW IT'S MY TURN TO GET SOME REPUTATION!“ The fiery mage looked into his eyes and the Orc felt his will fading. Rhonin whispered: „Let me go, the power of Rhonin compels you.“

Trilokvia let go. He couldn't help himself. He tried to unsheathe his axe and attack the mage, but his hands wouldn't do it. „Damn you, mage,“ he said and hurled the weapon away...

...hitting a nearby guard. Immediately the other guards swarmed the temple. „Oh bugger...“ muttered the Orc.

As Neph was beating on the Elf, Trilokvia was having a battle of his own. Going from neutral to hated with the aldor, he decided to flee to the scryer rise, but they were still pissed at him for trading sides. So as the aldor fought him, so did the scryer, then they started fighting each other and it turned into a whirlwind of chaos in the city of light. Just then a giant space ship crashed into the scryer rise. On board was Velen Cata and Elementium. The Draeneis flying was still a bit rusty so

he flew his casino right into the middle of the narru home.

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Garrosh was rushed to the healer's tent. The ancient witch doctor examined him and concluded that the young Hellscream would live. The knife had only scraped the part of his brain that gave him control over certain... private bodily functions.

Thrall didn't know whether to feel relieved or saddened by the news. As he was wont in times like these, he thought about Jaina. He envisioned her golden locks and rosy lips. In his dream, she was his, and he was a Human prince, fair as she was. He took off the collar he wore and read the tag again. 'To Thrall. Remember, you are a slave and you always shall be one. Your mistress, Jaina.' Oh how he longed for those private hours they had together, of being her obedient pet...

There was a knock at the door. Thrall quickly hid the collar and concealed his erection behind an issue of Orgrimmar Daily. „Enter,“ he called. Varok Saurfang stepped into the magnificent hall. „Ah, old friend, I was just... reading the news.“ Varok glanced at the paper. „But warchief, the newspaper is almost a week old now.“ Thrall glanced at the date. The damn old Orc was right! „We must keep our past in mind when thinking about the future, or we shall repeat our mistakes,“ he said. Yes, that sounded about right. Those were the words of a leader.

Varok coughed and said in a hushed voice: „You weren't thinking of Jaina again, were you?“ Damn, he knows! Thrall ignored the words. „What brings you here, old friend?“ he asked, a bit more sternly than he had intended. A shadow of darkness passed over the old Orc's face. „You know the youngster you sent to help Rhonin and the others?“ „Yes, I recall him...“ retorted Thrall. „Well, the fool's gotten himself into trouble. He's killed an Aldor, and now he's fighting their guards on the Aldor Rise in Shattrath. And what's more, the little group they've gathered hasn't found out what the dark power the shaman have felt is. It most certainly is not Kael'thas.“

Thrall grunted and stood up. Then he sat down again to hide his shame. „Well then, prepare the magi for transport to Shattrath!“ Varok nodded and said: „I've already done that, warchief. I only await you now.“ Thrall was stunned momentarily. Damn the old Orc, he was too smart for his own good. „Ammmmm... give me five minutes. I've got to... ammm... powder my nose. Yeah, that's it. Powder my nose.“ Saurfang was confused at first, but then he bowed and was preparing to leave. Thrall shifted uneasily on his throne. „Make that ten minutes.“ „Burn.....burn....burn them all.....they all betrayed you..... they are your enemy...“ a silent voice whispered in the dark.

„Damn get out of my head stupid old gods“ A voice echoed through the night. „im sick of these mind controllers always bothering me when i walk on this planet near Azeroth“ the dark voice said to himself. „ Well i better start to move over to my little castle“ the dark thing said with a grin.

The dark one thighted his grip around the sword hilt and ripped it out of the ground. He thouched the already dead trees around him and they burned, burned to the ground by the inferno this demon produced from his hands. The dark demon walked down the path while everything burned and turned to ashes infront of him.

„It's all working as planned“ the demon thought to himself while he let out a roar that ripped the ground apart. Once more this dark figure have managed to destroy a fully functional world.

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Meanwhile on Azeroth:

Rhonin jumped out of the bed while he felt the pain of millions of people dying at the same time.

„Argghhh!!!!..... damn fucking gay thing, why did i learn about this“ Rhonin cursed under his breath and raised himself up walking towards the door out as he heard a crash not so long ago.

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This was it Trilokvia thought, everything he had known and done was coming to an end... all that remained was his death, the Aldor soldiers had him surrounded closing in for the kill! „ Wait a minute... „ one soldier shouted looking over the Orc, „ What is that there in your pocket „ he shouted sturnly at the Orc pressing the tip of his spear into his chest. „ Uhhh... I dunno just some junk I got from killing spiders all night „ as he reached the item out for the guard to take. „ good lord! „ he gasped „ do you have 9 more of them? „ he asked. „ Why yeah I got a shitload you want them all? „ the Orc dumped the contents of his bag on the ground, the Guards sorted through his stuff, an assortment of Draenei & Tauren nudes magazines and a photo of Rhonin to Trilokvia with Love it said. „ AHA! Here it is the guard said you have collected enough <http://www.wowhead.com/?item=30809> that your rep with us has increased by 250, making you neutral again „ The guard remarked lending his hand to help the Orc up „ I've always thought he was cool „ another guard said to his buddy „ Yeah me too, nice guy nice guy „ Whew... Trilokvia thought.

As Thrall arrived the city was in utter chaos, a crashed ship in the middle where he could see Velen and some Goblin bickering back and forth, Aldor and Scryer enga-

# THE RHONIN DIARIES

## PART 2 : KNAACKAZULU'S REVENGE



RIKKRAD'A'KNAACKAZULU



## Part 2: Knaackazulu's Revenge

Jaina was still on board on the Skybreaker and did a little wink to a orc standing on the ground near Thrall. The orc ran over to Rhonin who cried out for help. Jaina quickly sucked the magic out of everyone else onboard silently so Varian wouldnt notice, as he was down there doing strange things with Garrosh.

„ha ha ha, weaklings all of these mortals are, dont they wonder of where Kael'thas got his little spell from?“ Jaina said to a little goblin who tried track down the group Rhonin was with. Jaina stood on the Skybreaker while she whispered to herself and the wind blew her long blonde hair over her face „Finally Rhonin is down and my masterplan can start“ She laughed even more to herself and burned the goblin for fun. „ No need for any Witnesses hmmm...“ Jaina equiped the tracker while mumbling some strange words. „gotcha.. he, he, he“ Jaina was now holding a green crystal and it started to glow with energy pure energy.

The orc on the ground held a knife and tried to drive it through Rhonins skull, but even with Rhonin old he managed to dodge it and use a weak spell on him so he got pushed away into some alliance soldiers.

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„We should probably get him to an infirmary or something,“ whispered TH. „Or a morgue,“ snickered Edis.

The old man, robbed of his powers and dashing good looks was weeping silently. He had had so much, the world was his molusc, and now this... He could see the females of different species looking at him with disgust now, offended that they had ever fallen for his charms. Then, strong arms lifted him and bore him away from the mocking, away from the pain. And he fell asleep, the calm rest of a broken man.

„There we go, all of them are safe now...“ said Trilokvia. „They said Garrosh and Varian are going to be the toughest ones, their faces have almost fused together,“ remarked the Draenei. TH had discovered that with Rhonin's loss of powers came his freedom of the curse, and spent the whole day drinking like there was no tomorrow. The Orc now found himself exalted with both the Aldor and Scryers, and 9001 Draenei priestesses were asking him to ,show them the Light'.

There was something wrong here.

He had been talking to Thrall. The warchief lost an arm and a leg during the confrontation with Knaackazulu, and was in great pain. Trilokvia would do anything to

ease his greatest hero's pain, so he listened to the warchief's wise words. And now he was preparing to share them with the gang.

„Apparently something strange happened after we wounded the monster.“ Neph laughed. „You're telling me! There's been a whole army of Blood Elves who wanted to ,repent their sins' to me.“ Edis spoke. „I had a similar experience. During the night, dark tentacles slithered from under my bed and caressed my...“ „Yes, yes, I see,“ interrupted the Orc. „The thing is, when we managed to defeat Rhonin's creator, we somehow inherited his powers.“ The others held their breath. Each dreamed their own little dreams... such power! „But... they came with a cost. The canon characters... are dying. Thrall is the most obvious one, but think of Garrosh and Varian. They cannot feed, they can barely breathe. Jaina has lost her mind.“ He took a deep breath. „And, Neph, this is going to come as a terrible shock to you, but... Velen's age is finally catching up to him.“ The shaman burst into tears. „Do not worry, for I know how we can undo what has been done.“ The group looked at him with hope.

„We must steal the parchment and pen of Knaackazulu.“

„Where is Knaackazulu“ questioned TH. no one even knew where to start looking for him. „Hey, i could go ask my Clan if they know.“ „Your in a clan? Does it involve undead and dirt?“ chimed Neph, obviously intrigued. „No, i dont even think there are any undead in the group, il show you when we get there!“

They left the Scryer rise after a long explanation of why Garrian couldnt come along. „BUT IF I USE MY MOUSE TO TURN, THEN I CANT REND!“ cried the Garrosh half „No you crazy orc, you turn with your mouse then---wait what the hell is a mouse?“

The trek to Edis' hideout was a long one without Rhonins portals, but was still outweighed by the attention they suddenly got from the females in the group (side note(no pun intended), i dont know how many females are in the group). They had taken the portal to Stormwind, where Trilokvia had been brutally beaten once again untill we could clear up why he was there, on to the boat to Northrend. At Valiance Keep, he obtained one more beating before he was allowed to use a griffon(sp) to get to the Storm peaks.

They flew up to some giant magnificent gates, i giant green portal swirling inside. The group was hesitant at first, but Edis assured then nothing would happen.

On the inside they walked up to a small ring on the ground, which when activated, teleported them to a dark hollow room. „This is your clans hideout?“ asked Trilokvia „Yep, we have our worship meeting in this room.“ Worship? thought TH „what kinda clan is this anyway“ he said „well its more a cult, we praise these super cool all knowing beings and they give us alot of power in return, the best part is they cant even die, they are gods if you will“ replied Edis. Everyone thinking this

to be very common, continued through the ancient corridor on to a room with greenish blue liquid on the ground. „Great and powerful god, we beseech you and ask this single question; Where can we find a good hamburger!“ The ground shook and suddenly spit out several toy blocks, on them said „In the Mountains..... of Mulgore“ „Thank you great one“. Everyone looked around puzzled, then the Elf remembered „Oh and where is Knaackazulu?“ again some toy blocks were spit out, this time saying „In the Mountains....of the Emerald Dream“ „Very well good sire“ astonished by the not-quite-as-great-as-rhoinin power they just witnessed, had left with shock....and awe .

The companions were quiet as they left Ulduar, still impressed and humbled by the immense power they had witnessed. Neph was particularly awed... and subsequently shocked by Edis's informality with such a being. Surely she has underestimated his potential. At that moment Edis glanced at the draenei, and she blushed a Rhoinin-red (as Rhoinin found Crimson and beat the shit out of it, replacing the color in the spectrum of light, in addition to renaming any crayon, marker, paint, or colored pencil bearing the abomination of a name ‚Crimson‘. Garrosh was coloring on himself at the time, and the sudden power released in the change from Crimson to Rhoinin incinerated the poor orc. The scar is still visible on his face to this very day..), but thankfully the rogue didn't notice - or at least didn't seem to notice.

Back in Dalaran, the band of heroes had to set their path. „We for Feralas.“ stated Edis rather bluntly.

„Why wouldn't we just head to the Emerald Shrine in the Dragonblight?“ contested TH. Be a lil' easier on the ol' feet, lad.“

„Nonsense, we have no guarantee that the keepers there would even create an entrance, and the whole trip would be wasted,“ explained Edis. „Besides, if we take the portal to Thunder Bluff we can pick up some tasty hamburgers on the way.“

As the party all jumped through the portal to Thunder Bluff, Trilokvia tossed the toy blocks he saved from Edis' „god“ through to Shattrath. The orc knew Garrion would find them soon enough.

However, no one noticed the shadowy mist trickling in / out of the portal..

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In the shadows of the Lower City, a dark figure was brooding. He was contemplating what had happened, and how he got his awesome new powers.

He used to be a simple Knight of the Ebon Blade, one of thousands making their

way through Outland before pushing on to Northrend. He had seen the defeat of Knaakazulu. In fact, he got hit by some of the monster's blood...

He wouldn't be ashamed of what he'd become. He crawled into the sunlight, threw off his dark cloak and roared. He flexed his huge muscly arms, clawed and covered in dark silvery hair. „I rule.“ he murmured and turned into a huge bear with frost-blue, shining eyes.

Durgen the Worgen Death Druid followed the group of heroes through the portal to Thunder Bluff.

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The small green being pointed his device at a group of adventurers. They stood there snickering. He looked down at the device, and what he saw shocked him. „The tentacle-o-meter is off the charts!“ he shouted. People started staring at him. „What?! You never seen a goblin before?“ He shook his head and turned to see the adventurers leaving. „I better follow them“, he thought and mounted his rocket. „Now, let's get this show on the road!“ he said as he turned the ignition key. There was a loud bang and the rocket went spiraling into the air. It was out of control, the goblin tried smashing on the control buttons, but it was of no use. The rocket crashed into a hill.

„aaaaww, my head“, he said as he pulled himself out of the wreckage. Suddenly there was a flash of blue light. He pulled out his gun, and armed the bomb he had on his chest. „Who's there!?“ he shouted. He looked around and saw a small figure standing in the shadows. „It's me“, a familiar voice replied. „Well, yeah? Me who?“ „Me.... YOU!“ and with that the figure stepped out of the shadows and reveiled himself to be none other than himself. „So I finally perfected that time machine, eh?“ he said while grinning at his future self. „Well.... duh..! Anyways, I've come back in time from a grim, tentacle filled future, to change the past! We must seek out the one they call Trilokvia“. „Won't that mess up the space-time continuum?“ the past goblin asked. „Well.... Reality would implode if we were to touch eachother“. „Let's fix that then!“ he said with an even bigger grin and shot his future self in the head. „That's one less to share the loot with“, he snickered to himself. The future goblin had dropped a picture on the ground, past G. picked it up. It was the picture of an orc, and a group of adventurers. Then he saw it, in the corner he bought a glimpse of the most incredible fiery red hear he had ever seen. „So this, Trilokvia, is travelling with Rhonin, eh? This might just get interesting“. He grinned, picked up some metal scraps from the wreckage and went on his way.

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Back in Shattrath...

„AAAAAAA!“ „Hold still, damn ya both!“ „BUT IT HUUUUUURTS!!!“

A sound of flesh being ripped apart was heard, and two voices screamed in unison. The old witch doctor stepped out of the operating room with a bloodied crowbar in his hand. He turned to Thrall and said: „Dey’ll live. Dey’ll just be a likkle worse for da wear. It shouldn’t even show that much on Garrosh, mon. Da Humon king on da otha hand...“ „What did you do?“ asked the warchief. „Well, dey were stuck togetha pretty bad, so I had ta... improvise.“ He indicated the crowbar. Thrall snickered. „So what’s going to happen to Varian now?“ „Well, he probably will be havin’ a scar across his face for da rest a’ his life, and a broken nose.“

„Well,“ said Thrall, „he can always say a Naga did it.“

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Deep down under the surface and water of Azeroth the great prison of the Old God’s stood. These beasts was so big that they reached out to the surface and therefore had their own prison on these places where they emerged out to the surface. Two of them was heavily wounded and one seemed dead.

„Is it time..... are the bindings....broken?“ a voice said.

„Not yet.....brother.....be patient“ another voice said with a calm voice.

„We have waited.....sooo..long for this prison to.....crumble..“ a third voice whispered.

„Damn that mage.....but now.....we know hissss....weaknesssss..“ the fourth voice hissed.

HA HA HA HA HA..... they all laughed with a dark voice. They sent their tentacles up to the surface to get the last thing they needed to break free. An ancient thing that helped the titans to imprison them.

Azjol-Nerub started to shake as the armies of the faceless ones marched through it and awaited backup from Anh’kahet. they where ready for their masters command.

„rgisssssghlllll rassssssighh lilghrrrrgh“ the commander of the faceless ones roared.

The other faceless ones looked at each other and one of them asked „WTF have you smoked captain?“ The leader fell on the ground showing he had eaten some bad spider. „crap he had to try to eat those dead spiders“ the faceless warrior said while he facepalmed.

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Edis was arguing with the wind rider master of Thunder Bluff. „What do you mean I don't know any flight-paths adjacent to this one?“ he screamed at the stoic Tauren. „No can do, guv'nah,“ said the bull-man placidly.

„What's the trouble?“ asked TH. „This... thing wouldn't let me ride the wyverns!“ replied Edis, frustrated. „I think we'll have to persuade him to do so...“ whispered Neph and stepped forward. „Why hello there, big boy, me and my friends here were just wondering if you could lend us one of your big, strong, furry beasts.“ she attempted to tickle the Tauren, but he grabbed her hand roughly and pushed her away. „No can do, m'lady,“ he said serenely.

Trilokvia grunted. „Let me try.“ He stepped forward. „Strength and Honor, friend. We really need a transport, it's for the... ammm... good of the Earthmother!“ The Tauren looked at him, thought about it a bit and said: „No can do, guv'nah.“

„Let me give it a try,“ volunteered TH. „Hey, cow, wanna get a drink?“ „No can do, guv'nah, can't drink during working hours.“

Suddenly, someone hugged the Tauren and held him tight. „You're my bestest friend now. See, this is my king,“ tittered Onuma, showing the Tauren a picture of Kael'thas. The bull-man looked down slowly. „Hey, Oi've seen that bugger before. E's that traitor of the Blood Elves or something.“ Onuma looked at the Tauren with a puzzled expression. „No, you're wrong. Kael's a splendid man, a great leader.“ „Well, e might be a smashing bloke, but Oi've heard ,e was a tosser.“ Onuma looked at the Tauren again. „Oh, you're no fun anymore.“

The blast took off almost half of the flight tower.

„Now what? You've turned our only possible transport into dust!“ yelled Trilokvia. „But he was saying bad things about my king,“ retorted the mage. The Orc was not amused. „Great. Just great. Where the fel are we gonna get a transport now?“ Edis shook some of the soot off. He had an idea he wanted to share with the group. „Hey, I know where we can get a transport. You remember the fiery red carpet Rhonin made?“ The Dwarf made a face. „Yuck, I'm not ,donating' anything for that...“

„Well, everyone knows all Elves are as smooth as Kael’s chin,“ said Onuma. He and Edis exchanged brofists. Now the group was looking at Neph. „Well... ammm... we don’t know if it works with a female... specimen,“ she stammered.

The group looked at the two Orcs now. Grímlóck shook his head. „Nah, fel energy and all that...“

„No. No. No no no no no! No way in the Nether, guys!“ protested Trilokvia. He pulled out his axe and switched to Defensive Stance. Then he noticed something was wrong. Edis was not in the group advancing towards him...

There was a tap on his shoulder. „What the...“ he managed to mutter before the assassin’s blackjack hit him over the head.

The adventurers were observing the unconscious Orc. After a long silence, TH asked: „Soooooo, who’s going to ,gather‘ the ,reagents‘?“

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The faceless ones marched through the narrow road in Azjol-nerub and no one opposed them, not even those nerubians. Rhonin had been down there some weeks ago and wiped out most of them, but still it should be some down there.

„Why did that retard become leader of this force?“ One of the faceless warrior asked another.

„Because he is the only one who can handle the intense mind talk the old gods does“ the warrior replied while they marched forward to glory.

Inside the chamber in the hearth of Azjol-Nerub Anub’arak was sleeping. He had been reanimated by Arthas before he deleted his character. Anub’arak was grateful for that, but he missed his old friend. Kel’tuzad had not answered his messages the last couple of days and Anub’arak feared the worst.

„Nooooo...Arthas dont leave me behind... ARTHASSSSS!!!“ Anub’arak screamed before he jumped into the air and fell on his back. „Damn i hate thiss“. Anub’arak did a barrel roll to the side. „Hah my might cannot be matched“ Anub’arak said with a smile.

„My lord, my lord the faceless ones are attacking the lower parts of the kingdom“ The messenger that had stormed in said with a sad look on the face.

„Well why have no one bothered to awaken me before now?“ Anub‘arak said while he tried to pick up some food, but failed.

„We thought you needed some sleep, after all you have been through“ the messenger replied to the spider king.

„Very well then, show me these abominations that dare enter OURE kingdom“ Anub‘arak said with a grin.

The messenger followed Anub‘arak to the exit where he could see the massive army of tentacles and faceless ones burning their way to them. Anub‘arak looked with fear in his eyes, but he managed shout to the military leader of the nerubians force’s.

„General assemble oure forces, today is not the day we will lose oure great kingdom, NOW GOO!!“ Anub‘arak screamed to the general who was nearly deaf. The general walked out the door calling on the captains and soldiers of the nerubian empire.

„Arthass... i will kill these monsters in youre honor“ Anub‘arak whispered to himself while some tears fell on a picture of him and Arthas in the mountains. Anub‘arak tried to pick the picture up, but he had no hands and it was impossible for him to do it. „Whyyy...why didnt i get hands as so many other nerubians have“. Anub‘arak cried a little to himself and managed to destroy the picture with his clumsy claws.

„Gesssssssssggh rigrarrargl ragll fisgh reglhilofssss“ The commander of the faceless ones still drugged on bad spider meat tried to lead his forces, but without any succes as no one understood him.

„We are losing on this side if we not get any better leader soon, this one is totally useless“ The faceless warrior whispered his comrade on the side.

„I know, but we have to deal with it“ The other replied and charged forward against the newly arrived nerubian army.

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Trilokvia woke with a terrible headache. At first he couldn’t remember where he was, but then it hit him. The damn assassin had knocked him out cold! Then he realised he was only wearing a loincloth...

He jumped to his feet. „You bastards!“ he screamed at his companions. „Can I at least know who had the nerve to ‚harvest‘ me?“ The others were all looking embarrassed. „Ehhh, forget it. Just get the damn warlock and mage to transform them.“ The Orc and Blood Elf began chanting and a soft glow suffused the black hairs. They were expanding now, their shape changing...

„We really really shouldn't have used an Orc,“ mused Neph as she observed the six slaving pitch black wolves. „How are wolves going to help us? We need to fly!“

„Well, at least we won't have to walk. Still... it is rather nasty,“ shuddered Grim-lóck. The group started packing, and Trilokvia put his armor back on. Onuma was standing next to him now, and was tapping him on the shoulder. The Orc turned, but the Elf wouldn't stop. „What do you want?“ asked the warrior. „Dunno,“ replied the mage, still tapping the Orc's shoulder. Trilokvia grabbed his hand and squeezed it hard. „Stop it! I have to ask you something.“ The Blood Elf looked at him questioningly. „Who took my hair?“ At first Onuma seemed not to understand the question, but then his face brightened. „Oh, we took turns, each took one.“ „But there are six wolves and only five of you. Who took two then?“ The mage shook his head. „Now that would be telling, wouldn't it?“

Then he suddenly seemed to remember why he had been tapping Trilokvia's shoulder. „Oh, I wonder why these beasts don't smell the same as the carpet did. Weren't there 9001 priestesses grinding their reputation with you?“ Trilokvia grinned. „Oh, that. Nah, I just sent them off. I don't believe in easy...“ With that he pulled out a large, magically reinforced sack. „No, there's no taking the easy path for us Orcs.“ They moved on from Thunder Bluff towards Feralas by going through The Barrens. When they had reached the border of Barrens and Thousand Needles, they had each learned a new Chuck Norris fact and found out that Outlands is a good place to level at 15, however none of them could understand what a „Level“ was. On the rich, craggy hills of 1k needles, they heard a loud booming voice. „The mountains of Ironforge were merely a setback!“ It was the dread pirate Robins himself, Mr. Smite! Only this wasn't just Mr. Smite, but the legions he commanded too! So everyone just as soon ignored him and his 3 rogue pirates and continued on to Feralas. Feralas was in as jungle a state as usual. A Vale screecher came up to them to tell them that the old gods were having tea time at 4:30 and they were welcome to join them, what with the Screecher being the distant cousin of the Old God Hakkar (i believe what i want >.<).

„We need to get into Dire Maul to reach the Emerald Dream, that was a Kaldori palace once and may hve some of its Essence left.“ claimed Edis „Does any of ye have a pony keg on ya? im dyin' o' thirst here!“ Whined TH. The group decided to stop for a break and have the lock summon some mana biscutts. „Im not a mage

i can only summon demons!“ declared Grimlóck „Go get Onuma to do it!“ „We cant hes over in the corner with his Kael statue, hes angry about that tauren calling him a bad leader, just summon a fel beast and we will eat that“ yelled Tilokvia. The warlock grunted and decided to just obey it. He opened a portal and instead of a fel beast, fel boars came walking out. The adventures knew they couldnt clear the fel taint without a Goblins cleansing knowhow.

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Battle raged down in Azjol-Nerub tentacles and faceless one’s charged wave after wave with soldiers. Nerubians still held the upper hand in the combat though, with the walls on their side.

„Bring me more warriors to the east side!“ The general of the nerubian army screamed to his captain.

„At once commander“ the captain replied.

„Power to the east side, need more power at the east side!“ the captain shouted out to the nerubian army that waited for them to break the gate.

The faceless one’s had still not reached the wall, but the first wave was not far from it now. The nerubian crypt fiends stood on the wall shooting them down as if they were flies.

BOOOMMM!!!! an explosion was unleashed on the eastern side of the wall. The faceless ones had reached it and they were on their way up on the wall.

„To arms my spider friends, FOR ANUB‘ARAK!!“ The general shouted with a very nervous voice.

The armies collapsed in each other on the wall and created a choke point where ten and ten fought. At the same time the gate exploded and all of the nerubian defense’s was nearly broken. The armies charged each other, the final battle of the nerubian empire. The battle was great and devastating with no super power leaders on neither of the factions side’s. The faceless one’s crushed the spiders in the wall. While the nerubians used magic to pierce through their thick skin. On the top of the citadel Anub‘arak watched the fight while he tried to cut off his claws.

„Damn claws, i hate them i hate them!“ Anub‘arak screamed to himself.

„HA HA HA HA HA HA!“ a loud dark laughter sounded through the whole under-



the conversation.

„And do ya have a picture of dese... tentacles?“ asked the stranger. Teatrically, Aragan pulled out a picture. „Here you go!“

Sar'jin took the picture from the tinker's hands. It was the same one that had gotten Edis in trouble, the one with Neph sleeping naked. „Oooh, dose be some nice... tentacles.“ murmured the Troll. He put a hand on Aragan's shoulder. „Come, let me buy ya a drink...“ „Well, that's awfully nice of you!“ grinned the Goblin. „Ye, ya go on mon, I got some... business to take care of.“

Aragan had almost reached the tavern when he remembered that the cloaked figure hadn't returned the picture. He quickly ran back to the shop, but all he found were shadows and mist...

„Fiddlesticks! I only had one copy of that picture“, Aragan stood looking at the spot where the stranger had been standing just a few minutes ago. Then it struck him, there had to be some kind of dark magic involved here. He scratched his head and looked around. Nobody had seemed to notice that the stranger had litterarly gone up in smoke.

I'll have to get to the bottom of this, he thought, but now he needed some rocket-fuel and he knew just where he would get it.

There was a tavern nearby, Argaran grinned, flashing rows upon rows of sharp teeth. He strutted into the tavern, trying to look cool. „Give me the strongest brew you've got!“, he said and winked at some ladies sitting nearby. They just rolled their eyes and turned away from him. „You think you can handle it, kid? This stuff is pretty strong“, the bartender replied. „Yes, yes, just give it to me allready!“, Aragan said eagerly. The bartender served him his drink, and Aragan immediatly started tinkering. He was making a rocket.

After an hour of tinkering there was a huge explosion in the tavern. People started screaming and running away. Then Aragan blasted out of the tavern with a rocket strapped to his back, yelling: „I LAUGH IN THE FACE OF DANGER! HA-HAHAHA!“, and laughing maniacly. He was on his way to Shattrath.

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It was a peacefull day in Shattrath. The sun was high in the sky, and the blood elves and draenei were sitting in a circle around A'daal, holding hands and singing songs about peace and love. All was perfect.

Then someone thought they heard a wierd noise, almost like a distant scream. It was coming closer. „Teeeeentaaacleees!!!!“.

Then something crashed into Shattrath, and a crowd gathered around the crash site.

„AAAAAAHHH! Keep away you evil fiends!“, shrieked Aragan and pointed his gun at the draeneis who were gathering around. The draeneis just stood there snickering and exchanging /brofists and chestbumps. Because this clearly was a very deranged goblin.

He pulled out his Dimensional Ripper and started pounding at it with his gun. „WORK! Damn you! WORK!“, little did he know that in his panic he had actually broken it. So instead of sending him back to Area 52, it sent him twirling trough the nether to a unknown destination.

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As a protector of Shattrah Khadgar had seen many things, however this one particular sight puzzled him beyond belief. He had just witnessed what looked like a elderly Human fellow hold up some sort of rag to a female nose, after she sniffed this rag she collapsed on the ground. The elderly fellow then took out a duffle bag and began to stuff the poor women inside.

“Excuse me sir“ he proclaimed “You can’t just be gassing our fine ladies and hauling them away for your pleasure“ he added. “I just need to get my fix... so much rejection lately“ the old man replied. “Good Lord!“ gasped Khadgar “Is that You Rhonin“ the he questioned. The aged man nodded “Don’t look at me like this I’m hideous!“ Rhonin cried out. “Where are your companions the ones who you came with?!“ Khadgar asked “The other mage Onuma told me that my gearscore was too low and removed me from the group, I tried to cast a spell on that prick but apparently I only know level 1 charge and rend“ Rhonin was clearly upset.

“Perhaps we can cleanse you of this curse, let us head to Dalaran and speak with the council there“ Khadgar said as he opened a portal to Dalaran. Once they had arrived it had appeared a lot of things had changed “Something is not right here“ sensed Khadgar peering around the city, he grabbed a young student by the color. “What has happened here this is not as I remember“ Rhonin asked him. “Silly old men let me go! Before I call the forth the ruler of Dalaran to have you imprisoned for harassment. Both old mages looked at each other “I am the ruler of this city“ Rhonin commanded using as stern of voice as he could muster.

“Not likely Warrior“ and robed elf came walking towards the group. “I am Rhonin

master mage and leader of the Kirin Tor! “ he once again growled. The elf looked over at Khadgar Why have you brought me this deranged warrior, he thinks he is ruler of this city “ he laughed and was joined by several students. The Night Elf took off his hood revealing his dark blue hair and amber colored eyes “ Do you wish to challenge me for title of ruler? “ he asked smirking at the aged warrior. Rhonin looked at this elf up and down he knew him and didn’t at the same time. “ Illidan..... “ A whisper left his lip.

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Meanwhile,

The group was hungry... the Fel Boar had proved an epic fail, the forests of Feralas were huge and towered over them blocking out the light, the group had to stay on their toes as wild Bears and wolves lurked all over. They could have provided food had Grimlock and Omuna not Pyro blasted and incinerated everything to dust. “ I hear something “ Trilokvia shouted “ Get behind cover! “ The group ducked into the woods trying their best to not stick out.

Two huge hulking figures walked down the path, they were Tauren wearing the banner of Camp Mojache “ I can’t wait to get back to camp Grimace “ one Tauren said to the other “ I’m going to break the bones on that puny little space goblin for interrupting the Hamburglers festivities “ they both /brofisted and moo-snickered. The group turned to Neph as she was shaking... “ Bbbb.bb.bbeeeef “ she stuttered, she wants some prime rib I’m so hungry “ “ Absolutely not! Tauren are allies to the Horde “ Trilokvia added flashing her a dirty look. “ Uhhh... it’s not a bad idea lad “ TH added “ “ I’ll kill them cleanly “ Edis chimed in licking his lips. Onuma spoke up “ I know just the trick! Kael’thas showed me! “ he began charging the fireball, “ that blasted fool with blow our cover “ TH said reaching into his pocket. “ Hey Onuma “ the elf turned “ Can ya tell me if this bloody rag smells like Chloriform? “ “ Well I’ve always been told I had excellent sense of smell “ he took a deep breath inhaling the fumes “ I remember when Kael “ \* THUMP \* the mage dropped. “ Nice work “ Edis grinned. “ Now where were we! Ahh... yes going to get us a quarter pounder with cheese meal “ the group snickered and prepared to attack.

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\*pant\* „That teleport was bumpier than usual...“, moaned Aragan. He looked around him and saw lots of tauren staring at him. „Waaait a minute.... This isn’t Area 52“.

Some of the tauren became enraged, and others started crying. „What? Did I just

„fart, or something?“ said Aragan, giving the tauren a puzzled look.

„RAWR! This little green rat has interrupted the Hamburglar festivities! He must die!“ yelled one of the bigger tauren, the others clearly agreeing with him.

They started charging towards Aragan. He ripped open his shirt and revealed the bomb he had strapped to his chest.

„Fellas‘, fellas‘.... Let’s not blow things out of proportions!“ he said with a big grin on his face. But before he was able to detonate it, the tauren knocked him out.

When he awoke he was tied to a totempole. The tauren was searching his backpack. One of them took out a small device and started shaking it. „I wouldn’t do that if I were you.....“, Aragan said.

The tauren ignored him and continued shaking the device until it blew up in his face. Aragan snickered and tried to /brofist himself, but was unable to do so. But if he had it would have caused him to implode, because everyone knows that it’s only Rhonin that has the power to /brofist himself.

„I need a plan to get out of here and find that Trilokvia dude....“, he thought. So he started planning a plan.

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Faceless one’s and nerubian warrior corpses were scattered around the field as if they were there to feed some kind of a giant dog. The war still being fought had moved on to the inner sanctum of the castle where the faceless and nerubians fought intense. The nerubians were losing people fast while the faceless one’s only got more and more reinforcements.

„Damn monsters, why can’t you leave us alone!!“ The general yelled to the faceless one’s commander.

„Erifgghh hereissss sasssigja reighllgrss!!“ The commander yelled back to the general.

\*The general stopped for a second and facepalmed\*

„WTF we lose to a drugged commander, bu...wa... FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!!“ The voice echoed through the whole castle.

The commander still drugged understood that the general had insulted him and

charged. The general was prepared for the charge and managed to lift the commander up in the air before he managed to touch him. The general lifted him with all his power and threw him into the picture of Anub'arak and Arthas doing a brofist.

„Hah... is that all you got commander?“ the general screamed to the now half-dead faceless commander.

The faceless commander fell down from the the picture that now was destroyed and hit the ground with a bang. The commander lay now completely still on the ground. Not a muscle moved from the big drugged body.

„Ha ha ha... now you have lost, without the commander you dont stand a chance!“ The general yelled to the remaining faceless soldiers.

While the general yelled the ground sounded as if it wanted to answer with starting to shake violently. The ground started to shake so violently that the whole castle started to rip it itself apart, but after a couple of this heavy shake's it stopped.

„What was that?“ the general asked the faceless one's that only stood and laughed.

„Youre death“ One of the faceless one's said with a dark tone in his voice.

Before the general could move from where he stood a tentacle exploded out of the ground stabbing the general through the hearth, followed by five other tentacles and nerubian warriors being stabbed in the hearth by them. When the other nerubians saw this terrible sight they fled deeper into the castle, to dodge these tentacles that now followed the nerubian warriors deep underground.

„Grrr.. why are these faceless one's so stubborn“ Anub'arak said silently to himself. His claws where nearly cut of by himself, so he had to seek medical help, but he was fine now and ready to enter the battle field and show his might.

„The mortalssss mussst pay for what they did to our brotherssss“, whispered a dark voice.

The faceless one knew that he had been appointed to the new commander, he was hearing the dark whispers of his master.

„Show the spiders no mercy!“ he yelled at his troop. „Finally, a commander that isn't high on spidervenom!“, said a faceless one to another. They snickered and shared some chestbumps and /brofists.

The army of the old gods marched on, meeting little resistance from the nerubians. Then suddenly Anub'arak arose from the ground yealling: „My might can not be

matched!“ He was hacking and slashing at the faceless ones and the tentacles.

„This is for you! ARTHASSSS!“ he yelled with a single tear running down his face. He stood there holding his ground, killing countless faceless ones, but they just kept coming.

„NOOBS! You are using hax!“ he shouted angrily. Anub‘arak let out a sigh. „I will be joining you soon, my king....“, he whispered to himself and rage quit the battle.

The faceless ones cheered. They had defeated the nerubians. „Now we march towards Dalaran!“ shouted the commander.

„yessssssss.....“, the dark voice whispered. „sssssoon we will have our revenge on the red haired mage....“

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„I wont let you!“ roared Trilokvia, but hunger had made the rest of his party semi-feral. The only good the orc warrior managed to do was to startle the nearby deer (which would have made a delightful meal for the whole group) and alert the tauren on the road.

„An ambush!“ Grimace shouted to his companion. „We are with you brother orc!“ added Gnarl, the other tauren, „you will not stand alone!“ They quickly brandished their weapons - a massive halberd for one, and what looked to be an entire tree trunk for the other.

Edis had already stealthed and [Shadowstep]ed behind Gnarl, to open with an [Ambush]. Grimace countered with a mighty [War Stomp] to stop the night elf in his tracks! The bleeding wound only increased Gnarl’s [Rage], allowing him to [Charge] the band of heroes and let loose a series of [Sweeping Strikes]! TH splashed a mug of ale in Gnarl’s face, creating a [Drunken Haze] and causing the mighty tauren to become erratic! Meanwhile Grimace shifted into a mighty bear to engage the rogue next to him! Trilokvia quickly tackled Neph, and the two rolled, body over body, down a slope, yelling and cursing as they went!

...Grimlock and Onuma were still distracted by incinerating little insects, and hadn’t noticed the commotion.

Suddenly an explosion in the distance stopped the skirmish! „Camp Mojache!“ Seeing the massive explosion, the group travelled further to investigate, leaving Onuma and Grimlock behind, since they were distracted by something else. As Onuma and Grimlock played with their little insects, Onuma had an idea, „How about, we try out some magic? I found a really cool spell in this book with this

red liquid all over it. It smells like the thing which is seeping from those two dead cows...“.

Snatching the bloody page from Onuma, Grimlock began to mutter a spell while facing the Tauren corpses, the words were completely unrecognisable. As tears came to Onuma's eyes, he shouted at Grimlock: „Snatching is mean! Give it back! Waaaaa!“, Onuma then dived into Grimlock's way. A massive red blast hit Onuma, and Grimlock flew against a nearby tree. Recovering from the knockback, Grimlock gazed upon the pile of cheeseburgers and began to drool. However, Onuma also lay beside them, slightly smouldering.

The mage suddenly sprang up, and spoke in a completely different voice. Grimlock couldn't believe his eyes, Onuma....was different...he was a female! A call sounded in the distance, the group members called to them. Grimlock and the new Onuma.... were on their way...and by the sounds of it, another explosion happened to the rest of their party.

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Trilokvia's head felt as though it might explode.

For a moment he couldn't remember what had happened. Something about Tauren and... steaks? He wasn't quite sure what it meant. He stumbled to a nearby spring and started drinking the clear water.

And then he saw Neph.

She lay there, unmoving. He crawled towards her clumsily. She was still breathing, but was obviously in a bad way. Blue blood was slowly trickling from the corner of her mouth. The Orc swore loudly. What had he done? Tears were flowing down his face, and he roared, the unbearably loud sound filled with sorrow and rage. He yelled at the trees, the wind, at the mountains.

His rage subsided now, leaving behind only grief. And in that grief... a glimpse of hope.

„Don't you die on me,“ he murmured softly. „Whatever you do, just don't leave me here alone.“ The Draenei hadn't moved, but he felt better anyway. He pulled out the magical sack and tucked her into it, leaving her face uncovered. It was enchanted to reduce the weight of the load, and it did so quite effectively. With a sigh he hauled her upon his broad shoulders and started walking.

Every step felt like swords were piercing his lungs, yet still he continued. The pain was excruciating, and he was almost certain he had broken some of his ribs.

And then he stopped. He thought he heard the sound of footsteps...

Slowly he turned around to face a loaded bow pointing directly at his head. For a moment he was confused, and it was enough for the Night Elf to plant her boot in his groin. He fell to his knees, gasping for air. Darkness was already encroaching on the edges of his vision. He shook his head to clear it, and noticed that there were several more Elves all poised to attack. „Just great,“ he growled. „Just my damn luck! I am not your enemy, damn you!“ He got a mouthful of gauntlet. Ah, so it's going to be like that? He knew the Elves wouldn't listen to anything he said. Especially not-

Oh damn... Neph! He spat out some blood and yelled: „Help me! You have to get the Draenei to a healer, quick!“ The leader of the archers laughed. „You think we're going to believe that story? You were probably just going to roast and eat her. We know your kind, moster.“ Trilokvia looked into her eyes, and saw only hatred. No words could ever change his adversary's view.

„So, it comes to this,“ he whispered. With a roar he threw off the knapsack together with Neph and unsheathed his greataxe. As he charged the leader, he felt the first arrow pierce his back. He wouldn't stop however. The Elf dodged his initial attack and tried to parry his frenzied blow, but the blade of her sword couldn't stand in the way of such a colossal axe empowered with the rage of an Orc.

Trilokvia cut the leader almost in half. He turned and roared at the archers, and was greeted by several arrows piercing his breastplate. As he fell to his knees, he muttered: „My life for yours, Draenei.“

The darkness enveloping him was soothing and silent. He could spend an eternity there, and it felt as though he did.

Then, pain as he had never known before struck him. He opened his right eye. The left eye-lid was too swollen to move. Before him stood a Night Elven female, contempt clearly evident in her fair features. „Oh, you're awake you brute,“ she said conversationally. He merely grunted. „Your plan has failed. You may have taken down one of us, but the Draenei still lives.“ He hid his happiness. „I don't know what you did to her, but she swears you are not her enemy. As if!“ „What is going to happen to me?“ asked Trilokvia, his voice weak and gruff. The Elf laughed, the sound devoid of myrth. „At nightfall you are to be beheaded using your own weapon, the one that killed my sister.“

Damn, damn, damn! He looked the Elf into the eyes. „My task is done,“ he grunted. Something hit him across the face, and again, and again. „I will wield the axe myself, monster,“ whispered the Night Elf after she put the lash away. Then she left the bleeding Orc alone in the cells.

She returned after some time. It may have been mere minutes or hours, Trilokvia didn't care anymore. „You have a visitor,“ spat the Elf. The Orc looked up, and beheld Neph.

She had been healed and taken care of. He stood up and lumbered towards the bars. They observed each other for a moment. Then the Orc grabbed her by the shoulder and pulled her close to the bars. The Elf was already there, hitting his forearm with a club. He ignored the pain and whispered in Orcish: „Save me.“

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TH and Edis, were laying prone next to a massive tree. Below them, they could see everything in Camp Mojache on fire. One building was completely leveled, with splinters of wood scattered everywhere. Tauren were running to and fro trying to put out the flames by hand while a couple of shaman were channeling the elements of wind and water to combat the larger infernos. At least a dozen cow-beast-men lay charred and dead, and a handful more were trying desperately to extinguish their manes.

Grimlock and some ridiculously hot chick came clamoring up behind the dwarf and night elf. „Oh snap! Those noobs totally got PWND!“ blurted Grimlock. Onuma responded with a /brofist, then added „you guise want some noms?“ stuffing her face with a cheeseburger from each hand. „Fey're RRLY gud!“ The words were barely understandable between massive lip smacking.

„Hand me a dozen!“ exclaimed TH, thrusting his hand behind him without turning.

„Same here! added Edis, „nothing like dinner and a show..“ the rogue stopped short as he turned around to see the new comer. „Daaaaamn girl - yous one fly bitch!“

„Eh?“ TH had turned around at this point.

„Me?“ the mage looked confused (as always) „I'm Onuma...“

Both the dwarf and night elf threw up a little in their mouth. „Never mind, just give me those burgers... I need to get rid of this taste.“ said Edis, sticking out his tongue.

„BURGERS?!“ exclaimed a shrill voice above them, „I’d LOVE some!“ Apparently there was someone in the tree above...

„Woah! A talking tree!“, said Onuma gaping in surprise. Bits of unchewed cheeseburger falling out of her mouth. „I’m up here you idiot!“, the voice replied.

The group looked up, and waaaay up in the tree there sat a goblin. „ooo, that’s one small orc“, said Onuma while gobbling on some more cheeseburgers. TH, Edis and Grimlock /facepalmed.

„What are you doing up in that tree, goblin?“, asked Edis. „uhm....“, the goblin hesitated. „.....birdwatching? yeah... birdwatching!“, he finally said.

„oh, oh! I love birds!“, exclaimed Onuma who had now been distracted by some bugs. „Riiiiiiiiight..... Well anyways, you couldn’t help me down from this tree, could you?“

„Bah! That’s easy!“, said Grimlock and started charging his soulfire. „I wanna help too!“, Onuma added and began casting pyroblast. „Wait, there has to be....“, TH began, but before he could finish the duo had already cast their spells.

The soulfire and pyroblast mix cut clean through the tree and hit the now extinguished Camp Mojache. A loud „FUUUUUUUUUUUUUU---“, echoed through the forests. „HAHA! pwnd!“, snickered Grimlock and /brofisted Onuma.

The tree came tumbling down towards the group. This surely would have been their death had it not been for Edis. He shadowstepped the tree and cut it up into little pieces.

The goblin hit the ground with a loud thud. He pulled himself off the ground and dusted himself off. „Thanks for the help“, he said in an overly sarcastic tone. „You’re welcome, little orc“, said Onuma and tried to hug him, but the goblin just gave her an angry look. „You’re mean!“, Onuma frowned.

The goblin cleared his throat. „Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Aragan Blitzkrank, master tinkerer“, he said while eyeing the group. „Waaait a minute!“, he pulled out the picture of Trilokvia and his gang and measured it up to the group.

„AHA! I’ve found you!“. He looked over the group again. „But where is the orc?“. „Well... I’m right here, am I not?“, said Grimlock.

„Not you.... HIM!“, said Aragan and showed them the picture. The group gasped. „We don’t know....“, said TH.

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„Ooh Dan why did i send you away.“ A young gnome said to himself near the cold entrance of Azjol-Nerub.

„I..I should never have done it, i can see that now“ The sad gnome said with a tear in his eye and a trembling voice.

„MYYYY MIGHT CANNOT BE MATCHED!!!“ Anub‘arak logged in again after his little dc‘e, but his claw got stuck inside the young gnomes head.

„Ahh crap...“ Anub‘arak tried to drag of the gnome body from his claw, but he didnt get any grip around this slimy body. After a few tries he gave up and ate the gnome instead. Anub‘arak had managed to survive with instant disconnect instead of being ripped apart of a hundred faceless soldiers. Anub‘arak tried to conntact Kel‘thuzad once more to see if he could get any reinforcement from him as the nerubians where down to under a hundred again. „Damn lich never takes the communication orb i gave him last Christmas“ Anub‘arak gasped a little for air as he would not start crying again. At the same time a little down in the beginning of the entrance to Azjol-Nerub you could hear drums and footsteps alot of footsteps coming. Anub‘arak felt his blood freeze as the army approached. He had never thought that his end would be some kind of squid men that stabbed tentacles through him.

„Well, well, well.. is it not the mighty spider king“ A soft voice sounded out in the dark cave. The person approached carefully and pridefull, it nearly seemed as if this person knew every little dark secret on this planet.

„Who are you....Witch!“ Anub‘arak said with a commanding voice. The strange person took a look at her own hair while mumbling some dark words.

„What are you doing.. why should i not crush you right here and now?!“ Anub‘arak got impatient and raised his voice.

„I think you have ruled long enough Anub‘arak... youre people need something fresh and new“ The person talked so slowly that she seemd to enjoy this.

„Who the hell are you to ask me to retire!“ Anub‘arak could barley hold himself calm now.

„Oooh i dont ask you to retire...“ the person said and you could almost see a little

grin in the dark as if this amused her. The person closed her eyes for a little while her hair started to glow a soft light colour. When she opened them again Anub'arak was only a pile of frog legs. „How fitting....“ the person said while she started to giggle.

„Have you..... eliminated the sssspider king..... sso we can continue to the next.....part...“ A Dark voice said inside the head of the strange person.

„yes it is done“ The person said with a calm and confident voice.

behind the person the army of faceless one's finally arrived and she took of her hood and giggled on the thoughts of what they would say when they saw her sending the army to their goal.

„Before i send them though, i got one last thing to get rid of“ She said with a greedy look. „A once faithfull servant to give peace...“

The sorceress created a portal in the middle of the entrance and walked through it while laughing for herself.

Mohahaha!

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The Sorceress had teleported to Feralas, not far away from Camp Mojache. Near there she would find who she was looking for, a elf who disobeyed their dark master. She had been given the order to take out this traitor who had been going round with a crowd who will eventually destroy her master, despite the cost.

„They should be around here somewhere“ She said quietly to herself „The entrance to the Dream isnt too far away.“

As she wandered down the beaten path, she heard a small bang in the trees. This was the sound when goblin engineering fails, she decided that would be the best place to start looking. Closer to the area she could make out five people standing around, she sneaked around a tree and listened into what they were saying.

„AHA! I've found you!“ „But where is the orc?“ „Well... I'm right here, am I not?“

„Not you.... HIM!“ „We don't know...“

At that moment she leap out from behind and cast a fire spell. Edis saw this and leapt in front of it whiel under Cloak of Shadows, so he absorbed it.

„You have lost your rank amongst the Twillight Hammer, Edis! Im here to dispatch you“ She yelled dramamtically.

„Twillights Hammer? The organization o' the Ole Gods? Your part o' them!?“

Questioned TH

„Apparently not for long“ replied Edis „Lets make this a honorable fight, one on one.“ back at the sorceress.

„Fine, you'll be easy prey anyway“ winked the Sorceress.  
Aragan placed a flag on the ground to start the duel, he is a goblin after all

Edis went into stealth and wandered around to behind her, but her acute reflexes caught him mid attack and knocked him away with her staff. The two of them went back and forth with attacks till finally, her frostblot hit him and froze him in place long enough for her to cast Deep Freeze. Edis was frozen in place for 6 seconds, long enough for her to cast her most powerful attack, a Pyrobomb. The instant this was cast, he managed to break away with a small token that got rid of the ice, with 1 second of the cast left, he shadowstepped behind her and crossed his Chromatically Tempered Blades across her neck. She stopped her cast in fear of losing her head „You win...they did not pick the right one for the job here, go and finish me“

He thought about it, but slowly lowered his weapons, not wanting to lose such a worthy adversary. He had won the duel.

„You have a lot to learn before you can beat me Mexera. If the old gods want me dead, then they can find me themselves.“

„This is the easiest way! if I kill you quickly then they won't keep looking for you.“

„I was just able to beat a General of the old gods, I'm sure your minions will be no problem.“

Everyone else was completely oblivious as to what just happened. This is the first they all realized Edis was a General of a chaotic organization that wished Azeroth destroyed.

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Trilokvia peered through the bars to see the night elf furiously arguing with the weaponmaster because he wouldn't allow her to wield two-handed axes. Eventually the Night Elf lost her patience and bitch-slapped the trainer unconscious. Welding the axe upside-down, she began polishing the handle of the axe.

Trilokvia was furious and his painful memories rushed through his head. „Damn you Rhonin, this is all your fault!“ he shouted.

The Night Elf suddenly stopped polishing the axe. „Rhonin?“ she asked. She remembers that day Rhonin /chestbumped so hard she flew to the Icecrown Citadel and got so smashed she filmed <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GgkAIAK9yzs>. Only recently has she confronted Rhonin again through his dreams, only because her Ysera commanded her to.

Cautiously she approached the orc and studied him carefully. „Did Rhonin /brofist you?“

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„AHHH! YOU'VE BEEN TAINTED BY THE TENTACLE!“ , Aragan shrieked at Edis. He reached for his gun, wich he just couldn't find. „Argh, fiddlesticks! Where's my gun!?“ , the goblin cursed.

„Is that it?“ , asked TH and pointed at something shiny in Camp Mojache. All the tauren had fled and there was only ash left of the camp. „Ahh! My beloved firearm, I'm coming for you!“ , Aragan yelled and started running towards the camp.

As he ran into the camp, he didn't notice the mysterious dark mist that lay around it. „Now... where was it that dwarf said he saw it?“ , he thought aloud.

„Here ya go, mon“ , a voice said behind him. Aragan looked behind him and saw a troll standing in the mist. He had a hood on, but you could clearly see that it was a troll.

„Oh, thanks!“ , grinned Aragan and took the gun out of the troll's hands. He looked at his beloved gun and started stroking it. „Never leave me again, ok?... Waaaaait a minute!“ . He looked up at the troll again, but he had dissapeared and there was only a dark mist left.

Aragan could have sworn that this was the same mist he had seen in Area 52. „That's odd...“ , he thought, but before he could come to any conclusions he was interrupted by the group shouting.

„You found it yet?“ , shouted TH. „Yeah!“ , replied Aragan and started running towards them.

„Soooo... How did you get up in that tree? It was pretty big“ , asked Edis. Aragan grinned, he had forgotten that he was supposed to be afraid of Edis.

„Why don't I tell you while we try to find you're friend, eh?“

So the group went to find their two lost companions...

As the group travelled through the wilds of Feralas, a dark mist seemed to follow them. Aragan used his Tentacle-o-meter to find the missing two, since there was part of the old god's essence still on them. Well, it had to be them. As they traveled through this untamed land, the Twilight's Hammer clan pursued them too. Edis attempted to explain his past to his fellows, his involvement in the clan, but they were more interested in finding the Draenei and Orc.

Aragan's readings went sky high, and as they reached the High Wilderness, they spotted the abandoned Temple of the Moon. However, its usual residents, the ogres, were gone. Instead, massive Darnassian fortifications had been set up, it seems the Sentinels had retaken it. As they approached it, hidden guards jumped out, and their leader said „You shall not pass, this is Alliance and Night Elven grounds. You have members of the Horde accompanying you, being the Blood Elf, Orc and Goblin. Enemies of the Night Elves shall be terminated.“ With that said, the guard drew her bow and arrow, but unusually stopped. Suddenly, she grabbed her neck, a black mist had surrounded her. She was slowly raised into the air, and began to choke. Moments later, her dead corpse fell to the ground.

„No one gonna be mean to Sar'jin's friends...“ A whisper emanated from the mist, as it began to disappear once again. Once the other guards saw the massive army following them, that bearing the mark of the Twilight's Hammer, another yelled „Prepare yourselves sisters! We are under attack!“ The Sentinels then charged into battle, and this was the diversion that the adventurer's needed. Slipping past the battle between the Sentinels and the Twilight's Hammer, they entered the Temple of the Moon. As they entered, they saw a female Night Elf. She was wielding Trilokvia's axe, and it was dripping in black blood...

„Guards, see to this interruption!“ yelled the Elven commander. She kicked away the head of the Ogre she had just decapitated. „Screw you, weapon master. I can learn on my own,“ she snickered.

Edis was jumping from shadow to shadow, killing the guards. The Goblin had found some explosives and was throwing them around. Onuma blasted them with fire just when they struck their target, causing immense damage. Grimlóck had summoned a succubus that was lashing at the luckless Night Elves. TH's hammer was moving in a blur.

They managed to kill off all the soldiers now. They were advancing towards their enemy. She smiled and lifted her arm, the hand emitting a greenish glow. Roots sprang up from the cracks in the stones and bound the party. „Do not struggle. If you're nice and stay put, your deaths will be swift. Bring out the prisoner!“

Trilokvia was hauled into the room. He could barely stand on his own. Nonetheless he defiantly roared at the Night Elf. The two guards pushed him into a crouching position, baring his neck. The commander was preparing to swing...

When a bolt of lightning hit the axe, shocking her. She let the weapon slip from between her fingers, and a ghostly wolf grabbed it with its teeth. It ran into the corner of the room and transformed into Neph. The Draenei laughed and said: „I

wonder if two-hander shaman are a viable choice...”

Trilokvia laughed and grabbed the shocked guards on either side of him. He struck their heads together so hard that they fell to the floor immediately, lifeless. „You should have listened, Elf,” he snickered, opening the eye that should be swollen. „The shaman has healed my wounds. The blood you see isn’t quite as fresh as you’d like it to be.” The commander snarled at him. He laughed. „Come then, if you dare!”

The Night Elf lunged towards him, but he dodged her attack and ran towards Neph. She threw the axe towards him and asked the Spirit of Air to hold it in place. Trilokvia caught it in a sweeping motion, and turned to face his adversary who was now blocking the doorway. „Step aside, Elf. I will not hurt you if you let us pass.” The commander shook her head, hatred evident in her eyes. „You want me to believe that?”

The Orc sighed. „Then I suppose you also won’t believe me if I tell you there’s something behind you.” The Night Elf turned. „Ello mon,” chuckled Sar’jin. He touched the Elf’s brow lightly and she fell into a coma.

Trilokvia and Phen were hacking and burning the roots now. „Good to see you safe and sound, and I see you brought some reinforcements,” said the Orc. „But where’s Onuma?” The Blood Elf spoke: „Here I am you blind bufoon.” Trilokvia looked at her again. „Damn mages...” he muttered.

Once they all were free, the Orc turned to the Night Elf. Sar’jin had bound her in some sort of wraps, making her look like a mummy. Trilokvia lifted her into the air and slapped her hard. The Night Elf awoke and spat in his face. He wiped the spit away. „Charming...” „Damn you, monster and damn your allies!” screamed the Elf. „Whoa whoa, cut the psychotic crap. You’re going to end up like Maiev. I just woke you up to tell you we’re leaving.” „Finish me then greenskin!” Trilokvia grinned. „Just because you would have killed me doesn’t mean I’m going to kill you. No, I think it better to leave you alone. I don’t think I need another member of your family wanting to kill me.” The commander was raging now, screaming insults in all the languages she knew.

Trilokvia shook his head. „Now is that really how a lady should behave?” With that he placed her on the ground again and walked away. „Goodbye and may we never see each other again,” he said over his shoulder as he stepped into the sunlight again.

A shredding sound came from behind, as our team was leaving the temple. As the group turned around, one of the most hideous creatures ever to have set foot on this

planet was to be seen. Not Trilokvia, but beside the cursing Night Elf, some sort of Worgen-Cat-Dead abomination creature. The Night Elf broke free of her binds and hid behind one of the engraved marble walls, with her companion. „Drugen was a very good pet to track to down, and to free me. You shall not leave this place alive greenskin. You killed my sister, and your race deforested our beautiful woods. Now I want one thing...revenge.“

Taking cover from the incoming flurry of arrows, Onuma and Grimlock began casting in unison, what they called ‚Shadowflame‘ magics. They let loose massive balls of destructive energy, one managing to hit the Worgen abomination, burning the thing to a crisp. The Night Elf called to her allies, but none responded, since they were busy with the Twilight’s Hammer. Getting awfully frustrated with the turn of events, Trilokvia grabbed his axe and charged at the Night Elf. The Elf disengaged, and cast Concussive shot. Then using rapid fire, she send a wave of arrows at Trilokvia, but something had jumped in their path. The arrows hit the mist, and a dark-skinned troll fell to the floor. Seeing a tear roll down Trilokvia’s cheek, he used shattering throw, breaking the Night Elf’s shooting arm. „Finish it, I will not be the loser in this!“ Yelled the Elf in pain.

Trilokvia, in anger approached the Elf, held the axe above his head and swung it down. He stopped a second before it hit her, and replied, „I will not fall to your level, I shall leave you here. Farewell, and may we NEVER meet again.“ With that said, Trilokvia signaled to his group, and they left to see the battle transpiring outside, carrying the injured Troll on his back. „We treat this Troll outside, he looks badly hurt.“ Trilokvia said to them as they left. Loud sobbing was all that could be heard inside the Temple. That, and silence.

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„Ayyy ayyy, sooo they still havent managed to get rid of these pathetic mortals?“ Jaina said with a quiet calm voice. She was sitting on her chair with the communication orb on and talked to another girl with a screeching voice. „Well then it wont be long until they will conntact me...“ Jaina said with a hopeless look on her face. „Well thank you anyway for informing me about the situation Sylvannas“ Jaina turned off the communication orb and sat down on her chair while she held a long green crystal. „No wonder this crystal wont listen to me.... with that stupid elf alive“ Jaina said with a little angry tone in her voice. Jaina watched her communication orb for a little before she threw it in anger over to the other side of the room. With a crash the orb was no more, it was only blue crystal dust that was lying on the floor. „ Damn them all, fuck this #“%&!!!@%£.....“ Everyone below heard it and was shocked to hear it from Jaina. „Emmmmh got to little sleep last night.....“ The others shook their heads while mumbling and continued their work inside the

mage tower.

Later that night Jaina was sitting on a trade boat that had not been in use since the third war with her favorite cuddle panda. Jaina had often thought of getting a real panda, but her servants told her that she wouldn't be responsible enough to keep the panda healthy. Jaina sat and watched the stars as she groaned. How could she have agreed to work for the old god's, well she had planned to take over Azeroth since forever, but to work with someone that wanted it in ruins. Jaina sat there alone in the silent night while the moon shone down into the water. „Now without that wretched apprentice of mine, they need me to summon their army into Dalaran“ Jaina said with a little tear in her eye. Jaina had given alot of support to the rebuilding of Dalaran, even though she never visited it personally she had good conntact with the leading archmage there maybe to good contact from time to time. „Damn i should have taken more servants into this and not just three“ Jaina said while she thought of Griml6ck that now was one of those in the group that could end the terror of the old god's. Fortunately Jaina had used her gnome gadget mindcontrol remover. it removed every memory of who they had worked for and what they had done under the mindcontrol. So Griml6ck would never know that it was her that controled him „ Well atleast i got you Pandare“ Jaina said while she squeezed her cuddle panda bear. Two guards walked past Jaina without noticing her while she squeezed the cuddle panda bear. Jaina had been sitting here every night the past three months, so the guards didnt bother check who it was anymore so it was no need for a disguise spell any longer. „I better find out tomorrow where these adventures are“ Jaina said while she once more got hypnotized by the glow of the moon.

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Meanwhile in Dalaran Illidan walked back and forth inside the Violet Citadel while he amused himself over Rhonin's appearance. „I can't believe that this old ugly weak man is the great Rhonin ha, ha, ha you where not prepared!“ Illidan laughed while he held a nearly empty bottle in his right hand. „That was never funny Illidan“ Rhonin said with his weak old voice. Rhonin suddenly then noticed the bottle Illidan had in his hand and nearly fainted. As Rhonin knew what it was and how Illidan could have survived the battle they had at the Black Tempel. Khadgar on the other hand didnt know what it was, he just stood on the side and nearly laughed, because how could a demon become leader of Dalaran while Rhonin only was gone for a couple of short week's. Rhonin was shocked to about how he could have done that and afraid of what Illidan might have done to Vereesa.

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„What do we do?“ stammered Neph, „he must have taken half a dozen arrows to the chest, and we're out of medical bandages!“

„Not to mention story tangents...“ mused Trilokvia.

„Don‘ be silly mon. Sar‘jin be wit ya, right as rain.“ said the troll as he stood up and stretched to his full height.

„But how...“

„You know very little of da voodoo friend. [Veil of Shadows] protected me from de assault, and no-ting like a little [Dark Mending] to patch a coupla holes!“ and the troll /brofisted Trilokvia. „ohhh eetthhhh, Sar‘jin better recover his strength before doin‘ dat.“ and he used a shadowy mist to drag one of the night elves from the fringe of the battle over to him. Casting [Voodoo Siphon] Sar‘jin drained all of the life essence from the elf, strengthening himself. He then diverted some of the energy to Trilokvia, bringing him back to full strethgth. „Edis, it be lookin‘ like you‘re friends be creating a bit of a diversion for us, mon. I suggest we be goin‘ now - der still be da guardians to contend with at da portal. Da green flight won‘t be lettin‘ just anyone into the Emerald Dream.“

„He‘ s right.“ added Trilokvia „follow me.“ and the group of adventurers hurried from the commotion to face the ethereal dragons... and destiny.

On towards the Portal of Nightmare was a smooth walk apart from the random wolf. The diversion caused by the faceless ones was just what they needed. Once in the Dream they wouldnt follow them, thats uncharted area for old god minions.

Upon reaching the portal grove, they could see a massive red,blue,black,green,bronze dragon. All these colours were rolled into one and he was shinning a new colour every second, He was the sole survivor of the Chromatic Dragonflight.

„You wish to enter the Nightmare? Fools! Our cause is righteous!“

The monstrous dragon had dug underground and prepared for a assault, but as this happened the group decided not to let this happen and just ran to the portal.

The inside of the Dream was a very peculiar place. Trees were upside down, water was in the middle of meadows and the ground was moving. It had a magnificent green sky and deep blue seas, had this been what Azeroth looked like before, im suprised they destroyed it.

Now that they were in the dream, they had to find Knaakazulu.

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Officer Lynn Leafheart was enraged. The Twilight forces had finally been pushed back, but the party managed to escape. She was yelling at the remains of Druken the Death Druid. „You‘re a failure! How could you let them get away?“ The ashes started rising now, as though carried by a whirlwind. Where a moment ago only charred bones and dust lay now stood a huge silver Wogen. „Sorriry mistrress...“ growled Durgen. „Damn you, stupid faceroller! You could have actually thought before just striking randomly! And stop using your damn mouse for abilities!“ The

beast-man looked at her questioningly and asked: „But if I don't use my mouse, how can I swipe?“ he asked. „WHY THE FEL WOULD YOU EVEN NEED A DAMN MOUSE?!?“ screamed the Night Elf, snatching the little cage from the Death Druid.

A scout entered and coughed gently. „Yes, what is it?“ snapped Lynn. „Pardon mistress, but the vile group has been sighted heading towards the Emerald Gateway...“ The officer snickered. „Come here, hound,“ she said, and Drugen obeyed. „You may have a chance to redeem yourself. Go, follow those blighters and destroy them.“ The Worgen growled unnervingly and bared his teeth. „What makes you think I'm going to follow yourrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr?“ Lynn slapped him across the face. „If you don't you'll never see Mishka again!“ The worgen yelped: „No, not Mishka! Don't hurrrrr my little mousie!“

„GO!“ yelled the Night Elf. The Death Druid ran on all fours, glancing at the little cage still in the officers hand.

Yessss... Our original plan might have failed, but no matter. One of my creations is going to block your Death Druid's way. He'll kill the wretched dragon of course, and thus... bring my blood into the Emerald Dream. Soon, the world will taste the flames... of Deathwing!

Maniacal laughter flooded the Night Elf's mind, and she joined in. She could already feel the immense powers her master would gift her with. Soon... all too soon...

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Rhoinin for once found himself in a strange situation... he did not have the answers, he knew he needed help from Dalaran but with Illidan in charge now he felt little hope. Khadgar had an idea and beckoned Rhoinin over „ I have an idea, I'm not sure it will still contain the power it once had but it's worth a shot „ he whispered „ WTF are you talking about old man „ he replied. „ Do you remember the great fornication you performed on that small town of Kezaa several years back „ Khadgar asked. „ Of course I do „ Rhoinin snickered „ they re-named that town Booty Bay after I was through with it, what of it? „ „ Well I heard that during the night one of the handmaidens had pryed but a lone single hair from your loins „ „ that wench! „ Rhoinin snapped „ No sir.. they have kept the hair safeguarded it contains some of your fiery red essence „ Khadgar winked „ Well then lets head to Booty Bay „ Rhoinin decided „ The Hair is being guarded by a powerful pirate by the name of Mr. Smite „

„Then lets smote smites ass! „ Rhonin snickered the 2 elders exchanged a geriatric / brofist and both say „ ouch „ afterwards.

Illidan noticed the whispering and snickering from the two and shouted „ What is so amusing noobs? Are you preparing for something... because „ he paused „ You are not! pre.. „ he was cut off by another mage. „ Illidan sir you got a /orb message from Jaina „ Illidan looks at the two old men and laughed „ Excuse me nerds I have a orb call to make! „ he smirked before walking away. Khadgar didn't waste any time opening a portal too Darkshire, the two would have to march to Booty Bay from there.

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Thrall and several of the other leader's had called a meeting to discuss what had happened in Shatthrah, the fighting had calmed down due to the attack from Knaackazulu, the dead were being carried away and the wounded treated. Cata had managed to dislodge the Exodar from the city and had it hovering above the city safely.

„ Gentleman and Women, you know why I have called you here „ Thrall announced to break the silence whispers from the others. From the corner of his eye Thrall could see Garrosh making faces at Varian. „ What are you looking at ugly „ Varian shot back across the table „ Yu r Dum! „ Garrosh shot back „ I'm not the one that almost killed myself! „ The King laughed „ Lok'Tar Ogar! „ Garrosh cried as he charged across the table for Varian, Velen had stuck his arm out which Garrosh tripped over crashing hard in the middle of the table, Varian had wasted no time he dropped his drawers and sat his naked arse on Garrosh's head and let out a ear splitting fart. „ Suck on that Hot air! „ the crowd erupted in laughter, even Saurofang got into the mix he ran up and gave Garrosh a huge wedgie. „ ENOUGH! „ Thrall smashed the Doomhammer down on the table with the only arm he had left, everyone stopped, giving Garrosh time to get and up run out of the room crying.

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The group had been wandering around the Emerald Dream for what must have seemed like hours, it was tough to navigate as everything kind of looked the same. Besides the group didn't really know what it was they were looking for. „ Are we there yet? „ huffed Onuma, that drew a look from Neph who was still getting over the gender change „ Mages... „ the grumbled.

„ HALT! Invaders „ a voice echoed from the tree's around, the group assumed the ready position. From the distance a Night Elf in a flowing gown was walking towards them, her eyes were closed as she moved gracefully towards the group „ She of the dreaming „ Trilokvia informed the group showing off his wisdom of lore. Edis blushed „ She's hot! „ he managed to blurb out. However the Elf walked right past the group and face first into a tree „ OMFG.... I'm getting so sick of this

s#% walking around with my eyes shut I can't see a f%^\*\$@ thing „ she shouted. The mage and warlock snickered. The Elf starting swinging wildy „ Laugh in my face you puked! „ trying to hit her enemies. „ Ysera! we are here we mean no harm „ Trilokvia called out, she turned towards the group.. well kind of she was facing about 90 degrees sideways .

She began talking „ If you have come to defeat him you will need the help of Cenarius and Malfurion „ the group looked at each other and decided it would be best to stand in front of her cause they couldn't hear most of what she was saying. „ Hello? Are you guys still there? „ she began turning around. „ Open yer bloody eyes lady! „ TH was getting annoyed. „ I can't you insolent little... „ she stopped „ It matters not go seek those I have spoke of and they will help you cleanse our realm of Knaackazulu „ „ Which way are they? „ Neph inquired „ Uhhh.... that way „ Ysera pointed at a solid wall of rock. „ That's a fricken rock! „ Edis snickered.

The group realized they would have to seek them out on there own. they set out to find the great Malfurion and Cenarius... as they walked away they heard the odd \* thump \* sound of Ysera walking into random tree's „ FFFFUUUUUU „ she would yell.

As the team of mismatched adventurers travelled through the lush, thick forests, they began to see a massive building. Humungus it was, towering above all nearby trees, and definetly noticeable by its magnificent golden domes. Oddly enough, all of it's said-to-be Green Dragonflight guardians were missing. Added to this, an odd funnel of smoke bellowed from the largest dome. As they approached it, they saw the ground around them began to change. The grass grew dark, and flowers were wilting, as well as the trees were dieing. „An odd sight this is, the ground as we walk upon it, seems to cry...“ whispered Neph, „This is not normal, where are the guardians? And why is the surrounding life dieing?“ As they stepped forward, a loud „STOP! WALK NO FURTHER, UNLESS IT IS DEATH YOU SEEK!“ was aimed definetly at them. Then, from behind a nearby tree, a male Night Elf emerged, limping towards them. By the looks of it, he had been badly injured, covered in cuts which needed attending to. His long green flowing hair was limp, and almost singed as if by flame.

„My name is Malfurion, you may have heard me in such books as ‚Well of Eternity‘, and ‚Stormrage‘. Help.“ The weak elf collapsed infront of them, but Edis sprinted past them all, and lifted Malfurion to his feet. „Father, so long it has been since we have seen each other.“ he spoke, and Malfurion replied „Oh my son, Edis if I remember correctly, to hide you, me and your mother had to change your name. You were to have a free life, free from me and your mother's political status. Also,

the circumstances under which you were conceived were not good for our public figures. You must not set further, merely minutes before you arrived, we came under attack. We had been attacked by the Old God, Knaackazulu, we were taken by surprise and we were evicted from the Eye of Ysera.“ He paused to take a breath, „You must not go further, he has an arsenal of Worgen Death Druids, we had no chance. Ysera does not know yet too, she must be lost again. I have missed you so much Edis, I fear to lose you again.“ Tears came to Edis’s eyes, „Father, we must be able to help. We don’t know how, but we need to defeat that Old God. To save our world.“

Malfurion sat up, „So be it, take the hidden path to the right, behind the hallowed trees. Good luck my son, just pop me beside this tree here. I’m too important to face the Old God, I might disappear from lore. You weren’t his creation, now go, fulfill your destiny!“ As Edis stood up and wiped his face, he called to his allies and they set down the path to the once glorious temple of the Green Dragonflight.

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„Incompetent wizard... why did we even bother using her now“ Yogg-Saron said while the headache got worse and worse.

„We usssssed her..... becausssssse we didnt wanna sssssseem..... like chickens-sssss in her eyesssss“ Another voice hissed.

„Well soon their hearths will explode“ C’thun said with his calm voice and did a high five with his own tentacles.

„So do we contact her or what??“ A voice sounded in the dark.

„Not yet we need to get contact with.. you know with..“ Yogg-Saron answered.

The other god’s laughed a little about Yogg-Saron’s headache. since most of his brain was messed up by Rhonin’s visit inside the brain.

„Please dont say i have to contact all of them...?“ The distant voice in the dark said.

the other god’s looked at each other and screamed in chorus. „FIRST ONE TO LAUGH HAVE TO CALL THEM ALLLLLL!!!“. Suddenly a million tentacles emerged out from the ground and started to tickle each other to get the old god’s to laugh.

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Upon reaching the Temple, they were asked by a unknown voice „You should probably save your game, you never know whats beyond that door!“ the group decided it was just the wind moving in a odd pattern and skipped the Save Crystal.

They opened the door and entered the dark, mystic room, so much happened here lorewise. They could see a silhouete in the background, they slowly walked up to it and drew their weapons, preparing for the most epic battle yet. The being turned and took off his coat; it was a dragon whelp! „Sorry, your Knaackazulu is in another castle „ The group groaned and moved on the the next green palace they found, and once again opened the doors, slowly revealing.....

A shadowy figure stood in the center of the room, its figure indistinguishable from the surrounding darkness. The figure started slowly clapping, and began to speak to the group, „You have made it this far, but my master Knaackazulu commands that you die here.“

The figure stepped from the shadows into the green-tinged light, revealing an impossibly masculine figure that caused Neph and Onuma to nearly swoon in delight. The light played in his fiery red hair, causing even Trilokvia's pulse to quicken.

„Rhonin!“ they gasped as one.

„My master took the essence of pure power that he took away from his failed creation Rhonin, and in his stead he created me, Brhonin! I will do what Knaackazulu's earlier, failed creation was unable to finish, and destroy all lore!“

As Brhonin stood there, Neph and Onuma gazed deeply into the fiery red eyes of Brhonin. Neph began to call upon the elements to attack. „By the power of wolves!“ she shouted. But she could not summon her wolves. Brhonin's fiery mane was too much. Even Edis was bewildered.

At that moment, Brhonin began his attack „Pathetic mortals, you were foolish to believe you could take on Knaackazulu! His power is neverending, and flows from the New Well of Eternity!“ And with that, began to cast the most powerful red flamestrike that was ever created. Just as our heroes were about to be doomed, something amazing happened.

There was a flash of red, and a giant dragon landed in between our heroes and Brhonin.

„Thank you Krasus, now to finish this. Because of Khadgar's help, my one hair was able to restore my full powers.“

Rhonin stepped off of Krasus' back, chest bumping him along the way. The heroes immediately /brofisted eachother and Neph and Onuma nearly fainted at the sight

of him.

Rhonins said „I will defend these ladies..“ „And men“ coughed Krasus

„Oh, and men. With my own life“ Finished Rhonin, winking at Neph.

Rhonin then ripped off his shirt, causing the ladies to fall into a semi-coma and the men to become blinded for the moment.

The battle ensued.

Red sexy fireballs flew everywhere, causing massive explosions. Rhonin and Brhonin were an equal match. It appeared as though they could battle for centuries. It was then that Rhonin blinked into melee range of Brhonin, and kissed him.

This caused Brhonin to stumble, giving Rhonin the chance to to PoM Pyroblast and then cast Deep Freeze, because, Fuck talent trees, this is Rhonin were talking about.

The fight was won.

As Aragan had just witnessed the most epic battle in all of Azeroth's history, many thoughts went through his head.

What had just happened? Why was he still alive? Why was he feeling so aroused? Why was he following these strangers around? and ofcourse, how could he profit from this?

He felt confused by his own thoughts and feelings, and it was then he heard it. The whisper. A dark soothing whisper in his head.

„Tell yourself again, that these are not truely your friendssss.....“

Well ofcourse they were not his friends, he had just met them. And as a goblin, he didn't trust anyone.

„They will betray you.....“

Meh... He would have done the same if the price was right.

„Your heart will explode!.....“

Was that a threat? He looked around at everyone. They were standing in awe, staring at Rhonin's hair. It seemed to glow even more than before he was cursed.

What was these strange whispers? and should he listen to them.....?

„Quickly heroes, follow me!“ yelled Rhonin. He ran to a huge gateway that noone had noticed before. „Behind these walls lies the sanctum of the vile beast itself. You must aid me in destroying the barrier, champions!“ Edis scratched his head. „It’s just a door, Rhonin... Why don’t we just open it?“ A scratching noise was heard. „Here they come! Rise up, friends, and defend me while I break down this wall!“ „THERE IS NO FREAKING WALL!“ growled Trilokvia as Rhonin took out a small bow and started shooting arrows at the doors, murmuring happily: „Pew pew, pew pew, pew!“

The scratching and snarling was becoming louder now... the enemy was obviously closing in on them. And then it leaped from the shadows.

„Oh bugger, not one of those again!“ sighed TH. It was a Worgen Death Druid.

„We can take this,“ said Onuma dreamily, and she and Grimlóck cast a spell in unison, destroying the beast where it stood.

„You’ve done it heroes, but I fear that was not all the enemy will throw at us!“ yelled Rhonin and resumed his futile task gladly. As if on cue, the ashes swirled around... and the Death Druid was there again, a bit confused but obviously alive. He howled and two more appeared from the shadows. The group dispatched them with relative ease.

„Great work champions... What’s this! I hear something... ON YOUR GUARD!“ screamed Rhonin, and the Death Druids were reanimated again, and three more joined them. The fight was long and bloody, but the group stood triumphant.

„You truly are heroes of Azeroth, but...“ „THAT’S IT!“ growled Trilokvia. He pushed the archmage away from the door and snapped his bow. With one mighty kick he threw the wings open. „THERE YOU MORON, THAT’S THE WAY YOU DO IT!“ he screamed at Rhonin.

The mage smiled sardonically. „Oh, you shouldn’t have done that...“ he whispered. „Why the fel not?“ asked the orc. Rhonin pointed somewhere over Trilokvia’s shoulder. The Orc turned around and beheld a huge abomination sewn together from the flesh of a hundred Worgen Death Druids. His glance switched furiously between the monster and Rhonin. „Would it have hurt you to tell us this beforehand?“ he grunted as he prepared to charge the abomination.

As Trilokvia charged at the abomination, it yelled ferociously „Worgen on left cheek need itching, use axe now before play!“. Trilokvia halted his attack, and

questioned the abomination further, „Face cheek or butt version?“ and the abomination replied hastily, „Face stoopid, you icky, hurry up it irritating me!“. „So be it.“, Trilokvia approached it cautiously, and using a broken plank of discarded wood, carried out the task. After all, the axe was special to him. The abomination let out a pleasant groan, then replying cheerfully, „PLAY TIME NOW!“ It then pulled out a chess board from a place you don't want to know about. Confused, our adventurers continued with the monster's demands. After losing twice to the abomination, Rhonin began to get frustrated, „Useless mortals, I'll sort this.“, and with a wave of his baby soft hand, the monster turned to ash, „There. Timewasters, the lot of you.“. As they passed over the pile of ashes to reach the inner sanctum, the ground behind them began to shake. From it rose the monster, shouting „YOU CHEAT, ME NOW SMASH!“ and it charged at our group.

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Garrosh had reached an empty corridor and fell to his knee's sobbing „I hates da stupid Varian, make me look dumb, one day Whenz grow up i will show him... I will show dem all!“ he sobbed. „ Arn't u'z like 65 years old? „ a cheeky voice came out from the corner. „ So wut? Wanna fight about it? „ Garrosh replied wiping back his tears. „ I'm not looking to start any trouble, I was recently in trouble for trolling, but just like you I hate the Alliance! „ The homely looking Forsaken walked into view drool running down the left side of his mouth. His reply made Garrosh smile. „ OMG! Do U wanna be my BFF? „ he asked. The Forsaken smiled „ Sure my name is derfelkadjgigh... „ „ Wut?! „ Garrosh's face crinkled „ I said my name is derfelsjfhf „ „ Are u sneezin'? „ Garrosh inquired. „ No sir I said my name is Derf... „ he was cut off „ That weird name I dun like „ Garrosh clapped „ I got it your name is Donald now and we are best buddies, do you like trainz? „ he squealed „ We'll I s'pose? Can we crash them into da Alliance cities „ Donald asked tying up his shoelaces „ Yess! watch this „ he pulled out a blue train with the symbol of the Alliance on it „ This is the Varian Train „ he said as he tossed it into the stone wall and it fell to the ground, both Garrosh and Donald giggled like school girls. There game was broken off shortly by the sounds of Varian walking down the corridor „ What are you two pothetic nerds doing „ he laughed and punched Donald in the face instantly buckling the weak Forsaken's legs, he raised another fist at Garrosh and the orc turtled „ Don't Hit me! HELP THRALLL!!! „ Varian lowered his fist and continued on his path „ Chumps... „ he snickered as he continued on.

Garrosh crawled over to his new friend Donald who was still out like a light. „

Dun worry BFF! We willz get our revenge „ he picked up the toy train cart off the ground and tried to bite it in half, causing a tooth to break. „ Dam you Alliance U will Pay! „

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The monster brandished over a hundred weapons in its myriad fists now. It had summoned little Dwarf-Worgen hybrid Death Druids to its aid. The heroes fought for their lives.

„Where is Rhonin? And Krasus?“ screamed TH. The others didn't seem to know either. „We will have to make do without them,“ said Neph and tapped into the powers she had been given after the first defeat of Knaackazulu. The others did likewise.

She was running around now, twin wolves at her side. She sent thunderstorms at her enemies and healed her friends with a tide of healing energies.

Trilokvia grabbed a Dwarf-Worgen Death Druid and used it as a weapon together with his axe. He was spinning around, slaying multiple foes at once. From time to time he would strike the ground, sending out a stunning ripple of force.

TH became a beacon of the Light. Shining with a blinding light, he struck three foes at the same time with his hammer and whirled around to massacre the vile monsters.

Griml6ck was now more demon than Orc. He was hurling bolts of chaotic energy and the corrupted souls of demons at his enemies.

Edis seemed to flicker, shadows dancing across his figure. He struck the huge beast's flank with both swords at the same time, but the wound healed before his very eyes. Enraged, he started leaping around it, striking with stunning speed.

Onuma was freezing the little monsters and then setting fire to them so they exploded. She bombarded the survivors with a positive barrage of arcane energies.

Sar'jin was speeding around the monster, carving at it all the time. He was yelling some sort of primitive rhythm, but one that encouraged the group and made them strike even faster. From time to time he would throw his glaive at the Dwarf-Worgen Death Druids. It sent an explosion among them on contact.

Aragan brandished his tentacle-o-meter. It detected disturbing amounts of tenta-

cles around him... and not just those of the Draenei. He put out his Tentaclinator Bot 3000 and started throwing bombs and vials of acid in random directions.

They managed to stem the tide of the Dwarf-Worgen Death Druids now, but the giant abomination was still standing, fuming with anger. It kept regenerating before their very eyes, and there was nothing the group could do about it.

„Wait a moment...“ murmured Trilokvia. He finally understood what made these monsters so durable. „They're not Worgen, they're Troll-Worgen hybrids! That's why they can regenerate and the little ones cannot!“ „Well, how do you kill a Troll?“ yelled Neph.

Then a blinding light illuminated the sanctum. A broad-shouldered figure entered. The man spat out a piece of chewing-rubber. „Did someone call my name?“ he asked. The party couldn't believe their eyes. „Danath Trollbane!“

As the grizzled veteran attacked the monstrosity, Sar'jin silently slipped into the shadows...

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In the Morning Jaina sneaked out of the Mage Tower and out of Theramore before she summoned a portal to the crypt in Duskwood. „Hmmm... i hope it's enough fel taint here for me to get this bastard back“ Jaina said while taking out of her bag a phylactery with a soul inside. „This better work or im gona sue that stupid gnome“ Jaina whispered while she walked down into the dark crypt. Jaina walked fast as she didnt like the atmosphere down here. Zombies rised behind her and walked slowly in the dark towards her. Jaina saw this and started to sweat, she never told anyone that her biggest fear was to be eaten by these zombies well maybe after being throwed in a pit full of retards like Garrosh. Jaina walked faster and faster, but the zombies came from every side Jaina was surrounded. „Nooo... i cant.. end like this“ Jaina started to cry like a two year old baby. The zombies came closer and closer still Jaina cried as if someone had stolen her favourite toy and managed to break it. While Jaina sat on her knees and cried the phylactery fell out and luckily on a rune circle. It started to glow like hell the zombies turned to ashes and the circle exploded.

Some Cough and strange sounds came from the smoke that now covered the whole room. „Arggh \*Cough\*... where am i?“ A voice said with a shivering voice. Jaina sat herself up while wiping the tears away. „You...you are in the crypt of Duskwood“ Jaina said with a sobbing voice. The smoke started to drift away. „Why did you bring me here... Jaina“ The shivering voice said. Jaina looked shocked about this

thing knew her name. „Well after all i did teach you something in Dalaran... isent that right?“ The voice said with a evil tone. The smoke was gone now and in the middle was a lich. „hehe you know Jaina, youre curiosity will be the death of you“ The lich laughed while he walked towards Jaina and shook her hands.

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Trollbane smote the sinister Troll-Worgen-Abomination-hybrid-thing-of-death with the kind of tactical efficiency that only years of genocidal hatred could generate. With an imbued blade, Trollbane quickly cut chunks out and sliced appendages clean off. The magics of his weapon cauterized the flesh and prevented it from repairing itself... or worse, manifest into new creatures of undeath.

Whistling while he worked, Danath carved the Troll-Worgen-Abomination-hybrid-thing-of-death into a picturesque sculpture of a beautiful human woman... albeit made of rotting, bleeding flesh. Smirking to himself at his handiwork, Trollbane paused and then did a spinning finishing move – decapitating the beautiful monstrosity. “Cheating bitch...” he muttered to himself.

“WoW! Danath Trollbane – is that really you?!” squealed Onuma.

“And who might you be lovely lady?” Trollbane replied, kissing his her hand.

“Yeah, you might not want to do that...” said Edis

“How did you get here anyway?” questioned Neph, brushing her hair behind her ear.

“Well you called, and here I am!” exclaimed Danath, teeth sparkling, with his hands on his hips so that his rippling arm muscles would bulge a little more. “This is the emerald dream isn’t it?”

A dark robed figure emerged from the shadows, with both arms folded behind his back. “The Emerald Dream is still a place built on rules... rules that can be bent, others can be broken. You need to learn –“

“TO STFU NOOB!” yelled Danath as he behead the newcomer. “DON’T INTERRUPT WHEN I’M TALKING” he continued yelling at the heap on the floor. Turning to face the wimenz, “We best be going, I’ll explain on the way.”

“Who was that woman you ... ‘carved?’” asked Trilokvia.

“SHUT UP GREENSKIN – YOU’RE STARTING TO LOOK LIKE A TROLL TO ME!”

While the other’s were busy fighting Rhonin had crept up ahead searching for the Script Writer, his single hair had increased his skill by 9000 but he was not really at full strength, much like Krasus 90% of the time. He seen two large guards blocking a large door. He knew he had to do this quietly, he reached into his

loincloth and grabbed out a small travel size pack of Capt. Crunch ripped the bag open and consumed the contents „ Shhhhazzam „ he mused to himself, he quickly sprung into action.

He lunged himself at the first behemoth landing on his shoulders a quick pelvic thrust blew the creatures head straight off, as it toppled to the ground Rhonin did a 1080 back flip Mc-twisty spin landing on 1 hand upside down and looking at the next Guard „ You sir look like a can of smashed assholes „ Rhonin chuckled, the guard charged infuriated by the comments, Rhonin side stepped the attempt and hip tossed the guard to the ground, he grabbed the head and twisted it right around shoving in inside the behemoths rear end, the creature screamed but to no avail his companion was already dead.

Rhonin popped invisibility and crept inside the room, there he saw him „ Knaackazulu you sneaky mother f%^& „ he smiled, Knaackazulu was not aware of the mages prescence instead was sitting on his throne with his pen and paper, he wrote a few things down and 12 rather large dwarven females appeared out of nowhere as well as a heart shaped bed. „ Did anyone call for a sexy party „ Knaackazulu laughed as he swatted one of the dwarves on the behind, the ladies giggled in a masculine kind of way.

Rhonin threw up a little in his mouth at what he started to witness but then realized he had done worse flashing back to when Krasus had dared him to 3 way Princess Theradras and Magatha Grimtotem... „ I coughed up hair balls for weeks „ he thought to himself. Quickly getting back on track he had noticed that while Knaackazulu was busy he had left his pen and paper sitting on his throne.

Rhonin shouted „ Hey Fatty... I'm going to make you my gimp tonight „ Knaackazulu turned and saw Rhonin and hissed „ Hoes from different Area Codes kill him! „ the plump dwarven women began to charge Rhonin snarlin' and drooling in rage. „ oops... „ Rhonin chuckled untying his loincloth and letting it fall to the ground, „ Got Rhonin? „ he winked at the ladies tossing pelvic thrusts in every direction, several of dwarves instantly exploded the remaining few began begging him for attention. This only infuriated Knaackazulu „ I will erase your Mojo „ he darted towards his book only to be intercepted by Rhonin „ Like my warrior skills beee-yatch „ Rhonin punched Knaackazulu in the chest launching him across the room and crashing into the wall. Knaackazulu stood up „ I don't need that book to finish you ginger! „ thw two collided like two speed trains hitting each other at maximum velocity „ Snake Bite! „ Knaackazulu laughed as he twisted Rhonin's skin in two different directions with his hands, Rhonin screamed in pain and then countered with the wettest Willy he could muster up. The fight had been going on for at least 10 minutes both sides fighting as if there lives depended on it. The ceiling

was starting to crumble from the force of each blow it took, this fight wouldn't last much longer.

Neph turned and looked down the hallway „ Earthquake! „ she yelled. The combatants' powers seemed evenly matched. Rhonin's manly charms seemed to have no effect upon Knaackazulu, and the Old God seemed to have lost all powers over Rhonin...

Then the monster left himself open. Rhonin charged his brofist and it collided hard with Knaackazulu's chest. It left a gaping hole oozing a dark, ink-like liquid. The monster was panting now, but still managed to laugh deviously. „You... you don't know what you've done... It is all as I had planned. You see... There was a part of me within you.“ Another fit of laughter mixed with a choking sound escaped its lips. It was turning now, its form changing. „Rhonin, I... am your father,“ it said, the hoarse whisper incredibly loud in the mage's ears.

„NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!“ screamed Rhonin, causing another earthquake. The figure was a dying man now, ruggedly handsome despite his wrinkled skin and broken nose. His once fiery red hair was graying. He was whispering to his son now. „I was the one tasked with saving the lore... I failed, and my failure consumed me. Brooding I sat here upon my throne, creating villain upon villain, never letting one of them die. The heroes however were dying... Except you, Rhonin. You were my greatest creation, the pure being created from a shining fragment within my dark and brooding heart. But now...“ he coughed in incredible pain. „Now, lore is without its guardian. Without its master's command, it will degenerate into love stories and believable characters created by my greatest nemesis, the Golden Dragon Chriastrasza.“ Knaackazulu managed to partially lift himself and grabbed his son by the collar.

„There must always be...“ A thunderclap shook the temple. „A Knaackazulu!“

With that he closed his eyes for the last time.

Rhonin observed the pen and paper solemnly. „The weight of 120 miligram paper... it must be mine, for there is no other...“ He waited for a moment. And waited some more. Noone seemed to be there to barge in on his speech. The fiery mage swore. „Ehhh well, so I actually have to be the next Knaackazulu... FML.“ As Rhonin lifted the pen, ready to write himself into history, he heard a cracking sound above him. Just as his pen was about to touch the paper, the ceiling crumbled under the strain and fell down onto the massive hall below. Rhonin was surely to be crushed, but, being Rhonin, he used his Ulduar trailer shiny ability, and sent the rubble flying in all directions. There, in the centre of the room stood the topless

Rhonin, unharmed. He then began to glow in a crimson shade, and whispered, „This duty is mine to follow through, since no one else cares. I am to be eternal terrorisor on this planet and it's inhabitants, I am to continue this stor-“ he was interrupted suddenly by the female Night Elf who just entered, „RHONIN, you hold a great destiny in your hands, magnificent one. Wow, you gleam, and that's kinda hot... Nevermind that, that destiny is not your own. The attack upon us, that was carried out by your fellows sealed my fate. The world of the living can no longer comfort me. Hand me the paper and pen Rhonin, forevermore, I will be the one who carries on this story...“.

Rhonin replied, „Sorry, who are you exactly? I know I've heard your speech somewhere before...the Dalaran fountain cinema thing right?“. The Elf looked confused, „What is a cinem-“, she was interrupted by the charge of our random team of adventurers. „How did you come here Night Elf, I was not to see you again?“ Tri-lokvia yelled at her, replying to his statement she said, facing Rhonin, „I am Officer Lynn Leafheart of the Sentinels, I no longer have a place in this world, so Rhonin, give me the paper.“ Rhonin approached her, „Sure, I wasn't too keen on the role, It would have messed up my hair anyway.“ Handing her the paper, Lynn began writing herself into the story, „Forevermore, I shall be called Knaackazulu, now I must leave you, may we meet again. And hopefully by then, I'll have embraced my new powers. Now, leave here while I transform, I hear it's not pretty.“ Rhonin urged his fellows to follow him, and they left the destroyed temple. They could just see massive flashes of green and red light coming from the room, and screams from Lynn. She yelled to them from the broken temple, „Tell everyone then Knaackazulu has been banished, possibly returning as a setback at a future date, and that Officer Lynn Leafheart died with him. Now go! Leave this place, and never return...“ As they ran out of the temple, they weren't completely sure where to go next, they just knew Knaackazulu was not gone forever. Also, Rhonin was topless, and Onuma and Neph liked that...

They barely escaped the rubble collapsing all around them. The Dream itself was changing now, becoming once again the verdant paradise it should be. The Death Druids were moaning and dying all around them, turning to dust. One of them seemed unaffected though...

„MISHKA!!!“ yelled Drugen as he ran into the temple. He didn't care about his life anymore, all that mattered was his precious mouse.

Krasus was waiting for the group. „Aaah young ones, I knew you would prevail! Come now heroes...“ Trilokvia grunted. „Spare us the speeches, coward. We know you ran away as soon as you sensed danger.“ Without a word the dragon allowed the adventurers to climb onto his back and took them to the portal. They exited the Dream and found themselves once again in the Hinterlands. The portal closed

behind them.

On the other side, shadows and mist were enveloping the gateway. Then, a Troll stood there, puzzled. „Work ya damn ting, work!“

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You have done well. Now my reign can commence. Lynn's master was pleased. She could feel his blessed essence all around her. Seal the pact, now. „Yes master,“ she whispered and began channeling the powers of the earth itself.

And then something grabbed her by the throat. „Wherrre's my Mishka, Elf?“ Lynn laughed and threw the little cage to the floor.

There were only little bones in it.

„NOOOOOOOOOOOO!“ screamed the last Worgen Death Druid, his sounds of anguish mingling with the Elf's laughter. He flung her at the wall, apparently to no effect. Lynn rose again. „Now, I am going to write you into the lore... and torture you for all eternity!“ She began writing...

But the Worgen couldn't take it anymore. She had been controlling him for far too long. He leaped at her and struck out with his claws.

A ripping sound was heard, but the Night Elf was unharmed...

He had torn the paper of Knaackazulu to shreds. Incredible power was unleashed, restoring the old characters...

Rhonin felt a pain beyond any description. Before his very eyes his muscles diminished, his hair lost its magnificent sheen... He was just a ginger mage now, nothing more. „Something terrible just happened,“ he murmured.

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Trilokvia was walking upon familiar terrain again. Maybe... maybe his wyvern would hear him and take him away from all this madness. He bellowed a call, and was answered. The wyvern descended. „Gristlebrain,“ he said softly as he stroked its mane. TH looked at him questioningly. „What, I wanted to call her Bristleman, but some bastard had already taken the name,“ he muttered.

As he was packing, he looked at Neph. Finally he gathered his courage. He stepped to the Draenei. „Hey, Neph... I gotta ask you something...“ he began. There was a

long silence. „Yes?“ she urged him on. „Ammm yes... you know... I have a cottage nearby... I was wondering if... you know... you'd come for some tea and maybe a cookie or two...“ The Draenei smiled. „No, thank you. I know I'd just end up in your sack again.“ Trilokvia was disappointed, but still continued: „Look, I know I'm no Rhonin... but can't you at least give me a chance?“

# THE RHONIN DIARIES

## PART 3 : RHONIN'S REDEMPTION



**RIKKRAD'A'KNAACKAZULU**



## Part 3: Rhonins Redemption

Seeing as the adventure had ended for our group, they had split their separate ways. Trilokvia went for tea and cookies with Neph in his cottage in the Hinterlands, later hooking up, and now Neph is expecting Trilokvia's triplets. T.H. travelled to New Ironforge City, created in a mountain beside where the Old Ironforge resided, and opened a Bar. Onuma travelled back to Silvermoon City, and set up a Clothing Department Store. Grimlock went back to Orgrimmar and set up a Warlock school in the Cleft of Shadows. Edis travelled back to Darnassus to meet his mother, Tyrande, and explain what happened to Malfurion in the dream, and that he was all well. He then set up a new, peaceful life in the Night Elven capital. Aragan went and set up an Explosive Emporium in Ratchet. Krasus went back to Wyrmsrest to see his beloved mate. Danath travelled to the Hinterlands, to cull the encroaching Troll threat. Lastly, Rhonin returned to Dalaran, and continued to lead it, slaying Illidan.

However, a call had sounded, and our peaceful team had been summoned. A new threat faced Azeroth, Deathwing had returned, and only our team of unruly adventurers could stop his rein of terror. Firstly though, they had to re-forged a mystical artifact. However, unknown to them, Drugen, the Worgen Death Druid had begun it already, after collecting the remaining fragments and leaving Lynn in the Emerald Dream, travelled to numerous places, hoping to save his beloved Mishka. Rhonin was the one to collect the group, taking Dalaran all over Azeroth, and then they were to re-create the missing artifact. Only one was left behind, Danath, he was too busy farming Trolls to powerlevel to 85. After Rhonin collected the others, they all did an honorary /brofist, and set off to find the pieces. First stop, Blackrock Mountain to find the Elementium casing for the pen. Unfortunately, it had erupted, so it just made the search more difficult.

Now, as Dalaran docked at the mountainside, our group unloaded themselves, and set off inside. Apparently it was being held by Nefarian, Deathwing's very own son. Due to Deathwing's re-entry into Azeroth, Black Dragonflight activity had increased at the mountain tenfold. What were they to do next? And will they face old enemies? Since Deathwing's main general is Lynn Leafheart, and she now lives in Blackrock Mountain...

\*\*\*\*\*

Jaina walked out of the crypt with the lich at her side. „How did you manage to get my soul box?“ The lich replied while he formed his finger like a question mark. „Well... i have always followed the heroes on their adventures, even if they didnt know“ Jaina said with a grin. „ I see... so who do you work for, since the Lich King is dead i need someone else to serve and who is better than you, who brought

me back to life for the fourth time or fifth im not sure really“ the lich smiled for himself while he thought of the god old days in Dalaran before he turned evil. „Well i dont work for anyone, they work for me...“ Jaina whispered into the lich ears. Jaina and the lich was now in the middle of the graveyard and it was dark really dark. „Well so what do you want me to do Jaina?“ The lich asked. „I want you to do what they failed to do, i know you have something they didnt have is not that right?“ Jaina said while pointing on the lich chest. „So finally someone noticed“ The lich replied and clapped his hands. „Of course since you where brought back to life through the Sunwell you have much of it’s magical power inside you, do i dare say even enough to match me and Rhonin“ Jaina said while she smiled. „Well if you want me to use that power then im in“ The lich brofisted Jaina and tried to chestbump, but he found out he didnt have much of a chest again. „ So go now my champion, bring fear into the mortals and be known as Kel’Thuzad the most powerful lich in Azeroth“ Jaina started to laugh, but Kel’thuzad laughed to with a much more evil laughter than Jaina ever could make. Jaina turned her head around and cursed.

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Thrall had returned back to Ogrimmar the sight of his home pleased him, not as much as the sudden reappearance of his arm, but he knew he owed a thanks to that group of akward companions. He had tried to make contact with Jaina but she was not responding and that didn’t sit well with him. They also had returned with a new companions themselves, this one named Donald. Garrosh had befriended this Forsaken and while Thrall himself didn’t care much for him he knew that hopefully they could babysit each other. They were currently locked away in Garrosh’s bedroom with a sign on the door saying \* No Dizturb Plz \*

Garrosh looked at Donald „ Without thinking whats your favorite Dinosaur just shout it out „

They both shouted „ Velociraptor „ and squeeled

„ So Donald did Uz finish yur planz „ Garrosh questioned, The Forsaken grabbed the paper he had been coloring „ Yes Sur! „ he handed it to Garrosh, the coloring showed a brown and gray circle with crowns on their head and around them blue circles with x’s marked through them, in black crayon said „ ded Allince „

„ HAHAHAH! This gud plan Donald yur smrt! „ Garrosh stashed the paper away into his satchel. „ Soon we will rule all of Azeroth „ Donald snickered. there was

loud BANG on the door „ Garrosh it’s 7:30 it’s time for bed, your friend is going to have to go home „ Rexxar yelled through the door „ Hid all dis evidance! „ Garrosh panicked as they picked up all their coloring’s, they had hid them all in Garrosh’s toy chest when Rexxar opened the door. „ Hai Guy! „ Donald said to the hulking Orc „ Good God! it’s hidious „ Rexxar shouted and in a startled and panicked mo-

tion he punched the Forsaken square in the face once again buckled Donalds knee's and he collapsed unconcious on the ground.

Rexsar then grabbed Donald and dragged him outside lobing the Forsaken on to the streets. Donald picked himself and began walking to the brothel he was sleeping in when he was patted on the shoulder „ Hey Donald sorry dat Rexsar dumb Orc „ Garrosh said still in his power ranger pajamas „ What are you doing! you'll be grounded „ Donald replied shocked. „ We r sneakin' Out!, It's tim for us to rulz the wurd „ he took out the coloring Donald had made of the plans for attack. „ Oporation Ded Allince strts toight! „ he whispered.

Both Garrosh and the Donald headed snuck out of Ogrimmar and headed to the Goblin blimp area.

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Griml6ck had refused to go on another psycho trip with these braindead people. He had walked the other way closing his eyes to not be dazzled by Rhonin's fiery hair. Rhonin on the other hand had just waved his hand to make a portal as he didnt wanna waste time on a warlock. After he was gone a metal thing crashed down in a hut nearby. Griml6ck ran over to where he crashed and asked who the hell he was. The giant just looked around before he jumped to his feet. „I am Optimus Prime leader of the autobots... i have come to find the one named Grimlock“ The big metal thing said while the sun shone upon him. Griml6ck was stunned how could a metal giant wanna find him. „My name is Griml6ck...“ The orc said with a weak voice. The metal thing just scratched his head. „You green thing, you are not a dinobot“ The metal giant replied. „A dinobot me dnt kneow wht theat is“ Griml6ck said not aware that he said that line like Garrosh. „Well you talk like him, but still you are no dinobot, now go continue youre quest i will leave this place with my other friend's“ With that said Optimus transformed into a gnomish plane and jumped to light speed. Griml6ck just looked on his hands and asked some random mage to teleport him to Dalaran he had made up his mind, he was going to join Rhonins group again.

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The group stepped into the Burning Steppes. „He finally ported us somewhere logical...“ snickered Edis. Rhonin shot him a look that should have silenced the Elf. But, with his powers gone, he only succeeded in looking constipated. „Hey Rhonin, you look like you have to take a dump,“ said the assassin, still snickering.

„So, what's the plan?“ asked Trilokvia. Rhonin smiled a sardonic smile. „Simple, I

will distract the enemy's forces with my dazzling display of power while you sneak in and steal the elementium casing. I will protect you with a shield of course..." The Dwarf stepped forward and spoke: „I really don't know how to be subtle about this, Rhonin, so I won't be. You don't have the bloody powers you once had. You're just a damn mage. You'd be killed in a second by the Dragonspawn.“ „Not if I kill them first!“ argued Rhonin. „But you can't, you wee blighter, that's the whole bleeding point!“

The mage knew TH's words were true. Angered, he turned away from the group and went to sit and sulk on a nearby rock.

„All right, I've got another plan,“ said Trilokvia. „First we need to know where the artifact is located. There are two easy ways to find out...“ „I can cast a spell to sense it!“ yelled Rhonin. „No you can't! Now shut up! Now, you'll have to choose which one to use. One, Neph here uses her Far Sight to check the mountain...“ He looked at the Draenei. Her pregnancy barely showed. Draenei were a miraculous people indeed. „I am not too happy about that choice though... we shouldn't overburden her.“ He smiled at Neph, but she only scowled, obviously thinking he believed her too weak for the task.

„So, the other way... Onuma, you can open portals. You open one into the dark corridors of Blackrock Spire. TH can sense treasures, like all the members of his race. So, I run in with him on my shoulders and run back again. Then Onuma changes the portal exit's location. That way we can cover a lot of ground quite quickly.“

„Are you sure you're strong enough to carry a Dwarf?“ asked Neph sarcastically. Trilokvia laughed. „Well I dunno, do they weigh more or less than a Draenei?“ Aragan looked at the group of heroes. They were all gathered around Rhonin who was explaining how they were going to get the casting.

There was something about Rhonin, he had changed somehow, he didn't seem to glow as much as before. He was still magnificent to behold and his very presence demanded respect, but something had changed since the battle with Knaackazulu.

„Listen up, noobs, and listen good!“ he said to our group of heroes. „To infiltrate this mountain we are going to have to go in from behind“

Aragan zoned out. He was thinking about the whispers. He had been thinking of them ever since he heard them in the emerald dream. Who had they been?

„We're gonna hit them fast, and we're gonna hit them hard!“ Rhonin were doing some pelvic thrusts, wick caused Neph and Onuma to blush, and Trilokvia to roll

his eyes.

Aragan were to caught up in his own thoughts to hear anything Rhonin was saying. What had those whispers meant?

It seemed Trilokvia was explaining a new plan to the heroes. Rhonin was sitting on a rock, sulking.

„Well I dunno, do they weigh more or less than a Draenei?“ Was the only thing Aragan heard, and with that the group seemed to be off. He did not want to argue so he just followed them.

„Well, let's get this show on the road lad! These corridors won't be exploring themselves, now will they?“ TH said as he hiked up his britches. „Try not to enjoy my dwarven jewels slapping the back of your head too much!“ laugh the brewmaster as he /brofisted Edis.

„Yeah, yeah“ responded Trilokvia, as he went down on one knee to help the dwarf climb up. As TH got situated, and Onuma started opening the first portal there was an awkward pause... the manly orclry orc exclaimed „WHAT THE HELL IS DRIPPING DOWN MY NECK?!“

„A HA HA HA HAAAA! Settle down lad, I just spilled a little of mai brew!“ TH responded, gently patting Trilokvia on the head. „...better be...“ the orc muttered.

„Have fun you two!“ cheered Neph as she shoved the mismatched par through the portal and into Blackrock.

„Couldn't TH just do this on his own?“ questioned Edis „or at least on his own feet?“

/shrug

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Inside the first corridor, Trilokvia and TH could hardly see a thing. The torches were all out except for a dim light at the end. But they were on reconnaissance and the portals were going to be timed for only a few seconds, so the orc and dwarf team had to keep going. Through the next portal was again nothing. The third showed strange mounds 30 meters away, but no activity. By the next room the pair was getting confused... and subsequently nervous - where were all the dragons? In the fifth room, they finally realized where the dragons went... and what the mounds were... Everything was dead. Someone... or something had already come through and killed all of the black dragons!

But there was no sign of a struggle, no corpses belonging to other races. It had obviously been a slaughter. Was it done by someone on the inside? A coup? A civil war? The pair went through the last portal.

„YOU DARE TAKE WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY MINE?! NO ONE SHALL HAVE THIS ARTIFACT!“ an elder drake was being clutched by the throat and swiftly beheaded. Startled by the sight, Trilokvia stumbled backwards and tripped over a dragonkin corpse. Falling backwards, TH clipped the top of the portal, while Trilokvia continued through by himself.

Back with his companions on the outside, shock was evident on the orc's face. „What happened?! Where's TH?!“ demanded Neph. „They're all dead... everything...“ „What are you talking about?!“

Trilokvia slowly looked up to Neph, eyes still wide.

„Elementium...“ „We need to get him out of there!“ Neph gasped, as the portal slammed shut before her. She immediately turned to Onuma, „Open that portal again, now!“

Onuma looked guiltily at the ground and stammered, „I... uhh...“

„What is it? Out with it!“ Neph snapped.

„I forget where that portal led! I can't open it again until I figure out where TH is!“

\*\*\*\*\*

TH opened his eyes and groggily looked around. He was in a dark, stone tunnel. His head throbbed like he had drunk too much strong Dwarven Ale the night before... and then he remembered everything Elementium lifting the drake into the air and ripping its head clean off; falling off of Trilokvia's shoulders after hitting the edge of the portal and smashing his thick skull on the floor.

„Where is that blasted portal!“ He growled, slowly sitting up and looking around him. There was no sign of the portal, and he could hear the sounds of the Dragonkin fleeing in fear from further along the tunnel.

„Oi, what a time to be without me ale...“ he groaned, rubbing his head. He stood, still massaging his aching skull, and began to move in the direction of the sounds of battle.

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Back outside of the mountain, the group looked impatiently on as Onuma opened portal after portal. None of them led to the room where Trilokvia had left TH, and a few didn't even lead into Blackrock Mountain.

„Was that... Silvermoon City?“ growled Trilokvia after the mage opened another portal, glanced inside, and swiftly closed it. „Why would you even be looking for him in Silvermoon City?“

Before Onuma could respond, Rhonin stepped forward. „I could easily find the dwarf. Just let me magically --“

„No, you can't Rhonin!“ the rest of the group yelled. „You damn ginger mage, you couldn't conjure a mana biscuit right now!“

„Get back to finding TH, Onuma.“ Trilokvia ordered, glancing at the mountain with worry. Had something happened to the dwarf?

„I know how we can find our drunken friend!“ exclaimed Aragan. The others looked at him. „Well, what do you propose?“, asked Edis.

„Well, with a little help from my old friend, Mr. Dynamite, everything is possible!“. He grinned and pulled a stick of dynamite out of his pouch and lit the fuse.

„Are you mad!?“, the others said in unison. „You'll kill us all!“.

Aragan threw the dynamite at the mountain while laughing hysterically.

„What have you done you little maniac! You're going to get TH killed!“, Trilokvia lifted the goblin off the ground and started shaking him. Aragan just continued laughing.

There was a huge bang. „Wait.... I didn't use that much explosives...“, said Aragan. The group looked up at the mountain. Magma was pouring out.

„well... shit happens...?“ , tried Aragan while looking up at Trilokvia. He was furious, and so was the rest of the group, but they would have to settle it later. All they could do now was seek cover from the magma, and hope that TH was unharmed.

„Wait! I'll just use my awesome powers to save us!“ , snickered Rhonin and started running towards the magma.

„You can't...“ .Edis /facepalmed and hit him in the head with his blackjack and dragged him to cover.

\*\*\*\*\*

TH was wandering through the abandoned corridors, slowly and carefully. He never encountered anything but corpses though...

There were three corridors before him now. He had no idea which was the right one. Then he felt... something, a presence behind him. His treasure sense was tingling. Smiling he turned around and started walking towards the source, when he realised something was wrong.

The artifact was moving towards him on its own. Not wanting to risk it, he hid in a little nook in the wall. The thing was very close now, and he could hear some sort of heavy footsteps...

He couldn't believe his eyes. It was a golem, made completely from elementium. The Dwarf had never before seen something like it. He couldn't imagine how much the thing must be worth...

Intrigued, he stepped out of his shelter. A small cough made him turn his head. It was Elementium himself!

„Now what do we have here?“ he asked pleasantly, and then his face twisted into a mask of rage. „YOU'VE COME TO STEAL MY ARTIFACTS TOO!“ TH shook his head in fear. „No, no! I'm not! I've come here in search of... ammm... my long-lost twin brother! Yes, that's it!“ The Draenei didn't seem to believe him. „Is that so?“ „Yes, yes, I swear it!“ „Well then,“ smiled Elementium, „What was your brother doing here?“ The Dwarf said, without thinking: „He was searching for an elementium casing.“ Quickly he clasped his mouth shut. Ooooooh dear...

With a furious howl Elementium directed the golem at TH. The thing obeyed with an unbelievable swiftness. The Dwarf ran for his life.

He jumped into a nearby room, and the golem ran past it. The Draenei however was not so easily fooled. He entered the cavern.

It was filled with barrels neatly stacked one upon another. The Dwarf was hiding behind one of the stacks. „Come out, midget! I know you have my casing!“ screamed Elementium. Then he went quiet. Only the soft clicking of his hooves could be heard. He whispered: „Come on, I won't hurt you... I just want what's mine. Otherwise... I may have to call upon the Spirit of Fire to smoke you out.“ TH didn't answer, he only huddled further into the shadows. „You know, the casing is very important to me...“ said Elementium, and the sound sent shivers down the Dwarf's spine. But not because of the way he said it.

It was because the voice had come from just above his head.

He looked up and saw the Draenei's visage. He was smiling rather maniacally. TH jumped to his feet and ran again.

„OH NO YOU DON'T“ yelled Elementium and sent a blast at him. It hit a nearby barrel...

Which exploded. „GUNPOWDER!“ screamed TH, and ran for his life. Whole stacks were exploding now. I'm going to die! Then he remembered a thing he had been taught back in Ironforge...

The blast sent the tunnel crashing down. After the dust had settled, a faint scraping could be heard. The Dwarf dug himself free, dusted off his clothes and mused to himself: „Aye, this holy bubble thingy is pretty nifty!“

\*\*\*\*\*

Down in the sewers of Dalaran the grim warlock walked. Rhonin had told him to find some special magic potion down there, but it was a billion other potion's down here to. „This will take years...“ Grímlóck muttered to himself. Rhonin had rejected him to follow him and the group to the mountain as he didn't like how the warlock rejected him the first time. he had instead told him that he needed a special potion that would restore his powers, but he never said how you could sense it or what the F it looked like. „Damn that mage...“ Grímlóck sat down on a rock while he tried to life tap himself to death again, but it still didn't work. „Why did i listen to that giant metal thing“ Grímlóck sobbed.

„That's because youre weak“ a voice sounded from nowhere.

„Who's there“ Grimlók jumped to his feet.

„Im youre old master....“

„Lethavien?“ Grimlók said while he nearly smiled.

„No fool... im not that stupid human, he is dead“

„That's a lie, he never died i know it“ Grimlók said while he nearly cried.

„OMG... you where once Lethavien, we where the one transforming you to Grimlók a long time ago“ The voice said while laughing.

„Noo Lethavien was my long time friend, before he vanished“ Grimlók was now sitting on the rock crying like Jaina used to.

„Nooo Lethavien was you once, before the orc invasion, before the corruption of the orcs and before the spicy space meat shop was set up outside youre family hut“ The voice was closer, but still Grimlók couldnt see anything. „Come Grimlók, be once more a part of the team and finish what you started not so long ago“ The warlock sat on the stone still crying a little, but the whispers grew stronger starting to making him mad. Slowly it brainwashed him again and after some hours of intense whispering the old warlock was back under control of Jaina and the Old god's. Now he would finish what he was meant to finish.

Out of the dark corner on the left side Kel'thuzad slowly moved towards the warlock. „You are now a member of the Cult of the cuddly frozen skeletal finger that are damned“ The lich held a ring that he gave to the grim warlock. „Now ill find the potion, while you will go and find the others to finish what you started“ The lich pointed on the exit. „goooo now... and neve \*Cough\* return when youre finished“

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Looking around, T.H. realised he was outside again. And there in front of him was his team members. „HE WAS BEHIND THAT WALL ALONG?!“ Trilokvia flamed Onuma, Onuma cheerfully replying, „I guess so, ah well!“ T.H. ran towards his friends and they all had a group /brofist, however, above them, Blackrock Mountain was erupting. „We must take cover, we can't continue this group quest if we're all dead!“ Neph screamed at her comrades, and they were all about to move, but T.H. stopped them. „Elementium is under that rubble, we need ta find him and get him ta safety too, even if he's gone a little insane.“ Neph began channeling her powers directly through the earth around them (Since she was Elemental again, plus the

powers of her triplets, she's SuperShaman now), and managed to locate Elementium, he was just under one layer of stone. Hastily, they all dug him out, dragging him to safety to the side, protecting themselves from the incoming lava by hiding in a nearby cave. They all huddled around the unconscious Draenei, „What was he doing in there?“ Questioned Trilokvia, T.H. replying, „I have no idea, but that Draenei's gone bonkers, he was trying to find the casing, but the reason is unknown to me laddie.“

How could the group find out what was going through Elementium's head? „I could try and read his mind, after all I am the majestic Rho-“ „YOU HAVE NO POWERS, GO SULK ON THE SIDE!“ Trilokvia interrupted Rhonin, he wasn't in a happy mood today. „Wait, I have a new invention...It's called the Mind-o-Reader, great name isn't it? It's still a prototype, but I think I got rid of all the issues with my last test. It shouldn't kill the subjects anymore, just give them a slight tingling sensation...“ Suggested Aragan, the group was unsure, but they had no other choice, and Elementium wouldn't be unconscious forever. Aragan pulled out the buzzing contraption and hooked it up to Elementium's head. He strapped it on rather tightly, and flicked a couple of switches on it. Suddenly, the HD Plasma TV began buzzing away. Aragan played with the dial to the side, surfing through Elementium's most recent memories, then travelling backwards. As he did this, Elementium's body shook a little. Neph gasped at the horror, so long it had been since she had visited the Exodar, she had not known what was happening to her people.

Aragan went through Elementium's memories, him entering the mountain, slaying dragon upon dragon, and then venturing further back. This vision scared them the most. Velen was not normal after the events that happened at Shattrath. Being in such close proximity to Knaackazulu, his light following ways had strayed. His skin had darkened, his facial features had mutated, and he changed his yellow robes for a darker, redder shade. Velen the Divine had renamed himself „Velen, the Herald of Death“. O'ros, the Naaru in the Exodar had also been pumped with fel energies, resulting in the perfect evil pet for Velen. Neph began crying at the sight of such atrocities. An unusual sight was that the Draenei kin began accepting these demonic and shadowy virtues. It must have been a sort of mind control ability the corrupt Velen was using on his people. This is why Elementium had changed. This is why he was also trying to reforge the Pen and Paper. They had to save Velen too, cure him from this insanity. However, for now, they needed to cut off this mind control connection to Elementium, but they had no idea how...and the longer they took, the closer he was to waking up...and hopefully this eruption would end soon too....

Neph thought over and over about the visions that she had witnessed, none of it made any sense. Velen was the light of lights for her, the inspiration of the

Draenei. „Something’s fishy here „ she finally broke her silence. „ Greed... „ she mumbled „ Greed of what?! „ Edis who was eadropping asked. „ That must be it, It’s the Casino and the large amounts of wealth they are attaining. Money is the root of all evil, it must be poisoning the minds of the honest Draenei“  
„ I heard Women are the root of all evil „ Trilokvia chuckled and looked around to exchange /brofists however his laugh was cut short by the sight of Neph charging the earth into her feet creating a rock cast around it which she promptly turned and buried with a swift blow into the Orcs groins. Trilokvia keeled over in pain  
„ Anyone else got something to add? „ she snarled, the group stayed tight lipped except for a few /point’s at Trilokvia and snickers. „ I have an idea, we are going to rob the Casino! „ she smiled „ We’ll call it Rhonin’s 11 and it will be the greatest Casino heist ever „ she added.

TH stepped forward \* ahem \* „ 11 lass? last time I checked ye only had 8 members in this group „  
„ There are 3 in my womb dwarf, probably already more powerful then you „ she shot back. TH knew better then to argue with a pregnant female.

„ Good luck with that „ Elementium laughed „ The Casino currently has the best security on all of Azeroth, besides you won’t be alive long enough to carry out your plan! Tumuhab 6!! Finish them! „ he yelled, with that call the Golem bust through the moutain and charged the group. Elementium took the time to make his escape. „ He’s makin’ a break for it! „ TH shouted „ If he gets word back to Velen they will know were coming! „ Edis added tossing a deadly throw at Elementium which the Shaman simply Wind sheared to the side. Neph turned to Trilokvia „ Can you take care of this golem? I have some unfinished business to deal with „ Trilokvia nodded then turned his attention to the Golem „ Lok’tar! Ogar friends „

Calling on the spirits of air Neph was lifted off the ground and soared towards the escaping Elementium landing a few yards ahead of him. „ Going somewhere?! „ she mused „ We don’t have to do this Neph „ Elementium snapped back dodging a lightning bolt. „ Oh but we do... „ she replied ducking a lightning bolt herself.  
„ You realize that I was Nobundo’s top student, my mastery over the element’s trumps yours! „ he added sending forth 2 ghost wolves towards her. She picked up some soil and tossed it over some rocks, out sprung forth and Earth Elemental which engaged the two wolves „ Nobundo would be nothing but an apprentice compared to my teacher „ she replied.

Trilokvia turned his attention away from the battle the group was having with this golem to look up the moutain, he view was filled with the sights of lightning crashing down from the sky. pieces of rock flying around in different directions and lava been channeled and launched around like it was nothing, it was if two gods

were battling for control. „ Neph I'm coming „, determined to ensure no harm came to her he rushed off toward her.

Elementium smiled „, your master better than Nobundo! Hardly possible, he is the single strongest Draenei Shaman alive! „, his chain lightning was met with her chain lightning the channeled power growing. A bead of sweat running down Neph's forehead as she tried to contain her end. She focused hard and began to push the lightning back towards Elementium „, Who ever said I was taught by a Draenei „, she muttered back, the comment clearly caught him off guard. Elementium dove quickly as he had lost his containment of the lightning and it surged towards him. The explosion blew a huge chunk of the mountain off, several of the large pieces struck Elementium the blows knocked him to the ground clearly injured.

Trilokvia quickened his pace as he saw the huge explosion, as he made his way to the top of the hill he saw Neph had pinned Elementium down charging up a finishing blow. „ Say his name! „, The male Draenei spoke, spitting out blood. „ Who would ever have trained you! „ „, He's known by several names but you would probably know him best as Ner'zhul „, her fist came down with a vengeance knocking Elementium unconscious.

„ Ner'zhul „, The words escaped Trilokvia's mouth catching the attention of Neph, she turned and realized the Orc had heard everything.

As Trilokvia ran off to aid Neph, the rest of the heroes were left to deal with the mighty golem. Edis had quickly jumped on Tumuhab 6's back and was stabbing to no avail. His poisons were useless on the inorganic monster, and his swords were starting to wear down to little daggers. TH's [Drunken Haze] was useless, and igniting any liquids just burned off on the surface of Tumuhab 6. Onuma tried arcane bolts, but they only reflected off in very dangerous trajectories -- almost hitting the others multiple times (mainly because Onuma didn't realize it would be best if he/she just stopped all together). And Rhonin ran around frantically trying to comb his hair, flex his small pecs and flash his rather dull teeth. None of it was effective, and he was really just getting in the way.

Meanwhile Aragan was frantically tinkering with something off to the side. „EDIS CATCH!“ the goblin shouted as he lobbed a very ... unstable looking package.

„Good (Old) Gods! What is this?!“ the rogue shouted back.

„Just thrust it in a fissure! AND JUMP!“

Edis quickly did as the goblin said... well quickly for a rogue, but not quick enough for a psychotic goblin. The explosion was a mix of old fashion pyrotechnics, harnessed arcane bolts (courtesy of Onuma), a time warp capsule, and goblin saliva...

for good measures. The result was an shockwave of awesome that slowed down time, just to make Edis leaping off all the more dramatic.

As Edis landed gingerly on the ground right in time for time to speed back up, elemental golem bits rained down around the heroes.

„You could have given me a little more warning...“ said Edis as he extinguished the embers on his shoulders.

„Time is money friend! A HA HA HA HA!“

Rhonin was already sifting through the rubble. „Well, look what we have here...“

„An Elementium Tooth Pick! Just what I needed!“ As Rhonin attempted to pick his teeth with the blade-sharp tooth pick, he ended up stabbing himself in the mouth. He then fell over and passed out from the pain. „Oh great, another casulty, that’s all we need.“ Sighed Trilokvia, as he returned with Neph to the remainders, with the unconscious Elementium on his back. „Look what I found here guys!“ Exclaimed Aragan, and out of the pile of golem bits, he produced the Elementium Casing, „Now, what was the next part which we required?“ asking the group. „A Naaru’s blood as the ink. There is said to be only one vial in existence, since it isn’t easy bleeding a Naaru. It’s under the Temple of Light’s floors, locked away in Shattrath City.“ Explained T.H., „Excellent, the Exodar soars above the City of Light! Lets see if we can put an end to this madness!“ Said Neph cheerfully. Trilokvia gave her an odd look, he still hadn’t gotten over the news of her master. He just realised, he doesn’t know anything about her past.

„It’s all fine and all but how are we gonna get to Shattrath?“ the group looked at the two mages. Rhonin immediately stood up and was casting something. „Don’t worry guys, you’ll be there in no time!“

The portal looked like a gaping dark hole, not a reflection of where they were headed... „Here, let me check that out,“ said Aragan, brandishing some sort of camera with a nose and ears. He put on his goggles and helmet and threw the thing into the portal. After some moments of convulsing he quickly ripped off his headgear and pulled back the curious device. „Where the fel does that lead? The place sounded like chocolate, smelled purple and looked like a thunderclap!“ „Hey shut up! I am Rhonin, I know best!“ yelled the Rhonin, and the group facepalmed.

„Lemme try now,“ said Onuma. She opened a portal. Trilokvia looked through it and shook his head. „Silvermoon again.“ The mage cast another one. „The Undercity.“ Again. „Orgrimmar.“ Another portal. „Thunder Bluff.“ She was growing frustrated now. Her spellbook was so crammed! „Look, can you at least give us Stonard? It’s fairly close to the Dark Portal.“ „Oh, all right,“ smiled the mage. Again the Orc

looked through the portal. Then he clapped his hands and laughed. „Congratulations, you're the first Horde mage I've seen who can make a portal into Stormwind!“

„So, that is that then. Both our mages seem to be unable to help us,“ mused Edis. „Well then laddies and lasses, I may know a way we can get there!“ exclaimed TH. „We've rebuilt Ironforge's airport, and we've even made it easier to reach now. I think we should be able to find our transport there.“

So they set off towards Dun Morogh. The Dwarf was leading the way on his ram. Trilokvia and Neph were the last two of the group, not counting Rhonin who was running around and blinking over small rocks. „So... Ner'zhul, eh?“ asked the orc quietly. Neph frowned. „Yeah, I met him when he was still young, and he agreed to teach me some... tricks. We stayed in contact after that, right until he set off on his quest to exterminate us.“ „Oh, he was young when you met him? How young exactly?“ asked Trilokvia. „Well, I'm no expert when it comes to Orcs, but... I'd say about your age.“

The Orc was frowning now. „What was he like?“ he demanded. „All right for an Orc I guess...“ „Oh, all right for an Orc... I see,“ grunted her companion. „So, did you... you know... get close?“ She would have slapped him if she could reach him, but settled for a murderous look instead. „What are you implying? I would never touch a damn Orc!“ „Then what the fel am I, a pot-plant?“ screamed Trilokvia, causing the others to turn around. „Whatcha lookin' at?“ he growled at them, and they quickly looked back on the road. „No, I... I didn't mean that, I...“ stammered the Draenei, but was too late. The Orc whispered something to his wolf and it ran forward at an amazing speed, catching up with TH's ram.

Damn those stubborn Orcs... Draenei weren't usually chained down by relationships. Immortality meant they got bored with others pretty fast. Velen for example had a whole harem of females at his command. The Orc would have to either adapt or break. I don't care which...

But in her heart of hearts came a tiny whisper. Liar.

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The warlock walked under the black skies of the Burning Steppes to find the group. „Ehh... the old god's was right“ the warlock muttered to himself. He had been teleported to stonard and was now on his way to Blackrock mountain. Griml6ck walked slowly to the big entrance that showed the way into the dark mountain. „Hmm i remember this place.... maybe it's still here“ He said to himself before he ran back to the open field and searched on the ground to find something he once

owned „It should be here somewhere“ Griml6ck used his senses to detect anything that was filled with magic, but it was nothing only a couple of magical fire bunnies. „he couldnt possible have taken it for himself?“ The old orc thought to himself. A thunder sounded in the background over the mountain and the ground started to shake. „Damn they must already have encountered something“ Griml6ck took a quick look on the field before he ran up to the entrance in hope he could reach them before they where finished. Still on the ground under the dirt a small old medallion was lying, inside the medallion it was writed

„Lethavien Sergeant Major of Stormwind:  
You fought with honor and great passion  
I will never forget what you did to me and oure people  
You will always be my friend and greatest student.

Nielas Aran

PS: Me and Mediv never found out where you got those bunnies from“

Inside the mountain Griml6ck heard the battle still going and it nearly brought down the mountain itself. „Damn these braindead people, they always try to destroy everything“ Griml6ck muttered some words before he jumped of the big chain that was connected to a big stone thing in the middle of the mountain. „This better work“ Griml6ck said to himself. When he was finally down on the platform into the Blackrock Depth’s he heard nothing. Griml6ck ran over to the entrance, but it was nothing there. „Where did they all go?“ Griml6ck stumbled around trying to find out where they had gone. Nothing other than some rocks that was lying around showing that it had been a great battle here.

„They are on their way to the Dark Portal...“ a voice sounded in the warlocks head,

„But i just cam from Stonard!“ Griml6ck yelled out to no one.

„Then get busy and go back there“ The voice said before vanishing.

Griml6ck roared out in anger and cursed himself for the tenth time for not learning hellfire.

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Garrosh and Donald had reached the Zepplin tower while avoiding any of the guards noticing the pair. „Where to first?“ Donald asked. Garrosh took out his paper and looked „Erm... Furst we goes to Thunder Bluff! Old man Cairne is a

Alliance lover of peace „ he pointed to the brown circle with an X on it. „ He die first „

A voice came from the shadows „ You two look like your about to do something really reckless and stupid „

„ Wut's Reklass? „ Garrosh questioned

Taun stepped forward out of the shadows cracking his knuckles „ I am Taun of the Tauren, protector of Cairne „

Donald hissed at the Tauren „ a lone Tauren against the might of Garrosh & Donald „ he snickered. The Forsaken charged at Taun who for his size easily dodged the attack and reached out and siezed him by the throat.

„ Let em go! „ pleaded Garrosh, watching his friend chocking in the clutches of the Tauren saddened him.

„ Very well „ Taun snorted and with what appeared very little effort he flung the Forsaken over the edge of the Zepplin „ Nooooooooooooo! „ Garrosh screamed as he ran to the end, only to see his friend laying lifeless with a mouthful of dirt the impact from the fall had dealt a fatal blow. Donald was no more.

Garrosh stood up and turned to the Taun „ He was my BFF! „ Garrosh grabbed his dual wield fury axes and with tears flowing tossed them both as hard as possible at his best friends killer. Taun had assumed he would have to dodge these axes but Garrosh's aim was beyond horrible the axes missed him by at least 13 feet, however they did hit something.

One of the axes landed square in the chest of the Goblin pilot, who collapsed from the wound, the other axe hit the balloon type substance and puntured the Zepplin. The blimp roared to the side without a pilot and losing air fast a crash was imminent. Priests, Paladins, Mages and anyone else who had a slowfall ability all jumped off the ship tossing up a middle finger to Garrosh. Both Taun and Garrosh were warriors they had no such luck they had to just cross there fingers and hope for the best.

The blimp veered towards the mountain range surrounding Mulgore and with a high velocity crashed into the mountain, the explosion and shrapnel flew everywhere.

Several minutes past with no signs of life, then finally a sight was seen a Tauren hand reaching up out of the fiery wreckage.

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The adventurers reached New Ironforge without much trouble, except for when

Rhonin set fire to an Ogre. The creature bellowed in pain, summoning all the rest of its tribe. Needless to say, the group ran on, leaving the mage to take care of it. He returned silent and bruised.

TH led them up a steep path into the mountains. Finally they saw the airport. It had been increased to almost three times its size and housed a number of huge Gnomish airplanes. The Dwarf set off to get some cheap tickets. He returned soon. „Well, I’ve got some good news and some bad news. There is a flight scheduled for the Blasted Lands, and I managed to reserve our tickets. I tried bargaining for them.“ There was a pause. „So what’s the bad part?“ asked Edis. „Well... They were supposed to cost 50 gold pieces each, but I thought it too much, so I haggled a bit... Now they won’t let us in unless we pay 70 gold each.“

Aragan was not amused. „Time is money friend, and money is time! You just stole a whole damn day from me!“ The Dwarf glared at him. „And what was I supposed to do?“ The others were snickering. Aragan grumbled: „And on a Gnomish machine... pah! Goblins are the only ones who should be allowed to fly. It’s better to explode in the air than to crash into a mountain!“

So they all paid for the tickets. The flight was rather dull really, but Trilokvia and Neph still wouldn’t talk even though they were sitting next to each other in a separate compartment. The Orc started murmuring a tune under his breath, one that Neph knew all too well...

„Why are you doing this?“ she whispered sharply. Trilokvia looked at her and arched a brow. „What am I doing?“ „You know... singing that!“ He shook his head. „I have no idea what you’re talking about.“ She slapped him across the face hard. His eyes flashed red for a moment and his hands clenched into fists, but he didn’t move otherwise. „Don’t think I don’t know the tune. It’s the Death Chant! It was on the lips of the Orcs that slaughtered Shattrath... and it was the anthem of the Horde during the whole Draenor campaign!“ „And I presume your precious Ner’zhul taught you about it?“ grunted Trilokvia.

This time he anticipated the blow and caught her wrist in midair. He tightened his grip and the Draenei screamed softly. He looked into her eyes, his hatred and rage evident. Then he let her go, and she started massaging some life into her fingers. „What’s gotten into you?“ she asked with tears in her eyes. The Orc’s eyes glittered with shame for a moment, and he looked away. „It’s nothing,“ he said softly. „Come on, something is obviously bothering you!“ He looked at her again, this time seeming almost confused, and sighed. „You never told me you knew Ner’zhul.“ „Well, you must have some secrets of your own,“ she said, and the Orc diverted his eyes again. „Yes... that’s exactly the problem,“ he muttered. „Ner’zhul was my father.“

The Draenei couldn't believe it. Then she thought a bit about it... „Hey, didn't you tell me you were born in an internment camp?“ He was confused. „Yes, I was...“ „Well, it's impossible!“ exclaimed the Draenei triumphantly. He saw the truth of her words now. Only, he remembered his mother telling him about his father's heroism and cowardice... Telling him what a mighty warrior of the Bleeding Hollow he was, and a powerful shaman of the Shadowmoon...

„There is something terribly wrong here,“ grunted the Orc, rubbing his beard. „Wait, you couldn't have been taught by Ner'zhul... Nobundo was the first Draenei shaman. He was the one who showed your people the way.“ Now Neph looked puzzled. „Yes... now that I think of it, I remember him teaching me, too.“ Her brow furrowed. „You know what this means?“ she whispered with fear in her voice. The Orc shook his head.

„Someone's repaired the old pen and paper...“

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„I'm telling you to stop,“ said Edis, who was starting to think about stabbing the mage in the face. „You're a noob mage now, get over it. Maybe you should start practicing by shooting wolves with fireballs or something.“ „SHUT YER YAP STUPID NELF!“ screamed Rhonin, who tried to chestbump the rogue. All he got now was a sigh. To the side, Aragan was fidgeting nervously. T.H. eyed him. „The hell is your problem, goblin? I thought you enjoyed flying.“ „I do! I love to fly! Just...not in this...gnomish piece of crap!“ T.H. couldn't exactly blame him for that. Flying in gnomish machines with those rickety engines always shaking, feeling like any moment something was going to burst into flames and send them careening to their deaths, plus all the noise... But he highly doubted that a goblin contraption would be all that much safer.

„So what's the plan after we go through the Dark Portal?“ T.H. asked. „They don't exactly have airports around it on the other side. Just your basic wyvern and griffon taxis.“ „Like we got a choice,“ returned Edis. „We fly on, probably to our respective outposts in Terrokar Forest, and then to Shattrath. I don't think it wise to fly straight into the city and let them know we're there.“ „Yeah. What the hell is he doing?“ They all looked over at Rhonin, who was busy throwing his hands towards the wall, flames coming out each time and making scorch marks, chuckling like a boy who had found matches and an anthill. „Hey! What the hell's going on back there?“ yelled a light gnomish voice. Aragan sprang to his feet. „Stop that, you clown! Are you actually trying to kill us? It's bad enough we have to fly like this, we don't need you to actually help this thing...“ The aircraft suddenly shuddered,

and then jolted, banking hard to the right.

„Engine number two is out! We're going down!“

Aragan could do nothing but /doublefacepalm

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Atop the mountain known as the Rise of the Defiler, the lich lowered his hand. Swirling energies of necrotic frost still danced at the edge of his index finger, which he casually blew on as if it were a pistol. Beside him, Jaina grinned. „I admit it, lich,“ she said as she watched the gnomish flyer begin to lose control, one of it's engines now a block of ice. „That was some nice shooting.“

„Thank you. Now it's your turn, my dear. Can you make a portal in midair to catch them?“

Jaina rolled up her sleeves, a wicked grin spreading. „Stand aside and watch, Kel'thuzad.“ To the rapidly descending flyer. „Don't worry my friends, I'm only helping you on your journey, though not in the way you imagined. Hopefully Velen and that damned goblin can do their parts.“ She snapped her fingers.

The air opened. The air closed. The flyer was now gone.

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Aragan was frantically looking through his engineering pouch for something that could save them. TH was chugging down ale after ale. Trilokvia and Neph was bickering and fighting, and trying to imply this was somehow the other ones fault. There were some gnome flight attendants running around screaming that they were all going to die. Rhonin tried to flex his pecks and flash his teeth, but it was of no use. Edis was praying to his (old) gods. Only Onuma seemed to be unaffected by this whole ordeal, she seemed to be bobbing her head almost like she was listening to music.

„AHA!“, Aragan exclaimed and pulled out a shiny looking device. „lo and behold my newest invention!“ \*dramatic pause\*

The whole group /facepalmed. This was no time to be tinkering on silly inventions. „I hope that's a parachute.....“, said Trilokvia.

„Ahh... No, my friend. I call it The Trade Chat!.... or /2 for short“, said Aragan with a big grin on his face.

„Does it make parachutes?“, said Edis mockingly. „eeeeehh..... no..... BUT! It can

answer all your questions!“

„Like how we haven't hit the ground yet? This plane has been falling for 15 minutes now... Is that even physically possible?“, asked TH, still chugging down ale.

„Dunno.... beats me.. It IS gnomish technology after all“. „Now then... What shall we ask?“

As you decide what to say on /2 chat, you hear a scream coming from outside, on one of the wings of the Gnomish Airplane is a passed out female elf hunter! As she turns toward you, she says.....stupid...glitch exploiting...falling in endless blue space...help. Rhonin than screams, „I SHALL SAVE YOU ELVEN MAIDEN!“ and breaks open the wall of the airplane. Multiples WTF's and /facepalms are exchanged and somehow, they aren't sucked out. Rhonin than flashes a dull gray smile, saying, „Hehe, that spell was always handy when DK females attempted to Death Pull me away, if you wanna face the Rhoninator, you walk to him yourself and hope you're hot enough. Now,where's my chloroform and the bathroom?“ Neph than walked over to Rhonin,saying,“Oh no you don't fail mage! Im specced resto so im healing her and seeing what she knows..“ As Rhonin went to cry in the corner, Neph started to heal Arcaniel,and she regained consciousness. „Who are you?“ „My name is Arcaniel....Windrunner.Rhonin said,“Relatives? sweet,Vereesa was epic!“ He than shoved the chloroform rag in Arcaniel's face. TH fell over asleep,snoring like an elekk. Edis snickered,“Lol,looks like he drank too much,you should check on him Neph, ive seen dwarves drink out entire bars.“ Aragan shrugs,“Wtf? Anyway,what should we say?“

As he wondered what to say, Aragan approached the side of the aircraft not very reluctantly, and looked over the edge. Nothing. There was nothing there. Emptiness. Where were they falling to? „Errrr, guys, come have a look over here...“ he said to his companions, those who were still awake. As they approaced the edge, they all looked over, and they saw the same thing, emptiness. They were just continuously falling. „Okay, we're getting nowhere for some reason, so Onuma, open up a portal to Stonard.“ asked Trilokvia, „Sure, one portal to Stormw-...Stonard...coming up!“ said Onuma, as he she opened a portal. Trilokvia looked through, „Incredible, you got it right for once, okay, one by one, jump through. I'll head back for Elementium, the new Hunter and T.H.“ As Trilokvia stepped back onto the plane, the portal faded away. „NO!“ screamed Neph, „Reopen it now Onuma!“ „Ummm, I'm sorry, but I don't know where they are, they're gone. Sorry.“ Onuma replied, with a cheerful smile upon her face. Neph picked up her warmace and swung it, hitting Onuma. Onuma keeled over, and a pool of red blood began turning the nearby ground red. „Oh no, what have I done!“, she said, falling to her knees and crying.

Edis ran to Onuma's body and checked her pulse, there was nothing, she was dead. „Let me try these.“ said Aragan, approaching the corpse with two Goblin jumper

cables. Attaching them to Onuma, he tried them, the body shook slightly, but there was no response. Rhonin approached the corpse, „I can do this, a priest once told me how to ressurect someone, and me being the mighty Rhonin, I can make it work.“ With a thrust of his pelvis, and with his hands waving around, they began to glow in a yellow shade. Rhonin continued what he was doing, and there was a massive, blinding flash of light. Once everyone had recovered from the bright light, they looked to the spot where Onuma lay. She was gone, and the ground around where she was had been burnt. „What...did you do? She's gone! You just casted Holy Fire didn't you!“ Screamed Neph at Rhonin, „I thought it would work...“ Rhonin replied, leaving them, and sitting on a nearby rock, sobbing. Neph approached the others and whispered, „Something has happened, he has his powers again, how else did he use holy magics as a mage? Onuma was a great mage, and she shall be missed. We can only move on, and we cannot even provide a proper burial to a missing body.“ The remainders nodded, „We can atleast put something down to remember her by.“ proposed Edis, and everyone agreed.

Neph got down on her hands and knees, and began channelling her elemental powers. Suddenly, infront of them rose massive stones from the ground. They didn't look like normal slabs of rock though, they were carved. Neph just created a statue of Onuma, outside Stonard. Edis approached the bottom, and using his sword, etched away a message, „Here lies a monument in remembrance of Onuma, the great mage. May she find peace, finally.“. Neph added a finishing touch, a framed image of Kael'thas, „Now, let's leave and try and find the others, it's been a tiring day, and we have lost a great friend.“. Aragan replied, „Our plan was to get to Outland, and let's continue, let's hope we meet up.“ And with that said, everyone grouped up, and travelled towards the Dark Portal.

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Meanwhile, in the middle of nowhere, with three unconcious companions, Trilokvia was yelling, „Blasted mage! I'll kill you for this!“ As he looked to the side, he saw the Trade Talking Machine...

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Griml6ck rided his Dreadsteed towards Stonard to find the group he had tracked for some days, he was not far from his destination now. „Hmprf something is wrong... i can feel it“ The warlock had not felt this bad since his days as apprentice in the Shadow council. „i cant be far from Stonard now“ Griml6ck mumbled to himself while trying to forget the pain. The Dreadsteed started to go faster as he didnt know if the group already had reached the dark portal or if they had just reached Stonard.

„Dont fail me warlock, dont fail me....“ The voice said constantly.

The little swamp village started to appear in front of the warlock. It was not hard to think that this place was so damn hard to find if you didn't know about it. „Gahhh.... i better find a doctor when im there i cant go on like this“ Grimlók nearly fell off the Dreadsteed, but luckily he had summoned his god friend Riahdersninohr the voidwalker. With the dreadsteed dismissed the voidwalker appeared and managed to take his dear master. After the battle at Tempest Keep Riahdersninohr had started to like Grimlók, but since Rhonin banished him he couldn't do much. The warlock on the other hand had managed to unbanish him and they had become god friends. „Ill save you maa master.“ The voidwalker said and started to move towards Stonard with his master in his arms. „Dont die for mee“ the voidwalker whispered into the warlock's ears.

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As Trilokvia vented his rage, Arcaniel woke up. „Wth? where are we?“ „I dont know....“ „Oh wait! I recognize this place! These are the Karazhan Crypts! hehe, explored them a while ago, i think my bff mage friend is in here.“ Arcaniel goes and walks around, then finds the mage trying to hop out of the bottom floor! „Xxsylvanas! Hey, can we get a port to Stonard bff? We got teleported here on accident.“ „Wow...wtf, i never thought of a portal?! /facepalm. K arc, jump down here and ill get u a port to Stonard.“ Arcaniel jumps in, followed by Trilokvia carrying TH on his back. „150 gold for a portal noob.....150 gold for a portal noob.“ Xxsylvanas finishes the sacred chant and conjures a portal....to Shattrath. „Shattrath?! Sweet, i have some Sunfury stuff to turn in there.“ Whee- \*Arcaniel jumps in the portal\* Trilokvia then jumps in too, T.H. and Elementium on his back. „Hey orc get your body out of the way! That was my last teleporting stone! No no no Noo!!!“ \*the portal disappears\*

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As Trilokvia and Arcaniel stumbled through into the Temple of Light, something was wrong. Trilokvia set down the unconscious T.H. and Elementium, and looked around. The Draenei and Blood Elves were missing. So was Khadgar. Trilokvia approached the sole being in the city, A'dal, and knelt before him. A soothing melody entered his mind, „They're all gone. Left me alone. I was too big to fit on board the Exodar. They haven't come down in weeks. I know why you're here. Naaruvian blood. Under these floors. Pen and Paper. Rewriting lore. I know your thoughts, your memories. Sadness, Neph, love, hate, worry, all these emotions. I will help you.

The southern-most slab in the Temple. Feel the cracks around it.“ As Trilokvia travelled to the slab and carried out the instructions, A'dal continued, „Find the lowest point. Reach under the slab. Lift it up. Retrieve the vial. Leave.“ With that said, Trilokvia put the vial in his backpack, and listened to the Naaru, replying, „Thank you great one, but we cannot leave yet. I'm waiting, and hoping for my companions to arrive. There is trouble looming overhead, and we must deal with it.“ „So be it.“, Chimed the being of Light. Trilokvia returned to the sleeping Broken and Dwarf. Arcaniel was gone. Trilokvia searched the Temple, Arcaniel was no where to be seen. Off in the distance, he saw a Dragonhawk flying towards the Exodar, from the Scryer's Tier. Riding it, was Arcaniel. „Stop, foolish hunter! Corruption awaits you aboard that Trans-Dimensional Vessel!“ It was too late, she was too far. He saw her land aboard it, and enter. „I must awaken T.H. atleast. Elementium must remain as he is, he will only interfere.“ Facing A'dal, he spoke to the being of Light, „Please, awaken this Dwarf. I'll need his assistance if we are to do something.“ Trilokvia stood there, looking at the Dwarf and then to A'dal, and the Naaru replied, „No need Orc. Your friends have arrived. So has your love, Neph.“. Running outside of the Temple, Trilokvia looked frantically. There she was, dismounting a taxi gryphon. He never thought she looked so beautiful, but no time was to be wasted. Wait, one was missing. Onuma.

As he called to them, urging them into the Temple, they came swiftly. „Where is Onuma?“ Asked Trilokvia, Neph replying, „A long story. But she is no longer with us. We can explain later.“ Trilokvia didn't understand, but he could wait. Neph kneeled beside T.H., and chanting a healing ability, he suddenly sat up. „Wha-? Where am I? Ah, Neph, Edis, Aragan, Trilokvia, you're here. Good. Now, where were we?“ „I have the Naaru Blood Vial. Now we must venture to the Exodar. We need to end this madness, and save a different Blood Elf. Arcaniel, the hunter, she ventured there alone. We must help.“. The group nodded, grabbed a few gryphons and mounted them, throwing Elementium on the back of one, and they began flying towards the Exodar. As they approached the ship, Elementium awoke, and grabbed his driver, Edis, making him loose control of his gryphon. They plummeted towards Aldor Rise, crashing on a balcony. Edis had to keep Elementium busy, while the rest carried on with the mission at hand.

As most of them docked aboard the Exodar, it looked completely different. The beautiful purple core of the ship had turned a horrible blood red. The ones aboard, Draenei and Blood Elves alike, just were gambling. The new Casino's corruption had fully taken hold of the ship. T.H. used his holy powers to flush pure Light energy through all machines, games and sources of corruption. All sources of corruption had been halted, and Trilokvia and Neph told all those who were aboard where to leave from, organising the chaos. Then, at the other end of the Seat of the Naaru stood him. The original corrupted one. Velen, now named himself the

,Herald of Death', approached them. „This intrusion was extremely foolish. You will pay for your trespassing, and for destroying this sacred place. You. Will. Die.“. Calling upon the powers of shadow, he sent a flurry of spells at them. Curses of death, all sorts. Our group evaded them excellently. However, Velen pulled out someone from under a nearby table. „Arcaniel, innocent Blood Elf. Now, you shall see what happens to those who cross me.“. Equipping his staff, he muttered a few curses and they whirled around the stave. Then, with one swift movement, he plunged the sharp end into the crying Elf, and her dead body fell to the floor. „A small casualty, definitely affected all of you though.“.

Aragan came to the front of the group. „Rhonin, take this Mana Injector, and teleport everyone out to safety. I have this entire ship wired up, and it's about to blow. GET THEM OUT NOW!“. The group disagreed, but Rhonin then injected himself, giving him temporary power. With a few wisps, the entire group was teleported out of the Exodar, back to safety in the city below. Looking overhead, the Exodar's outer shell began to crack. Suddenly a massive flash of light tore through the sky, eliminating all traces of shadow. A roaring explosion was heard, as massive pieces of debris rained down over Terrokkar Forest. „Too many good lives have been lost, no more.“ Said Neph, then acknowledging the balcony overhead, where Elementium was kneeling beside Edis, the mind control had worn off. He was back to normal. An ear piercing howl could then be heard, „I SHALL NOT BE DEFEATED SO EASILY MORTALS. I AM VELEN, EREDAR LORD OF THE EXODARIAN CASINO. YOU SHALL DIE TODAY!“. With that said, a shadowy figure flew down in front of our group, but they were prepared.

Neph began with encasing Velen in solid earth. „That wouldn't hold him for long, get A'dal, he can cleanse him!“ She screamed at Trilokvia, who ran into the Temple. A beautiful, calming hymn could be heard around Shattrath. The stone encasing Velen crumbled and his body flew up. Dark essences flew out of him, desintegrating into the air. His weak body then landed on the stone floor. Kneeling down, he called to our group, saying one thing, „Thank You.“ Trolokvia rejoined the remainders of their mismatched group, as Edis and Elementium also returned. „We have lost three good people, we need to continue this search, it could possibly bring them back. The next part, Paper from Nordrassil, the World Tree itself. We need to travel to Hyjal.“.

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Meanwhile in Stonard the village Witch Doctor tried to heal Griml6ck that was lying in a bed with extreme pain. „Da voodoo is not helping he much“ The witch doctor looked up on the voidwalker that sat on the side of the bed. „mee master will survivee i know it“ Riahdersninohr tried to transfer his own life over to his master,

but without the warlock's will it was not possible. „I cant do much more for the fella“ The witch doctor said with a sad look on his face.

„Damn we may have overused this brain channel, why did you have to spam Yogy...“ A voice sounded inside the head of the warlock.

„Not my fault this damn warlock cant take an day or two with spam!“ Another voice yelled back.

„Well me voodoo cant do much more, sorree voidwalker, but other people need maa assistance“ The witch doctor started to pack his totems and potion down in his bag. „Mee masteer cant dieee, hee cant“ Riahdersninohr started to grow desperate and used his sacrifice spell to try to save his own master. The yellow bubble shield formed around Grimlók and absorbed the evil brain spamming taint. Grimlók started to move suddenly and the witch doctor sprinted back to help him. „By the voodoo youre alive“ The troll said with a suprised look on the face. „Where am i..“ the warlock said. The witch doctor laughed a little before he replied „in Stonard my friend in Stonard“ The witch doctor helped the warlock on his feet and said that had not the voidwalker sacrificed himself he would be dead by now. Grimlók ate a little food the witch doctor made with his cook book for hungry trolls that love to hunt gnomes. After the strange meal Grimlók started to move towards the great dark portal to find the group and finish what he started not so long ago. The witch doctor stood outside the village and waved goodbye to the warlock while he walked back to his potion lab. „Strange warlock, not meny like maa cooking“ The witch doctor said with a smile.

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With the deaths of 3 companions, Nephrola went to pray to the elements for safety, Rhonin to try and continue „grinding“ for Aldor rep if any female priestesses were left, and T.H. to the World's End Tavern to drink and listen to L80ETC. Trilokvia however, stared into the Woods of Terokkar, muttering, „how could this happen.“ Meanwhile, talking to A'dal, Elementium asked, „Do you know any good ways to reach Mount Hyjal Naaru? There could be some druidic power there that may resurrect our fallen companions.“ With a twinkle of lights, A'dal answered, „Go to the portals around me, with the casino destroyed, they have began to work again, you dont know HOW much power that casino sapped from Shattrath, half of our glowy crystals were off all the time! Take the Orgrimmar portal, there, you may find a way to Mount Hyjal. There is an entrance to there in Winterspring, or you may talk to the Kal'dorei for transport up there...or just hike up there. Blessings of the Light surround you and your companions Elementium.“ With this news Elementium left to talk with the gang, and to decide where to go after Orgrimmar...

TH, Edis, Neph, Trilokvia, and Rhonin all gathered around Elementium inside World's End Tavern. Sharing a solemn drink to remember the fallen, Rhonin accidentally knocked over TH's ale in attempts to interrupt Elementium.

„What the blazes, d'ya think yer doing lad?!“ demanded TH.

„Oh, erm ... uh - that was one for my hommies, yo!“ stammered Rhonin in a very, very white voice. His /brofist went unfulfilled.

„Yer suppose to pour yer OWN drank!“ yelled TH. He then /facepalmed and staggered to the bar for a new pint.

As TH sat back down, Elementium continued. „A'dal has informed me that the portals are functioning again now that the taint of the casino is gone. Orgrimmar's is the only stable one, the rest are still kinda fuzy.“

„Well at least its the closest point to Hyjal“ chipped in Trilokvia.

Actually Teldrassil is... thought Neph, but she didn't say anything.

„But how are we going to survive Orgrimmar?“ asked Edis „you're the only member of the Horde at this table.“ pointing at Trilokvia.

„Just stay close to me“ the orc responded, „those scrubs will know better than to cross blades with Trilokvia!“

Plans were formulated. From Orgrimmar they would travel across Ashenvale in relative safety - even lowbies rarely wasted their time in that zone so it was usually deserted. They would then avoid the taint of Felwood with the help of Elementium and Neph's powers. But there was a hesitation...

„I guess I should tell you all something.“ said Elementium slowly. „I'm sorry I fought you back at Blackrock... I ... I wasn't strong enough to fight the corruption...“

„But even Velen wasn't able to resist it“ interjected Neph.

Waving his hand, Elementium continued, „and with Velen gone... with the Exodar destroyed ... and with Shattrath in desperate need... I ... I decided to stay behind.“

„Wha - what are you talking about?“ pressed Neph.

„I will lead the Draenei. I will lead our people and rebuild our sacred homeland myself.“ stated Elementium with fervor and determination. The companions clapped him on the shoulder and raised their drinks in celebration! Only Trilokvia noticed the Broken's clenched fist...

Saying their goodbyes, well-wishes and /brofists, the heroes departed the City of Light and its new steward. Trilokvia jumped through the portal first, and the others followed...

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Deep inside Deadmines, a lone paladin forges onward, to defeat Mr. Smite. Patrols chase after her, and she nearly dies multiple times, but she finally reaches, the most powerful creature in World of Warcraft, Master of Hogger.

Mr. Smite.

„Smite, give me back my Blood Tempered Ransur! I've had to beat people with my fists just to get here! Kinda hard when im a level 30!!!!!!“

„You want it? Go get it.“ She fights him for hours, an epic duel, with him changing weapons multiple times, like a gnome with a pointy mohawk, a Mr. T grenade, and a comfy pillow. „D'ah! You're making me ANGRY landlubber, and when im angry, YOU WONT LIKE IT! THIS, IS, DEADMINES!“ He then switched to FROSTMOURNE, which he took back from Arthas and uses as a toothpick because High Overlord Saurfang let him, and instantly killed Marion. She fell dead and all of a sudden, a mysterious voice came out of nowhere, instantly possessing Mr. Smite. „Welcome... to the service... of the wielder of the Pen and Paper of Knaakazulu! Bring your pretty ship.... to Orgrimmar.... It is time... for it's fall.“ „Knaakazulu dares to have insulted me? His Pen and Paper are MINE. And now, the world will be unraveled... Into believable stories and more heroes and love stories!

„Yes..... Master Chriastrasza.“ „Oy lads! Batten down the ,atches! Orgrimmar awaits! For the Defias!!!“

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Cata had been in The Worlds End tavern, taking a well deserved break from his casino. Building the Exodar into a casino was the best idea he ever had. Now he could just sit back and watch the money flow.

It was then he noticed all the comotion coming from over Shattrath. He ran out to see what it was. He could not believe what he was seeing, the Exodar was cracking. Then there was a flash of light and a loud bang. The shockwave knocked Cata off his feet.

He gathered himself and ran over to the rubble. This was an outrage, his masterpiece, gone. „It's going to take ages to rebuild....“, he murmured to himself.

He pulled out a device that was able to find the source of the explosion. It led him to a severely charred goblin body. „Who's this guy...?“ Cata kicked the corpse. He felt a dark presence in his mind.

„Rebuild him.....“, whispered a dark voice.

„Why should I?“ As Cata said that he felt an intense pain in his head. „Okok! I'll do it.....“, he said and pulled out his wrench.

He started building a robotic body while humming on the Imperial March. „Dund-undundundunnduun!“, he hummed merely.

He put the dead goblin in the robotic suit, but nothing happened. „I'll take it from here“, said a voice behind him. Jaina stepped out of the shadows and pushed Cata aside. She muttered words of power and the cyborg goblin jumped to life.

„Whaaaaat... What happened....?“ it asked with a robotic voice. „Your friends betrayed you...“, replied Jaina.

Sobbing sounds could be heard from inside the suit. „I have a task for you!“, said Jaina and laughed her little evil laugh. „You must kill Rhonin, and stop him from reforging the Parchment of Knaackazulu.....“

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Over the city of Shattrath the Exodar had been exterminated, but what most of the people didn't know is that the Exodar was only the vacation ship for a much bigger Naaru vessel. The Knaakodar was the biggest space ship to ever be built it was ten times the size of Dalaran and it was now after seven years finally done. With Onuma out of the way the green crystal would finally answer the great master of all that is dark. The green crystal had harvested so much magic from its time with Kael'thas that it could now hold this big space ship fully functional.

\*Swoosh\* the door to the main hangar opened. Three people walked through one was the lich himself the other was a little imp that carried a communication orb and in the middle a person with a staff and a now red crystal in the staff. They walked through the big hangar where other small gnomish planes were ready for the big attack. The gnomes walked over the whole ship making it battle ready. „Kel'thuzad have Grimlock gotten the message?“ the person in the middle said. „Not yet my lady.“ Kel'thuzad said humbly. They walked through the hangar and into a hallway. Their footsteps could be heard through the whole ship. „No one will stop us this time“ The person said while making a little grin. „Of course not Jaina“ The lich said. „Make sure the faceless ones are ready“ another voice said. Jaina stopped outside the door into the control room. „I hope that this goblin can do the job and if not you will be held responsible“ Jaina said before laying her hand

on the DNA scanner. The door opened quickly and when Jaina walked inside you could see the biggest army of faceless ones ever gathered walking down in groups of thousands inside the main hangar. „Ha ha ha this will soon be over the old god's will be free and i will rule this planet“ Jaina said while laughing to herself. „But Jaina you know the old god's wont allow you to rule this world alone“ Kel'thuzad said with a scared look on the face. „Have you forgotten who i am, im the greatest magic user to ever live im the great queen A.“ the door opened and interrupted Jaina's speech. „My queen we are soon inside the atmosphere of Azeroth and will land in Northrend in 20 minutes“ A little gnome said. „And when can we go and get the thing we need from the world tree?“ The witch said with an angry look. „After we have dropped of the main force you can leave with all the remaining forces“ the gnome said and left. „ Well then Kel'thuzad you will be in charge when i leave to find the paper and hopefully the goblin have the pen by then“ Jaina sat down on the chair while watching the biggest army ever to be, on one spot. On her hand you could see some fish scale, but it quickly dissappeared.

The screen moves out and you can see the big army prepare to get their revenge upon the mortals. The screen moves further away and the army is getting bigger and the biggest troop transport ship are being filled with thousands of troops. They walk in line into the ships. The screen moves out of the ship and out in the space where you can see the whole ship flying towards Azeroth....

Down in the water the naga was moving towards Stormwind to lay waste of this great human city.

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As the group stepped through the portal into Orgrimmar, they were blinded by thousands of fires. The Orcish capital was burning.

„No...“ whispered Trilokvia, shocked. „Who could have done this?“ „Oh, I know who did it,“ said a deep voice from behind them. In the rubble someone was crouching, covered with a dark cloak that concealed his features. „Yes... I saw the ship. It burned with the emerald fires of the Legion, yet was not theirs. A corrupted Naaru vessel, huge beyond description... It destroyed the city with a single blast from its corrupted core.“

„How did you manage to survive?“ demanded Neph, suspicious. The figure laughed. „It was not meant to kill us... but turn us.“ With that the stranger threw off his cover, and Trilokvia fell to his knees.

It was a Fel Orc. His black mane was unkept, but twin dreadlocks on either side of his head hinted that they used to be braids. His beard was stuck together with saliva. He was wearing full platemail armor... black as midnight.

And he carried a huge warhammer emblazoned with the symbol of the Frostwolf clan.

„Thrall... my warchief... what have they done to you?“ murmured the Orc. His former idol laughed maniacally and bellowed an ear-splitting cry. Figures started emerging from the debris, more Fel Orcs. The huge warchief grinned. „I am Thrall no more. I am known as Rage the Deathhammer. And you will die, in the name of Jaina!“

He charged Trilokvia, but the nimble warrior dodged his attack. „Jaina?“ he asked. The slaving beast spat at him. „Yes, Jaina. She created an artifact beyond your imagining. She made us what we are now, powerful and magnificent!“ His laughter suddenly turned to a bellow of rage. Neph called upon the Spirit of Earth and encased the Deathhammer in solid rock.

„I am sorry, Thrall. You leave me no other choice...“ muttered Trilokvia. In one powerful blow he severed the monster's neck. With tears in his eyes he then turned to the Fel Horde and started hacking and slashing at the aberrations with reckless abandon.

The massive cleave from Trilokvia's axe sprayed the former Warchief's blood in a viscous arc, some of it striking Rhonin in the face. He instinctively licked his lips before wiping the remainder away with the sleeve of his robe...

Our heroes battled their way through fel orcs and fel trolls - they were in the heart of the once glorious capital and green fires raged all around them! I giant fissure existed where the auction house once stood, the attack from the Knaakodar must have ripped straight through the canyon wall to the sea. The champions were now atop the smoldering ruins of the flight tower, forcing the Fel Horde across the narrow bridge bottle neck and the precarious stairs from below. One by one the monstrosities were slain or thrown from the dizzying height to shatter their bones on the rock below.

A slight pause in the battle was quickly interrupted by gun fire... no, not gun fire - CANNON fire! A ship could be seen through the newly carved chasm. „AHOY YOU LANDLUBBERS! IT'S TIME I FINISHED WHAT I STARTED!“

„It can't be...“ said Trilokvia, „SMITE!“

And indeed, the mighty Mr. Smite leaped from his ship, cracking the rocks where

he landed. The enormous tauren strode forward, despite the massive load he carried on his back. Any lesser being would have crumpled under the strain of Smite's weapons, for he carried two polearms, two axes, two maces, two swords, two halberds, two flails, two daggers, and even a parrot perched on his shoulder. Mr. Smite meant business.... srs bsns.

„You must get out of the city - make for Ashenvale!“ ordered Trilokvia to the others.

„Don't you mean we?“ pleaded Neph „what are you doing?“

„I can handle this.“ said Trilokvia through clenched teeth „now go“

„But...“ tried Neph, with a tear running down her cheek

„GO!“

The command was final, and the party propelled themselves across the narrow bridge and towards the back gates of Orgrimmar. Neph tried to look back, but Edis pulled her on.

With a massive roar that echoed through the canyon and shook boulders to the ground, Trilokvia launched himself from the ruined flight tower to face his destiny below...

The force of the Orc's impact cracked the ground, yet he remained unharmed. He charged the Tauren right away, but every single attack of his was parried. Somehow, Smite managed to juggle his arsenal and still deflect all the blows with a smug expression on his face.

„Damn you, where did you learn to fight like this?“ snarled Trilokvia. The Tauren laughed. „I didn't have to learn. You see, I've been stomped and kicked around for a long time. Then, I found out about an ancient artifact that could very well make my destiny.“ „The pen...“ said the Orc, shocked. „Yes. I managed to retrieve it... but just as I was reforging it, the damn sorceress interfered. She beat me up and took it... but what she didn't know was that the one she got was a lesser pen, for I had already repaired and hidden away my own.“

The weapons disappeared now, and Smite summoned an unpenetrable barrier between himself and Trilokvia. He brandished a small elementium pen. „To think that the mighty Trilokvia would succumb to such a simple thing...“ he murmured, taking out a piece of paper. „You see, the paper doesn't matter. It is the pen that is important.“ he chuckled and started writing. The Orc felt a strange tingling across his whole body. He flung himself at the barrier, swinging his axe maniacally. It was to no avail. With a single stroke of the pen, Smite sent him flying into the wall.

„You are mine now, Orc,“ he said triumphantly. „So ironic that you, a hero of Aze-

roth, would be the one who will deliver it into my iron fist.“ Trilokvia stood up. He could see it now, the foolishness of their quest. Mr. Smite was the true creator, the true force behind everything.

„Come now, my champion. It is time to show those ‚companions‘ of yours what you’re really made of.“ Thus, the Orc and Tauren set off after the group.

„NO!“ yelled Trilokvia, he could not be corrupted by the Pen! He threw his axe at Mr.Smite, but it hit a corrupted orc sneaking up behind him!

„Thanks mate, now, BECOME A FORCE OF EVIL MY PRETTY!“ Trilokvia fell to the ground, muscles pulsing, his grass green skin changing to a darker,jade hue, his locks of black hair becoming tangled and disgusting, and his eyes, changing to Onyx black. „Arise my champion, and destroy your old friends!“ With a guttural growl, Trilokvia took his axe, adorned Thrall’s plate armor, and set on flying on Gristlebrain, whom he had found and corrupted deep in Orgrimmar. Just for kicks however,he also burned down Grimlock’s Warlock School, and then took off,toward the adventurers.....

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The Knaakodar was only seconds away from Dalaran now. „Jaina when we have dropped the main force you will go to the world tree and find the paper and the goblin right?“ Kel’tuzad said with a huge grin. „Of course lich and dont get cocky with me, that damn tauren gave me wrong pen..“ Jaina said and threw it out the window. The Knaakodar was now over the mage city and the crystal canons fired all over the city. The mages tried to set up some defense but failed.

„Run for yerr life were being attaked, by aliens!“ a random dwarf screamed out in the street.

The landing ships was now inside Dalaran and the faceless ones marched out into the great city of Dalaran. While the gnomes infact leper gnomes was flying airplanes that bombed the houses. \*Shwwoosh\*, \*BOOOM\* \*explosions Michael Bay style\* the faceless ones and battle mages fought in the street’s. Red fireballs and purple shadow bombs was flying over the whole street. Inside the Violet castle thing Vereesa was sitting with her unfinished bow waiting for her husband to come and save the day, but nothing happened only death and destruction. The apprentice mages was hiding inside the top chamber to avoid being slaughtered. This was no more the world of warcraft as they knew it this was extermination. Khadgar had been summoned and had a epic spell duel with a faceless one commander.

„Die squid face!“ Khadgar said and shoot the commander with a rank 1 fireball that missed.

„You suck old man“ The commander said and charged Khadgar and grabbed him by the throat.

„Unfair im important im good guy i cant die“ Khadgar cried now as he knew he couldnt be saved.

„Without a writer the story can progress as it will“ The commander said and impaled Khadgar.

Vereesa saw that Khadgar failed and started to sweat, who would save them. She ran down to the remaining strong mages and asked them for one last summoning.

Meanwhile in Ashenvale Rhonin was walking behind all the other's. „Shouldnt Griml6ck have found that damn potion yet“ He mumbled to himself. „Anything bothering you Rhonin?“ Neph asked. „Noo... nothing“ Rhonin quickly said back. „It's strange Griml6ck never wanted to join us, well what can you do about warlocks“ Edis said with smile. They walked fast towards their destination, but behind them a cyborg was walking at the speed of OVER 9000 and one. The cyborg jumped over them and they all gasped. „Who the hell are you metal bastard“ TH said while reaching for his beer. „Im Aragan XT666 cyborg goblin“ The metal thing said with it's cold rusty voice. „Aragan is that you...“ Neph said suprised. „Yes it's me, but now you are all the weakest link goodbye!“ Aragan charged his metal lazer and nearly cut of the head of the night elf. The pen was ripped out of the hands to Neph and throwed to Aragan. „Thank you now i must kill Rhonin..“ the cyborg said and charged another lazer. The lazer fired and Rhonin was hit by the full blast. Neph screamed even though she didnt care much for Rhonin anymore. „My mission is complete“ Aragan said and teleported the pen away. TH stood on the side, if he couldnt drink his beer in peace he could atleast make it useful. TH threw the beer and hit the cyborg. Smoke and fire exploded out of Aragan and after a minute with a light show for a lifetime the cyborg was no more. Inside was the remaining parts of the beloved goblin. „They have the pen and now they will get the paper before uss...“

Back in Dalaran the fight was long and hard. Many god and bad players where dead. Vereesa was sitting inside her and Rhonins house. There where no raptor's there anymore, not a single raptor to defend Dalaran with. Vereesa walked around with tears in her eyes. The big space ship had nearly destroyed the whole city. The leper gnomes fought the recently arrived dragon force they flew around like a some sort of space battle from the unknown movie no one in world of warcraft had heard

about Star wars. Vereesa saw the faceless ones rape and rip apart the blood elves and humans since no other races had dared enter this town when they saw the big space ship.

Vereesa starts to sing as she had no bow:

„Why are all these things here in this town , when i i i ...“ Vereesa was interrupted in her song when a sudden explosion was heard inside the house. The not so fiery mage stood tall and proud, he was not dead. Vereesa screamed in joy and didnt notice his rather strange apperance since Vereesa had never been in Dalaran since after Rhonin left again to find that damned pen and paper. „You came, i knew you would“ Vereesa hugged him with all her power and nearly choked him. „Vereesa what has happned here?“ Rhonin asked with a strange look on his face. „it’s the faceless ones the old god’s..“ Vereesa paused. „Jaina...“ Rhonin said with hate.

Up in the chamber in the Violet castle thing Jaina walked inside to make ready for the paper. Jaina had gotten the pen and only needed to travel a little to get the last thing.

„Lady proudmoore, they are to many we cant defeat them“ A old mage said.

Jaina laughed a little before burning the whole room looking into the childrens eyes and look at them burn and burn. The screams could be heard all over Dalaran, the screams of children being burned to death.

Rhonin grabbed his staff and squeezed Vereesa’s you know... and teleported out. Up in the chambers he saw Jaina laughing and pointing at him before she teleported out of the chamber and onboard of the Knaakodar to get her ship. „Damn you Jaina“ Rhonin said to himself before he got summoned into the ship by an unknown force. „hellow Rhonin remember me?“ A voice said in the dark. Rhonin raised himself up ready for battle, this time he had no marry sue power, only his normal mage power. „I dont know you, show youerself“ Rhonin yelled. A big crash was heard and someone cursing before the lich showed himself. „I am Kel’tuzad great leader of the Cult of the cuddly frozen skeletal finger that are damned“ The lich laughed so hard he nearly fell on the floor. Rhonin used this chance to charged him, but Kel’tuzad only waved with his finger and a golden shield made Rhonin hit the floor with a bang. „ I have the power of the Sunwell, im not going to be defeated by a marry sue that are no longer a marry sue“ The lich laughed again.

„If only Grimlock had given me my potion“ Rhonin said while coughing up blood.

„Ha ha you mean this potion“ Kel’tuzad showed Rhonin a bottle with a golden

liquid.

„Damn you.. you killed the warlock“ Rhonin said while rising himself up to his feet's.

„oh no no no, he is our servant now again... HA HA HA“ Kel'thuzad laughed so extreme now that one of his rotten teeth was spitted out.

Rhonin charged again while spamming fireblast. kel'thuzad only created a barrier and started to shoot Rhonin with the power of the sun.

„Die noob die!!“ The lich screamed.

Rhonin dodged many of these lazer beams of sun, but he couldnt dodge it forever. After thirty seconds Kel'thuzad hit Rhonin by extreme force and he crashed into the wall.

„HA HA HA.. you are such a wimp“ Kel'thuzad started to charge a frostbold that would end the life of Rhonin.

„I i...“ Rhonin could not think straight it was over, over for real. Rhonin cursed to himself for being a stupid arrogant douchbag his whole life. Kel'thuzad was done charging and was just going to throw the death bolt when the roof of the space ship got pierced through by a giant robot metal thing.

„Im Optimus Prime and i wont let you kill this mage“ The metal thing said and started to beat the crap out of Kel'thuzad that lost he potion on the floor.

„Damn you metal head“ Kel'thuzad released his frostbolt on Optimus Prime that fell dead on the floor with a frost bolt impaled through his chest. „Now mage any last words hmmm...“ Kel'thuzad turned around and saw Rhonin sitting on the floor drinking the potion.

„Fuck you stupid old fart“ Rhonin said and suddenly a light surrounded him. His hair got more fiery. His teeths got so white that it was hard to look away. Rhonin screamed out in anger while brofisting himself. „IM BACK IN BSSNSSS!!“ Rhonin yelled at Kel'thuzad.

„NOOOOOooooo.....“ Was the last words you could hear before the whole Naaru ship exploded and Kel'thuzad was throwed out into the pit of hell. Rhonin jumped out in slow fall and landed on Krasus. „Any news my friend“ Rhonin asked

Krasus. „No only that you and i will kick some ass!“ Krasus said with a smile. They flew around killing hundreds of leper gnomes in planes. After killing a million of gnomes Rhonin landed inside the city where he stood and the sun rised up shining on his teeth and hair so the faceless ones burned away.

„Im soooooo gooodd!“ Rhonin said to himself before he ran around burning faceless ones to the ground. he ran around burning them as hard as he could, before he saw Kel‘thuzad charging him again.

„I cant be defeated by a mortal!!“ Kel‘thuzad screamed while flying towards Rhonin.

Rhonin blocked with his staff and Kel‘thuzad used his hands as sword’s. They fought intense. Kel with Sunwell powers and Rhonin with potion power. They cuted their way through the streets while no one dared to get in the way.

„YOURE WEAK!!“ Kel‘thuzad screamed for full lungs.

„Im not weak im badass“ Rhonin said calm.

Rhonin used his super spells, but the power of the Sunwell only dispelled it before it reached the lich. The only thing they could hurt each other with was melee weapons and so they did. Staff against razor sharp arms. The fight was hard none of them did anything that could either win the battle or lose it. Krasus saw all this and flew down to Rhonin and helped him up on his back before he deep breathed. only that Sapphiron managed to save Kel‘thuzad before he was turned into a pile of ash. They flew up in the skies while they threw frostbolts and fireballs at each other.

„YOU CANT WIN!!“ Kel‘thuzad still mad screamed as if he was deaf.

They flew into positions and made ready for the last charge. Rhonin whispered something to Krasus before they charged. Both dragons deep breathed and Rhonin used all his power while Kel‘thuzad used all his.

„BOOOOOOMMM“ the shockwave ripped Dalaran apart and everyone that were inside had to hold on for their life to not fall down to their deaths. A light appeared through the smoke and Rhonin sat on Krasus with the soulbox of Kel‘thuzad in his hands before he crushed it with his brofisting. With the box gone Rhonin felt the potion fade away and soon he was normal again.

In Mount'hyjal Griml6ck waited for his master to come and take the paper he found not so long ago. While he was there he had also found out that Jaina really was the great queen of the night elves Queen Azshara she had manipulated everyone since the dawn of time.

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The adventurers found out all of Ashenvale's wildlife had been corrupted. They were despairing, fighting against impossible odds, when suddenly...

»Hey, ya be needin' some help I tink!« yelled a voice. The group looked skywards.

They beheld a sight they couldn't imagine in their wildest dreams. Sar'jin, the Troll they had forgotten within the Emerald Dream, was being carried by a massive green behemoth... »Ysera,« whispered Edis, awed. Behind them, myriad broodlings followed. No, not broodlings...

Halfbreeds. They looked like little green Trolls, and the group realised they were scaly. Large wings kept them suspended in the air.

»Hop aboard, da time be runnin' out!« yelled the shadow hunter, and they obeyed. Thus they set off towards Nordrassil, bypassing all manner of dangers.

»But we don't have the pen!« yelled Neph. »What, this old thing?« asked Edis as he handed it to her. Her expression was one of awe. The Night Elf grinned. »Pick pocket, it's never let me down.«

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They were almost at the World Tree now. Neph was gasping for air. She could feel the cries of the Elements, nature being torn asunder. The tree itself was ashen black, and rivers of magma were flowing sluggishly around it. »Stay on your guard,« advised Ysera. »I have to return to the Dream. It is being besieged too.« With that she disappeared. She took the Dragolls with her.

They fought towards the World Tree, attacked by corrupted Trolls, Orcs, Humans, Night Elves and Furbolgs. Finally they reached their destination. TH took out an axe and was just about to chip off a part of Nordrassil's bark...

When he toppled over, blood spurting from a gaping hole in his chest. »Hahahaha landlubbers, Smite's got some tricks up his sleeve!«

The Tauren was wielding two huge rifles. He jumped off the dirigible and the earth shook. Edis attempted to shadowstep behind him, but Smite crushed his head with a single punch. The others were circling him now. He laughed and threw his weapons to the ground.

»I told you I was gonna improvise,« he murmured softly and whistled.

Another figure hit the ground now, one all to familiar...

»Trilokvia!« called Neph. »What are you doing?« The Tauren laughed. »Foolish Draenei. I command him now. He is invincible and will follow my every command.« Smite indicated Sar'jin. »Kill him!«

Neph tried to step in and counter her former lover's blade, but was too slow. The Troll turned into only a puff of smoke, yet the axe still somehow found his neck. His lifeless body fell to the ground.

Smite was snickering. »You'll pay for all of this, monster!« yelled Neph. »Oh will I?« asked the Tauren smugly. »If you haven't noticed, I already won. I have your champion. And I have empowered him further.« He rummaged through his pockets and pulled out the pen. »See? The paper is not really special, not really needed. I have the power!« Trilokvia shook. »No! I will not..« Smite made a gesture and the Orc stood rigid, unmoving, almost as if he had been turned to stone.

Now Neph smiled. »Well, so do I!« she yelled and pulled out the makeshift pen.

She quickly started writing on the World Tree's bark, and Smite did likewise, only on bits of paper. Monsters and heroes battled and fell, and none seemed stronger. Then, suddenly, something hit Neph over the head and took away her pen.

»You have forgotten, I command your precious Orc!« yelled the Tauren. »Now, for defying me you shall face a fate far worse than death...«

He wrote something, and Trilokvia glowed with incredible power. Neph was blinded for a moment, but when she could see again, she noticed a strange change in the Orc.

His face was colored white now, the shape of a skull covering his features.

»Ner'zhul...« she whispered. Trilokvia threw back his head and screamed a warcry. »Master... the power...« He screamed again. Smite smiled. »You know the price,« he said. »Destroy her.«

The Orc nodded and turned to the one he had once loved so much. She was crying and muttering something. »Fight it, damn you. Fight it...« He looked at her curiously for a moment.

And then he pointed at her. She felt herself transforming. She wept now, and her tears were turning into beads of glass. Finally, she was nothing but a small crystal figurine.

The Orc picked up what remained of her. Her soul was still caught within it. »Destroy her. Seal the pact.«

He turned to face Smite. He knew he could never challenge the Tauren's powers. And he wouldn't. But something deep inside him cried and wept... its sounds were filling his world...

He hefted the figurine and threw it into the molten lava.

»You are mine now,« whispered the Tauren. The words seemed to break something...

With a mighty bellow, the Orc reached into the pool of lava. As he pulled his left hand out again, the flesh scorched and his iron gauntlet welded onto the limb, Smite noticed a faint glimmer...

»It cannot be! I am the master here!« he screamed. He started writing something, but it was to no avail. The Orc set the figurine on the ground and turned to face the Tauren. »No,« he simply whispered.

Trilokvia ran the healthy hand across his face and the image of a skull vanished. He touched his left hand, and it started healing rapidly. The pieces of his gauntlet were now embedded into his flesh, but he seemed to not notice. »Now, Smite, now it ends.«

He ran to the Tauren at an amazing speed. With the right hand, he grabbed Smite by the throat. He struck at him with his left and felt the flesh rip beneath his fingers.

He pulled the hand out again. In his iron fist he held the still beating heart of Mr. Smite.

Then, a wave of force struck him. The world went black...

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It was not the blackness of oblivion. He knew this was the dark that had given birth to everything. He could see the explosion that sent the worlds into the Great Dark Beyond. He felt as one with the universe...

And then They came. The corruptors. The Old Gods.

They crafted two pens and gave them to the creators. After countless millenia of struggle, two emerged victorious: Knaackazulu and Chriastrasza. They started writing their own history...

And then the pens got hold of them. They changed, and the worlds suffered because of it. They would change the history time and time again. And they started fighting one another.

The Old Gods laughed and laughed. Their sole purpose was to incite chaos, and they did so admirably.

\*\*\*

Trilokvia woke up. Now he knew what to do.

He turned his gaze to Neph. She mustn't know. She wouldn't understand...

Taking up the pen they had created, the uncorrupted one, he wrote the other one out of existence.

He sighed. He had taken the last step. Now he would have to make the sacrifice...

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Neph awoke. She shook her head to clear it, and noticed Trilokvia huddled, writing. »What are you doing?« she asked.

The Orc shuddered. »No, not her...« he whispered. Sighing he turned.

She held back a scream. The Orc was fading. His armor seemed solid enough, but his skin and flesh were slightly transparent.

»What happened?« muttered the Draenei. He sighed. »I... I destroyed the other pens. I wrote Knaackazulu and Chriastrasza out of existence. Now I have to take

their place.« She couldn't believe her ears. No, damn Orc, you cannot do this!

She flung herself at him, trying to stop his work. He wouldn't budge however. He seemed as unmovable as the bones of the earth. Neph took a step back, and observed him with a furious expression on her face. How dare he! He shook his head sadly. »You cannot stop it now,« he said, his voice barely more than a whisper. »I am finished.«

With that he stood up. He stepped towards her. He held her soft hand in his cold iron one. Tears were flowing down her cheeks. »Do not weep for me. I will not be gone.« He touched her cheek with the ethereal hand, the touch barely noticable. It meant the world to Neph, however.

He smiled. »Sleep easily, for I shall guard your dreams, now and forevermore.« With that, the Orc disappeared, and the armor fell to the ground, empty.

She fell to her knees, crying. It seemed to her like a century had passed before she managed to wipe the tears from her eyes. Purposefully she started rummaging through what remained of the Orc's armor.

She called upon the Elements, and they answered. She toiled and toiled and in the end finished her work.

The Draenei raised her left fist to the sky, covered in half-melted iron.

\*\*\*

Neph awoke with tear-soaked cheeks. She had the dream again...

It was always the same. She would see Trilokvia, standing in the void. Where he pointed the pen, a star would come to life. Then he drew a line and made it a part of the constellaton, a part of history.

Most dreams he would only work, and she would stand beside him, both enjoying the other's presence. Sometimes they would speak, and she learned he was setting history right again. He had returned life to their dead companions. Except for one...

Onuma had chosen a different path, and he honored her wish. She was enjoying an eternity in an unblemished Quel'thalas now... along with her beloved prince, Kael'thas.

Usually the dream would end with him whispering: »It's not finished yet.«

But this one was different. He seemed even more focused on his work now. After what seemed millenia he stepped back to admire it. He waved a hand triumphantly. »I have done it,« he said. Neph observed the magnificent tapestry that was the history of their universe, all the little details, the smallest change was documented...

»Step back,« he whispered. She did so, and beheld another view entirely. She could see vast cities and growing civilisations, planets and planetary systems.

»Step back,« he whispered again. And then she saw it.

Into the very middle of the universe... he had woven her face.

### Epilogue

With order restored to the universe, and a new guardian watching over Azeroth, the world slept peacefully. Neph was almost due to have her triplets, and Veressa had offered to help. But the real comfort was knowing that Trilokvia was going to be at her side for an eternity. She still hadn't named the children, but knew a sign would reveal itself when the time was right.

Tenderheart Fireybrew set up shop in New Iron Forge. He created the grandest brewery in dwarven history (and that's saying alot!) and nearly emptied his entire stock every week. But success isn't measured in gold alone. TH used his earnings to mix his knowledge of the Light with his love of the brew, and established the first Drunken Brawlers' Monastery in the peaks east of New Iron Forge. There TH trained eager young monks in his unique arts.

Edis returned to Teldrassil and acknowledged his birthright, becoming an adviser to his mother, Tyrande. His primary duties and title was „Defense Against the Dark Arts“ instructor, to which he was quite skilled...

EDIT: Drugen was finally reunited with his beloved Mishkah and spent his evenings bounding through the woods of Feralas, chasing rabbits and howling at the moon.

Rhonin was still Rhonin and tried to mack on all the ladies, but Trilokvia ensured to re-write the mage as JUST a mage. Rhonin spent his days making pastries and delivering Culigan water to the businesses of Dalaran, and weekends raising raptors to rebuild his depleted army.  
(And a strange brooding grew in his veins)

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One night, Neph lay dreaming - excited to travel the stars with her beloved Trilokvia. Only this time she was met by a different voice, a voice with no form...

„You children - dey be in danger.“

„What must I do to save them?“ she whispered back.

„You come get da voodoo...“

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Inside Stormwind the old warlock veteran Lethavien walked with pride. He had seen many battles were both his friends and enemies had falled. He was right hand to King Varian even though he held it secret. He still had the medallion he had been given to by the great mage and friend Nielas Aran. He would never forget what had happened the day his friend died. The whispers from beyond time and space, but the whispers had died out long ago. Lethavien visited his only son and his children for the first time in many weeks. He was home and nothing would ever change that...

Inside the mage tower Jaina walked back and forth while telling herself.

„This is not over.....“ \*Evil laughter\*

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