Months had passed since the war on Draenor ended and the Legion was defeated. The inhabitants of Draenor had dedicated that time to rebuild their homeland. While the war and fel influence had ravaged wilderness and cities alike, there was nothing that hard work, magic and a peaceful environment couldn’t fix, and so it was that in just a few months, most of their hard work had already begun to pay off and the planet looked almost as beautiful as it was before the rise of the Iron Horde. Of course, rebuilding was only part of the work to be done and no one was more aware of that than the youngest and newest Exarch, the heroine of Draenor, Yrel.

Swaying her hips in a typical draenei demeanor, Yrel walked through Karabor, the massive temple-based city at the border of Shadowmoon Valley. She had always loved that place, not only because of its captivating architecture or its sacred significance to the draenei people, but also because she had always enjoyed the best moments in that city, including the time she led the draenei for the first time and managed to score a crucial victory against the Iron Horde. Karabor was preserved because of her, it was her pride and its citizens loved her just as much.

Yrel turned to greet back a couple passing by, a common occurrence for her. The Exarch held notorious popularity across the land, something that was to be expected for the girl who had lead the armies of draenei and defeated all their enemies even becoming the most important element that led to the eventual fall of the villain Archimonde. Of course, her popularity didn’t come to be just because she was a heroine, everyone loved and admired Yrel for much more than that. She was fun, adventurous, kind, intelligent and beyond that, she was physically provocative too.

While draenei women were renowned for being naturally voluptuous and good-looking, Yrel was blessed with even more striking assets than the average draenei girl. Large breasts and a well-shaped ass adorned her figure. Her face was beautiful, with expressive eyes and inviting lips. Her alluring voice and the unusual shape of her horns only added to her natural sex appeal. Even for draenei standards, Yrel was incredibly attractive, for other races she was a goddess. As a human had said once, she was simply hot. When the Exarch announced she didn’t have a partner yet after the war, every single straight Draenei male cheered and dreamed they could taste her one day.

As she walked through the city Yrel passed along a closed home. From there, the draenei caught a noise. It seemed like the voice from a female and the situation sounded troublesome. Curious, she stayed at the spot and focused to hear the situation better. When she realized what happened, a devious smile came to her face.

* Are those really moans? – Yrel Thought to herself and bit her lip – Oh well, seems they are enjoying themselves.

Even the Holy Temple city of Karabor was not exempt of “fun” and draenei were very open when it came to sex, something other races didn’t expect of them. Yrel always wondered why was that, while they followed the light piously and celebrated its purity, there was nothing in their religion that demonized sex. On the contrary, it was a normal part of their culture, they had practically evolved to look as alluring as possible, with their well-muscled men and curvaceous females, every aspect of their bodies was meant to bring sensuality.

Yrel licked her lips imagining the guy having an orgasm. A lesser known fact about her was that she loved semen. How it felt on her skin, the taste and the intoxicating smell. She had tried cum from other races too and got to the conclusion that no matter the source, semen was delicious and amazing. The visual of the guy’s cum falling over the girl was exhilarating.

The exarch moved her hands down feeling her body. Given the high number of bachelors that were after her, she had maintained a healthily active sexual life, but nothing more. She had been busy with the matters of her world and often felt unfulfilled. She hoped life would bring her new opportunities to enjoy the sexual pleasures that a young draenei maiden as her should be enjoying.

A gentle breeze caressed her skin taking her away from her thoughts. She smiled.

* Alright then, it’s time to start the day - She said looking at the sky.

And so, she took a map and examined it, thinking about what would be her first labor starting that day.