

Magnus drops his cup and Argon crosses his arms as Harford returns Allisandra. The source of their surprise is the conservative priestess entering the camp next to the large worgen dressed in the shortest little black skirt with a cute red thong beneath it that is both showing at the bottom due to the shortness of the skirt, and showing over the skirt due to how low it is riding. "That may as well be a belt..." Magnus says breathlessly.

Argon shushes him. "Quiet! The small one is in earshot."

Allisandra chuckles. "Oh, this? Luckily we found some official holy garb in Goldshire and Harford was nice enough to buy it for me, despite how expensive it is." She looks up at him brightly. "I owe you." Harford shakes his head and waves a hand dismissively.

"Not at all, my dear." He grins.

Argon lifts a brow. It is his turn, so he takes a particular interest in what was done to her. "Official garb?"

Allisandra nods. "Yep." She is also adorned by a tight tube-top with nothing underneath. That much is clear, as the top leaves her shoulders and arms completely open. Her nipples are quite hard and are showing through the fabric. Harford chuckles, reaching down to pull one of her thigh-high red stockings out before releasing them to snap back against her thigh. She yelps. "Ah! Goosh! That's not nice." She scolds him. Harford looks at them and shrugs, giving a look that says. 'See, she is not completely broken.' Argon grunts in mild approval "Anyway, guys. We are good to get going again, now that I have some priestly robes."

"Yes. Robes..." Argon stands, towering over the rest of them. "Allisandra. I know this guild is fairly... hard core." He begins.

She stops him. "I know it may make you uncomfortable but could you all please call me by my official title? I know it's a bit prudish and conservative, but--"

Argon blinks. "Priestess?"

She gives him a confused look. The words register to her, but all of those synapses now lead to dead ends. After a moment, she collects herself and shakes her head. "What? What is that? No... Cocksleeve."

Argon glares at Harford, who raises his hands in defense. He mouths over her head. 'You said she WASN'T broken.'

It is hard to tell, since the worgen's lips do not move like a normal humanoid, but he mouths back. 'She ISN'T. It is just hard to warp someone as much as I did without... Frying a few synapses.'

"Tch..." Argon looks down at the priestess, now 'cocksleeve.' Curiously he asks. "What's your role in the group?"

"Healer." She says simply.

"In the guild?"

“Healer?” She adds, again, tilting her head to one side in confusion.

“So you are a...” He motions his hand in a circular fashion for her to finish what he is saying.

“Cocksleeve.” She says normally, as though it makes perfect sense.

Argon shakes his head. “I suppose it is not all bad.”

“See?” Harford chuckles. “Still some left for you.”

“What are you guys talking about?” She asks.

“Nothing you need to worry over, little one.” Argon drapes an arm over her shoulder. “Come with me and let me help you out with ‘consumables.’ You know the guild requires them for all of their... Endeavors.”

“Oh! Gosh... But, I don't really have enough money to afford consumables. But..” She gulps, her lip quivering. “I do want to join the guild so bad. I hope this wont be a deal breaker after I came so far.”

Argon chuckles. “Please. Allow me to help you out. If we enter the guild together I could certainly be convinced to craft whatever you end up needing.”

“Oh my gosh!” She looks up with worshipful admiration. “Thank you so much.” The girl looks to be on the verge of tears over what she views to be a purely altruistic gesture.

“Come, come.” He leads her to his tent. Once they are inside he sits her down in front of small bench of vials and test tubes. Allisandra looks over it all with amazement. She does not know what any of it is, but she knows that he does, which impresses her greatly. “What would you like to try first?” The deathknight asks, eyes glowing with excitement.

“Oh, I don't know where to begin, really. What would you suggest?” Allisandra answers uncertainly.

“You mentioned you were a cocksleeve, which means you are a sleeve for cocks, no?” Argon asks rather forwardly.

Allisandra blinks. “Uhm...” She had not put that together in her head until now. Cocksleeve is solidified in her mind as an official title, but the implications of what it actually refers to is still somewhat dubious to her. “N-no...” She blushes, unable to resolve the two things in her head.

“No?” Argon smirks at the confused girl. “You did tell me you are a cocksleeve. That it is your official title.” He stops, lifting a hand to his chin in feigned thoughtfulness. “Or am I mistaken?”

She is not sure what to say. “You are not mistaken, but... I-I suppose I am a bit confused. That is my title and it is official but the idea of- of...” She gulps, unable to finish that thought. The implications actually begin to pain her a bit and the priestess holds her head with both hands. “L-light, what is wrong with me?” Allisandra whimpers.

Argon pats her. “Look up.” Allisandra stops agonizing briefly to look up at the behemoth of a man

sitting across from her. He is pouring a mixture onto his other hand. "Let us sort this out the easy way. Are you a cocksleeve of the light?"

"Yes." She responds hesitantly. 'It sounds right, but the implications are all wrong.'

"But you are just a cocksleeve in training, aren't you?" He adds, rubbing the mixture over his hand with a clinical motion. She confirms what he is saying with a nod. "But I am guessing you do not remember them teaching you anything about being a cocksleeve at the cathedral."

"That's the thing-" It is that fact that is confusing her so much in this moment. 'There's just-'

Argon does not let her finish that thought. "It must be so unfair. They did not do the training of you properly..." he sighs, making it sound like quite a shame.

To this new approach Allisandra stops and is forced to think. 'Is that... That must be what happened.' She knows she is a cocksleeve. 'Is all this confusion due to lack of training? My training is incomplete. It is kind of unfair. I don't want to be passed over by the guild, what should I do?' With that, the concept of her incomplete training solidifies in her mind. It is the natural conclusion to draw between the conflict of her being a cocksleeve and not understanding the first thing about being one. To her it is the first explanation offered, and the one that makes the most sense in a vacuum. Allisandra exhales and gives a short nod. "Yes, I think that is the case. It must be."

"I am wanting to show them that they made a mistake." Argon says with a determined expression that manages to fire Allisandra up.

"Really?" She asks excitedly.

"Yes! I am wanting you to become a complete and perfect cocksleeve for the guild." He announces.

Her expression brightens considerably. "Oh light... You have no idea how relieved that makes me." She says, once again on the edge of tears due to her perception of kindness from the giant man. "Thank you."

"Mhmm." Argon intones jovially. "Open up, cocksleeve. Wide." She opens her mouth wide and stares straight ahead at him curiously. He wastes no time pushing his thick, elixir-soaked fingers between her lips. She feels the wet mixture covering her lips and being slathered all inside her mouth. "Lick around my fingers, pet." She does so and is not sure what she tastes, but it is sweet. As she is licking Allisandra slowly begins to feel a tingle in her lips. Argon pulls his fingers free to see that her mouth is now dripping with saliva.

Allisandra is a little stunned. Her mouth feels warm on the inside and her throat does, too, as soon as she swallows the excess saliva and mixture that was coating her mouth. "What was-" Her tongue licks over her bottom lip, which sends a shiver up and down her spine and culminates in a pleasant, electric feeling in her brain. She does it again, which on this round causes all the previous effects and a full-body shudder. "O-oh light..." She gasps for breath.

Argon chuckles. "Be careful. You should not tease yourself like that, little one." He brings his hand forward and uses his thumb to circle her lips. "I will do it for you."

“W-what's happen- happening!” She moans lewdly. Her eyes roll back involuntarily and begin welling up with moisture while her mouth fills rapidly with slick saliva. The electric feeling in her brain builds to a point, then overflows to the rest of her body, causing her to completely blank out for a few seconds. When she comes back to she is sucking his thumb and a pool of saliva had formed on the ground in front of her.

Argon smirks. “Your mouth is now like pussy. Lips sensitive like clit!” He announces proudly. He pulls his thumb from her mouth with a loud 'pop.' The rubbing causes her to shiver a little. “Made brain have orgasm.”

“Oh gosh... B-but even smacking my lips a little makes my head fuzzy... How am I going to-”

He stops her. “Doesn't it make you a better cocksleeve?”

Allisandra can't help but agree with that conclusion, given everything she is being taught. “Y-yes, I suppose.” Her eyes widen as he leans forward and lifts her little top unceremoniously up over her modest tits. The priestess gasps. “What are you doing!?”

“Relax, cocksleeve.” Argon asserts.

For the first time in combination with his actions, the situation causes Allisandra to cringe a little bit. “Could you maybe call me by my name?” Argon looks on her pitifully. “What?” She asks, covering her chest with her arms.

“The temple let you keep your name? They truly were intent on holding you back.” He comments. She leans forward, suddenly distracted enough by that comment to let everything else go. Once he knows he has her attention he continues, motioning for her to lift her arms while another elixir is slathered over both hands. Reluctantly she does so, waiting for him to speak. “When a girl becomes a cocksleeve of the light they are meant to forget their name through meditation. I am surprised they did not teach you that.”

“They did not.” She says, frowning deeply. “Why-” She gasps as a cool gel is spread over her tits with his hands. She becomes enamored by his large hands massaging her breasts and looks down with a flustered expression. “What is this?”

“Relax.” He says, gently kneading her perky tits. Argon smiles as he feels the mixture beginning to work beneath his hands. Allisandra feels it as well. It is like a fullness inside of her modest breasts that is pushing out. She watches with amazement as her tits grow slowly to fill his hands right before her eyes. Before she can open her mouth to comment he adds. “We need to figure this issue out, before we potentially bring someone who is not properly trained to the guild. You still believe you have a name?”

She panics a bit internally. 'Oh light... I can't believe I let that slip. If my training turns out to be any more incomplete I'll be seen as a lost cause.' She looks up and shakes her head. “No.”

“What is your name?” He asks curiously.

“My name is Cocksleeve.” She says with a smile that fades when he offers her a look of disbelief.

“Your name?” He clarifies.

“Yes?” he keeps the same displeased look. Meanwhile her tits have ballooned to twice their original size in his hands and she is beginning to feel his skilled fingers digging into her sensitive flesh. She had never had big tits before, so the feeling of her flesh being kneaded like this is completely foreign to her. “I mean... No?”

He smiles. “It is not your fault. You simply do not understand because you were taught wrong.” Argon shakes his head. “Honestly, you are being quite the lost cause.”

Alliandra frowns. “N-no! I can do better.” She says weakly. He releases her tits, marveling at the improved bust. He pulls her top back down over her balloon-like tits. The top she had on originally is now barely able to contain them.

He drags his eyes up from her tits to look at her. “This is not right. You should have been trained into a dumb fucktoy by now by the church but you believe you have a name, a brain and a past and you are untrained... It is starting to seem like too much.” Allisandra's head is spinning. All of her worst fears are rapidly coming to pass. “This is not reconcilable and it would be irresponsible for us to bring you back. Are you positive they did not train you? Are you simply forgetting?”

In a complete, panic induced daze she searches her memory. “I-I don't know! There might be something. I just-”

“Let me help.” Argon pours a thick, shampoo-like mixture over her short, dark hair and begins lathering it in, making sure it reaches her scalp. “Search for memories of you being trained. Are there any?” He leads her thoughts with a minor suggestion.

Allisandra smiles widely as she believes she has found some. “Y-yes! There is something! They are... Vague, though.” She says nervously. “Oh light, I hope this is it.” Gradually, without her even realizing, her straight dark hair is growing and shifting into wavy blonde locks that have already reached her shoulders in length.

“Really?” Argon utters with interest. “You lost your name through meditation?”

“Y-yes!” The cocksleeve finally remembers she had gradually forgotten her original name through intense meditation at the church, but she is confused why that memory did not resurface until now.

“I am not so sure.” Argon coaxes, still lathering into her hair gently. “Because when I spoke to you, you seemed convinced you were a priestess and not a healing item.” With that suggestion her mind is swimming with memories of harsh sessions where her magic is restricted and her internal mana is increased. When it is all put together, the cocksleeve remembers it quite clearly.

“I was trained, after all!” She says, looking up excitedly.

Argon tilts his head to one side curiously. “I am interested in hearing how that went.” He chuckles. The draenei only planted the suggestion and has no idea what her twisted mind has come up with based on his prompt.

Smiling widely she explains. “This cocksleeve was trained extensively to be a walking healing item. When I was trained they scrubbed my brain of all knowledge on how to cast spells. Instead, I was

conditioned to automatically expend mana and heal my user when I am fucked or when I suck someone off. I can also replenish fatigue by massaging any part of a man's body.” She announces.

“Interesting! That must be why your lips are as sensitive as a clit and your mouth tends to drool like a pussy when they are touched.” he stares down at her with intrigue to plant the thought in her mind. The cocksleeve could swear she remembers him doing that to her, but she also suddenly remembers something about the church changing her body. She disregards her earlier thought.

“That's right... It's so I can act as a good cocksleeve.”

Argon groans with pleasure. He is rock hard as he removes his hands from her hair. The priestess that stood before him at the start is now a blond ditz with big tits. Moreover, she is fully convinced of her status as a healing item, rather than an actual being. The best part for him is that all of it is 'for the church.' Argon laughs.

“What's so funny?” The cocksleeve asks.

“Nothing. Are you ready to work?” She brightens at the opportunity to show off her skills. “One more question. Are you as useless as a lightwell?”

She gives him a coy smile. “I don't think you can fuck a lightwell.”

That statement makes his cock throb. He stands up and draws his member out. It bounces over her head. The cocksleeve stares up at it with wide eyes. “Gosh... I wish I was built like a fucktoy. As it stands, that thing is going to rip me apart.” She seems resigned to that fate. Neither upset nor fearful over what she sees as an inevitable outcome. In front of her is a cock that she has to sacrifice herself to please.

Argon rubs his chin with one hand and idly strokes his mammoth member with the other. “Hmm. Alright.”

“Huh?” She is genuinely confused.

“I said sure. Hand me that vial.” He holds out his hand. The cocksleeve obediently hands him the vial he is pointing at. He slathers it over his hand and motions for her to get up. “Bend over.” She does as he asks, showing off her already impressive ass. “Spread.” Again she obeys, adeptly prying her cheeks apart to reveal a perky pink butt-hole and a drooling pussy. He smiles, abruptly thrusting two fingers into her ass, immediately stretching it apart. Usually this would be quite a painful experience, but the elixir is quick to do its job. Her hole stretches to accommodate him rather easily and just him thrusting and rubbing the inside of her ass begins to feel incredibly pleasurable. Just as she is able to get sent over the edge from just anal stimulation, however, he pulls out. Fortunately, though, he pushes his still wet fingers into her pussy after pulling her little thong off to the side. She cums immediately and has no trouble accommodating his fingers, but he also knows now that she is a literal fucktoy that should be able to handle any size. “I should not be splitting you in half, anymore.” He announces proudly.

The cocksleeve gasps with pleasure. “Oh my gosh! Really? You've really done me a big favor.”

Argon grins. “Oh, is that so?” Hearing that after he essentially ruined her for life makes his cock throb. With her already bent over he decides to just keep the momentum going and push his monster of a dick

into her waiting cunt. “Let us see how much this cocksleeve can take, and if it is worth bringing back to the guild.” He says with a grunt. He easily bottoms out in her pussy thanks to the mods, but she also feels tight, as if this were her first time. The alchemist marvels at his own work.

Meanwhile, the priestess turned cocksleeve-healing-item is completely overcome by the feeling of being filled with Argon's massive member. She lets out a low moan and lowers her head. The item's eyes widen as she is able to see in her belly where his cock is distending it and likely pushing organs out of the way. Contradicting what she is seeing is the fact that she does not feel pained or the least bit strained by the experience. In fact, it feels very, very good. She wants more. “Please...” She groans. “Fuck me hard! I want to feel it!”

Argon abides by her wishes and uses his tremendous strength to pull all the way back to the tip before hammering back into her brutally. The thrust is so quick and so hard that she feels it in her brain. “O-oh light! Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me, daddy!” Her lips curl into a wide, dumb grin. “Am I healing you? Are you feeling good?” She begs him for an answer. A few words to validate her entire existence.

Argon is undead. He feels something and it is positively vile. The light is no longer a friend to him, but the feeling of the cocksleeve's tight pussy wrapping around his dick elastically like an actual toy is heavenly enough. Not for him to convert, but at least enough for him to ignore the discomfort long enough to ram into the new toy to completion. Since the girl is built like one, she fills up like one. Her belly distends quite a bit from the Draenei's powerful load. By the time he has pulled out, the cocksleeve is panting and holding her stomach. Argon holds his head. The pleasure he felt was a rush and if he were living he would undoubtedly be panting right now. “It is safe to say that you are quite the toy to bring back to the guild. I am believing we are all to be commended.”

“You mean it!” The cocksleeve says excitedly.

“Yes.” Argon comments, patting her behind. “Few more improvements, then we head back.”

“What about the adventuring assignment?”

“Oh that? It was lie to give us a chance to break your brain completely.”

The cocksleeve pauses when she hears that, then simply continues smiling after a moment of thought. “Okay! Let's go back then. I can't wait to meet my other guildies.” She says giddily.

He swells with pride. “First, I am feeling generous. We should acquaint you and your abilities with the rest of our party.”

Magnus and Harford turn to look as the improved Allisandra leaves Argon's larger-than-average tent. She is wearing a persistent, dumb smile and stares at them with wide, bright eyes. The two men look up at Argon, then back down to the girl. The Draenei ushers her forward with a pat on her behind. The cocksleeve steps forward. “Do any of you feel fatigued or need any healing?”

The dwarf and the worgen look at each other and at once they both say. “Yes! Definitely!” Then give

each other a warning look telling the other to back off.

The cocksleeve steps forward and says cheerily. "I can tend to both of you at once. I am a perfectly functional cocksleeve and have two holes with which to heal either of you." She gives them a sultry stare and licks her lips, getting a little shiver as she does. She gasps as she is picked up from behind. Magnus and Harford stand up and step back as Argon places her lightly on the little stump they were using as a table. "Thank you." She nods to him.

Magnus quickly undoes his belt and draws his cock from his leggings. Harford follows suit. Since he has the head, Magnus is the first to comment. "Tha lass is droolin' heavily!"

"Her tits are huge..." Harford adds, admiring her ass. "What did you end up doing to the unfortunate girl?" He asks.

Argon crosses his arms and shrugs. "Just a little... Breaking down and building up. Old girl is completely gone and does not care." He looks at her. "Right, cocksleeve?"

"That's right, sir!" She says lustfully. The cocksleeve leans down and brings Magnus's cock to her lips. She gasps in orgasmic glee as the mere act of sucking on it quickly brings her brain into a state of shock from pure, unfiltered pleasure.

Argon chuckles and continues his explanation. "She is reduced to a healing item. Object without name that orgasms from mouth and back. A cocksleeve"

Magnus grunts as he is overcome with the heavenly feeling of the new cocksleeve sucking his dick. Unlike with a normal blowjob, she seems intent on having every soft part of her mouth rubbing on his cock as she bobs back and forth. The mere act of doing this, by Magnus's assessment, seems to be turning the girl's brain into mush.

"She is so wet back here!" Harford gasps, sniffing at her rear. "Light! You are a maestro! I apologize, my good sir."

"Apology accepted." Argon says graciously while admiring the show.

Harford draws his own cock out and lets it flop down between her ass-cheeks. He rubs up and down between them a few times before finally lining up his tip with her hole. He pushes inside and to his surprise, his enormous lupine dick just keeps sinking into her as though her insides have no end. But rather than being loose, as one would expect, it is incredibly tight. The worgen actually throws his head back and lets out a low moan as the woman's walls caress his member into an almost immediate, throbbing bliss. "You- You're an artist!" He gasps, ramming into the girl.

"Agreed!" Magnus sighs happily, receiving the most loving and intense blowjob he has ever had. Both men cum at the same time. Magnus shoots into the cocksleeve's stomach, triggering a mini-orgasm in her brain from the rubbing inside her throat. Harford buries his cock deep inside of her ass and unintentionally knotts in her, lodging his dick inside while he pumps her full of his seed.

Harford grips his head with one hand. "Well, that's not happened too often. Never been so deep with a human-"



“Not a human!” She snaps.

“Sorry, love?” He asks.

“I am a cocksleeve! A healing item! My body is made for sex.” She corrects him.

“My apologies, dear.” He chuckles. “You are a wonderful toy.”

With that she smiles brightly and enjoys the wolf's knott expanding in her sensitive hole. The three men spend the rest of the night making full use of their rechargeable healing item before making their way back to Stormwind to turn in the results of their little project to the guild.

The trio lead the slutty former priestess through the city. When they pass the cathedral she looks up at it wistfully. “Maybe I should go in and visit.” The three men exchange glances.

Harford grabs her arm. “No need for that, dear. You've graduated to a full-fledged fucktoy already, haven't you?” The cocksleeve looks up in thought.

“Tha's right, lass!” Magnus reiterates, desperate to stop her from entering the cathedral.

“We do not have time for this.” Argon sighs, picking the girl up and throwing her over one of his broad shoulders. He gives her ass a smack, causing the fucktoy to give a little yelp. “We are already cutting it close, so you are going to be stopping with the stopping and staring.”

“S-sorry, sir.” The other two men breath a sigh of relief.

Argon carries her the rest of the way to the guild hall. They are granted admission the moment argon lifts the back of the dainty skirt that Allisandra has on to show off her tight thong digging into her broken in ass and pussy. They are told to wait for a few minutes so that all of the important figures can assemble and assess their performance at once.

“So... Any of ye think we dinae get in?” Magnus asks, staring up at Allisandra's ass, as the girl is still draped over Argon's shoulder obediently like an object that needs to be carried.

Harford shrugs. “Well, I think if any of us have a chance of NOT getting in it is probably you.” The dwarf gasps. “Oh, don't act so surprised. You definitely contributed the least to her lasting mental destruction.”

Argon smiles. “I contributed most. If they take just one, I know it will be me.” He offers confidently.

Harford growls at the draenei. “The only reason there was anything left for you was because I reverted some of the things I did. I had her exactly where I wanted her.”

Magnus points up at the two of them angrily and shouts. “Aye! I coulda had the lass like this on me own, too!”

The door into the chamber opens slowly, causing the men to stop what they are doing. An attractive, raven-haired succubus with pink skin walks out to greet them. "Uhm, could you be quiet, please?" She asks politely. They exchange cautious glances. "Thanks!" She retreats back into the chamber and closes the door.

"What was that all about?" Magnus whispers. Harford and Argon shrug.

After another minute of waiting, the same succubus returns and ushers them through the door into a wide chamber. Within the room, on a risen, stage-like platform with metal poles in the background, there are four chairs. From left to right they see a large draenei male, an attractive woman with balloon-like tits wearing a vacant stare, a robed older man and on the far right an out-of-place looking female Night elf sitting back neatly with one leg crossed over the other. The succubus daintily walks back to the old man and plops herself down, sitting on the floor between his feet. She brings her legs up, hugging her knees.

The trio step into the spotlight. "Set the girl down." The draenei asks. Argon gives the rival draenei a brief look, but quickly relents and complies to the order by letting Allisandra down. She breathes a sigh of relief and straightens out her skirt.

"Dear." The old man croaks.

Allisandra looks up curiously, recoiling a bit from the sight of the strange, wrinkled man. "M-me?" She points to herself.

"Yes, you." He says with an attempt at a wide, friendly smile. He can not, however, properly hide his malice. The former priestess shudders. "Tell me, how were these three? Do you have any complaints?" He asks in a grandfatherly tone.

The woman clears her throat and sounds quite serious as she says. "I don't want anyone to have anything bad happen to them in the guild and I want everyone to only be doing things that they... Uhm..." She furrows her brow.

"Finish the thought. You had it." The draenei offers encouragingly. The warlock and the succubus both chuckle.

"Oh... Yeah! You should only do things that you want to do." She says, summarizing what she was trying to say in a rather air-headed fashion.

"Yeah. Right." The night elf utters, rolling her eyes. She turns her attention to the three men, then the girl. "So. Did they do anything bad to you?" The question seems to imply concern, but the woman shows very little interest for the girl's well-being in her tone.

Allisandra feels like she is put on the spot. In the back of her mind, now is the chance to reveal how they took advantage of her, confused her and generally just used her like a sex-toy for the entire trip from start to finish. The pieces that can be put together in her broken mind reveal at least that much. However, as her mind is so jumbled and warped, even if every piece is put together to offer her an excellent case against the men behind her, she simply can not bring herself to think that any of it was actually wrong. She shrugs lightly. "It was fine, I guess. As a cocksleeve I don't exactly have much to complain about." She states casually.

The four figures each lean forward with interest. "Pardon?" The old man utters. The draenei tents his fingers in front of him, eyeing her altered form. The two women sitting on stage exchange a glance.

Allisandra brushes a few wisps of wavy blonde hair behind her ear, unsure about what the fuss is about. She is however worried that she may not be accepted into the guild. "You... You guys do need a fucktoy, right? I'm a healing item. I can really heal you by fucking and sucking you. My mouth is like a pussy, see." She opens her mouth wide. Allisandra is salivating intensely at the thought of all the men in the room having their way with her.

The human woman sitting on stage taps her chin in attempt at thoughtfulness. "Well, it looks like she's pretty perverted so I guess anything that happens to her is fine. You want that, right?" She asks Allisandra. The former priestess nods, triggering the human to furrow her brow curiously. "Gosh, it's surprising how many girls just want to get fucked by guys. I mean... I guess you're a fit. What do you guys think? She seems kind of 'fearless', huh?" She jokes.

"Yeah... It's a huge surprise." The Kaldorei comments sarcastically. "No complaints here. Another body between me and all of you lot." She waves a hand dismissively.

The warlock leans back. "She'll be a wonderful addition."

"Agreed." The draenei says simply. "Now, onto our three male members." He looks to be a bit conflicted. "Honestly, having too many males in the mix could make our guild a little... You know?" He shrugs, not finishing that thought.

The warlock continues where the draenei left of. "What my colleague is trying to get at is that you three proved your skills. Proved your ability to add even more 'stock' to this guild." He looks around. "How does everyone vote?"

"I vote-" The human woman begins before being interrupted by the draenei.

"You vote yes." He says assertively.

"O-oh. Yeah. I guess that's what I was gonna vote anyway." She shrugs.

The draenei adds his own vote into the mix. "I vote yes."

"Yes." The warlock says jovially.

"I wont go against the popular opinion. Just stay the fuck away from me once you're in, you three..." The kaldorei warns. "I'll scratch you."

With that the four figures descend and begin mingling with the new recruits. Zahrine walks up to Allisandra to chat. "So you also just want to be a fucktoy?"

"That's right." The cocksleeve responds politely. "I mean, I don't want to be. Because I am. Right?"

"Gosh, me too." Zahrine tilts her head quizzically to one side. "Not sure when it happened, for me. I guess it kinda just occurs naturally for women at some point." She looks over at Lyves, who is only

now getting up. “What about you, Lyves? When are you gonna 'join the guild properly' As they say.”

“Shut up, slut. Don't assume everyone is as easy as you.” The druid snaps back as she is leaving the chamber.

Zahrine giggles. “We're good friends.”

Allisandra smiles brightly. “Totally! I can tell.”

“So you two are... Good friends?” Morgus asks Harford and Magnus.

The two men just look at each other and say at the same time. “No...” Mogus laughs heartily, slapping them both on the shoulder with his bony hands.

Dvel cautiously approaches the fellow behemoth, Argon. “Alchemy?” Dvel asks simply.

“Yes.” Argon responds. Dvel nods. Both men exchange a stern glance with arms crossed. “Very good...” Argon adds to break the silence.

“Yes.” Dvel says.