

“So anyway, a worgen, a draenei and a dwarf walk into a bar and-” The bartender nudges the half-drunk human, pointing back at the entrance. “What?” He turns around and quiets down as a worgen, a draenei and a dwarf walk into the bar. None of them look particularly happy to be there. The human gazes down at his drink passively and the bartender returns to cleaning glasses.

The three men pick a table and sit down. The Draenei, a massive 8 foot tall man, eyes burning with a wispy blue flame, is the first to speak. “Drinks on me?” He asks innocently, with a slight accent.

The dwarf crosses his short arms. “Supposin I do drink, which ya know is a racist assumption, I'd stay away from any liquid you gave me.”

Argon, the draenei alchemist's face darkens. He leans forward. “Ah, you know of my work?”

Magnus, the dwarf sitting at the other end of the table shrugs and turns up his round nose at the man. “I just knew you were a flower picker.” Argon shoots the dwarf a disdainful look. “Me? I work with machines.”

Argon rolls his eyes. “Ooh, delicate, dainty machines. Good for such tiny hands.”

“You sonnova-” Magnus is about to jump over the table at Argon when the seven foot tall worgen lifts his head and grins, flashing pure-white, razor sharp teeth. The dwarf backs down, while the draenei merely huffs.

“Machines. Elegant and complex, but the metal's forging definitely requires a mans touch.” Harford, the mage of the group says eloquently. He offers Magnus a nod before turning to look at Argon. “Plants and their ingredients are deadly and to be respected by laymen such as ourselves. We could never grasp the precision and calm that goes into make an elixir just right.” He waits for Argon to lean back and offer a light shrug, then breaths a sigh of relief. “I personally admire you both so much.” He adds.

The dwarf blinks, giving the wolf his attention. The draenei smiles, happy to have his pride stroked. “Yeah?” They both ask at once.

Harford leans back in his chair, inspecting his claws for cracks. “I have no trade. I am just a humble mage.” He lowers his head and frowns. “I could not hope to compete with such... Accomplished individuals.”

Magnus's eyes grow a bit dull as he starts feeling dizzy and weak. He looks to the worgen. “Nah, yer alright! I think we should... Make...” His eyes twitch. “Leader? Wait!” He slaps the table, snapping both him and the deathknight from their trance.

“You were trying to mind control us!” Argon utters in an accusatory tone.

“Can't blame a chap for trying.” Harford shrugs. “It looks like we all have an idea of what each of us is capable of. Let's stop competing uselessly and focus solely on our guest of honor.” The other two men nod reluctantly.

Allisandra frets a little as she arrives at the location for the meeting. “Oh gosh... A bar? Why did it have to be a place like this.” She paces back and forth. “Calm down, you don't have to drink.” She stops pacing and takes a deep breath, facing the entrance. She slowly pushes the door open and enters. She thinks she hears a man begin to say 'So anyway, a priest enters a bar-' Before she gets in, but if someone was saying something they stopped as soon as she arrived. She pans her gaze around the lively bar and smiles with relief as she sees what looks like her party to be. She was told that it would be a large draenei, a dwarf and a worgen. All men. A peculiar composition, so it is hard for her to mistakenly sit down at the wrong table. She approaches the three men who noticed her as soon as she walked in. “Hello. My name is Allisandra. Pleased to meet you, I will be your healer.”

They take in her appearance. A small human woman with a slight frame, average breasts and ass and a black bob haircut. “Would you like something to drink?” Argon offers.

“I- I am sorry. I do not drink.” She says, taking the empty seat.

The dwarf snickers at Argon before leaning over to Allisandra. “I don't drink either, lass. Funny thing, eh? Fer a dwarf?”

“Why would that be funny?” She asks seriously, unintentionally shutting down the conversation.

Magnus leans back and pouts. “Never mind...”

Harford captures her attention with a bright smile. “My dear, I apologize for being inconsiderate. I did not know you had made vows.” He says politely. Allisandra looks a bit taken with the man's demeanor, which sets the other two off.

Argon clears his throat. “Have you ever heard of a wolf in sheeps clothing?”

“How about a wolf in wolf's clothing?” Magnus finishes the thought.

“I don't understand.” Allisandra says, a little confused by the strange animosity between them.

Harford, still keeping his winning smile, says. “We should probably just get on the road for the ladies sake.” He looks at the other two, then back to the priestess. “Forgive us, Ms. We are all a bit clumsy so you may have your hands full. Gentlemen, for the sake of the girl we should try not to step on each others toes too much.” The other two agree with little more than a grumble while the priestess simply remains a utterly confused by their dynamic.

Allisandra leads the way out of the city. She looks up in thought. 'I wonder why there is so much tension? Perhaps it can be a bit overbearing having such a strict member of the cloth be part of their group?' Behind her the three men are finishing their fifth round of Rock Paper Scissors. The dwarf celebrates quietly, having chosen rock every single time and won every single time.

“Your brain is like a rock, dwarf...” Harford comments, his composure breaking a little. “No one other than you has been able to break my charm and avoid mind-reading so easily.”

Magnus chuckles gleefully. "No point complainin', as we all agreed, I get to go first." he walks ahead of the two men to be at the woman's side. She acknowledges him with a welcoming smile.

"Hello, Magnus." Allisandra says. She had committed each of their names to memory after an initial introduction.

"Hello, darlin'. Is this yer first time away from tha cathedral?"

"It is! How did you know?"

"Ya just got that look about ya."

"What look?" She asks curiously.

Magnus tries to find the right words. He does not want to say, naive or vulnerable or easy. He lands on. "Ya look like a girl that's seein' everythin' for tha first time!"

"Oh! Well I guess that must be true. Thank you." Allisandra comments politely. She is not sure what he means by that, but it does not sound like anything bad.

"Oh, no problem, darlin'. Actually, I was wonderin' if ya wanted to try out some of my gadgets?" Magnus offers.

"I wouldn't know where to begin with that. I am completely illiterate to machines and the like."

Magnus lifts a brow. "So no matter what I put in front of you, you'd have no idea what it does?"

"Exactly. So I don't think-"

"Oh it's fine! Perfectly fine. They're fool proof and I think they could help ya out. I've got one that'll shield ya if an enemy gets too close, one that'll let ya speed away if yer in trouble and a few more that do various things... Fool proof. Even you could use them." He waits pensively for her answer as she ponders his offer carefully.

"How could I refuse such a generous offer?" Allisandra decides that it would be nice to let the dwarf give her something, since it seems so important to him. 'He may consider it an insult if I decline... He could think that I don't trust him or his workmanship. I remember hearing that dwarves take a particular amount of pride in their craft.'

"Wonderful! Just wonderful, darlin'!" He looks back at the other two men with a sly smirk, flashing a thumbs up. The groan. "We can try some stuff out next time we stop fer camp."

"I look forward to it."

When the make camp, the priestess is busy setting up some holy wards to light around the camp after it gets dark. The three men assemble the tents together in a circle. "How are you going to do it?" Harford asks.

“Expectin' me ta spoil it?” Magnus huffs, inflating his own tent with a mechanical device.

“I believe we are both just worried that there will not be anything left for us, after you are done.” Argon states rather directly.

“So ya do have confidence in my abilities? Well that's refreshin'.” Magnus waves a hand dismissively. “Don't ya worry. I can always just press the reset button. There'll just be some... minor side effects.” He chuckles.

Harford nods. “All of the things I can do to her are... Somewhat reversible.” He looks to the draenei. “What about you big fellow?”

“You calling me big fellow feels a bit ironic, but if you must know.” He pauses, scratching the side of his head awkwardly. “My potions and elixirs will probably ruin her permanently...”

“What!?” Magnus shouts, getting the priestess's attention. Harford covers the dwarf's mouth and waves at her.

“We're fine! Don't worry, love.” She shrugs and continues what she is doing. “I think what the dwarf so eloquently meant to say was... You were going to let yourself go first if you won, even if THAT was the case?”

“It's downright treacherous!” Magnus spits.

Argon crosses his arms. “I do not have anything to apologize for. The scissoring of the paper and hammering of rock was the method you both decided on.”

“Well.” Harford begins, speaking delicately. “It just seems as though the order has been decided by this revelation. Magnus, then me, then you last, my friend. It only makes sense.” Argon rolls his eyes, but agrees with the reasoning.

When they are all done, Magnus approaches Allisandra, who is sitting down to rest. He is carrying a device with him. “What is this?” She asks, trying to show interest.

“This little fella is tha thing I was tellin' ya about.” Magnus explains vaguely.

“Oh, which one.” She asks astutely. Remembering a few distinct machines mentioned.

Magnus stops in his tracks and blinks, looking down at it. “It's... Something to improve your concentration and discipline.”

“Fantastic.” She says, immediately believing him.

Magnus breathes a sigh of relief and hands her two metal bulbs connected to the device by wires. “Stick these little guys in your ears nice and snug-like.” She happily follows the instructions, slotting one into each ear. He smiles, watching her. Once the things are secure he flips up the cover for the machine and looks over the set of dials that it has. “How sensitive would ya say ya were?”

“Not very.” She answers quickly and directly.

“Yer gonna start to feel a light buzzing in your brain.” magnus mentions, turning one of the nobs all the way up. “Like a tickle.”

Allisandra gasps, feeling not just the gentle buzzing through her brain, but the rubbing of her nipples against her under-shirt. “This... Feels. Weird.” She gulps, Rubbing her thighs together unconsciously as she suddenly becomes hyper aware of her pussy with every move she makes.

Magnus chuckles. “All part o' tha process, darlin'.” He claims. “Yer already pretty dumb. What do ya think?”

“That's-” She says, staring at him with a concerned look that grows slightly unfocused as he slowly dials another nob back. “Really-” Her mouth hangs open as he dials it back further, watching her expression carefully. “Uhh..” He stops as soon as her eyes cross and her lips curl into a dump smile. “What... What were we talking about?”

“Just about how yer a really dumb girl.” Magnus says bluntly, looking right at her.

Her eyes uncross to look back at him blankly for a few moments. It takes her a little more time to fully take in the comment but when she does she just smiles wider and giggles. “You're so funny, Magnus!”

“Hehehe. I know!” The dwarf laughs. “But yer still so innocent. Ya ever wanted ta be a more immoral?”

Even as dumb as she is currently, Allisandra still shakes her head. “I'm a good priestess, not a ba-” Flips one of the dials all the way into the red. Her eyes roll back as the buzzing becomes an intense, overbearing hum. Her brain feels like it is vibrating. But it does not feel bad. In fact, it is so pleasant, like an orgasm in her head. The explosion of pleasure causes her eyes to water and roll back. A trickle of drool escapes the corner of her lips.

“First braingasm?” Magnus asks, as though it was a thing she could have experienced before.

When it stops, her mascara is running down her cheek. Her eyes refocus on the dwarf. Once she is done being stunned by the experience she gasps, smiling and biting the inside of her lip. “That was sooo fun!” She drops down off of the stool she is sitting onto her knees in front of him, staring at him with a sultry look. “Can you make me cum even more, Magnus?” She asks excitedly.

He nods, approaching her and casually pulling the things from her ear. “Of course! Ya just gotta be a good girl fer me. Can ya do that?”

“Yesss.” Allisandra's whole body is moving, as every part of her is extremely sensitive, and without any moral compass to stop herself from indulging. Her simply existing in her stuffy clothes is a sexual experience, but it is not quite enough. She looks to the dwarf desperately. She only waits a few second before becoming impatient, leaning forward to embrace him and lick his face. She moans, pressing her breasts into him. “Please fuck me... I want you to ruin my virgin pussy, Magnus...” The dwarf gulps, holding still and considering his next move as she embraces him tighter. “Destroy my chastity, I'm not a good girl, I want to be a bad girl!” She whines. “Fuck my brain some more, too!” She gets excited thinking about it, panting like a dog. “I love the way it goes 'Bzzzzz' and makes my head tickle.”

“Stop!” He steps back, out of her grasp. She is pouting, panting and salivating quite hard. He takes a deep breath. The others step up beside him. Harford looks impressed.

“Goodness... You sure she can go back?”

“Not bad.” Argon comments.

Allisandra waves happily with both hands. “Hi guys! I'm a virgin slut! Can you fucking ruin me, please?” She begs casually to all three of them with wide, unfocused eyes.

Magnus clears his throat. “I know what I'm doin! First things first, lass. Clothes off and in the fire.”

She stands up and walks over to the campfire the others had built. She strips out of everything, smiling and looking back at them over her shoulder as she does. Every piece is a little strip tease. She dances for them in front of the fire, throwing all of her hard-earned armor from the cathedral into the fire bit by bit. While she does, Magnus tries to organize everything. “Alright! We need ta be precise about how we do this. I won, so I obviously take tha girl's virginity. Argon should take her mouth. She'll be sore and hollowed out and won't have a problem deep throatin' anythin' in the future. She just won't know why.”

Argon smiles. “No complaints here.”

Harford furrows his brow. “What about me?”

“Ya get ta wait, since it's yer turn, next.” Magnus explains.

The worgen growls, suddenly dropping the gentleman act. “I am NOT sharing on MY turn, then!” Both of the other men shrug and agree.

Magnus hops up on the stool she was sitting on, noticing a definite wet spot. He chuckles and pats his lap, whipping his cock out. Allisandra happily wanders over. “Now lass, this is yer first time so-” She sits unceremoniously on the dwarf's lap, impaling herself on his thick cock.

“I can feel it!” She moans. “I-It hurts, but I love it!” Magnus reaches around and taps her little button with his index finger a few times. Her bodies sensitivity is so over-tuned that she cums through the pain of her first time. She begins bouncing on his lap to feel even more pleasure.

“That's it, lass, enjoy yerself!”

“Fuck... Fuck! Feels so good!” She whines in a high voice. “Breaking my vows feels so good!”

“What about the light?” Argon asks with a light chuckle, stroking his monster of a cock in front of her.

Allisandra drools a bit just looking at it. Her eyes go wide. “Fuck the light!”

“How are you with healing dislocated jaw?” He questions.

She thinks, not getting too far on that front with how neutered her brainpower is. “Uuh-”

Argon shrugs and feeds her the tip of his dick. "Is no problem. I have healing potion." Magnus just leans back, groaning and enjoying it as she does all the work. Bouncing on his lap while her tight pussy envelopes him. Allisandra's lips widen around Argon's cock. Once she get's past the tip, he keeps steadily forcing his way into her mouth. "You want me to just ruin this slut's throat?" He clarifies the plan. Magnus nods. "Good. Very well." He had hit a block in the form of her jaw not being able to stretch around his girth and her mouth not being deep enough to accommodate his length, so he does what he does best and just keeps going, despite the resistance. Allisandra whimpers as her jaw finally opens up and becomes looser, then gags quite a bit once his tip begins pushing at the back of her throat. Allisandra's eyes roll back. If before she was dumb, now she could barely think at all. She wished her throat wouldn't fight Argon's powerful cock. 'Give! Give!' She begs her body. Finally, as if listening to her prayers, something releases and he is able to slide down her throat. She feels herself lose the ability to breath. Argon smirks, grabbing a bit of her bob haircut for leverage and pushing even deeper until her lips are lovingly kissing the base of his dick. "I must have pushed into her stomach!" He comments, very pleased with himself. Slowly he begins pulling free, before she actually loses consciousness.

"G-good work!" Magnus compliments. Her pussy had been incredibly tight throughout that whole ordeal. "Leaver ta me now." He says. Argon shrugs, pulling all the way out and letting her fall forward onto her knees. Magnus is still inside and stands up from the stool, starting to fuck her now instead of allowing her to do all of the work. Allisandra's face is a mess. She is drooling and crying and all of her makeup is out of place at this point but it betrays the fact that she is having the time of her life. 'M-my pussy is aching! I've cum five times already.' She thinks giddily. The priestess lets out several grateful moans as magnus begins pumping into her with his thick dwarven member. By no means small. In fact, the way she judges it, it seems to fill her up perfectly. She cums again just from the steady pumping, then is treated to the dwarf bottoming out inside of her and releasing a sticky load that expands her insides.

Allisandra laughs. "Haha, I'm so impure! This is great! Can we all have lots of fun on this trip? I hope this doesn't affect my ability to join the guild..." She says in a slurred tone.

Magnus, feeling quite spent, motions for Argon to grab the two little metal things attached to wires. Once he has them, he pops them back into Allisandra's ears, pulls free and goes to the panel. He turns one of the nobs down, causing her to fall asleep in an instant. Magnus sighs, wiping his brow. "That girl is a handful!"

Argon chuckles. "How are we going to deal with her clothes? I assume you have something?"

Magnus shakes his head. "Nope. I was just havin' fun." The Draenei plants his face in his palm. "What!? I'm bringin' her back to normal... Relatively. What else do ya want?" He continues turning dials roughly back to where they started. "I'll leave her sensitivity up. Sound good?"

Harford steps back in. "Sounds good. I will have something conservative for the lady to wear, and when we enter the town tomorrow I will take care of her and see to it that she is properly dressed."

"What a gentleman." Argon claps.

Harford bows. "Naturally."

When Allisandra comes to she is wrapped in a robe that is far too big for her, but comfortable. Harford is sitting beside her and hands her a cup of warm water. “H-huh? Did I fall asleep? What happened to my-”

He shakes his head. “Save your strength, love. Some bandits came and you fainted while you were valiantly trying to heal us all. You over worked yourself and... Unfortunately your clothing got torn up in the process.”

Allisandra blinks. Even though it never happened, she can almost picture the scene in her head. She blushes. “Oh my... I am glad you are all okay.”

“Such a sweetheart. We are okay because of you.” He pats her. “The robe is one of my spares. “You rest up tonight. Tomorrow once we reach town I will take you shopping.”

Her eyes light up. “I-I couldn't! I don't have any money.”

“It's no object.” The wolf coos. “For our indispensable alley, no cost is too great.”

She leans over and hugs him tightly. “Thank you so much... I don't know how I can thank you.”

He pats her on the back with his heavy paws, looking up at the other two across the camp with a devious grin. “I am sure we will find a way.”