# Speading the Faith

Asra tapped the quill on the desk that she sat behind, the foxbold looking over the parchments that had been put on her desk.  With their status secured as a respectable guild her and her parasitic creations were able to move about more freely in their natural forms.  All those that crossed over their gate either were infested or had privileged information of their existence.  The latter was few and far between, mostly those that traveled between the kingdoms that relied on them for their hunters, and as Asra continued to look at a supplies report she was informed that one of those contacts was just let through the threshold.

The infested foxbold slowly got up and made her way from the desk that she would likely foist off on another into the courtyard.  A transformed displacer beast was practicing using their tentacles that the rogue passed by until he reached the rubbery snow leopard-patterned dragon man.  Jax bowed to her slightly before motioning towards the falcon man that stood there in his presence, the armored individual standing there with the regal posture befitting a warrior of the kingdom.  This wasn't just a soldier of the kingdom; she had heard of these elite warriors that roamed the lands in order to make sure that any major threats were contained...

...an order created because of the infestation she had caused.

But as she walked over to the avian warrior he gave her a resolute nod and shook her hand, a sign that he did not fear the parasite that she and the others of the guild harbored.  "Quasil, it has been quite a few moons since the last time that your shadow befell our door,"  Asra said with a smile on her muzzle as the usual mask she wore pulled back from her face.  "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"I'm afraid that I'm not here just for pleasantries," Quasil replied with a dour look on his beak.  "Is there somewhere that we could talk in private?"

"Anything you tell me will be known to those that are within these walls," Asra informed him.  The falcon shrugged and then the two went to have a seat at a nearby table before explaining exactly why he had decided to darken her door.

Asra was quickly told that there was a group forming in a valley not too far from this place; they originally were thought to be some sort of religious sect that was merely another group celebrating their deity, but as their numbers grew and they began to spread outwards the message that they had was rather... concerning.  It didn't take long for her to realize why Quasil had come to her about them considering the stories that were coming out of the area that mentioned a strange hive-like cohesion between those involved and an intense desire to bring more to the fold.  The falcon even admitted that he thought that she might have had a hand in it initially until he had a chance to capture and interrogate one of the group to come up with the limited information that he had.

As the falcon spoke he gave Asra a number of scrolls detailing not only his own notes but on what had been reported throughout the kingdom.  Though not nearly as fast as when she and her parasitic companions had started to infest the land this was an almost eerily similar pattern to it all.  The fact that Quasil was coming to her guild in order to take care of it had some semblance of irony to it but the avian warrior explained that if the king amassed his army to wipe it out and it was just some religious organization it would damage the kingdom.  Despite the intricacies of the politics involved the falcon had come up with the idea of having their guild sweep in and take out the cult in a way that he described as creative.

"So the kingdom that wiped out my hive the first time wants me to do the exact same thing to another," Asra scoffed as she rubbed the edge of the glass on the table with her gloved finger.  "Have you told your king what your plan is?  Will he sign off with me expanding my hive in such a manner?"

"As you know the king has no idea that you're still alive and operating up here." Quasil reassured as he stood up, Asra doing the same.  "Considering that you and your group saved my feathers after that avalanche I realize that you're just here to protect you and your own, especially considering you haven't grown at all in the last couple months.  I'd rather have your group than some sort of cult, and as for your expansion plan I would leave it to your discretion but the kingdom and myself would be glad if you could release anyone not fully indoctrinated back to their homes."

Asra chuckled at that and led the falcon out of the guild hall while getting a bit more information on this cult and what she could expect when she got there.  Though it sounded a bit risky, sometimes even the craziest people could somehow get divine magic, the foxbold always could use a favor given by the kingdom guard.  Quasil was a nice guy and even though he had no interest in being infested himself the falcon was sympathetic towards their cause after she had saved him from the snows of the nearby mountains.  Considering the fact that if she didn't have her parasitic abilities he would have frozen to death it had given him insight to how useful they were, which was exactly why he was coming to her.

But even with the endorsement of Quasil this was not going to be a kingdom sanctioned hunt.  That meant that her guild would have to exercise tact as well so that her guild wasn't seen in a negative light just like what the falcon was attempting to avoid.  Fortunately they knew a little thing about subtlety as she mentally called upon her best hunters to join her.  It wasn't long until he had his wolf and dragoness flanking her ready to figure out what was going on with this cult.  With Jax being left behind to run the guild, which was his forte anyway, Asra and her two companions grabbed horses and rode off towards the valley.

True to what Quasil had said the valley in question was less than a day's ride from their guild hall, though they had made sure that they took the fast route and didn't stop in any town.  Between the three of them they had enough supplies to last for a while and while the parasites had gotten even better at disguising themselves to look like normal armor they still didn't want to risk being exposed while on a mission.  It was the same protocol they had when on a hunt too and so far it had kept them from being discovered by anyone that they couldn't take care of.  Not only did it keep their exposure to a minimum but had them make good time as they finally got to the entrance of the valley that the avian warrior had marked on Asra's map.

With the last leg of their journey being on foot to save the horses they were able to sneak around more easily, Sangor leading the way as he used his ranger training as well as the parasite infesting his body to move silently through the darkness that was befalling the area.  Once he was sure that the way was clear it was just a matter of reaching out mentally to the others behind him through their connection to get them to move up.  Eventually through their careful movements they found the source of Quasil's ire in the form of a small community that was nestled up in a clearing next to a river that ran down through it.  They could see that fires had been started and despite the hour being rather late there were still people milling about tending to things in the light of their torches.

Once the three were satisfied with their observation they retreated back to a small cave that Sangor had found, Neffi and Asra settling down with a small fire sheltered by the nearby outcropping to make sure they couldn't be seen.  "Looks like a quaint little settlement that no one would take a second look at," Neffi stated while they cooked dinner.  "I suppose considering personal experience that's the best way to hide something nefarious."

"Indeed," Asra replied.  "I didn't sense anything like us down there though, even if we were fairly far away, which means that it's unlikely we're dealing with a rival parasite.  Either it's like Quasil had feared and there is some sort of cult that's compelling people one way or another to join them or its just an unusual situation where they're following some obscure god in the middle of the woods and happen to be charismatic."

"If I can get closer I could use my magic to try and see if there's anything of that nature going on," Neffi explained.  "But we're going to have to get within two hundred feet and it looks like they got patrols moving about."

"Perhaps we infest one of them," Sangor suggested as the mask around his mouth withdrew to allow him to eat.

"We have permission to do so, but I would be wary," Asra stated simply.  "If these creatures are connected somehow then infesting one of them might tip off the rest.  We need to find the hierarchy of this group so that we know where to strike if needed, especially since it would go a long way with Quasil to release anyone redeemable back to their old lives."

The other two nodded in response and as they ate they continued to plot and plan their method of attack.  They knew the direct route wouldn't be viable if they were going to be subtle about it, and if they weren't then they would have just brought in the dragon to raze the city and be done with it.  Instead they were going to need to think of an alternate way to try and integrate themselves into this cult or get close enough where their druid could get a sense of what was going on.  While they could continue to skulk around and attempt to play their cat and mouse games with whatever guards they had patrolling the area, a risky proposition in itself, there was one more way that they could figure out what was going on...

The next morning as the sun slowly rose above the mountains the first rays of light that hit the valley shined on the foxbold and dragoness as they made their way down the makeshift road towards the encampment.  Though she was stealthier than Sangor the wolf was far more at home in the wilderness and would be able to cover them more efficiently should the need arise, plus her augmented ability to pick locks would be far more useful in the encampment where she would have easier reach.  At least, that would be the case if they weren't outright rejected immediately, which the two were hoping was not the case as they made sure their parasites looked as much like normal clothing as possible instead of their usual bodysuits.

Asra's parasite had long since learned how to mimic clothing and the last thing they wanted for the group to think was that they were an actual group of adventurers sent to check in on them.  Even with their relatively normal attire as soon as one of the members of the group had their attention caught by them a flurry of activity began to happen.  Neffi whispered that it was like disturbing an ant colony and it made them wonder even more if there was some sort of magical force connecting them all together.  They would have plenty of time to figure that out if they could just get their foot in the door as the two walked up to the gate only to be greeted with men in armor holding spheres.

"Not exactly the warm welcome I was expecting of someone who practiced the faith," Asra commented as she and Neffi made sure to keep their hands where the two could see them.  With Sangor holding their weapons for them the idea of going in unarmed was not ideal, but they had their parasites and it would help sell the image they were trying to convey.  "Do you accost all pilgrims this way, or are we special?"

The disarming comments seemed to catch the two guards off-guard, though they continued to maintain their defensive stance.  "We were not told to expect anyone coming down the path," one of the guards responded.  "Not to mention it's rather odd to have two women just suddenly pop up out of nowhere in the middle of a mountain valley off of all trade routes."

"Then expect this day to be full of surprises it seems," Neffi stated, giving Asra a chance to look them over while she talked.  As the dragoness gave them the story that they had come up with the night before the rogue took stock of the two that stood before them.  Their armor was nice but not unique and she couldn't find any holy symbols that would denote which god they were worshiping in these hills.  In coincided with the information they had gotten from Quasil that those who preached in the towns never really gave a name to their god save supposedly for those who seek private conference with them.

The two guards continued to banter back and forth between them before finally Asra could see that their presence in the front gate had not gone unnoticed.  Almost immediately the foxbold knew that the one that was approaching was one of the leaders in charge from the way the others averted their eyes upon seeing him.  It was a strange turn though as usually those that were religious in nature preferred their gaze to be on them instead of not, but as the gold scaled dragon got to the front gate she focused on the task at hand.  The guards immediately stopped their prying into the purpose of their visit and backed away to allow the newcomer to the conversation take the lead.

"Welcome to our humble abode," the dragon said as he gave the two a little bow.  "My name is Alaxio, and I am the one who is in charge of this little village as well as its head cleric."

"You also seem to be the only one with manners," Asra quipped as she gave a glare at the guards before bowing back.  "My name is Asra and this is my druid guide Neffi, we're here because we were told that this might be a place of healing, or at the very least where one might commune with the gods.  I have been sent by my family in order to ascertain whether it's true or not."

There was a pause as he looked the two over with a glint in his eye before continuing.  "Well, I'm not sure if we're the answers to your prayers or not," Alaxio stated simply.  "What exactly do you need in terms of divine intervention?"

"In short, we need a miracle," Asra said simply.  "My father is a noble who was struck with illness that no one seems to be able to cure, and he has yet to produce a male heir.  At the moment if he should perish then his wealth would go to her only daughter, and if that happened I would likely spend the rest of my natural life with family members trying to usurp me in order to claim it as their own."

It was the classic nobleman lie, one that she had used before in order to either gain access to places or figure out the content of someone's character.  If the dragon was just a greedy con artist he would jump at the chance to bring in a potentially wealthy heir to their cult.  Otherwise if he seemed disinterested and refused to invited them in then he was more likely looking for people that he could manipulate and would turn away anything that could potentially bring light to this place.  Either way they would get a better since of who or what they were dealing with as they watched the dragon seem to contemplate their situation before giving them a small nod.

"I'm not sure if our lord will be able to heal your father," Alaxio stated simply before he stepped aside and gestured his hand towards the town.  "But if you talk to a few of our other ordained about his condition perhaps someone may know it and give you the answer you seek.  Until then all are welcome here as long as they wish to do no harm to this place or the people within it."

Asra tried to not let the flash of a sneer on her face show as she thanked the dragon and walked inside.  It was a muted answer, one that promised nothing but got her inside the gates anyway.  While it didn't offer a sense to his motivation she at least knew that he wasn't worried about angering nobility, which meant he was either going to take good care of her or... take care of her.  Either way she couldn't let the opportunity to continue to investigate pass her by as she continued to take stock of the community she had wandered into.  At the very least Neffi would be able to use her magic to try and sense if there was anything wrong about this place, Asra mused while they were led towards a small common house that would serve as a makeshift inn to them.

Once they were inside a room by themselves under the guise of getting unpacked Asra stood guard near the door while Neffi prepared her ritual in order to try and detect unnatural magics or other such anomalies.  While Alaxio hadn't followed them into the common house she didn't trust the dragon any further than she could throw him, especially since he was the leader of this place.  While they were still learning what was going on she put him at the top of the list to be infested even if there wasn't anything going on.  For the moment though she just waited and let the infested druid do her work as she allowed her parasitic bodysuit to manifest over her to augment her abilities.

A few minutes later the circle of soil that she had put around her stopped glowing as well as her eyes just as they looked back at Asra.  "I am detecting some sort of strange distortion," Neffi informed Asra as she stood back up and hid the parasite once more.  "As we expected there is something going on at the makeshift temple that they had built, but whatever it is doesn't have the usual markers of subjugation magic."

"You're saying the people here aren't being mind controlled?" Asra asked in slight shock.

"If they are it's not by the usual arcane means," Neffi replied.  "But there is something odd about the people here, I tried doing another spell that detected auras and for those that are around us they are all rather distorted.  Again it's not something that is linking them all together, but instead something that it affecting them all like maybe some sort of mass hallucination."

"A mass hallucination?" Asra repeated.  "Spores?"

"I would have detected those when we came in," Neffi stated.  "Whatever it is isn't a natural plant or poison."

Asra rubbed her chin at this new information and went over to the window in order to look at the temple.  Even though it was supposed to be a holy place there was no one around it, in fact quite a few seemed to actively avoid getting too close even though they didn't look afraid.  "We're going to need to get some inside information," Asra said.  "Not Alaxio, I don't want to risk us if he turns out to be more then we bargained for, but perhaps it is time to see about curing my father of his mystery illness..."

The two decided to wait until it was dark in order to search out someone that they could ask a few questions of, and until then decided to get a more mundane feel for the area.  Once more they found that there was no actual markings that denoted what god they were supposed to be worshiping, not to mention there didn't seem to be a lot of prayer or any sort of rituals going on.  Even when they were invited to the dinner that was held in the common house there was no dinner prayer or anything of that nature that caused the two to look at each other with furtive glances.  Any of the cursory conversations they had with anyone also didn't come up with anything on Alaxio or the god they were serving, but they did get pointed in the direction of a healer that the others said would help.

When night had fallen they visited the house of cleric Zarin, whom when they had the door opened for them they found it to be a rather lean cheetah standing there in a robe.  "Sorry to bother you if we're wrong," Asra asked.  "Are you cleric Zarin?"

"Oh no, I am his acolyte Ludwig," the cheetah replied with a giggle before gesturing for them to come inside.  "cleric Zarin told me that he expected to see you two coming to his door for aid on your ailing father.  He has been in chambers and I was told when you came in to bring you to him immediately."

Asra thanked him for the explanation and as the cheetah led she willed a parasite tentacle to push into her ear.  Stifling the moan of pleasure she got she could see Neffi do the same and once they were connected the foxbold instructed her to wait with this one while she investigated the cleric.  The dragoness silently nodded and they quickly withdrew the tendrils once they got to the door at the end of the hallway.  As Asra went to open the door Ludwig began to leave and Neffi asked if she could come along to give her charge some privacy, which the cheetah nodded and smiled to her before they both disappeared around the corner.

With them gone Asra contemplated manifesting her parasite, but while it would protect her it might also warn the cleric of her intentions if he could sense such a thing or seen them walking around.  She ended up deciding against it in the end knowing that if there was danger it would immediately and reflexively come to her aid anyway as she opened the door.  Almost immediately a strong smell of incense hit her nose and it almost caused her to react by manifesting her mask as she walked into the smoky room.  While that would have been suspicious she did have the parasite coat her nostrils to avoid the smell as she saw a rather large tiger man sitting cross-legged on a pillow.

"Come in," the tiger said as she gestured for her to move forward.  "Breathe deep the salts of purification and be blessed.  Come, have a seat, I am the cleric Zarin."

Though Asra was going to comment that she was fine with standing she found herself not wanting to ruffle his fur quite yet and did what he asked.  "Well, I am not here for myself but for my father," Asra explained as she tried to get a read on the tiger, though much like Alaxio she was not getting much and to make things even more difficult even with the blockages the smell of the burning incense was making her head start to swim.  "He is gravely ill and if we do nothing he will pass onto the next world."

"Ah yes, then you will become the next leader of your house," Zarin said as his smile grew.  "Quite the complicated position for you to be in, if that was the case.  Perhaps I could bestow some sort of blessing that may help... but nothing will be done this night and your journey to this place must have been long, why don't you go ahead and make yourself more comfortable?  Perhaps take off those traveling leathers."

Asra found herself blinking a few times at the odd request of the tiger, but as the heat from the cabin began to get to her she found that the invitation was rather tempting.  She had been traveling a long way to get there after all and these leathers were getting uncomfortable... wait, no she didn't and no they weren't.  These clothes were part of her parasite, but as the conflicting thoughts rattled around in her mind she found herself taking them off anyway.  When the tiger turned back to get them something to drink the garment she was pretending to take off merely absorbed back into her body, leaving her with her actual undergarments that she kept on in case of an emergency so she wouldn't be naked if the parasite clothing failed her.

When Zarin turned back holding two glasses he had sloughed off his robe in the process and revealed the simple leather thong that was the only piece of clothing he had on underneath.  "There we are, feeling much better," the tiger cooed as he sat down again, this time right next to her as she did feel much better.  "You know, without that confining clothing you are rather beautiful, I think that you would make a wonderful acolyte of mine if you chose to stay."

A wonderful acolyte... that should be the furthest thing from her mind, but when Asra tried to remember what it was she found herself growing hazy.  It was... something to do with her father? That didn't seem right, but as she tried to focus on what that was she found his hand gently rubbing the dark blue fur of her stomach that was slowly traveling up to her breasts.  The touch somehow felt even more electric and pleasurable then it usually did and as she let out a moan that seemed to spur the tiger to move in a little closer.

"That's it, just let your desires bubble up to the surface," Zarin cooed as he leaned back with her, the heat in her body growing more as his orange fur began to shift into a deeper reddish hue.  "You feel safe with me, you know that being with me will bring you a life filled with pleasure.  There would be nothing better than staying here as my thrall."

The tiger's eyes flashed red as she nodded, taking another deep breath as commanded as he moved to pull down her undergarments.  Zazin knew that the incense would cling heavily onto her mind, pushing her into temptations and lowering her inhibitions.  To her he probably looked like the most handsome creature in the world as he said as much to make it so while he let out a loud grunt of his own.  Soon this one would be like the others that he had chosen, the false cleric mused as he could feel horns start to push out from his temples while his nails curved and lengthened.  The smile of the emerging demon grew sharper with fangs lengthening downward as his maleness started to push against his new prize, but what he didn't know was that while the incense enthralled Asra to be pliable and enthralled...

...it had no effect on the parasite.

As Zazin leaned in for a kiss he felt her back arch and the foxbold gasp loudly, but as he began to back away slightly to give her room his jaw dropped as several black tentacles emerged from her scaly maw.  Before the demonic tiger had any time to react they darted towards him like snakes and used his newly emerged horns to drag him closer while others coiled around his neck.  The biggest of the bunch bulged out her throat before pushing its way into the open maw of the tiger, not only muffling him but beginning to transfer her infestation into him as soon his neck had a similar lump traveling down it.  The tiger's body quivered as he scratched against the ground but as he attempted to get up he only managed to roll over onto his back, which the parasite took advantage of by leaning back and plunging her pussy down on his throbbing, bright red cock that had been playing around her folds.

Almost as soon as her pussy clamped down around his shaft the shock of infestation was pushed aside by the incredibly lust that came from her working his length.  It was also helped by the tendrils pushing their way into his ears as the parasite formed a hood around his entire head, completely engulfing it while also covering the face and muzzle of the foxbold.  With there being no more need for subterfuge the parasites within her scaly head could be seen bulging out her skull as they pushed deep inside her brain, cleansing Asra of the incense as a gas mask formed around the tentacles in her maw that were plunging into the demonic tiger.  As soon as she had her wits about her she allowed the one beneath her to bounce her up and down by pumping his rapidly engulfed cock while she connected to Neffi to give a single message.

*They're demon-tainted, take the cheetah.*

Once she was sure that the message had been gotten by her dragoness she focused her attention back to the tiger with a clear head this time.  Much like he had intended to do to her the parasite had already infested his mind and made him more compliant to her commands, the pulsating black flesh forming into a hood that completely sealed him up save for nostril holes to give him air.  She wondered if that was even necessary, after allowing the tentacles in her maw to disengage and finish covering the feline head she looked through the lenses of the gas mask that her parasite had created for her and saw that he was still transforming.  She could feel his cock still growing inside of her while her inner tendrils wrapped around it, keeping him in the state of constant euphoria to keep his already corrupted mind from forming any thoughts while she made a connection.

Unlike the others that she had infested this one was definitely a unique case, even as she began to slide up and down his cock and allowed her parasitic armor to manifest over her body she could sense that the demonic influence was pushing back on her.  His horns had split through the hood before they were covered again and as his hands went up to her breasts she could see that spikes had sprouted down his forearms.  Whatever this incense was it had corrupted the creature thoroughly, which made her wonder just how much his cheetah alcolyte and the rest of this town was tainted.  If they were using the salts then it was possible that this tiger wasn't merely mutating, he could potentially be possessed by a demon that was merely enjoying the ride.

The more the tendrils spread over the tiger's brain the less likely that scenario seemed to be.  It looked like the demonic transformation was both physical and mental though as her thoughts were flooded with the need to spread and corrupt others, a sensation she was very familiar with.  As she hilted him and had her pussy completely engulf his cock she allowed hte parasite inside her to spread across his legs and push into his tailhole, immediately prodding up against his prostate to keep him suspended in a state of pure pleasure.  While the interrogation hadn't gone exactly to plan she had gotten more then she needed form her encounter with the false cleric, but while it wasn't the answer she expected she knew that all she had to do was contain the source of the corruption and those that were less tainted then her new tiger friend would probably have the hold over them broken when the tainted incense left their system.

"Well, it's been fun," Asra said as she leaned forward once more, hearing the muffled cries of ecstasy coming from the hooded man while she pulled herself up just enough so only the tip of his cock remained inside her.  "I'm not sure what I'm going to do with you in my hive, perhaps we're going to have to leave you bound up like this so that we don't worry about your corruption spreading to others.  Shame though, you are a pretty handsome devil, maybe we could make sure of all that lustful energy you seem to have."

Asra chuckled as she only heard a muffled groan in response, then a loud shout as she slid back down his cock all the way to the base once more.  She had forgotten how delicious a feeling it was to have such a powerful creature completely at her mercy, feeling her influence spreading inside of him as the thick muscles of his chest and abs began to swell from the parasite within quickly spreading through his form.  With his mind already corrupted from the demonic influence it didn't take much to push it towards serving her instead of whatever was causing him to change like this, and though she would have loved to ride the feline until she orgasmed while watching him squirm in her grasp she had things to take care of.  Since they weren't connected by anything tangible it was unlikely that the others knew she had taken one of their corrupted, but it was unlikely that their infiltration would last the night as she went and snuffed out the burning salts to clear the air before walking out of Zarin's chambers.

Even before she got back to the main living area she could hear the muffled sounds of groans coming from the other room.  As the masked foxbold walked in she saw the dragoness on all fours with her parasitic bodysuit covering her body, the tentacles spreading up over the cheetah on top of her.  Ludwig had a glassy look in his eyes and his jaw was hanging limply while he thrust into the pussy of the dragoness, one of the parasites already in his ear while another was so far down his throat that she could see it stretching out his neck.  It seemed whatever corruption that happened to the tiger hadn't fully manifested in this feline as his hips were pushed forward buy the tentacle in his tailhole spurring him on, Asra taking a few seconds to bask in the pleasure that the parasite allowed them to feel with one another through their connection.  Somewhere in the woods Sangor was likely masturbating to the feelings and as she reached out to the wolf she called him in as back-up while telling the engaged dragoness exactly what happened.

By the time she finished with what happened Neffi had finished infesting the cheetah, the feline sliding out of her as the tentacles slithering over his body began to manifest into a set of light armor similar to what Asra wore.  Since he wasn't nearly as corrupted as Zarin they had the potential to use him if needed but with the hold of the hive still establishing itself in his mind they would probably wait.  Plus the dragoness said she had plans for him as a pet, which she could already see his arms had thickened and his fingers were merging together to form into a set of forepaws from the tendrils coiled around them.  While the foxbold was interested in what Ludwig would be they had bigger fish to fry as she had the druid babysit the demon while she went back out into the night air.

Asra's senses were on overdrive as she kept the mask over her face, hearing her own breathing as the tentacle in her mouth was joined by two thinner ones that pushed into her nostrils for extra access to the air being filtered by the parasites.  Even though she wasn't as worried about the incense being prevalent out here she wanted to make sure that she had her own faculties about her if she needed to face off against someone like Alaxio.  As she scanned the area she could see a few other cabins where the lights were still on and knew that the dragon had a number of clerics under him that were likely in the same condition as Zarin, and while her parasite was certainly willing she wasn't sure she could risk trying to bring them all into the fold before the morning.  Even with Neffi and Sangor's help there was no telling what absorbing that sort of corruption would cause their parasites, if they adapted to the need to spread like what she had felt with the demonic tiger it might trigger a second wave of uncontrolled parasitic infection and she did not want to spend another three years alone in the mountain.

That meant her only thought was to stop the source of the corruption that was likely inside of the temple.  She hadn't wanted to delve too deep into the tainted mind of the tiger but from what she had gleaned there was more of those salts that were in there and that was where people were taken to be purified.  Likely they dosed the population just enough to keep them docile and enthralled while those that the dragon chosen like Zarin were brought into some inner sanctum to experience the full demonic corruption.  It stood to reason that Alaxio would be the worst of the bunch and as she was about to head over towards the temple she shifted her gaze to the large house next to it and decided to make a detour to a different destination...

Meanwhile down past the inner doors of the temple and down in the cave that it was joined with the sound of pickaxes could be heard, Alaxio watching as the thralls he had created dug into the soft stone in order to get out the salts that were embedded within the stone.  They had all already almost filled their buckets for the night and once they did it would be brought up and join with the piles that they had already harvested from this place.  As the blood red eyes of the dragon continued to gaze over their progress he suddenly perked up as he felt something that caused his lips to curl in a sneer.  Someone had breached his inner sanctum, disturbing the arcane symbols he had put there to warn him of intruders as he snarled at the toiling creatures to keep working before running up the cave.

With his home being close to where the temple and mining operation was it didn't take him long to get there, the demonic dragon practically slamming open the door as he hadn't bothered to slip back into his guise.  His snarl revealed jagged fangs as he immediately went to the stairs that led down to his cellar, his muscles swelling underneath his garb as he took a second to burn some salts and deeply inhale to gain more power to deal with whatever had disturbed him.  The red streaks that stained the golden sheen of his scales spread more as he let out a primal snarl before ripping the cellar door off of his hinges and running down the stairs.  As soon as he got down he could smell more of the infused salts burning as they always did, which if there were any trespassers that had come down there they would have succumbed to the thick smoke that hung in the air.

While it corrupted anything inside with with demonic essence the smoke also made it hard to see if there was anyone actually there.  With a wave of his hand Alaxio summoned a gust of wind that pushed the smoke up to the ceiling to reveal anything that could potentially be lurking about within.  All he saw was the runic circle that he had carved into the ground and his desk with tomes of knowledge stacked up on it, but even as he took a few steps in he could still sense the presence of something else down there.  It wasn't quite like a person, what he felt down in his sanctuary was something... alien, which made him curious as he went over to his desk to make sure everything was there.

"Looking for these?" Asra called out, the dragon spinning around as the foxbold emerged from the shadows that she had practically melded with to hide herself.  As Alaxio growled he saw the pieces of parchment that she had in her hand, prompting him to keep the fires that he had been building in his maw at bay.  "Very interesting spells, there aren't many that are so committed to demonology that they would willingly create a conduit to their realm."

"I should have known," Alaxio scoffed as he took a step forward towards her, only to stop when another figure emerged as Sangor had a arrow pointed straight at his chest.  Like her the wolf's parasite had formed a gas mask around his face to avoid the effects of the salts, though even with it on they were starting to get a buzz from the demonic essence in the air.  "I see you have another friend besides that druid guide."

"I have many friends," Asra replied.  "But it seems that you do as well, or at least those that you are planning on making into friends like your clerics.  Pretty ingenious trying to infiltrate the clergy of the kingdom, corrupting them so that they'll burn these infernal infused salts disguised as incense in their temples and convert anyone that's around them long enough into your demonic thralls."

"I'm glad you can appreciate the forethought into my work," Alaxio growled.  "Now tell me what you want.  I know you didn't come down here just to pat me on the back and while I could just kill you both I would rather try to end this as civil as possible."

Asra smirked as she continued to hold the spell sheets in her hands, what was likely the result of years of work and the sacrifice of his very soul in order to craft the profane rituals that she had stolen.  "I'm glad to hear that Alaxio," Asra said.  "There is something that I want from you, and that is your discretion when it comes to what you are doing here.  If you think that you are somehow being clever with pretending to have traveling clerics and corrupting people to come back here with you then I'm going to burst your bubble and tell you that your antics have not gone unnoticed."

The shift in tone had clearly taken the dragon by surprise as he stared at her in judgement.  This was a dangerous gambit that she was playing, even with Sangor helping her it would be tough to take down this demonic dragon by themselves and it was unlikely that they would be able to infest him like they had done with the tiger.  "You speak as though I do not know that we would garner attention," Alaxio hissed.  "This valley is very hard to travel, anything that they would throw at us would have to go through the road you took to get here and we are prepared to face resistance."

"Then I would suggest that you shore up those defenses right now," Asra replied simply.  "Because they will be here by morning."

"You lie," Alaxio replied sharply.  "I have spies that would have told me if they were coming to invade this place."

"Your spies are all dead," Asra countered.  "You've been found out, Alaxio, I just happened to find out first and come here to offer you a deal.  My guild can help delay things and you can get your corrupted clerics out of this place and set up elsewhere, but in return you're going to have to sacrifice the thralls you've already made as well as whatever salts you have stockpiled to me and mine.  Also before you bargain with me I'm going to tell you now that this is my final offer, if you decline then I'll leave and you'll be facing the threat of the kingdom guard bearing down on you when the sun rises in the morning."

As a show of good faith Asra tossed the spell scrolls over to the dragon, who practically leapt forward and grabbed them gingerly out of the air before looking at the two.  "So, you think you can come into my domain and tell me how to do things?"  Alaxio said with a dark chuckle.  "I appreciate the warning, but I will not be bowing down to you or your guild.  Feel free to stick around and watch though as we show you how we do things here."

Asra just shrugged her shoulders and watched as the dragon stormed up out of the cellar and let out a loud roar that practically shook the boards above them.  The foxbold let out a sigh as the two waited fro Alaxio to completely leave before heading back out themselves to watch the show.  The only thing that she hoped was that she had bought Neffi enough time to do what she needed before they had showed their hand, but a quick mental probe found that the dragoness was already waiting for them.  Asra smiled behind her gas mask and walked out of the house with the wolf where they could see a lot of activity happening just outside the temple...

The roar had been a rallying cry for the corrupted clerics of the area to assemble upon their master, which as they did the dragon went into the temple and shouted for the thralls to bring up all the buckets of infused salts that they had and dump it out in the courtyard.  By the time the others had gathered around the small pit it was filled to the brim with the efforts of the thrall's mining efforts down below.  Alaxio looked to those that were in their ceremonial robes and mask and told them that there would soon be a test of their strength, which should they pass they would then have the power to take the city nearest to them by storm.  Once they had corrupted that place their influence would spread until all the kingdom feel to the demon dragon king, but for that to happen they would all have to defend their home.

Once he was finished with his speech Alaxio breathed in deeply before spewing out a glut of black flames, which spread out over the pile of salts and ignited them all.  Much like with him the burning of the demonic essence with empower his chosen and gift them the abilities in order to take down an army each all by themselves.  As he told them to breathe deep the grass around the pit began to blacken and the sounds of the forest that had filled their air turned to silence.  This would just be the beginning... he was only burning one day's worth of what his thralls had mined and with the power he had instilled upon the cave he had found there would be enough demon salt to cover the entire kingdom in a cloud of corruption.

He could hear the others begin to groan and as several fell to their hands and knees Alaxio could see their fingers growing to claws and their arms thickening with muscle.  They would soon be monsters, powerful demonic entities unlike anything that had been seen on the surface, and they all belonged to him.  As the ritual continued however he could hear that the noises they made became more like moans of pleasure instead of the groans of gaining power, and as one of the clerics fell backwards his robe opened to show that he was completely erect.  While they took great pleasure in their corruption this was neither the time nor the place but when he went over to reprimand the one that was exposing himself he found himself taking several steps back as the mask he wore looked like it had suctioned to his face with tentacles growing out of it that wrapped around him.

"What obscene power is this?"  Alaxio asked as he saw the hood of one of his avian clerics fall back while his beak was being spread open, the feathered throat bulging from the insertions even as a pair of horns grew out from his head.  Something had happened to his worshippers... and as his mind put the pieces together a blur of shadow suddenly crossed his vision.  When he tried to face that direction plant vines erupted out of the ground and wrapped around his body, forcing him to the ground as he was hit in the head with something that caused his vision to swim.

As the stun arrow fell to the grass Asra once more jumped from the shadows with something else she had stolen form the dragon's lair, taking the golden mask and shoving it on Alaxio's face before he had a chance to try and dodge even in his immobilized state.  "You cults and your dress codes," Asra scoffed as the parasite she had infested the gold with immediately began to slither out against the demon dragon's scales.  "I knew as soon as I found this in your house that you all probably had something stupid like that, even with these flashing demon salts you guys really were just another cult after all."

"You... what did you do to us?"  Alaxio demanded, though as tendrils pushed into his nostrils and started to creep into his ears Asra could already see that for all his demonic bluster that a little pleasure could disarm even the mightiest creature.

"I just showed you what a true corrupting force can do," Asra said as she nodded to Sangor and Neffi who quickly removed the cloak from the dragon to expose his naked body.  "You might have an upper hand with the fragile minds of humanity with these salts, but the second you came up against a truly powerful threat you crumbled just like these thralls of yours.  Now they, and you, belong to me, the true queen of infestation, and once we release your thralls from your command we have a few ideas for what to make this place after utilizing these demon salts of yours."

Alaxio tried to say something else but between the mask already worming its influence into his mind and the salts that Neffi had tainted with their own brand of essence the demon dragon was putty in her paws, though it also helped to silence him by the dragoness putting her pussy against his snout and telling him to eat her out.  It felt good to Asra that she hadn't lost her touch when it came to her rogue abilities as she had found everything in his house before he was even aware of her presence, setting off his alarm only after she had formulated a plan to infest the lot.  While they talked to Alaxio and distracted him Neffi took the masks that were in the temple and added their own special layer they had created before using her parasite magic to ramp up the inducement of lust like Zarin had attempted to do to her.

While the parasite infested clerics had started to slake their newfound lusts on each other the three focused solely on the gold-scaled dragon, making sure that they properly infested him before the demonic power he absorbed could push them out.  She could sense that even with his tongue licking up into the folds of the druid that there was a lot of resistance to their control, but they knew how to counteract such stubbornness as the wolf came up next and exposed his own erection.  With Alaxio sufficently distracted he didn't even realize that the other man had come up behind him, it was only when he reached around and stroked the ridged length that was throbbing between his length did his back arched.  From what Asra could see the demon salts made everything larger as the muscular dragon's cock was practically hanging down to his knees while he pushed the thick tail aside to expose the tailhole underneath.

 With Sangor about to take his portion of the prize Asra began to finger herself before deciding to do the same.  While she had originally intended to take Neffi's place the dragoness was having a great time with the infested maw of the demon dragon, tendrils wrapping around Alaxio's fangs even as they grew past his lips in an attempt to give him a more fierce visage.  One thing his transformation had accomplished was making his tongue longer and as that plunged into her pussy the foxbold crawled up underneath the man to take advantage of his other growth.  She hadn't gotten to orgasm after riding Zarin's cock and with Sangor technically being the one controlling the pace it would no doubt drive the demon dragon even more insane in both damaging his pride and driving him wild.

With a simple nod to the wolf above she got in position underneath the larger man and waited.  It didn't take long for Sangor to reach down once more, this time taking the thick length and pushing into the wet folds of the foxbold.  When it got close enough her parasite's tendrils did the rest of the work as they wrapped around the fleshy ridge closest to the tapered tip and pulled it into herself.  Unlike the tiger who had just been corrupted by the essence of demons Asra could feel the potent power that this creature had already absorbed, though it was in their hands now as she let out a gasp while tilting her head up.  As she did she could see that Neffi had gotten to work as her pussy tentacles had started to not only push into his maw but also stretch over his head, forming a hood similar to what she had done to the tiger while the dragon was reduced to letting out muffled grunts and groans.

As Asra felt the throbbing member sink inside her she could feel it get pushed forward and felt the dragon above her shudder in pure pleasure.  Sangor had spread open the thick ring of muscle and had started to slide into the demon, which in turn pushed his cock further into the foxbold beneath him.  After having denied herself with the tiger she had no problems with this going as slow as needed, keeping her hips up in the air so that she could get as much of that fat shaft inside of her while looking out at the others that were around the fire.  Since they had to keep the masks on due to the burning salts it was hard to see, but even with the glint of the light in their lenses they could see that the masks had spread over the entirety of most of the creatures body to contain them until they figured out what to do with them.

For the moment though Asra merely enjoyed the fruits of her labors, letting the parasite shift the phallic gag in her maw to the same speed as the dragon's cock sliding in and out of her wet passage.  As she was pounded into with the help of Sangor plunging his own maleness into the tailhole of the defeated dragon she got a great eye view of their combined efforts cocooning the dragon just like she had been in the mountains.  His wiggling became more muted as a mass of tentacles slithered down his shoulders and chest, pinning his arms to his sides while the combined efforts of Asra and Sangor had his hips, rear, and thighs completely enveloped.

By the time the wolf and foxbold had gotten a rhythm going the demon dragon was completely encased with wings and all.  His arms were completely bound to his sides and only being held up by Neffi keeping his head in her snatch and Asra who was doing the same with his maleness.  His legs were also bound together and with the wolf pumping away into his tailhole even demonic corruption was overwhelmed by the sheer infestation of his body both inside and out.  Eventually Asra would feel his body spasm as he was finally allowed to orgasm after getting two of her own, Neffi being in the same boat as they continued to rut long into the night.

The next morning the fires that ignited the salts had long burned out, just like this demonic corruption as Asra and the others began to get those that they had cocooned with the taint to be moved down into the mines.  While it wasn't the best place for them probably considering it was the source of the salts they needed somewhere to hide them while the villagers began to shake off the taint that had taken hold of their minds.  Even with the heavy cloud that moved through the small township most people were able to realize what had happened to them and were on their way out of the village.  Most of the people that had been taken eventually left on their own, though those like Ludwig that had become the acolytes, or in other words sex toys, of the demonic creatures had opted in for being infested instead of trying to shake off the substantial corruption they had on their own.

As Asra saw off the last of those that were leaving the village she saw a familiar face making their way up the path towards her.  "Looks like you found the source of what caused people to flock here," Quasil said as he walked over to Asra.  "Was it something magically related like I had thought?"

"Close," Asra replied.  "A dragon named Alaxio had run afoul of some demonic magic and it had corrupted his mind, which prompted him to find this place and corrupt the mine to produce incense that was infused with that same demonic energy.  At first I thought it was some sort of possession but from the looks of it he was actually pulling up demon essence in order to try and corrupt others to his way of thinking."

"Huh, not sure where I could have heard a story like that before," Quasil said with a smirk, prompting Asra to roll her eyes.  "That being said I had come up here in order to try and lend some assistance, but before I could even get into the valley I saw those that had been ensnared leaving with looks of disbelief on their faces.  I'm guessing they all aren't like that though so I guess the question is do you need our help to clean this place up or wipe it off the map."

Asra looked around and saw the other infested creatures starting to move things away from the temple, which they were about to seal up once they moved the bodies again.  "Actually, I think that we're going to make this into a new guild branch," Asra said.  "It's such a quaint, out of the way place after all, it'd be perfect for us to continue some recruitment of our own..."