

Harford escorts Allisandra into Goldshire proper. She had spent the morning traversing the relatively quiet road from Stormwind. As promised, the other two promised to stay out of the way for just this one. She is surprised to find what should be the first stop in most adventures is replaced by what amounts to a social hub at best and at worst, a red light district. The sight of it offends her. "It's terrible, isn't it?" Harford mirrors her disdain.

Allisandra nods. "Yes, I can't believe it has devolved to this extent."

"The bright side is, there are quite a few more clothing shops and other parlors." The worgen brings up subtly. The priestess glances around at the assembled shops, a little horrified.

"I don't know if I want clothing from any of these place." She admits rather shamefully. She was generously offered the replacements, so it feels bad to refuse the clothing that is available.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, just watch." Allisandra points. She is at least resolved to explain her grievances. A human female leaves one of the clothing shops in something akin to lingerie. She is picked up by a human male who places a hand on her ass and walks her towards the inn.

Harford sighs happily at the sight, but knows that this situation requires a different answer to the one he has in his heart. "That's appalling! Absolutely terrible." He says, working himself up to sound outraged. "I can not believe such places are allowed to exist in such a serene area.

Allisandra looks up, feeling like she has found a like-minded individual in the gentlemanly worgen. "I couldn't agree more. I'm sure there is a shop with clothing more my speed." She thinks about what she is saying. "S-so long as you are alright with that."

Harford pats her on the shoulder, choosing not to take the obvious path that was just presented to him. "Yes, dear. I'm certain the clothing you like will be far more reasonably priced, too." He hints. Allisandra hears that, and can only hope that it is the case. 'I don't want to be a burden.' She had not considered price, but it goes without saying that her tastes should be on the lower end. At least, that is what she convinces herself should be the case. "Let's go check out that little nook. They sell nice dresses and robes."

"S-sure." Something about the elegance of the place makes her nervous. Harford follows behind her, smiling widely.

"Don't worry AT ALL about price, darling." Harford says in a kind tone that pricks at the priestesses mind.

"Uhm..." She walks into the store and sees plenty of fairly common looking dresses and robes, but the pricing boggles her mind. "Are these... Priced fairly? I'm not used to shopping outside of the square."

Harford picks up one of the tags and shrugs. "I told you not to worry, didn't I, dear?" He asks, neither confirming or denying in response to her question.

Anxiety begins to well up inside of Allisandra until finally giving in to it. "How much are those other clothes? Probably a lot more expensive, right?" Harford chuckles internally, shrugging. "What do you

think?" She asks. "Should we go look and make sure? I don't want to overdo it."

"If you really want to take a look... I very much doubt they are any cheaper." He offers evenly, knowing the answer for himself beforehand. "Let's step out. Honestly, it's no trouble if you just pick anything you like in this shop. We are party members, after all."

"Soon to be guild-members, hopefully." She adds, calming herself.

Harford takes her hand and slowly guides her out of the shop. "Yes. Hopefully. If we can pass this trial, we should all gain admittance into the guild. What drew you to it, by the way?" He has to wonder.

Allisandra smiles weakly. "I've spent my whole life inside the Cathedral. I'm getting older and I haven't really experienced the world, so when an adventurer came and offered that I could try out for a healing spot in this adventuring guild I thought it would be a great opportunity." She looks up. "What about you?"

"About the same." He lies. "Spent most of my time in the tower, you know?" He does not want to tell the truth of the matter, which is to say that he and the others are trying to gain entry into Azeroth's most exclusive sex guild, and entry requires the corruption of an individual that the guild can add to its ranks. 'Gangbans, exhibition, it's all going to be wonderful. All we have to do is corrupt one poor little heal-slut.' He smirks, guiding her to one of the adjacent clothing shops.

"Oh gosh..." She covers her mouth and gasps. "This place is-" She stares in the window at the risqué clothing on display.

"It is just to take a look, right?" Harford assures her, noticing her apprehension.

"Right." Allisandra takes a deep breath and walks inside with him. She begins looking at the pricing on all of the items. With each one, Harford subtly tweaks what she is seeing without her knowledge. She can not believe her eyes, but it is right in front of her. "This... This is basically free? What?"

Harford nods, speaking casually. "They want you to wear this type of stuff here. But it's fine. We can just go back to the nice shop and get what you like." He knows that despite the kind-sounding offer, to her it is a subtle jab.

Allisandra agonizes. "N-no."

"Pardon?" Harford leans in so he can hear.

She clenches her fist. 'Why would the guild want someone who is a burden on her team members right from the start?' She stares at some of the pieces. They are all pretty bad, but some are worse than others. Chewing at her nail, she decides. "I can get something from here."

To seal the deal, Harford begins pulling her out while planting even more mind-numbing anxiety in her head. "Nonsense. Let's just go to the real shop. Money is no object."

She pulls away, her head spinning. "This- This is a real shop!"

He crosses his arms skeptically. "I don't want you to get something you don't like."

"I actually like this stuff." She lies, holding up a little skirt. "S-see?"

"Well it does look good on you." She feels a pang of enjoyment in hearing him compliment her. Allisandra had been treated to a very strange level of sensitivity ever since she passed out the other day. Her nipples rubbing up against the fabric and her thighs rubbing together is almost enough for her. His words however cause her to have to pause and calm down. "Are you alright, Allisandra?"

She takes a deep breath. "I'm fine. I'll grab something from here if it is alright."

"It is only alright if it is what you want." Harford says with a wide, kind smile. "You want this, don't you?" He says to her, finally sealing the deal with a bit of suggestion.

She looks up, her mouth falling open a little. Her mind feels fuzzy. "Y-yeah." She agrees. 'I am just pretending, but... These do actually look pretty, don't they?'

Harford snaps his fingers. "Grab this woman some clothing to try on!"

Allisandra exits the change room bashfully. She is not proud of her appearance and shrinks in on herself to hide shameful aspects of her form. Harford inspects her with a bright smile. "Oh my! How radiant." She is wearing high heels, a tiny black skirt, white stockings and a loose black and white blouse that shows off quite a bit of cleavage. "So cute for a little light user. Black and white suits you."

Allisandra has stared at herself enough in the mirror so she stares up at the worgen's reaction and does find his encouragement somewhat lifting. However, she can not shake the embarrassment that she feels wearing something like this as an adventurer, let alone a priest. "What would the guild say if I showed up wearing this after we were finished with this quest? I would be sent home in a heartbeat. What kind of priestess wears this type of immodest attire."

'They would say you were over dressed, silly girl.' Harford looks down, lifting her chin so that she is forced to stare into his eyes. "Nonsense. What did the one who offered the position to you say you would be joining as?"

"I explained-" Allisandra stops, remembering the scene. However, she can not shake the feeling that it is not quite right.

"What's wrong? Don't remember?"

"I remember." She says, the new memories solidifying in her mind, but leaving all sorts of confusion in their wake.

"What did they say?"

She continues to look up into his dark eyes. "They said that I could leave the temple and become a nice cockwarmer if I have what it takes." That is what she remembers, but it just seems wrong. 'Why did I agree to this?' She drags her eyes away from his, placing her head in her hand. "Is- Is that right?"

“Of course it is. You remember it, don't you?” Harford chuckles, as though all of this is very obvious. “Didn't you ever get taught what a priestesses duties are?” he taunts her.

Allisandra looks up sharply to scold him but is caught in his gaze once more. “Of course! I-” She feels so certain as she begins but slows down as his influence continues to work its way into her. Where Magnus assaulted her morals, leaving her foundation in tact to be defiled, Harford carves away at the foundation of her beliefs, and her training. He targets her code and her perceived purpose, relishing the confusion it is going to bring her and the corruption it will cause.

“Well?” He coaxes.

Allisandra's eyes refocus, as though the minute or so of her blanking out was just a momentary hiccup in her consciousness. “Of course. My duties as a priestess, as I have been taught, are to tend lovingly to any cocks that I come across. I need to present my body as a way to keep members warm.” She begins to feel a little sick. “Oh light... What am I s-saying...”

“What's wrong?” He asks knowingly, enjoying this utterly. He knows that the fun begins, as her new understanding battles with what she has experienced and what she has and has not been doing.

“I'm so sorry.” She covers her mouth. “Your balls have not been drained once by me while we've been traveling together!”

“Oh my? Is it such a sin? Should a woman be expected to carry out such duties?” Harford asks, simply going through the motions of acting like a nice man, as he knows the opportunity to be truly degenerate is slowly presenting itself without him having to act.

“A priestess of the light is different from a normal woman. We are expected to be more... I took vows.”

Harford pats her on the head, looking down at the girl patronizingly. “Oh love. You are still in training. Do not be so hard on yourself. I am here to help you. Both to get into the guild and to be a better priestess.” He smiles, tapping his chin curiously with his free hand. “What are these vows? Perhaps I can be of assistance.”

Allisandra almost tears up over how kind and helpful the worgen is being. “Yes! Of course.” She clears her throat. “My first vow is Celibacy. I must strive to dispense of celibacy wherever possible. This also means I am required to drain any balls that have not been drained recently. My body is a consecrated, approved receptacle for cum.”

“Have sex often, and with anyone that wants it, basically.” He comments.

Allisandra nods and continues. “The second is the vow of silence. I must remain silent whenever a man is rude to me or decides to insult me. If anything, I should thank them and submit to their authority.”

“Fitting. You are a rather dumb cumdump. I know what is best for you.”

“Thank you!” She smiles. “The last is the oath I take to only heal and never show aggression. I must never utilize any offensive abilities.”

“Well, with all that in mind, doesn't what you are wearing seem a little conservative?” He asks quizzically. Allisandra looks down. She remembers feeling embarrassed about what she was wearing and now she knows exactly why. 'Oh light... he's right. What was I thinking?' She withdraws back to the change room. After a minute she emerges without a skirt or top. All she has on are the white stockings and garters, and a tight black thong. She is of course still wearing the heels and added a black choker. Something feels wrong about stepping out into the open with her tits on display, but the open air feels good and theoretically it is the right thing to do. “Now that is perfect.” Harford comments. “It is just missing a few things...”

Allisandra is worried that she picked wrong again. The man of course knows best. “What is it?”

He waves at the person manning the store. “Excuse me? A marker?” The person brings it, dropping the black marker in his large hands.

“What is that for?” He holds up a finger, asking her to wait and bear with him. He scribbles on her forehead, then over her chest, then above her pussy and finally turns her and draws above her perky rear. She is brought to a mirror, standing in front of the smiling worgen, his heavy hands on her shoulders. Across her chest the text reads 'Divine Cum Receptacle. I am required by my religion to drain your balls. Please respect my beliefs.' On her forehead is the text 'Cock Here' with an arrow pointing down to her mouth. The same above her pussy and presumably her ass. She stares silently at what he drew on her. After a moment she smiles widely. “Oh my gosh! This is just perfect.”

“I know, right? It is so YOU. It is just until we get the permanent ones drawn on in the same spots. Probably add prices, as well.” He says casually.

“Prices?”

“Donations for the church, you silly slut.”

Allisandra giggles. “O-oh, right.” She still can't quite get over him calling her such derisive names, but knows deep down it is what she deserves.

“I still need to drain your balls, sir.” She mentions.

Harford drapes an arm over her shoulder and leads her out. “Of course. I want to get out into the open so that everyone can see what a slut this innocent priestess has become.”

Allisandra's eyes light up. With her new belief structure, those words take on a whole new, flattering meaning in her mind. “Thank you again.”

Once they get out he corners her against a wall in plain view of the public. This type of scene is not uncommon or frowned upon in this area so he does this without any fear. “What is the ritual for draining a man's balls, oh holy cum receptacle?” He says, going along with this new purpose he has created for her.

“Should I pretend like I am just meeting you on the streets near the Cathedral?” She asks.

“Oh, yes yes. Of course. A bit of roleplay. Show me.” He steps back a few paces and then walks up, looking down as though seeing her for the first time. “Oh my! A priestess of the light? What can I do

for you, you light-fellating cumsock of a woman?"

Allisandra smiles widely and giggles, staring up into Harford's eyes seductively. "I am sorry to inconvenience you, sir, but have your balls been drained recently?"

"Are you implying that you should be the one to drain MY balls? Are you daft? What makes you think you deserve to, you common whore?" He asks harshly.

Allisandra cringes. "W-well-"

Harford sighs. "But, if it is for the church then I suppose I will let you show me that my cock and balls are valuable to your churches function."

She brightens. "Yes! Thank you, sir!" He pins her against the wall again and allows her to drop to her knees. She opens his robes, marveling at his massive sheathed cock and balls.

"Do you actually appreciate this?" He grills her.

"Of- Of course, sir!" She reaches up to massage his balls with one hand, lifting and cupping them. With her other hand she grips his sheathed member. "To me these are the same as holy relics." As if reciting scripture she adds. "A man is the most important thing in the universe and is to be worshiped." She releases his cock and balls, putting her hands together in prayer as she looks up with wide, sparkling eyes. "Please allow this consecrated body to become a receptacle for your holy seed, lord."

Harford is becoming hard at the mere sight of her. He thinks to himself that he may have crafted a masterpiece and that it is going to be a shame to bring her back to normal. "Very well. You have convinced me. Do whatever ritual you need to accomplish to do so." He stares down curiously. He had not planted any ritual so he is watching with baited breath to see what her warped mind will come up with simply through connecting disconnected thoughts and ideas that are not her own.

Allisandra leans forward. "First I must ensure that the holy vessels are indeed full. I do this by confirming with my mouth." She opens her lips wide and sucks one of his large balls between them, pulling back and sucking on it. The priestess lets it pop out, nodding sagely. "The other, now..." She sucks the other ball into her mouth, moaning. She releases this one more smoothly, staying close to nuzzle into his cock. She licks around his balls, cupping them again with both hands this time. "These are- are sooo full!" She says, infatuated. She looks up at him again as though the light itself touched her. "I am going to have the honor of draining such virile sperm. So much of it, at that! Thank you!" She exclaims joyously.

"R-right?" Harford utters. Her holy fervor is beginning to even shock him a little.

She turns her attention to his cock. "The rod is hidden within this glorious sheath... I must coax it free." Holding the member with both hands she goes in and pushes her tongue deep into the opening of the sheath. Allisandra gasp, letting her eyes roll back. "Oh, this holy sheath is so caked in goodness that it is enough for my vessel to be sent over the edge almost on it's own!" She is kneeling with her legs spread wide and through her thong a wet spot is forming. She is slowly dripping down onto the ground below. Her tongue finds the tip of his cock hidden within the sheath and circles it lovingly, causing Harford to groan. It hardens rapidly at this point, pushing out of it's sheath and into her plush, waiting lips. She becomes ecstatic. One delicate hand remains wrapped around his cock, stroking it, while the

other cups and massages his balls gently, coaxing the potent liquid from within to stir. She releases his growing cock from her lips with a gasp and a low pop. "Such a divine member! Have you ever considered becoming a priest?"

Harford lifts a brow, finding it hard to focus with her tongue sliding all over his cock. "N-no? Why, what is the job of a priest in your warped mind, you foolish woman?" He does not remembering adding anything about male priests. 'Just more connections made by a dominated mind?' He wonders.

Allisandra giggles. "The priest lives a charmed life. Their holy vessel is given to the church to be continuously, worshipfully drained by consecrated receptacles such as this one." She motions towards herself. "A joining of divine vessels. The relationship functions with the priest having the power to hold dominion and the priestesses only left to be dominated and used."

Harford grunts, feeling his cock beginning to twitch in the midst of the continuous stroking and licking and kissing. "Is- Is that right?"

Allisandra nods, staring down at his solid rod. "This holy member is almost ready to unload it's 'holy water' inside of me..." She opens her mouth wide and envelops his fully hard cock. In her mind, her throat that she can't remember as being bulldozed open by Argon, makes perfect sense to her. 'This is truly what I was MADE for. It is my calling!' She thinks excitedly, practically inhaling his cock right down to the sheath.

Harford shudders, feeling his dick being gently wrapped by her now cunt-like throat. The look she shoots up at him of complete subservience to a higher power, him, is enough to cause the sadistic worgen to release with that alone. Before that, as she is staring up at him she begins her gentle bobbing forward and back, allowing his thick, long dick to slide easily up and down her slick throat. He can tell she is holding her breath; gambitting her own health and consciousness to please him. With one last deep exhale he cums down her throat, filling her 'consecrated vessel' with his 'holy water.' Her lips lovingly kiss the bulb around the base of his cock that begins to form rapidly. A knot is not necessary, as she submissively allows him to pump the full contents of his balls into her stomach. She even massages and strokes him to coax any remainder. She fully believes in her heart it is a sin to waste even a drop. After a few minutes she allows the cock to slide form her lips, leaving a string of drool to connect her lips to the tip.

"Why don't I just leave you here to 'heal' all these people for the rest of your silly little life?" He asks.

"I want to go on to drain the balls of my guild." She explains happily.

He sighs, shaking his head. "Ah, right. Of course." He pats her messy bob-haired head patronizingly and steps back, closing his robe. "Hmm. We'll get you some passable clothes and then I'll fix your brain. A bit."

Allisandra tilts her head to one side curiously. "What do you mean fix my brain?"

Harford chuckles. "Adorable."