



LESBIAN SEDUCTION FICTION BY JORDAN CHURCH



SEX SLAVE SORcery, CHAPTER TEN

Saffay the Untouchable took stock of the recent developments and of her own actions. Actually, she tried not think about her own recent actions.

Unlike her own actions, the recent developments, the ones outside of her own actions and reactions, were all good. It seemed like it. And some of them were major developments.

Despite the old adage to not put all of the eggs in one basket, the “surviving” members of The Watch had moved into the Temple of Purla. Having so

many of them together left them vulnerable to all of them getting taken out in one fell swoop. That was the downside.

That said, if they had continued with the four of them camping in the woods, they would have been even more vulnerable. One of them had to be on watch all of the time, day and night, and really, one wasn't enough because there were a multitude of possible approaches. With only one on watch, that one had to be very near the camp. That meant an early warning only allowed them to wipe sleep out of their eyes and grab a weapon or to quickly prepare a spell, as the case may be.

There was strength in numbers and strength in a strong wall.

Olliis, Effa, Piddrin, and Saffay accepted Eldress Lum's invitation to stay at the Temple of Purla, which was virtually a small military compound. It had walls and devout followers (all female) who were ready for battle if need be. The offer meant better security, a more convenient location because it was on the outskirts of Ethecreeth, and almost instant communication between the Purlanians and the "surviving" members of The Watch.

Thixxa and Rirry had not accepted the offer. They were fully in on fighting back against Sliphera and her evil ilk, but they wanted to be, as Rirry phrased it, "footloose and fancy free" out in the woods. Whatever that meant.

Effa made a few comments to others, including Saffay, that indicated she thought that she knew what it meant. To Saffay, she had frowned and bounced her eyebrows at the same time as she said she knew why Rirry and Thixxa wanted to be alone in the woods. Effa had sniffed a disapproving sniff, brought together circled fingers and thumbs, touching at the tip, with both of her hands. This was a rude hand sign for "pussy." Two hands configured that way meant two pussies.

Effa had then surprised Saffay by bringing the two digit-formed circles together, whereupon she rubbed them against one another in what was probably meant to look like passion or lasciviousness, but which actually looked quite angry with Effa's face frowning thunder above them.

Okay then! Effa really did not approve of females engaging with females sexually! This made Saffay feel crummy and insulted due to her recent encounter.

Effa thought Thixxa and Rirry did not want to stay at Purla's Temple because Effa thought the two of them were females who preferred females. With each other!

A knight with her own squire!

Effa did not approve. Saffay also did not approve. Not because they were two females. Well, maybe a little. But a knight and her squire should not have sex with each other. There was something wrong about that.

Saffay knew she was in no position to judge as far as female with female sexual activity. Not based on the positions she'd been in so recently in the alley outside the wedding dress shoppe Dorrin worked at.

Dorrin....

Also known as...

No! Don't even think it!

Anyway. Thixxa and Rirry were staying in the woods outside the city. They had no fear of Krellings. None at all. Thixxa was a tough and powerful knight. They also had little fear of magic. Thixxa had the ability to resist most, if not all, magics. She was a big asset to the effort to fight back

against the witch, both in height and abilities.

Saffay decided, so what if Thixxa and Rirry were sexual partners? It was untraditional. But it was no one's business but their own!

Saffay wondered if she would have thought that same thought previous to her own recent experience with female-with-female partnering. Maybe not. She may have been less fair-minded.

But now? She was very much all for privacy! People should mind their own business, especially if they heard anything about Saffay.

If anyone ever heard or suspected what Saffay had done in that alley....

Or what she had allowed to be done to her....

Privacy! It was important! Sex was no one else's business other than the one you had sex with. Even if the sex occurred just outside that someone else's place of business.

Saffay had never before felt so strongly about privacy and discretion. It felt like her new cause. It would be if she thought it would keep anyone from finding out what she'd done.

Or... um... what she had allowed to be done to her....

Had she done it or had she allowed it?

It was confusing to say the least. Saffay had felt *very* confused over the past few days.

But not all of her confusion had to do with herself and what happened in that alley. There was a lot more going on than that.

They had gathered their forces, such as they were and not including Thixxa and Rirry, at the Temple of Purla. As far as they could tell, no one had observed the new additions entering the compound. The best resistance was a secret resistance that maintained the element of surprise.

The Purlanians were functionally welcoming, but they were Purlanians. That meant they were judgy and thought they knew better than others did. They thought they were superior. Which in some ways, they were. They enjoyed much nicer lifestyles than most females in Phellassia. As well, the Purlanians had a penchant, or maybe a goal, of attracting attractive females to their religion. It was a big "Fuck you!" to the male-dominated social hierarchy. Like: "Here is what you want, we know you want them, and guess what? You can't have them. They serve Purla, not males!"

Which Saffay did respect. She did.

But...

No sex?

No children?

The assumption that all males were bad did not seem fair. Or accurate.

It was pretty accurate. There were a lot of shitty males out there. Saffay could not blame the Purlanians for giving up on males.

Of course, to each their own. Except, ah-ha, that was not how the Purlanians looked at things. To them, their way was the right way, and the ways of others were lesser and wrong. They were judgy!

Anyway, the four "surviving" members of The Watch moved into Purla's Temple and were given ample space and excellent private quarters, the

equal to those afforded to the four temple Guardians; Ell, Kif, Fid, and Ras.

But, as it turned out, they were not the only new residents of the Ethecreethian chapter of Purla's Temple of Purity and Propriety. There were three more, each of them a shock in their own right, though they arrived together.

Rinnassa, the great sorceress and Governess of the Magic Guild!

Dinnaka, leader of the battle mages of The Watch!

And the cursed spirit, Drixinn, also known as "Pervy."

They had escaped together from Moona's Moan and Groan. That pleasure house was Sliphera the Witch's new abode, a location where Sliphera could prevent magic by others, or allow it, as she chose, individually. That ability was one of the reasons the remaining free members of The Watch had not yet attacked Moona's, and were quite hesitant to do so.

Another reason they had not attacked Moona's was that they had word that there was a garrison of soldiers and guards at Moona's, as well as a nearby camp of Krellings protecting it.

Sliphera worked with Krellings! How foul!

The Krellings worked with the witch! How foul!

It was both incredible and fortuitous that the threesome escaped from Sliphera's abode. Of course, it was incredibly fortunate. It saved the still-free members of The Watch from having to risk everything trying to free them.

That said....

There were concerns. And oddities. And irritations. And Saffay had a bad feeling about this apparent turn of good fortune. She wasn't the only one who felt it. Saffay, at times, saw looks on the faces of the others, like the look behind the look. Not so much the Purlanians, who always seemed a little aloof and like they were constantly making judgements about others, every judgement concluding that the Purlanians were in the right, and others were misguided.

Effa, Pidrin, and Olliis shared Saffay's hesitation and doubt. Saffay could tell.

The threesome of Rinnassa, Dinnaka, and Drixinn had certainly made a dramatic entrance, despite Drixinn being completely invisible and soundless.

Arguably, the drama of the entrance was nine-tenths Rinnassa.

The escaped threesome had arrived at a back gate to Purla's Temple of Purity and Propriety. The startled guards had sent for leadership, as well they should.

When word came that Rinnassa and Dinnaka were at the back gate requesting entry, everyone wanted to see if it was true. As a result, Eldress Lum led the way with the four "surviving" members of The Watch and the four Purlanian Guardians following in an incredulous but hopeful rush.

It was them, all right. Well, it seemed like them. But not as they'd ever seen them before.

Rinnassa was completely nude! And she was in a wheeled mobile rack contraption. She was held in a vertical spread-eagle position. Rinnassa was in bondage!

Rinnassa had really big breasts....

Not just really big ones. Rinnassa had perfectly shaped breasts....

They looked so soft. And yet so firm. They looked so touchable. Like they needed touching. Saffay swore her fingers twitched at her sides when she saw them. Hell, *whenever* she saw them.

What, her, touch Rinnassa's breasts? Grab them? Feel them up?

No, no....

Not her. But it did seem like someone should.

Saffay had tried to be subtle as she shook her head the first time she had the urge, trying to shake free the thoughts without being obvious about it.

It was just so shocking to see Rinnassa like that! They'd always seen her composed and in control and... clothed! A Governess of the Magic Guild should not be nude outdoors while held in bondage inside a wooden frame.

Actually, no one should. Not even a criminal!

Right away, of course, they'd moved to free Rinnassa and to cover her shapely shape. Whether Rinnassa was a doppelganger or the real deal, she needed to be freed and clothed.

But not so fast. Rinnassa had urgently told them not to free her or cover her. Dinnaka had backed her up. They said the frame was magical and that any attempt to free her would cause a massive magical explosion, one that would disintegrate Rinnassa and kill or at least maim anyone nearby.

Apparently, the same held true for trying to clothe Rinnassa.

That damn witch, Sliphera, had really done a number on Rinnassa!

And on Dinnaka as well. Dinnaka showed them her new tattoo. It was a doozy! It was evil!

Dinnaka hiked up her robe to show them, explaining, "You need to understand, this is what made me betray The Watch."

It was a very big tattoo of a Black Dragon, or part of a Black Dragon. The neck of the Black Dragon started just above Dinnaka's inner knee. The neck was thick and scaly. The neck folded back and forth up Dinnaka's leg. At the top of the neck was a dragon head, with large red eyes. The eyes glowed like there were embers inside them.

The wide-nostriled snout of the dragon image was embarrassingly near Dinnaka's lower labia. Also embarrassingly, Dinnaka wore no underclothing.

Effa, never fearing to ask hard questions, asked, "Can you explain in what way a tattoo made you betray The Watch? I don't care how big it is or where it is. It does not in any way justify betrayal."

Well, no. Except, as it turned out, yes, it did.

Dinnaka explained, "The tattoo is magical, a curse. In that way, it is like the frame that Rinnassa is stuck in. This is a living tattoo that comes alive and takes form in three dimensions. When it does, I have a small Black Dragon head and neck between my legs."

Olliis frowned and squinted.

Piddrin looked mystified.

Effa tried to put it together, "So... this tattoo comes alive... and... what?"

Dinnaka's face reddened, and she sounded shamed when she spoke, "It does terrible things. If I lay down, or even if I fall down, it... it... it takes on form, parts from my leg, and... and-and—"

Rinnassa finished for her, "The damned magical tattoo has sex with her. It uses its head and neck to penetrate and its tongue to lick."

Most of them recoiled, emotionally, physically, or both.

Kif looked puzzled and intensely curious, "Wait, wait, does it lick on the, you know, outside, or like when it's inside you?"

Ras glared at her, "That's a terrible question!"

"I guess. But what's the answer?"

Dinnaka looked excruciatingly embarrassed, "It licks all over and in every way you can imagine."

Effa pursued the cause of betrayal. Effa had zero tolerance for betrayals. In her country, even small betrayals led to public torture that usually lasted more than two days. People brought picnics to spectate, and lucky winners were brought up to help torture the culprit. Punishing traitors was a community-building event.

"So, it's like having a mobile licking wood cock between your legs. That's amazing and disgusting, but it does not explain betrayal. Eldress Lum, does your Temple of Purla have a proper set of torture instruments? If not, I can make do."

Eldress Lum, who looked not at all like an Eldress because she looked so young and so beautiful, her blonde curls flouncing with the slightest movement of her head, demurred, "There will be no torture here under any

circumstances. If Dinnaka is judged a traitor, you will either need to take her somewhere else to torture her, or accept our way of dealing with traitors, that way being the quick elimination of the traitorous threat.”

Dinnaka looked very concerned, as well she should, “No, wait, you have to understand! Give me a chance to explain! Yes, the tattoo has sex with me. Every day at least once, but usually more often. If I lay down or if I become aroused, it has sex with me. It can read my mind. But the tattoo can do more than have sex with me. It isn’t like I betrayed The Watch because of sex.

“It has huge fangs! If I tried to do anything other than what Sliphera wanted, or it wanted, then it opened its maw and set the fangs to my flesh. I was told it would begin eating me for any defiance. Starting with my inner thighs! It would eat me alive!”

Several of them gasped in horror.

“For all I know, the damn thing might also be able to breathe fire. Black Dragons can. Then again, the tattoo does not have actual lungs, so I don’t know.”

Rinnassa said, “The point is, Dinnaka had no choice in what she did. Not once the tattoo was on her, always right there, pleasuring her and threatening her, reading her mind, and controlling her. Dinnaka is innocent.”

Effa sniffed disbelievingly, like she’d smelled something nasty, “An innocent traitor? Sure. Right. Dinnaka, you should have let it eat you.”

Kif jumped in, “She means as a meal, not like in sex.”

Ras rolled her eyes at Kif.

Rinnassa's voice took on commanding steel, the firmness of her words making her breast mounds shake back and forth as if her breasts disagreed with her words, "Effa, there will be no more talk of traitors or torture. You cannot understand what Dinnaka has been through. I do, in some ways. Dinnaka and I are both victims."

Effa grumped.

Olliis took over the questioning, going about it in the practical matter-of-fact way she was known for, "Putting the past behind us, what about right now? Rinnassa, you've brought the magical frame here, and you say it could explode under some circumstances. Dinnaka, you say the tattoo can read your mind. What if it can communicate with Sliphera and tell her where you are? You've brought a threat here. And why isn't it eating you right now, if what you said is actually true?"

Piddrin piled on, "How did you escape? *Did* you escape, or...?"

Rinnassa looked angry, "Of course we escaped! What did you think, that they let us go?"

"But how—"

"I was getting to that! And to the answers to the other questions. Everyone, hold your tongues while I explain."

Saffay could not help but think about the tongue of the Black Dragon tattoo and whether or not it would hold its tongue. If it was truly alive, why had it only looked like a normal, albeit huge and realistic, tattoo?

Rinnassa did explain.

"The frame is magical and, as it was told to me, it prevents me from using

magic on it or to help myself. As well, Sliphera has made Moona's Moan and Groan into her abode. A witch's abode prevents any and all magic use other than the witch's or what magic use the witch actively permits. The witch can make exemptions.

"I was entirely helpless. And so was Dannika. But I thought of a way. There was a sort of loophole in there. I couldn't use magic at Moona's. I could not use magic on the frame or on myself, even if I was not at Moona's. But that is not the same as being entirely unable to use magic. I realized I could use magic to help others if, or when, I was no longer at Moona's. The effect of the witch's abode is limited to the abode itself. I just needed to get far enough away from it, and I needed an ally to move me inside the frame because I could not move myself. Combine that with my desire to help Dinnaka – I felt so bad for her – and I came up with a plan.

"I pretended a renewal of my shame and embarrassment, asking Sliphera to keep me out of view, and even demanded I be given the respect at the least of being held nude in the frame in a private location. I also said that my former underlings, members of The Watch, should not see me like this. That Sliphera absolutely had to give me that bare minimum of respect.

"Sliphera reacted the way I expected and hoped. She did the opposite of what I demanded. She ordered that I be paraded around. To make it all the more humiliating, to both Dinnaka and I, she ordered that Dinnaka be the one to push the frame from building to building, all over Moona's. I had hoped she would involve Dinnaka. That was why I made a point of how my former underlings should not see me this way.

"Sliphera saw us off, but she did not come with us. I waited patiently while Dinnaka wheeled me all over and I was humiliated by the denizens and customers of Moona's Moan and Groan.

"I waited until we were on the outskirts of the pleasure house, as far from the center of Moona's as I had been since I arrived there. Then I pretended to see Ethecreethians in the woods, and begged Dinnaka to avoid them and keep them from seeing me like this. At that point, Dinnaka believed I'd seen Ethecreethians in the trees - I even pointed to where I said they were - and, since she believed it, the magical Black Dragon tattoo also believed it. It seems to sense through Dinnaka's thoughts and perhaps sees through her eyes, but does not truly see for itself.

"Of course, as I'd hoped, the Black Dragon tattoo immediately placed its open maw and sharp fangs against Dinnaka's inner thigh. Dinnaka knew what it wanted. It wanted what Sliphera wanted, which was the maximum amount of embarrassment for me. It forced Dinnaka to wheel me over to the trees I'd pointed at. There was no one there. I said out loud that I thanked the Gods and Goddesses that the group had moved a bit further into the woods. I claimed the Gods and Goddesses were looking out for me and protecting my modesty.

"The Black Dragon tattoo did not like that concept! It forced Dinnaka to wheel me yet further into the woods, in pursuit of the fictitious Ethecreethians. As I'd hoped, we reached a point far enough from the limited range of the witch's abode that the limitation on magic was no longer in effect. I still could not magically destroy or alter the frame or directly help myself, such as getting free of it. But I could use magic.

"I used my sorcery to magically daze the Black Dragon tattoo. That is as much as I can do. It is still "alive," such as it is, but it is confused. There is more to discuss about its state of mind and what is necessary to keep it from harming Dinnaka. However, at that point, at this point now, Dinnaka is no longer under threat of being eaten alive by it. Or... it doing anything else to her.

"I explained to Dinnaka that she is saved. At least for now. As long as we exercise the proper precautions. Dinnaka has her freedom back."

Dinnaka nodded and looked as fraught with embarrassment as ever, "I cried. I thought I'd never be free again. Rinnassa saved me. I owe her my life. Now I can work to make amends for the harm I caused while under duress."

Rinnassa said, "I saved Dinnaka, and then she saved me by wheeling me here. Further, Drixinn, the spirit most known as Pervy, tried to accompany us and initially failed. She was bound to the circle of influence of the witch's abode. However, I detected Drixinn magically, realized she had followed us – for whatever reason – and knew she'd become an ally because I could read intent with my magic, and so I used my magic to free her as well. She is no longer bound to remain at Moona's."

Effa frowned suspiciously, "But if the spirit could not leave Moona's and your magic cannot work at Moona's..."

Rinnassa had paused several heartbeats before finally answering, "The spirit is under a geas to not wander too far from Moona's. It is a wider circle than the magic limitation caused by the witch making Moona's her abode. As a result, Drixinn needed magical help to come further, but my using magic on her was not prevented."

Effa still looked suspicious, though it did make neat sense.

Olliis asked pointedly, "But how did you know to come find us here at the temple?"

"Your team member finder necklaces, the ones you and Piddrin wear, led me to you at this place."

“But you do not have one of those necklaces.”

“I don’t need one. My sorcery is different than your battle magic. It is more subtle and has a greater range of ability. When I set the battle mages of The Watch up with the necklaces, I knew I could magically tune in to your locations and identities.

“While at Moona’s, I heard a lot of talk of what happened to and with various members of The Watch. I’m sure you can imagine the things I heard. The lustful patrons of Moona’s enjoyed bragging. That included naming names. So, I knew which battle mages, and thus most likely their warrior partners as well, were compromised, or vice versa. If one of a pair was compromised, I assumed the other was as well. There were two names notable by their omission from any bragging. Olliis and Piddrin.

“So, once we escaped Sliphera’s abode, which is now located at Moona’s Moan and Groan, I detected for you, Olliis, and you, Piddrin. When I detected your exact location and that you were together, the natural conclusion was that you were indeed uncompromised and that you sought out natural allies at Purla’s Temple.”

That tied it all together. Neatly. It all made sense.

But still...

Saffay had felt deeply unsettled, and she still did. It was the kind of feeling one had when in the forest and watched by an unseen predator. It was a hunted feeling. She felt at grave risk.

Could Rinnassa, Dinnaka, and Drixinn have been followed?

Could they be trusted?

Well, Rinnassa was stuck in a frame. It wasn't like they'd corrupt her and send her out stuck in a frame. If they wanted her to betray The Watch, if they had control over her, then they would have given her freedom of movement to all the better betray them.

And Drixinn was the very one who had warned them, through her note brought to them by Parkel.

However, perhaps Dinnaka was not to be trusted. Saffay had always liked her. Everybody liked Dinnaka. But Saffay had learned to trust her bad feelings. They'd saved her ass more than several times. Perhaps Dinnaka was the reason for the bad feeling.

Saffay would keep an eye on her!

No, wait, she'd keep an eye on all three of them. Just to be sure. Saffay decided she didn't need to express her distrust to the others. There was no need. She could sense that they felt the same way as her. Besides, she couldn't even put her distrust in words. There wasn't anything that did not fit or make sense. The escape of allies – a friend in the case of Dinnaka and a powerful sorceress in Rinnassa – was a good thing.

But Saffay would keep an eye on them.

Well, except for Drixinn, also known as Pervy. No one could keep an eye on her. She was invisible.

Though Drixinn had successfully warned them about the evil plot by writing a note and getting Parkel to deliver it to them, she wasn't much use. She could not speak, at least not in a way they could hear. She could not even be seen! Really, Saffay only knew that Drixinn had escaped and was at Purla's Temple because Rinnassa and Dinnaka said so.

Well, maybe that was not the *only* reason Saffay thought Drixinn had escaped with Rinnassa and Dinnaka and was hanging around Purla's Temple. Saffay and the others had repeatedly found doodles, sometimes on paper, but more often made with coal markings low on walls or on the floor.

The doodles began with Drixinn's arrival, assuming she had arrived. The doodles were a sort of proof of identity and perfectly illuminated why Drixinn was known as "Pervy."

Those doodles were dirty! They were lewd, naughty scribbles and charcoal renderings!

They were artistic. They were not childish stick figures. They were accurate representations of face and form. It was easy to recognize exactly who was drawn by Pervy.

But in this case, accuracy and ability to identify the artistic subjects were a bad thing!

One showed Olliis bent over in a stand, with Piddrin kneeling behind her, with her face in Olliis's ass!

Another doodle depicted Olliis sitting on Effa's face! They quickly rubbed that one out before Effa could see it. They made it a practice to immediately destroy all the "naughty cartoons" that included Effa. She was so touchy about females preferring females.

It was a little funny, because since Effa hadn't seen any images depicting her, Effa kept sniffing with her chin held high, claiming Drixinn would not dare to ever show her in such a way. Little did she know!

Another doodle showed Saffay lying across Piddrin's lap while Piddrin was

clearly in the act of spanking Saffay. In that image, Saffay's mouth was wide like she was crying out in pain. Or maybe orgasming. From a spanking!

Seeing that one had made Saffay flush. She probably would have found it funny before what happened in the alley with Dorrin. Now? It was not funny. It was embarrassing. It struck too near the truth.

There were other pictures. One had the four Guardians of the Temple of Purla assembled in a circular daisy chain of oral sex. The Guardians, Ell, Kif, Fid, Ras, did not take the image with any kind of humor. They suggested Drixinn should be forced out of the protection of the Temple of Purla. That debate ended quickly when it was pointed out that they didn't know how to detect Drixinn, or make her leave, and wouldn't be able to tell if she did leave, or, in fact, if she left and returned.

Except perhaps by whether the artistic renderings continued or stopped.

Saffay had heard a few of the others say out loud, usually loudly, obviously trying to make Drixinn hear them, that Drixinn should fuck off or go fuck herself. Who knew? Maybe she did. But then another picture would show up.

Drixinn was mostly an unknown and seemed to have little value to the current cause. Saffay guessed Drixinn could sneak around and spy for them. If she took directions and if she was willing to write down what she saw. And if she could be trusted.

Eldress Lum asked Ell to ascertain if there were any illusions at play with the escaped threesome. Ell could create illusions, but she could also sense them. After a moment of study, Ell reported there was no illusion-casting at work. What was seen was the truth.

Saffay still couldn't get over how naked Rinnassa was. And how huge and

perfect her breasts were! They were truly real and not at all optically enhanced? Wow. Just wow. They might be magically enhanced. They were *probably* magically enhanced. But they were real, not illusions. How they got the way they were did not matter. What mattered was that they were real, and they were majestic.

Every time Saffay looked at Rinnassa's breasts, and she looked at them a lot, she could not seem to help looking at them or how they made her feel, she felt like getting closer to Rinnassa. Getting close enough to touch them. Getting close enough to... to suck on them. Sucking on them was just touching with her mouth. It would just be a different kind of touching.

Almost innocent! Didn't babies do the same thing?

Saffay guessed no one would buy that if they saw her latched onto one of Rinnassa's tits.

Saffay thought the urge to suckle a tit must be some kind of instinct at play. The need to feed. It must be instinct to feel as if huge breasts might contain lots of nourishing milk.

Wanting to suckle a tit must be a natural urge.

Saffay was not a lesbian! No matter what Dorrin might have to say about it.

Eldress Lum had also asked Ras, the wood enchantress, to determine if the wood of the frame Rinnassa was stuck in was infused with entrapping magic. Ras had frowned as she concentrated, and then reported that the frame was jam-packed with powerful evil magic. It was yet another confirmation that what Rinnassa had told them was true.

After they accepted that it was truly Rinnassa, Dinnaka, and Drixinn, Lum the Eldress had led the escaped threesome into the inner sanctum of the

Temple. Eldress Lum had behaved like the perfect hostess. She even had Kif and Fid personally push Rinnassa in the frame. After all, Dinnaka had pushed Rinnassa all the way from Moona's Moan and Groan.

It was a simple matter-of-fact kindness by Eldress Lum. Saffay silently commended her for that. Eldress Lum chose Kif and Fid because they were warrior guardians, not users of magic. They did not want to do anything to wake the dangerous magic within the frame.

Kif and Fid both looked slightly irritated by the menial task, though they hid it well. The Guardians were all very respectful of Eldress Lum and her directions. Saffay saw the mostly hidden irritation on Kif's and Fid's faces evaporate as they began pushing the frame. She saw their eyes on Rinnassa's bare rear end, watching the soft, firm flesh nevertheless jiggle as the frame vibrated along.

Fid's and Kif's faces reddened. Kif pulled her eyes away from Rinnassa's body, but they quickly returned as if she could not help herself. Fid couldn't move her eyes away. They simply widened.

Saffay wondered if anyone else noticed how much those two noticed what they noticed. She felt like she couldn't blame them. Rinnassa was amazing. It almost made Saffay wish she was a female who preferred females and that she did not more or less work for Rinnassa.

The more Saffay looked – and she thought it might work the same way for Fid and Kif – the more she wanted to touch.

Gods and Goddesses! Dorrin had really done a number on her. That little bitch. It was bad enough that Dorrin had mistreated, dominated, and humiliated Saffay. And it was so much worse that Dorrin had made her like it. But it seemed it was not some one-off thing, done and forgotten. Sex with females was inside Saffay's head now. She could not get it out!

Had Dorrin changed her? For how long? Not forever, right?

That little bitch!

Once they arrived at the inner sanctum of the Purla's Temple, they all got comfortable. Well, except for Rinnassa. It did not appear that she could ever get comfortable in that wooden frame. What a terrible thing!

Ras, the wood enchantress, released a startled gasp and took a stumbling step forward. She looked around behind her wildly. Her face reddened. Her hands moved, as if to go behind her, but then she caught herself and clasped them together in front of her. She looked around nervously at everyone, and particularly at empty spaces where no one stood.

Holy unholy Welge Devil in the valley! Had that pervert, Pervy, just done something to Ras? Saffay was pretty sure that was what had happened. A pinch? A spank? Or just a finger poke?

Damn it. Now they had a perverted lesbian spirit in the temple with them. They'd have to be in guard. But how could you guard against what you could not see or hear or detect until it was too late?

Drixinn could fondle them, or do anything, and there was nothing they could do about it!

It was an outrage. But Ras held her tongue, and everyone else either did not notice or decided to act like they did not notice. Well, Drixinn had warned them about the witch, and she had just escaped from the witch. Perhaps right then was not the time to make a big deal out of a little inappropriate contact. They had more important matters to discuss.

Rinnassa agreed, "We need to plan, and we need to do this right. There's more that I know that you need to know, and there is a way for us to have a

much greater chance at success.”

Eldress Lum nodded earnestly, her cascade of blonde curls nodding vigorously with her, and her generous breasts as well, “Do tell us, Rinnassa.”

“First, you need to know that Sliphera is aware that she and her cronies have not caught every member of The Watch. She understands there is a threat, and she also understands that not everyone is or will be happy about the women of The Watch becoming free use sluts for the entire town.

“Sliphera has a large force at Moona’s Moan and Groan. She has creatures of power, she has evil users of magic, and she has a large number of warriors. And she has home field advantage, which is a lot when it is a witch’s home field. It means magic works there for her and hers, and not for us. In sum, we must avoid Moona’s and would be incredibly foolish if we chose to fight her and her henchmen there.”

That made sense. It went a long way to earning Saffay’s trust. This was useful information and good advice. Rinnassa’s words were saving them from possible disaster had they attacked Sliphera at Moona’s.

Olliis frowned, working the problem, “But then, how will we defeat the witch?”

Rinnassa nodded firmly, her breasts seeming to nod with her as if they couldn’t agree with her more, “We need to increase our forces while degrading Sliphera’s. She has allies in Ethecreeth. Nicrar the necromancer, Kutherkut the Headsman, as well as the citizens who enjoy having free use sluts. I fear that more do than do not.

“However, we also have allies in Ethecreeth. The members of The Watch. It is just that they are... compromised. We will un-compromise them, restore them to power and independence. This will increase our overall power by

double or more.

“We will eliminate Kutherkut and Nicrar. We will show no mercy. This will leave Sliphera and her henchmen alone out at Moona’s. We can lay siege to the place. If they emerge, we destroy them. Eventually, they will starve or perhaps successfully flee.

“That will be it. We will stop the threat, destroy or drive away the witch, and return Ethebreeth to its previous... well, not glory... but its normalcy.”

Wow. A fully cogent and persuasive plan.

Olliis held up a finger, “About helping the others. How do we do that?”

“I have a solution. However, it will require a great deal of power. I will need to accrue it, gather it, dam it up, and ready it. I will need to destroy each Chufwaask very quickly and completely to avoid them causing any harm to the carriers from their death throes. This will require preparation time.”

Effa had a concern, “Time? How much time? They’re getting used like... like... like sluts and whores. Or sex slaves. We can’t let that continue. We have to stop it as soon as possible. We’ve already waited longer than we should.”

Rinnassa disagreed, “No. We have to do this right. If we fail, they will be sex slaves for life. An added week or two is nothing in comparison to a lifetime.”

“An extra week!” several voices exclaimed at once.

“Or two. Or three. Think of it this way: the wait will lull them into a false sense of security.”

Effa huffed in frustration.

Piddrin looked concerned for the captured members of The Watch.

Olliis appeared reluctantly accepting.

Saffay wasn't sure how she should feel. But she knew how she did feel. She felt deeply uneasy.

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