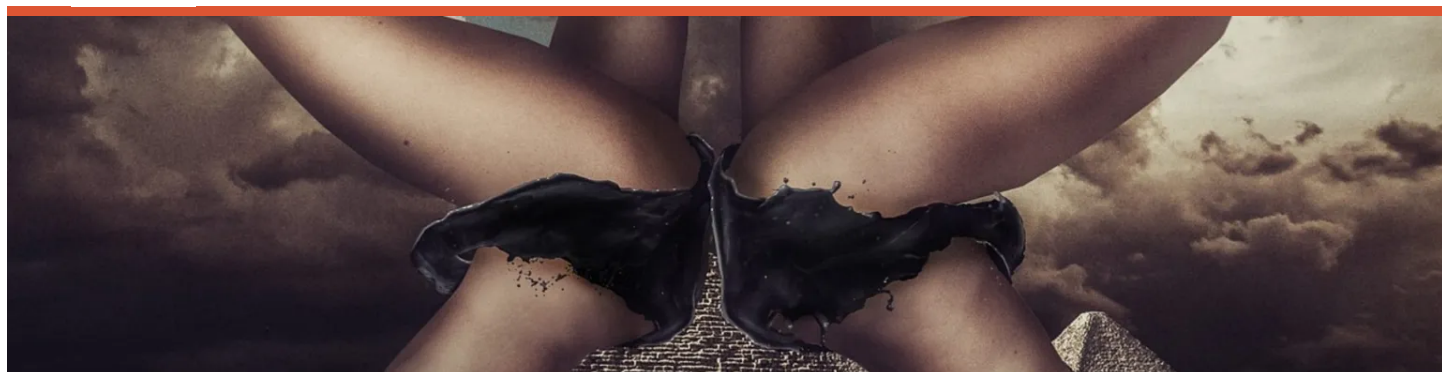


LESBIAN SEDUCTION FICTION BY JORDAN CHURCH



SEX SLAVE SORcery, CHAPTER ONE

Sex Slave Sorcery

When Magic is Common, Sexual Domination is Inevitable

*For understanding of terms and creatures and characters, please refer to the Sex Slave Sorcery Glossary / Character List here:

Sex Slave Sorcery Glossary / Character List

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Lesbian Seduction Fiction by Jordan Church

Sex Slave Sorcery is a follow-up series to “The Witch’s Horny Familiar.” It can stand alone, but it is really best to read the WHF series in order to best enjoy and understand the events and characters. “The Witch’s Horny Familiar” first book of the series can be seen and obtained here:



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Here is Chapter One of the follow-up series, "Sex Slave Sorcery":

Chapter One

"Incredible. Someone named Pervy can and did provide legitimate information."

Olliis made the comment as she rejoined her warrior partner, Effa, returning from the thick bushes she'd delved into and peered through.

Olliis was surprisingly tall for a battle mage, looking more like a warrior than a user of magic. Her fine tan made her light blonde hair stand out all the more.

Her hair was another exception to that of a typical battle mage. Not its blonde hue, but the fact she wore it long and relatively unbound, though it was in a ponytail. Most battle mages wanted their hair braided tight to their skulls so it was less likely to catch fire from the spellcasting of enemy users of magic. Olliis was confident that way.

Effa was extremely confident and capable, just like her battle mage partner, and just as beautiful. But the similarities ended there. Effa had olive-dark skin and almond eyes, curly hair as compared to Olliis's straight hair, dark hair as compared to Olliis's blonde strands. And Effa was short while Olliis was tall. Anyone not knowing them would think Effa must be the battle mage and Olliis must be the warrior of the law enforcement partnership.

Olliis was outgoing and positive. Effa was more of a wallflower, the kind the killed quickly and efficiently, and had a tendency for sarcasm and cynicism. As she'd told Olliis, it got hard to be upbeat around about the third time you drove your spear through the guts of a minor lawbreaker you wished you could have avoided killing. Said third time being quite some time back now, though Effa was still a young woman.

Effa commented, "This time, the one named Pervy, who doubtless earned that moniker, is truthful. They say even a broken clock is correct sometimes. I would not want us to get carried away and start trusting her."

"No doubt, partner, but perhaps we should call her Drixinn and not Pervy when we meet her in person. One should be polite to allies."

Effa frowned, "I do not want to get in the habit of politeness towards perverts. Perverts call for rudeness. At the least."

Effa had held further back than Olliis, not even going to the bushes, because of the "armor uniform" she wore, a uniform that she so hated. The thorns on the bushes would have raked her flanks. Olliis's thick battle mage robe had protected her skin.

Effa's uniform was too tight even on her lithe frame, left very little to the imagination of anyone, let alone perverts, and was far too shiny for successful peeking through bushes. Worst of all, the damn thing chafed in very personal areas.

It was like it was designed to cause both physical discomfort and the social discomfort of showing a lot of bare skin. Effa suspected it was purposely designed this way. Certainly the appearance was. It was that horny bastard, Kutherkut, the town headsman of Ethecreeth, who had personally overseen the uniforms of The Watch. He was a lech! The worst kind! Old and not comely!

Of course, it was perfectly acceptable for a young charismatic male to be a lech. Expected even. But not someone like Kutherkut!

Effa's Kutherkut-required uniform was a constant source of physical and social discomfort. Most whores she saw working the streets and bordellos of Ethecreeth wore more!

It was particularly embarrassing when a horny drunk mistook her for a whore. Embarrassing for her, and painful for them. She wondered how many of the grabby drunks she “corrected” woke up wracked with the pain of broken fingers and couldn’t remember how their fingers got broken. Perhaps the broken digits did not persuade them not to grasp as half-bare lady rears, but at least gave them pause in how much mead they drank.

The armor uniform was the worst part about being a warrior member of The Watch. The best parts were kicking ass (even with half her ass pushed out by the armored uniform and “featured for the enjoyment of the people”) and Effa’s close friendship and excellent working relationship with her battle mage partner, Olliis. They had core similarities – they were both confident and capable, beautiful young women – and their many other differences seemed to play off one another, strengths making up for weaknesses.

Effa leaned on her long spear which was twice her height, “I guess we can partially trust *Drixinn’s* messenger, Parkel. It was irritating the way he kept circling us and kept ogling.”

Olliis shrugged, “Take it as a compliment. We now have bigger problems. Much bigger.”

Effa asked, “What did you see?”

Olliis composed herself and thought ahead. They would need a plan, and she did not want to be hesitant about it. Effa was not rash, but when she decided to take action, she went to the hilt. Olliis would say to the hilt of her sword, as in stabbing someone deeply with it, but Effa did not usually carry a sword, though she did own one. Did Effa’s long spear have a hilt? Technically?

“The witch lives. I saw her. Sliphera the Witch. She was walking between two of the buildings.”

“Are you sure?”

“Hard to miss the bright green skin. She was showing a lot of it. And no, I did not mistake a troll for a witch. Other than the skin color, she looks human.”

Olliis did not expand on that description to add that Sliphera looked like a total hottie, beautiful enough to be a member of The Watch if she were not a fucking evil witch.

Effa said, “If that is true, then should we accept the rest of what we were told as also being true?”

Parkel, a scrawny young man, had approached them outside of town with a written message. He’d been told to seek out members of The Watch and to give them the message. He guiltily admitted he had read the message. He said he still delivered it because “someone had it coming for what they did to me.”

He made it clear that they were not to tell anyone that he delivered the message. He was nervous that delivering the message might get him banned from an out-of-town Pleasure House called Moona’s Moan and Groan. He’d said something about not wanting to spend more time in the gullet of Gullet, whatever that meant. After a lot of ogling of the warrior and mage beauties, he had finally departed their company.

The message claimed to be from an undead spirit named Drixinn, who further claimed she was better known in her afterlife as “Pervy.” On account of her perverted tastes and activities.

Pervy wrote that a witch got paid to curse her to die of an awful disease and further cursed her to live on invisibly after her death so that she could not pass on to any afterlife rewards. Which seemed to them to assume a lot,

such as the idea that a pervert could achieve a rewarding afterlife.

Pervy claimed she could not be seen or heard, only felt. She could write a message to them and had.

Pervy claimed that when she died of an awful disease, she was at first forced to roam a cemetery, a place she disliked because she found the opportunities for participating in perversion sparse and unsatisfactory. According to Pervy, few wanted to have sex in a cemetery, and fewer still wanted an invisible spirit participating. Pervy was trapped and bound to the location. She was a type of cursed spirit that was attached to a locale and could not change her location without powerful magical help.

Pervy wrote that she was saved from her situation by a woman named Zurizza the Masked, who, contrary to her name, did not wear a mask but did wear both a bag and a cage over her head. Zurizza the Masked moved Pervy to, in Pervy's opinion, the best ever location, a place better than any God's or Goddess's afterlife. An out-of-town Pleasure House called Moona's Moan and Groan.

According to Pervy, all was well for a time. She admitted in her message that during her time at the pleasure house and at the behest of Zurizza the Masked, she had participated in evil, including evil against a member of The Watch, a battle mage named Dinnaka.

Dinnaka! That had gotten their attention. She was one of their leaders. A friend. Actually, she was the top battle mage with The Watch. Olliis and Effa both liked her a lot. Dinnaka was casual and all-business at the same time, with little to no ego-flexing. She always tried to get buy-in from the others through reason instead of authority.

Up to that point in the message, Olliis and Effa had read the message with a mixture of what-the-fuck disbelief and what-the-fuck amusement.

Once they saw Dinnaka's name, they paid sober attention to the claims within the message.

The message detailed an evil plot to take over Ethecreeth. It named names. Kutherkut and Nicrar. It named victims. The new Healer, Florus, who was Rinnassa the Sorceress's daughter. Also, both Dinnaka and, incredibly, Sterse as well.

The Headsman of Ethecreeth, Kutherkut, and the top necromancer, Nicrar, were allegedly party to a plot to take over Ethecreeth!

The plot had already claimed Florus, the daughter of the Governess of the Magic Guild! And it had also claimed the lead battle mage and lead warrior of The Watch!

Dinnaka and Sterse were battle mage and warrior partners. That was how The Watch worked, in paired teams of battle mage and exemplary warrior.

Olliis and Effa were relieved when they understood that Dinnaka and Sterse were not dead. Only defeated. But they were a lot less relieved, extremely troubled, when given to understand the nature of their defeat. They were not simply disarmed and taken captive.

They were sexually dominated by females who preferred females. Sexually!

They had a hard time imagining it. They did not want to imagine it. But it couldn't be helped. What would Dinnaka look like with her thick robes off? Even more beautiful in all likelihood. How could someone as big as Sterse, an actual giantess, ever get dominated? According to Pervy, it wasn't even another giant that did it. Or even a Troll!

Sterse was so big that neither of them, on their own and without knowing what they each pictured, could envision Sterse's entire body nude. She was

too big to fit in their imaginations!

Effa thought of Dinnaka's and Sterse's current predicament with horror. As a good Piroounian woman, she viewed sex between females as one of the worst possible things.

Except when done in the presence of men and for their entertainment. That was perfectly fine. Expected even. Most especially because males had multiple wives. As was only proper. That way, the successful males, the toughest warriors, and the richest merchants and so forth got to better spread their seed while the seed of the weak did not prosper. This was the secret of the success of the Pirooun civilization. Or so some claimed. The males with multiple wives, for instance.

Effa herself had no interest in marriage or children. At least, not yet. There was evil to defeat and she wanted to make her mark on the world. But she still viewed females liking females in that way, without a male present to oversee the action, as very wrong. Effa was just *traditional* that way.

Sex between two females in order to provide a pleasing sight to males was right and good. It was just... sensible! But of course, the females should only pretend to like it. They should not actually enjoy it other than enjoying the fact of successfully bringing enjoyment to the male.

Not that Effa had ever had the opportunity to please a prime male by pretending to enjoy sex with another female. Effa had never gotten around to that. She had wanted to see the world. And kill some non-Piroounians. One day, a successful male would be pleased to make her one of his wives. Her track record of kills and her knowledge of maps and exotic locations would add to her man's social status.

The message from Drixinn / Pervy provided Drixinn's / Pervy's motivation for revealing everything to them despite the female spirit's participation in the

wrongdoing. The message did so while also providing proof of the plot. Partial proof. A way to verify that what Drixinn claimed was true.

Drixinn's note again mentioned that she was doomed to be a location-locked spirit because a witch had cursed her.

While at Moona's Moan and Groan, Drixinn, as a perv and because pervers are gonna perv, had invisibly watched Zurizza the Masked. She had wanted to know what Zurizza was hiding under her cage and head-bag, and under her ankle-length dress.

The answer was... a lot of bright green skin. Zurizza was a witch! Witches were known for their bright green skin. It was a side effect of their witchery. Just like necromancers had that sickly deep gray skin tone due to their activities in necromancy. It was like dealing with the dead rubbed off and made them look a little dead themselves.

Drixinn did some more invisible investigating and discovered Zurizza was the supposedly dead witch Sliphera.

The news of Sliphera's death was big news and known to all. Witches were highly territorial, and Sliphera had been the only witch in the county. And still was! Sliphera the Witch had faked her death!

Which actually dovetailed with Drixinn's claim of Nicrar's involvement in the plot. Necromancers verify the deaths of important people, which includes all users of magic, and Nicrar handled the very most important deaths personally. He would have been the one who "verified" Sliphera's death.

Drixinn bribed Parkel to track down the shopkeeper who'd contracted to have her cursed in such a terrible way. Parkel engaged the man in casual conversation and got the man bragging about how he'd dealt with a certain pervert who was disrupting his business. Parkel asked who he could go to

in order to deal with such a problem.

The shopkeeper told him who had helped him with her problem pervert.

As Drixinn had by then suspected, the witch who killed and cursed her was none other than Sliphera! Who then posed as Zurizza the Masked and took Drixinn into her employ, overconfident that a perv in perv Pleasure House heaven would not care how she'd gotten there and, if she did ever find out, that Zurizza's plot would have already fully unfolded by then.

The plot had not yet quite fully unfolded. Almost. But not quite. Not every member of The Watch was compromised.

Drixinn was furious when she found out that she was working for and palling around with her own murderer. Sliphera was worse than a simple murderer. She had also cursed Drixinn to never make it into any of the myriad afterlives the Gods and Goddesses kept on offer. Stuck her invisible in one location!

Drixinn wanted revenge, but there was little she could do directly. She was invisible and could not even make the sounds necessary to make words. She did not have enough strength to strike or attack Sliphera directly. She could only act in weak ways. But she could write on parchment.

She decided that since she could not kill Sliphera, she would try to ruin Sliphera's current evil plot.

Drixinn offered a way for Olliis and Effa to at least partially confirm her claim. A simple way. Go out to Moona's Moan and Groan, wait and watch in secret, and sooner or later, they would see Sliphera the Witch. Drixinn knew they'd have a shot at seeing Sliphera because Sliphera was no longer pretending to be Zurizza the Masked. She was no longer bag-faced and cage-headed. She was all green all the time.

Drixinn's note said that Sliphera had somehow found out that Drixinn had found out the truth. Sliphera had laughed about it! Sliphera was confident that Drixinn was no threat to her while stuck magically bonded to Moona's Moan and Groan. And as Sliphera pointed out, Drixinn had better accept things as they were, or Drixinn would be cut off from the lovelies she enjoyed magically fondling.

Sliphera thought Drixinn's perversion was a more powerful motivator for Drixinn than any desire for revenge. But she hadn't thought Drixinn would think she could have her cake and eat it too, by pretending to be mollified by the available perversions and continuing to enjoy them while her written message hopefully made the rounds of uncompromised members of The Watch.

A pervert could get their perversions in while still getting revenge!

Drixinn claimed she had seen Rinnassa the Sorceress, Governess of the Magic Guild, in bondage and engaged in sex with Sliphera and Sliphera's familiar, Alure. And with Rinnassa's own fairy familiar! The fairy Mysty!

Admittedly, these claims, along with Drixinn claiming Sterse was also there participating in lesbian bondage and domination, and that supposedly both Sterse and Rinnassa were submissive and liked it, having had multiple orgasms, almost made Olliis and Effa disbelieve the entire thing as some kind of farce. But they knew they had to find out for certain. Such a claim had to be investigated.

Drixinn encouraged them to travel out to Moona's Moan and Groan to observe, to watch for Sliphera, Rinnassa, and Sterse.

If they saw Sliphera, they would at least know a devious and long-lived witch had faked her death and was even more long-lived than once thought and more long-lived by the day. And it would bring Nicrar's integrity into

question as well.

If they saw Rinnassa or Sterse, it would also be a sort of confirmation. Neither one was the type to visit a Pleasure House, or to do or allow done to them the things Drixinn claimed they had.

Unsure if the lead was an actual lead or an elaborate prank, Olliis and Effa decided to go out to Moona's Moan and Groan to make observations, just as Drixinn had suggested they do. They both knew the classic routine of a liar presenting a way to confirm their lies, a way that requires effort, thus causing the lied to person or persons to assume it must be true because why else would the liar tell them how to disprove their lie and even encourage them to do so? Because it was persuasive!

They would not assume Drixinn was truthful. They would find out for themselves.

They came out to Moona's, taking care to stay well off the beaten path so that patrons of Moona's coming and going would not see them. Everyone kept an eye out for members of The Watch and for more than one reason.

Those who were guilty of wrongdoing were understandably alert to the presence of members of The Watch. To everyone else, members of The Watch were worth looking for because each Watch member was a beauty. And the swimsuit armor uniforms the warriors wore were quite the eye catchers.

They had spent more than half a day in the woods outside Moona's Moan and Groan, with Olliis doing the observing and Effa trying to keep her patience. Effa was plenty patient in general, not the stereotypical fiery warrior, but it wasn't easy for her to wait an unknown length of time while getting hungry and slapping mosquitoes swarming at her ass cleavage that bulged out from her chafing, almost thong-like "swimsuit armor uniform." It

looked like armor one might wear to battle under the ocean!

Effa deeply resented Kutherkut for the uniforms. She sincerely hoped Drixinn's claim that Kutherkut was a traitor in need of a quick, harsh death was true. Effa would like to be the one to do it to him!

Effa also did not appreciate Olliis's amusement at her mosquito-attracting ass cleavage.

Olliis barely stifled a laugh when pointing out, "Effa, it looks as if you are spanking yourself."

Effa glowered at her. The comment and the laughter made her pause her mosquito-fighting efforts.

Olliis added, "It also looks like you are trying out to be a pleasure slave. Showcasing a talent for self-abuse."

Effa, generally serious, corrected her, "That is not how they obtain pleasure slaves. They do not hold tryouts. They obtain them in much worse ways."

"Aw, Effa, I'm sure they would take a volunteer in your case. No doubt their patrons would find it quite sexy to see you up on a stage spanking yourself."

"Cease that talk, Olliis, or it will be you who is spanked by me."

"Ha! You really would fit in as a pleasure slave at a Pleasure House!"

"Fuck off, Olliis!"

Olliis knew to leave it alone at that point. Effa rarely swore.

As much as Effa disliked her uniform, she soon learned she would have

disliked the replacement even more.

Drixinn had not known about the “new uniforms” that would be used to entrap The Watch. Olliis and Effa had left Ethecreeth before Dinnaka gathered the available members of The Watch to distribute the “new uniforms.”

Someone else knew about the “new uniforms” and told them the very bad news.

Olliis and Effa were unexpectedly joined in their Pleasure House observation point. Piddrin, the battle mage, and Saffay the Untouchable, a great young warrior woman, surprised them by walking into the tiny clearing behind the thick row of concealing bushes.

Piddrin wore a frown, and she looked grim. Unlike Olliis, she looked like a battle mage. She was slight of frame and kept her black hair tightly braided, though in her case, the braid was quite long, reaching to the top of her rear end.

Even Saffay, who always tried not to show much emotion, looked serious, her normally smooth brow furrowed with worry. She had a wealth of honey brown hair and a narrow, feminine face, though her toned muscles made her look the part of a warrior. She wore a sheathed gladius on her belt but preferred to deal with opponents with her crossbow. She liked to keep both friend and foe alike at a comfortable distance.

Although all of the warriors of The Watch professed to hate their uniforms (while some secretly enjoyed showing off their assets and asses), it was possible that Saffay the Untouchable hated the uniform the most. She hated to be touched by anyone and the uniforms more or less invited touching. Though few but drunken males tried to actually touch her, and never twice, there were plenty of drunks in Ethecreeth, and Saffay had no

doubt that the males were touching her in their fantasies. As well as the females who liked females.

Saffay had taken to wearing a light cape that hung down to the back of her knees. It wasn't practical for a warrior, and Kutherkut didn't like it. It shielded her ass from his lecherous eyes. But Kutherkut not liking it was the point of wearing it.

Piddrin and Saffay filled in Olliis and Effa as to the terrible discovery they'd made when they returned to Ethecreeth from their excursion as part of the merchant caravan outreach program. It was a new program for The Watch, one that Rinnassa came up with, to help reassure merchants that their safety was secure.

Due to the merchant caravan outreach program, Members of The Watch, which was primarily responsible for safety and law enforcement inside of Ethecreeth, traveled out to merchant caravans outside of town. The visits were performative and done in order to keep the commerce coming. A lot of greeting and welcoming and reassuring and turning down offers to sell them strings of beads and the like.

The latest murderous Krelling raid had upset the Merchant Guild. For some reason, they did not want to have their members murdered.

Piddrin said that on their way back to Ethecreeth they found out that members of The Watch, both warriors and battle mages, were given new uniforms to wear and that either the new uniforms or some other evil magic at work had made terrible changes to the behavior of the members of The Watch who wore the new uniforms.

Piddrin and Saffay did not directly see the results of the "new uniform" distribution, and had not actually made it into Ethecreeth.

On their way into Ethechreeth, still well on the outskirts, a skinny young man approached them. They thought he might be coming to ask them for assistance in some matter or simply to greet them.

He gave them quite the greeting. He pointed at Piddrin, telling her to bend over and grab her ankles and wait for him to finish "with this other one." Then he dared to attempt to lay hands on Saffay the Untouchable.

That did not go well for him.

With one less hand attached to his body, writhing on the ground and trying to staunch the blood flow from his stump wrist with his good hand, they had questioned him. In an incredible coincidence, it turned out his name was Parkel. He was the same Parkel who had brought Drixinn's message to Olliis and Effa!

After delivering the message, he'd gone about his business in Ethechreeth, visiting a few friends. Sometime after midday meal, there was a commotion in the streets.

Incredibly, many members of The Watch were going around providing free and public blow jobs! Generally to males, but quite a few females took them up on their offered oral services.

At that point, Piddrin and Saffay looked at each other and debated if Parkel might be lying to them. However, newly one-handed people in overwhelming pain were rarely able to lie. They had an especially difficult time telling detailed, imaginative lies.

They questioned Parkel further and learned that the members of The Watch, whom he'd witnessed provide "oral services" all wore new lascivious uniforms and behaved even more lasciviously.

They learned that Kutherkut was well aware — more than just “aware” of the situation. Parkel saw him screwing a bent-over member of The Watch. They asked, but Parkel did not know which member of The Watch and could not describe her because her hair was draped over her face. But it was a blonde, which did narrow it down.

A member of The Watch let Kutherkut fuck her! Grotesque! Now, that *had* to be some evil magic at work!

Such a shameful thing! And all the worse as it happened in the town square in front of dozens of citizens!

Parkel told them that Nicrar was also indulging and seemed to have some special status as he had two members of The Watch continuously pleasuring him, though which ones changed at times, as well as a third one pleasuring his familiar.

His familiar!?! That twisted freak of a creature!?! Nicrar’s familiar was intelligent, but had been constructed, in part, out of a vulture. A vulture!

Parkel, as he grew ever paler from blood loss while telling the tale and had begun to lose consciousness, confessed that he, too, availed himself of the oral services of a member of The Watch. He said it was a woman who acted catlike, yowling like a cat in heat, one who had bright orange hair.

Sannduskra? With *him*!?! Giving *him* oral pleasure while on her knees on the cobblestones of Market Street!?! Sannduskra was known for her fiery pride, independence, and dislike of males who thought females were inferior to them.

That convinced Piddrin and Saffay that Parkel was telling the truth. Not because they thought it likely that Sannduskra would do what he described. It was because he had implicated himself while completely vulnerable to

them.

They grudgingly bandaged Parkel's stump and Piddrin, though not a Healer, managed to cast a rudimentary healing spell that stopped the bleeding, quickened the healing, and prevented infection.

Piddrin and Saffay had then held an ad hoc council of war. They could not dare to go into Ethecreeth. They did not know what magic was at work or how it worked. Perhaps it extended to the town limits? They did not want to take any chance of finding themselves dressed like sluts, down on their knees in public, and doing slutty things with their mouths.

It occurred to them that they might not be the only ones lucky enough to accidentally avoid the evil magic. Piddrin activated her team member finder necklace. Rinnassa had equipped the battle mages with them. A simple magic that allowed them to know the location of each of the other battle mages. It was useful in emergencies, and this sounded like the biggest emergency they'd ever faced.

It worked to allow battle mages of The Watch to find each other. It did not work with the warriors. Many of the warriors had static and constant anti-magic devices or abilities. However, since each warrior was teamed up with a battle mage, generally, if you knew where the battle mage was, her warrior partner was likely nearby.

They assumed that any battle mages (and their warrior partners) inside of Ethecreeth were compromised and any ones outside of the city were not. All but one other battle mage was inside Ethecreeth. That one other was Olliis. They correctly assumed Effa would be with Olliis. They also correctly assumed that Olliis and Effa were not compromised. So Piddrin and Saffay sought them out and joined them outside of Moona's.

There were apparently only four "surviving" or normal-acting members of

The Watch left. But at least now they had joined forces.

They had another council of war, this one twice as large as the last one, but still quite small.

They could not risk going into Ethechreeth. Would the bad magic affect them if they did? It might. Maybe the evil magic was connected to the new uniforms, or maybe not. Maybe the other members of The Watch were first magically compromised and then told to put on the even more lascivious uniforms. That made sense from a lech standpoint.

As well, if the rest of The Watch was compromised, then, even if the magic did not affect the four of them – for instance if the magic worked through the wearing of the new uniforms – then it would still be the four of them against the rest of The Watch, as well as anyone involved in the evil plot, such as Nicrar. That grey-skinned creep! And Kutherkut. That old asshole!

Going into Ethechreeth was out. However, marching down into Moona's Moan and Groan was also daunting. Facing down an accomplished witch such as Sliphera, might pose a problem. A witch as old as her might have the power of ten witches. As well, she was known for having an incredible collection of magical items. An Elder Witch fully accoutered with magical items might be the equal to a battle group of users of magic. And who knew what allies she had down there.

So, should they take the problem to the King?

There were two problems with that idea. The King, if he was at the capital, was weeks away. And then it would be weeks to return with whatever force of soldiers and users of magic that the King provided. The idea of leaving their buddies in The Watch to provide fellatio and cunnilingus to the people of Ethechreeth for weeks, and for Nicrar and Kutherkut to fuck them for weeks, was repellent.

They'd all be pregnant by the time the rescuers got to them!

Damn. Pregnant with Nicrar's offspring? Or Kutherkut's? Which would be worse? Either one!

The other issue was that the King was a known lech of the highest low order. His orgies and debauchery were no secret. Half the people had lost all respect for the King. The other half admired him all the more. If they could not live out their fantasies, at least someone was.

There was a non-zero chance that the King, instead of helping, would have them put in chains and brought back to EtheCreeth not as rescuers but to join their comrades in arms as comrades in free-use sluttiness.

Going to the King was a no-go. As in, no going to him.

So then, what could the four of them do?

When there was no good answer to a question, one must change the question.

They needed more than four. That was the problem. They were too few in number and power.

Effa knew of a disgraced member of King's Wandering Knights. A woman! She was disgraced because she was not as morally flexible as the other Knights and decided not to be sexually flexible for them. Thixxa lived nearby in forced retirement despite her youth.

Thixxa did not live alone. She had a loyal squire, Rirry, who stuck with Thixxa after her dismissal from The Wandering Knights. Rirry was a decent warrior. Not a Knight, but still a talent. Rirry was barely an adult. Had Thixxa succeeded as a Knight (put out), then Rirry would have become a

Knight in a few years.

And Rirry also have had to put out for the other Knights. Or, more like, continued to put out because they would have started in on her when she was just a squire. Rumor had it that the Knights had wanted to force the new female Knight and her female squire to service them at the same time.

Olliis said, "Thixxa is an excellent warrior!"

Effa said, "I am sure I can convince Thixxa to join our cause. I've met her before. She is a warrior of rare power. If she joins us, Rirry will come with her. Rirry is young, but skilled."

Piddrin quipped, "Oh, Rirry? Are you Rirry sure about Rirry?"

A hard look from Effa made Piddrin leave off. Piddrin sometimes tried to be the humorous one in a group, and she had mixed results with that.

Saffay said that she'd attended services and celebrations at Purla's Temple of Purity and Propriety. Olliis barely kept herself from sarcastically asking how wild the celebrations were. The Purlanians, as they liked to be called, were not known for fun. Almost the opposite. They were known for wearing all white all the time. And for looking down their noses at non-Purlanians other than those they were trying to recruit. Who they also looked down upon, but they kept their scorn hidden, hoping for a new recruit to their straight-laced ways.

The damn Gods and Goddesses, every one of them, always wanted more worshippers. Many had questioned without getting answers as to whether the Gods and Goddesses had a contest of some sort going on for who could get the most worshippers, or if they drew power from their worshippers.

Effa asked, "You attend services at Purla's Temple of Purity and Propriety?"

Effa kept her face and tone composed, but Saffay must have sensed the judgement. Saffay's reply was a bit rushed.

"Only a few times. I keep an open mind. Unlike... some people. We must all choose a God or Goddess to serve before we die, before we are unable to provide useful service to them. Everyone must choose, for a lack of choice is also a choice. I must find a God or Goddess to serve before I enter the afterlife. Else, there will be no eternal home for my soul."

The others nodded little reluctant nods of acknowledgement. It was an accepted fact that no God or Goddess would want you around to boss around in the afterlife if you were not useful to them in life. The Gods and Goddesses, more than anything, were selfish in the extreme.

Olliis remained polite, to each their own when it came to choosing a God or Goddess, but felt compelled to voice her thoughts, "You speak truth, Saffay. However, the Purlanians are so narrow-minded. And for all their talk of family values, it is challenging to have a family when the Purlanians do not accept male members. And are also not open to mixing between those who worship other Gods or Goddesses."

Piddrin jumped in, "Purla is known among the Gods as the most standoffish one of them all."

Effa piled on, less politely, "With no male members, one might think the Purlanians practiced females enjoying females sexually. And with no males to watch and enjoy!"

Saffay looked extremely uncomfortable, "I am not one such. And they are not like that!"

Saffay looked steady at each of them, one after the other, forcing eye contact. They held their tongues. Saffay the Untouchable seemed quite

touchy on this subject.

Saffay told them that the Purlanians would no doubt frown hard at the licentious actions of the remade members of The Watch. Saffay said the local temple had several champions to guard it and its members. Some Purlanian champions were warriors, and others were users of magic. All were female. The Purlanians had had such difficulty with male members, with so many joining under false pretenses, only interested in getting at all the virgins. That was why they no longer accepted males.

(Not all Purlanian women were virgins. But those who joined while still a virgin at the time typically remained virgins for life.)

Olliis and Piddrin thought there were a number of local users of magic who could be enlisted in the cause. There were good ones who could be trusted. For instance, might not Oosvalt be willing to come out of retirement to help heal them as they battled this affliction on The Watch and on Ethecreeth? And to save his former apprentice, Florus, who Drixinn had stated in her message was also compromised by the evil plot?

They could end up with two dozen heroes and heroines, warriors and users of magic, to take on the evil doers.

It was a plan. They would assemble the others. They would save the afflicted and take revenge on the evil ones.

Olliis, Effa, and Piddrin joined hands in agreement. Saffay the Untouchable was called that for a reason. Just as she did not allow others to touch her, so too she did not allow herself to touch others. She held back but nodded her agreement and grinned wolfishly, making her beautiful face a little scary.

Effa jerked her hand back and slapped a mosquito piercing her ass cheek.

Piddrin could not help but snicker, "Look, Effa the Jumping Spear Warrior makes herself jump with spansks!"

Effa looked daggers at her (rather than spears), "Do not make me cut off that long ponytail of yours!"

Olliis sighed, "This is not an auspicious start."

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