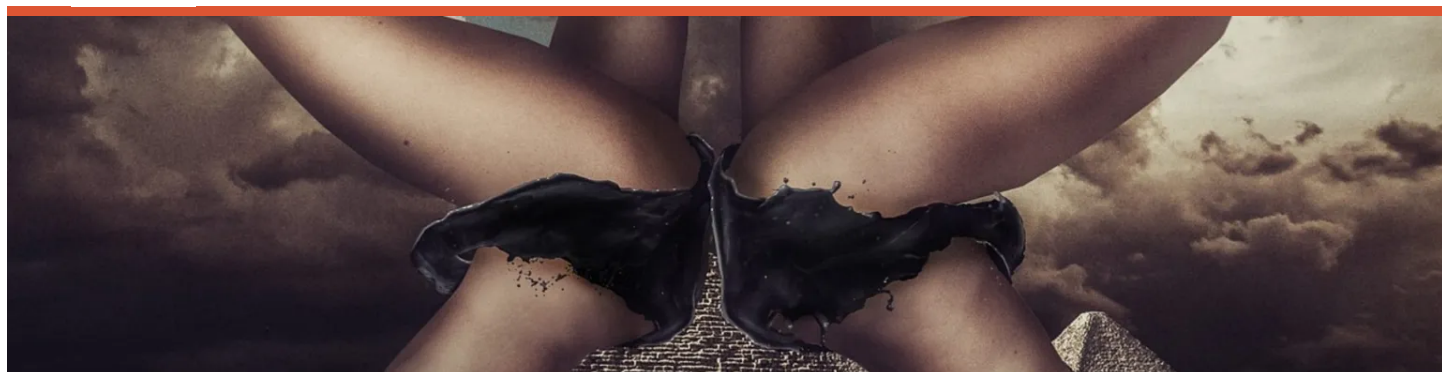


# LESBIAN SEDUCTION FICTION BY JORDAN CHURCH



## SEX SLAVE SORcery, CHAPTER TWO

### **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 Two of the follow-up series, "Sex Slave Sorcery":

Thixxa lounged on the wide front porch of the one-story cabin. Her posture was one of relaxation, but her mind was not relaxed.

She heard Rirry up to something behind the cabin. Rirry wasn't that far from her, but Thixxa felt a little relief, a little room to breathe. That girl was way too clingy.

Thixxa liked Rirry. And Rirry liked her. But Rirry liked her *too much*.

Other than Rirry, they had this neck of woods to themselves. The neck and maybe the collar bones as well. Maybe even the shoulders. They were pretty far out from Ethecreeth. However, "to themselves" was relative. It was true if by selves one only meant humans. It was a lot less true if Krellings, Goblins, Trolls, and other humanoids were included as "selves."

The possible presence of hostile humanoids was fine with Thixxa. Those who came too near and had bad intentions supplied a welcome distraction and needed exercise. Thixxa wouldn't want her hacks and slashes to get sloppy.

She was in an extra-large rocking chair, one suitable for her long, rangy frame. She stretched out her legs. She took a long swallow of mead. She had better enjoy it while she could. It was fast running out. They had coin, but it wasn't limitless, and there was no current source of new coin.

Thixxa sighed a long, exasperated sigh. Those damned Knights of the Wandering Knights. Fuckers. All those fuckers wanted to fuck her. Thus, they were fuckers. Or fucker wannabes.

Wanting to fuck her, in and of itself, was understandable. She knew that. Few could look upon her and not be struck by her beauty. Sometimes, that

moment of surprise at her beauty aided her in striking the looker in another way, with a weapon if they were an enemy.

She wasn't vain, or at least she tried not to be. Well, she was vain about her warrior skills and battle accomplishments. But not about her looks. She tried not to be.

She didn't want her good looks. Maybe one day, when she decided to have some pups and wanted to attract the best possible mate. But not during her adventuring days. It was a distraction having to deal with all the males wanting to pin her down with their cocks.

Thixxa wasn't a user of magic or born magical, but she was a child of magic. She'd taken a dip in a magical stream as a youngster. The stream had appeared after a night of nonstop vicious purple lightning. Thixxa hadn't known it at the time, nor had her parents, but several Gods and Goddesses had fought a battle nearby for most of the night. Thixxa never did find out which Gods were involved or who won.

She'd found the stream in the woods near her family's country home. The stream was an odd silvery-coppery color. Instead of looking at the unusual color with alarm, little Thixxa had delighted in taking a swim in it. Little did she know how it would affect her. When she got out after swimming for a few minutes, the stream almost immediately drained away into the forest floor.

And Thixxa? She almost immediately began growing. She was a finger's length taller by the time she left the stream, and another finger's length taller by the time she got home. Her parents were amazed and concerned.

Fortunately, the growth rate slowed dramatically after that. Even so, she was nearly six and a half feet tall by the time she reached womanhood.

Too tall for most men to want. For marriage, that is. They still all wanted to fuck her. Probably even the gay ones!

With her outdoorsy adventurous nature and her sheer size, she decided to become a warrior. Or perhaps circumstance decided it for her. She wasn't only tall with an incredible arm reach (extremely useful in hand-to-hand combat!). The magic of the stream had done more for her that wasn't visible than what it had done for her height.

She had almost limitless stamina. She simply did not get tired from exertion.

She had the strength of an ox. And a bull. And an elk. And a bear. All of them combined and more. Her weapon blows cut through armor and shields like they were paper. Her weapon blows also often shattered her own weapons. Knowing that, she kept many weapons on her, nearby her, and had many spares carried by her squire, Rirry.

Despite her size and power, she was as fast as someone much smaller. She could beat opponents with power or speed. Sometimes the speed was even more effective because it wasn't anticipated coming from her.

Although she wasn't invulnerable, she did heal fast from wounds. Overnight for minor wounds.

Like all warriors, she had wanted to become a knight. They were considered the best of the best. It wasn't always true, not at all, but that was the perception of the people.

Many shoppes, inns, and taverns would not take any coin from a knight. Everything was free.

This led most knights, especially the males, to have a sense of arrogant

entitlement.

Thixxa earned renown for foiling Krelling raids and defeating bands of Trolls. Let's forget about the Ishii floodplains massacre. It wasn't her fault that the male Trolls were off on a hunt, and only females and younglings were in the hut village. It was partly her fault that the male Trolls returned home to a pile of bodies. They set out on a Kill-Until-Killed, which lasted weeks and racked up far more human bodies than Troll corpses.

Thixxa also earned accolades in Beelgord's War of Purity. Said war being more of a skirmish, and said purity being bloody and dirty. But hey.

The acclaim brought her to the attention of The Wandering Knights. They worked for the King and enforce his laws and keep the people safe. In theory. In practice? They didn't do much real work, though they did wander a lot and had the shiny armor. They didn't so much enforce the King's laws as they did enforce whatever they wanted. And they did a poor job keeping the people safe from the Knights themselves.

But... other than that....

It was a great honor for Thixxa to become a Knight. She had thought so. She was required to have a squire. She had not wanted a male. The people would talk! They would make stuff up! She had no doubt of that. They would say the woman knight's squire squired her overly much and squired her in the bedroom.

Thixxa had met Rirry during Beelgord's War of Purity. Rirry was not so much a warrior as she was a stabber.

Thixxa and the soldiers and warriors (no, not the same thing) and tag along horde of believers hacked and slashed through a similar but sadly smaller horde of people who had the bad luck to believe in a different God than the

one whose attention and favor Beelgord was attempting to attract.

Rirry was in the rear ranks with the assignment of stabbing to death those previously hacked, or slashed, sometimes smashed, who were down, helpless, but who had yet to yield their life. Rirry helped them do that.

Sure, Rirry was just a stabber, sliding a long skinny blade up through the under-chin and all the way up into the thinking gourd so as to prevent forever more any further thoughts in each such Rirry-afflicted thinking gourd. Just a stabber. But damn, she did it well!

Also, Rirry was always so complimentary of Thixxa. She bragged more about Thixxa than did Thixxa and did so even before she ever became Thixxa's squire.

Rirry was a perfect choice. In fact, she was more than perfect, more than could be hoped for or planned for when making a list of qualities for an ideal squire for Thixxa. There was an added benefit in choosing Rirry. The kind of benefit that wasn't fit for conversation and yet was absolutely obvious.

Rirry was a little above female average in height and below it in weight. However, next to Thixxa, she looked tiny, almost elfin. But so did pretty much all women.

Rirry was very pretty, but there were many pretty women out there. Besides, Thixxa wasn't superficial and wasn't a lesbian. Looks did little good in combat.

But Rirry had a very special, almost unique quality.

She was a lookalike ringer for Thixxa. She looked how Thixxa would have looked if she'd grown up normally and was not magic-enhanced. Rirry was

the hypothetical Thixxa who never went for a dip in the magical stream.

Like Thixxa, Rirry had yellow blonde hair and slightly darker yellow eyebrows. They had the same build in respect to height to weight proportion. They had the same long legs for their height, the same long arms, the same slim tummy, the same tight muscular asses, and the same breast to body proportion.

In proportion. Thixxa's breasts on a one-to-one basis with Rirry's were at least half again bigger and heavier.

How was having a lookalike useful?

One, from a distance, it was hard for an opponent to tell if they were watching Thixxa or her squire. Thixxa could send Rirry across a glade while circling around to surprise and cut down potential opponents. Granted, they had yet to pull that off, but the theory was solid.

Everywhere Rirry went, it was like Thixxa went with her and added authority to what she said. No one wanted to, for instance, refuse needed supplies or replacement weapons to Rirry when it felt like they were, gulp, refusing a miniature version of Thixxa.

When Thixxa chose Rirry to be her squire, Rirry was so effusively excited that Thixxa thought the girl might pass out from breathing too much air too quickly.

With Thixxa's approval, Rirry took to wearing her hair in thick blonde braids just like Thixxa. Rirry also wore similar clothing and armor.

Although... that was less true recently.

Thixxa was no longer a Wandering Knight. Therefore, Rirry was no longer

the squire of a Wandering Knight.

They had begun their time with The Wandering Knights with such happy excitement. Such a sense of “we’ve made it to the big times!”

Especially Rirry. It turned out she was more than decent with a full blade in her hand. She’d been held back, used as an under-the-chin-into-the-thought-gourd stabber in Beelgord’s War of Purity, for one reason only. The leadership, even Beelgord himself, had wanted to make use of her sexually. They wanted her for humping, not for killing enemies. More specifically, a dead hottie was considered much less humpable to them. They did not want to risk her in legitimate combat.

It was not chivalric on their part. They were thinking with the part between their legs.

Rirry had not opened up as to whether or to what degree she opened up her legs to them. Perhaps to Beelgord himself. Thixxa had not wanted to invade Rirry’s privacy. However, she definitely got the feeling that Rirry had given in and gave some of them what they wanted from her. Poor Rirry. She had probably done it hoping to gain favor so they’d allow her into combat. And yet, doing it no doubt made it less likely.

That was obvious to Thixxa, but she knew it would not have been obvious to Rirry, who had such trusting enthusiasm.

Thixxa had felt like a different kind of heroine getting Rirry out of that situation and onto a great career path. Supposedly, half of The Wandering Knights started off as squires for a Wandering Knight.

It had not gone well with The Wandering Knights. Thixxa had expected leers and had tolerated them as she always did. And of course, Rirry was equally leered upon if not more so. Some men found Thixxa’s height intoxicating,

but others found it off-putting. Physically, Rirry was a sized-right version of Thixxa.

On their first mission, they were teamed up with a veteran Wandering Knight and his crusty squire on a seven-night patrol of the Western Woods. A quiet area.

It got a lot louder when Thixxa crushed the veteran Wandering Knight's testicles in one hand. Literally, she crushed them. If they were actual stones, they would have burst into powder. As was, white liquid squirting out quite powerfully and quite far, but it did not squirt out the way the veteran Wandering Knight had planned and hoped for. Nor did it squirt into the location he had originally intended, that being either her mouth or her womb.

It was messy. It was hard to burst testicles without getting messy. And his screams were irritating. She couldn't choke him out right away because the crusty squire was trying to get his tool into Rirry at the same time, in the middle of their very first night out on patrol. Thixxa had not thought she had time to choke him out. She needed to save Rirry.

To her credit, Rirry dealt with the crusty squire before Thixxa could save her. Rirry gave the old bastard the good old stab under the chin right up into the thought gourd. A nice slim long dagger, almost a short sword. The tip popped out the top of the squire's skull. Nice work.

After verifying Rirry was safe and uninjured, Thixxa then put the veteran Wandering Knight out of his crushed balls misery. What were they thinking, trying to hump them in the middle of the night and without permission? Well, no one could ask those two after that.

Well, Thixxa guessed someone could ask them. It was just that the asked would not give an answer. Not unless a necromancer was employed.

That thought led to other thoughts.

Necromancers were a problem when, say, a new Wandering Knight, a very tall, beautiful one, and her much shorter, equally beautiful squire killed another Wandering Knight and his squire. No matter how righteous the killing, Thixxa had learned that people's view of right and wrong was incredibly flexible.

Damn necromancers. Unearthing the truth. How foul! They often literally had to "unearth" it because they had to dig up bodies.

Thixxa and Rirry were no fools. Dead men did tell tales when necromantic magic was involved. And would they say they were killed justly and deservedly, that it was their bad? Doubt it!

They threw the bodies into the web of a dimension door spider. The bodies promptly disappeared. May they never reappear!

They might reappear. Sometimes the denizens of other dimensions did not appreciate unexpected deliveries and threw them right back. They hung around for a few hours near the huge web of the dimension door spider and didn't see any sign of return to sender.

When they returned to the Wandering Knight headquarters, a big group of big buildings that were oddly permanent and stationary considering who used them, their story that the veteran knight and his squire were killed by a stampeding herd of ThunderStomps was met with some doubt.

It turned out that the Western Woods hadn't had any ThunderStomps seen in it for many years. Let alone a herd of them. Shit.

Thixxa and Rirry did not have a mark on them. Not one bruise. How were the other two crushed underfoot and eaten by the herd of ThunderStomps?

Everyone knew that such stampedes made the ground shake for many miles, knocking over everyone and making it impossible to stand. And that effect lasted sometimes for a bell or more. So, how did they not have one bruise?

Yeah, good questions. Damn those good questions. Good questions were bad.

But nothing could be proven. They could only be doubted.

So, off they went on another mission, this time with a dozen Wandering Knights and their twelve squires.

All of them male, of course.

Twenty-four horny bastards.

The first overnight on the mission, they informed Thixxa and Rirry that it was traditional to go through rights of welcoming with The Wandering Knights. Said rights of welcoming meant Thixxa and Rirry were to welcome their cocks.

Each Wandering Knight and each of their squires would fuck each of them. At the same time! As in, the set of Wandering Knight and his squire would avail themselves to the pussy and the ass of one of them at the same time, and then do the same thing to the other one of them. While the next set of Wandering Knights and squire moved in to take their turn!

Thixxa knew the tradition was an untruth. Did they double fuck the new male Wandering Knights? Doubt it!

Thixxa and Rirry gave them a vigorous negative response. To which they responded negatively.

There were too many to kill. Even if they killed them all, their collective disappearances while Thixxa and Rirry were the only survivors yet again would be unbelievable to say the least.

If they were the only survivors, this time they would be put to the question. Very pointed questions with pointy items poking into them.

There were other ways to get to truths other than necromancers interviewing the dead. Often those ways were very painful.

So, they kept their negative response limited. Not that limited! They absolutely would not give the fuckers what they wanted, which was fucking. But they also did not draw blood. Well, not much blood.

That was it. At the time, they were on probationary status with The Wandering Knights. Until they weren't. They were kicked out. Won't put out? Get out! Women who did not put out got kicked out.

They had done the right thing. Clearly. They had just as clearly suffered for doing the right thing. That often seemed to be the case when one does the right thing. Thixxa guessed that was why it was so hard to do the right thing. And maybe why there were so many evil people and evil humanoids?

After they were kicked out, Rirry had wanted to stick with her. Rirry was over-the-top loyal. Almost....

Anyway, Thixxa could not just turn her away. Rirry was her squire. Or had been. Or still was?

The fucking Wandering Knights put out multiple stories as to why Thixxa was no longer a Wandering Knight, each version worse than the other one. That Thixxa was a drunkard. That Thixxa worked for evil entities. That Thixxa was a coward. Worst of all, the story that Thixxa had taken sex from

four goblins at once, and in exchange for coin! In an alley!

It was humiliating!

She did what was right, and now the people, most of them, thought she was a slut or a coward or evil or a drunk. Or any two of those. Or maybe all four of them!

So, since Thixxa had built up some coin during her warring and adventuring, they conducted a sort of strategic retreat to this remote area of the woods, to the small cabin, which was already there. It had a lot of big old blood stains and nut-hiding squirrels.

Living in such a location was supposed to be idyllic.

It wasn't!

Thixxa burned with anger over her handling by The Wandering Knights. Hard handling simply because she and Rirry would not let the Wandering Knights handle them sexually!

Those damn Wandering Knights with their damn wandering cocks wanting to wander their cocks right into Thixxa and Rirry!

Thixxa felt intense boredom at the cabin, and there was no end in sight. She was used to adventure! And conflict! And making things happen!

What she had now was anger and boredom.

But there was something else.

Rirry.

Rirry was always enthusiastic. Maybe too enthusiastic.

Rirry was always attentive. Maybe too attentive.

Rirry was always eager to please. Maybe too eager to please....

Rirry was too... too... she was just too....

She was too damn pretty!

Which felt a little egotistical because she looked like a small version of Thixxa. But it was true. Thixxa guessed she should take some personal responsibility. Perhaps they were *both* too pretty.

Too pretty and too bored and too close and too alone out here in the remote woods.

It did not bode well!

There was another rumor that The Wandering Knights had spread. That Thixxa was a licker of juicy peaches! That Thixxa cared not for men! That Thixxa had relations with her own squire!

Thixxa very much did not want such a spurious accusation to become true.

Rirry was back. And she was at Thixxa's back! She was... rubbing Thixxa's shoulders!

It felt... really good!

Rirry said, "Thixxa, I have my surprise ready for you. Behind the cabin. It's going to help you relax. It will melt away your anger."

Those hands rubbing right between her shoulders and neck....

Rirry's warm breath on the back of Thixxa's neck....

Thixxa already felt like she was melting!

Thixxa cleared her throat, which suddenly felt swollen. As did other areas....

"Nothing will reduce my anger. There is nothing to be done other than waiting for the anger to run its course and for people to forget our existence."

Rirry's hands rubbed deeper, and her breath felt closer, "There's lots for us to do. The main thing is to relax and enjoy ourselves. Surely, that is the best revenge and the only one within our reach."

Thixxa felt like she was well within Rirry's reach. Thixxa felt like Rirry's reach reached further than her hands. It felt like Rirry's hands were both on Thixxa's neck now and also reaching down through Thixxa's body.

Rirry's second set of ghost hands were displacing Thixxa's circulation.

Thixxa's nipples were hardened...!

Thixxa's big clitoris was much bigger now. It was also hardened.

Thixxa cleared her throat and stirred, as if about to rise out of the chair. Rirry's hands darted further down Thixxa's frame, in between her shoulder blades, and then lower along her spine.

Oh, Gods, that felt good! How was Thixxa to rise for an extended walk through the wild woods, a blessedly all-alone walk, when Rirry's hands felt so good?

Compelled to put a stop to the contact, but feeling equally compelled not to

leave in a way that made her squire feel bad, Thixxa asked, "What is the surprise? I need to see it. I burn with... curiosity."

Thixxa swallowed hard. It seemed unfortunate that she'd hesitated before getting out the word curiosity.

Rirry hopped to it, "Come with me!" She went around the side of the cabin.

Thixxa stood. Her strong legs felt shaky. They never felt shaky! Not even after fighting Krellings or Trolls for hours on end. Yet now, they felt shaky, as if Thixxa was a newborn foal.

Well, she had best make sure nothing else new was born within her. Or around her. Not anytime soon. Not ever!

Thixxa was so relieved Rirry's hands were no longer on her.

Also... she missed them.

Thixxa walked around the cabin. There was a big open fire in back. Rirry had been moving wood and burning wood all morning. Thixxa hadn't known why other than Rirry chirpily saying, "It's a surprise, you big goof!"

There was a very small stream that ran behind the cabin, not directly behind it, but further back from it. Really, it was more like a significant trickle than a stream.

Thixxa saw something new in the area behind the cabin.

It was....

Oh-oh.

This did not bode well!

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