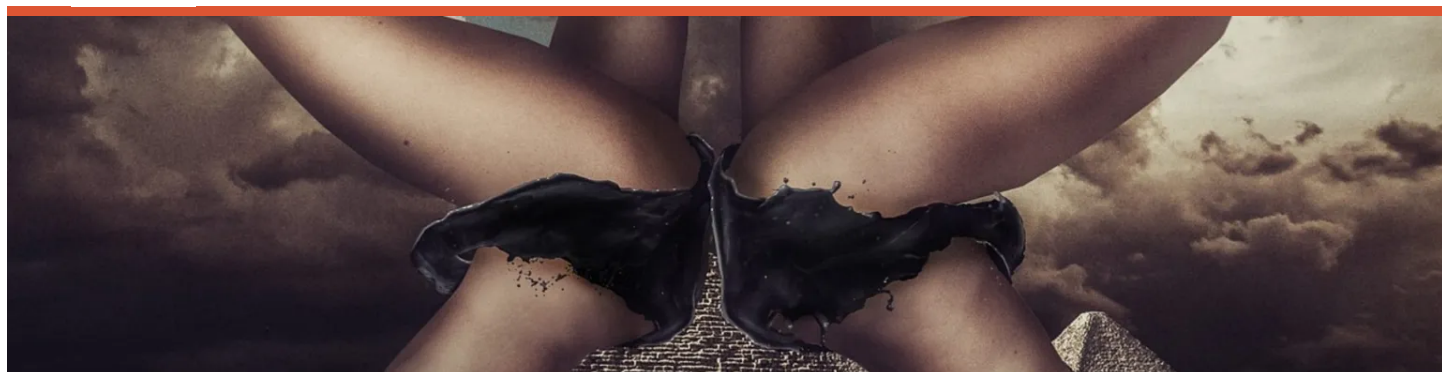


# LESBIAN SEDUCTION FICTION BY JORDAN CHURCH



## SEX SLAVE SORcery, CHAPTER THREE

### **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

... [Continue reading](#)



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:



Get book

Read sample

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

Rirry was effusive and proud of herself, "It's a hot tub. But with no tub. I guess we'll call it the hot pool."

Rirry pranced around the pool. It was near the tiny stream, and Thixxa saw a shallow ditch, not there yesterday, running from the stream to the pool. The ditch was walled off with rocks at the stream and again with more rocks at the pool. Clearly, Rirry had dug it and used it to fill the pool with water.

The pool was surrounded by large stones, which Thixx estimated Rirry had only barely able to lift into place.

Rirry exclaimed, "Look upon what I have wrought! The pool is lined with stones and clay, which does not allow the passage of water. And more stones on top of that. The top stones are all rounded and smooth and feel nice on the feet. I spent the morning heating kettles of boiling water. The water in the pool is now very hot, but not so hot as to burn us.

"Now we can clean our bodies and relax. We will get clean together. I will help you get clean and help you to relax. Am I not the best squire ever?"

Get clean together? And also relax? That was hardly a relaxing idea to Thixxa! The concepts of getting clean together in a hot pool while also relaxing were quite contrary.

Was Rirry the best squire ever, as she had claimed, or was she perhaps the worst? Rirry was great on the field of battle and in accomplishing assigned squire tasks. But during the quiet times, Rirry had ideas which might appear... inappropriate. It seemed to Thixxa that her squire was a greater danger, in a way, than any other dangers out there in this very dangerous world.

Oh no. Thixxa had failed to immediately state she would not bathe. And Rirry was taking off her sparse clothing!

That was another thing. Rirry used to dress as Thixxa did. Fully covered and with armor. Since coming to the cabin, it seemed Rirry wore less with each passing day.

It was highly distracting!

It made Thixxa wonder if Rirry wore less and less clothing with the intent of distracting Thixxa. Surely not! Except... not so surely. Perhaps it was innocent? Either way, it was still distracting!

So much bare skin. Such lovely skin. Such appealing curves in all the right places. Looking at Rirry was like looking at a mirror image of Thixxa, one who was far more comfortable with bare skin.

Now more than ever. The amount of bare skin, that is. Rirry had now taken off all her clothing! She was looking at Thixxa expectantly. Or was there something else in that look? Eagerness?

Thixxa was sure that she should keep all of her clothing on. That was proper. That was safe.

Thixxa was very certain she should not bathe in the steaming hot pool. Perhaps alone, later. But not with Rirry!

Rirry reached her arms towards the pool, like she was hugging it, seemingly unaware of how her movements made her breasts bounce ever so appealingly, "I sized the pool to be a perfect fit for two people, one normal-sized, and the other one majestic-sized."

Majestic. Rirry always thought Thixxa was majestic. And Rirry was never shy

about proclaiming it. It made Thixxa feel self-conscious. And ticklish deep down inside.

Thixxa pursed her lips. She really should not take off her garments. She ought not to bathe with Rirry. It was... dangerous. It was more dangerous than a Krelling raiding party.

Rirry cocked her head and cocked her hip, making Thixxa's eyes widen. Somehow, those movements made Thixxa look at Rirry's perfect little peach with the field of yellow hairs all around it. And now Thixxa could not seem to look away!

Surely she was only looking there because the yellow coloration against Rirry's pale white skin attracted the eye. The color! Just the color! It was eye-catching. The color was! Not the peach!

Rirry's pubic hair wasn't all that was colorful but Rirry's woman slit was a bright, vivid pink. Such an attention-getting color. Such an attractive color. And that bright pink went so well with the yellow of Rirry's pubic hair. The colors were so appealing, they reminded Thixxa of an exotic fruit. Her mouth watered.

...

She was salivating at the thought of fruit! Fruit! Not Rirry's womanhood!

Thixxa hadn't had fresh fruit in a long time, not counting apples.

Thixxa had *never* had a woman's peach....

Rirry pout-spoke, "Don't make me stand here all day, all alone, all naked."

Don't make her....

Thixxa tore her eyes away from Rirry's pubic area. Had her gaze been obvious? It must have been. How could Rirry fail to notice? She was not blind.

Rirry did not want to be alone in her nakedness....

Thixxa could not clothe Rirry or make her get her clothes back on. Thixxa could not make Rirry sit or do other than stand.

All Thixxa could do to prevent the situation Rirry spoke of, Rirry being alone in nakedness, was to join her in nudity....

It felt like Thixxa's face was burning. She'd always been pale – as was, of course, her smaller “twin,” Rirry – easy to sunburn, and with any blushing startlingly obvious. Thixxa thought she must be blushing brightly.

The blush itself was embarrassing. There was no hiding it.

Except... maybe....

If she were to enter the hot water of the hot pool, then the redness of her face would be quite explicable. It was only due to the water's heat! Not due to any wrongful thoughts. It would be a belated excuse.

Better late than never!

Thixxa took off her clothes. She felt awkward. It felt like it took too long to take off clothing and also like it went too fast. Why was Rirry staring? Why was Rirry staring *like that*?

Thixxa finally stood in the nude.

Now who was looking at whose woman peach? But that was small comfort.

Just the opposite. Thixxa thought her blush must now be achieving equality with a bad sunburn.

Rirry hopped up and down, enthused and clueless as to how the hopping made her delightful body all the more delightful. *Perhaps* she was clueless.

Rirry clapped her hands together in excitement, "Get in! Get in! Get in!"

Thixxa guessed it was time to get into the pool. She felt reluctance. But why else had she disrobed? And the water would hide her body, at least in part. And the heat of the water would disguise the cause of her red cheeks.

Yes, but once she got in, so too would Rirry.

Thixxa stepped over the circle of rounded stones and then stepped down a series of rounded stones, each ring of stones progressively lower than the one before. The pool was indeed quite hot! And it was deep. But not quite deep enough. At the center of it, Thixxa's breasts were still above the water, though the water did buoy them somewhat.

It was almost like the water level of the pool was purposely designed to feature Thixxa's breasts once she entered the pool. They bobbed on the surface as if they were trying to attract attention. As if they were putting themselves on offer!

Rirry was coming in...!

Thixxa looked for a retreat, but there was none. She was in. It was too late to leave.

What was she scared of? She was scared of looking like a coward for leaving. What was there to fear here? Her own squire?

Rirry chirped as if everything she said was quite normal, "First, I'll clean you. And then you can clean me. It's best that we clean each other because we can reach spots on one another better than we can reach our own."

Wait, what? That was not true. Or was it? In any event, Thixxa had always been able to reach any place she needed to reach on her body.

It was not necessary for them to clean each other!

More than that, if they cleaned in such a way, it would seem quite as if they were females who preferred females. In *that* way!

Thixxa found her voice, "We will clean as we have always cleaned. Each will clean her own body."

Rirry's face was a mask that did not react to what Thixxa said. Rirry did immediately alter her course of action and, indeed, her actual course. Rirry slid to one side, took several steps, turned, and stepped in behind Thixxa.

Thixxa did not want to seem like a nervous coward. She refused to move to turn to face Rirry or to step out of the hot pool.

Then she felt Rirry's hands on her bare shoulders!

"I forgot that we need to get nice and relaxed first before we do any cleaning. I will relax you. Your task is to let yourself be relaxed."

The massaging on the porch of the cabin had been bad enough. While feeling more than good enough. But that was while they were both clothed. Now they were not!

But Rirry's hands were already on Thixxa.

Her hands felt so good....

Rirry did work hard constructing this hot pool. Rirry was so eager to please. Rirry wanted to massage Thixxa. And it was pleasing.

Thixxa hated the idea of making Rirry feel bad. Why make her feel bad for making Thixxa feel good? Why make Rirry feel bad after she worked so hard on constructing the hot pool?

It did not seem right to do so.

It also did not seem right for Rirry's nude body to be in such proximity to Thixxa's nude body. Thixxa felt renewed social discomfort as she fully realized a nude woman was touching her while she herself was nude. How this would look to anyone who saw it!

Rirry murmured, "I need to loosen you up. I need to get your muscles all loose. I need to make your muscles feel good. It is my squire duty, and I enjoy being the best possible squire to you."

Thixxa knew that warriors used muscles and depended on their muscles. She had never had to build up her muscles, thanks to the magic, and did not look at all muscular. Both of them were slim, proportionally equally slim. And Thixxa's muscles never got sore or weary, thanks to the magic.

A massage was not at all necessary.

A massage felt very good.

Well... since it made Rirry feel good to do it....

There was no harm in it. Yet. Though it did feel like there was some potential harm, best not looked at directly.

It felt so good....

Rirry's hands were going all over, darting and pressing, at Thixxa's neck, and shoulders, and spine, and now even her lower back.

Very low....

Thixxa thought her face must be blazing red. Between the heat of the hot pool and Rirry's hot hands and-and-and other sources of heat... Thixxa was feeling very hot!

Even hotter than the few times she'd been with males. Even though they had seemed to try to bake her while lying on top of her and delivering thrusting friction. Yet this was still hotter than that!

Rirry told her, "You're doing a good job letting yourself relax. Keep doing that. Keep doing nothing other than breathing. Relax ever more."

Rirry sounded almost hypnotic!

Maybe that was why Thixxa felt compelled to obey Rirry's directions. She kept doing nothing.

Rirry's hands! They were on Thixxa's rear!

Thixxa stiffened, feeling a need to do something, along with other needs, the kinds of needs that needs must not be done or ever fulfilled. Not with one's own squire! Not with another female!

Rirry sounded firm, "Don't tense up like that. There is more muscle in the haunches than anywhere else. Of course, these muscles must be rubbed until they are loose. It is necessary."

Well then... if it was so necessary... who was Thixxa to put a stop to it?

Especially when it felt so good.

In a therapeutic way!

Thixxa's strength made it easy to stay perfectly still and in place despite Rirry's pushing hands and fingers that poked hard into Thixxa's haunch muscles.

Thixxa thought that as long as she did nothing, made no movement, then nothing could be blamed on her. Like what? Anything. Whatever. Nothing!

One of Rirry's hands was poking fingers into Thixxa's ass channel!

And it felt good!

Perhaps it was her fault for feeling so much and feeling so good. She must not tolerate such... pleasure!

Thixxa shied like a big horse, nervous at the handling of the stable hand.

Rirry said, "Calm down now. Settle down. My hand slipped. Here, I'll rub a different location, one that needs it perhaps more."

Just when Thixxa was about to leave the hot pool, Rirry sucked her back in!

A different location? Thixxa guessed she could not be offended that Rirry was moving away from Thixxa's rear area.

Whew! That was a close one! Close to what? Anything. Whatever. Nothing!

Oh. Oh! What? Oh!

Rirry's naked body, her entire front, was against Thixxa's naked back!

Had Rirry perhaps slipped on the stones and simply run into Thixxa?

Thixxa steeled herself to not be too reactive or to act fearful. Or like a shying horse. She was a brave warrior! This was simply a hot pool and her own squire. Surely she was up to the challenge.

Why was it a "challenge?" It sure felt like one!

Oh. Oh!

Rirry's hands! They were on Thixxa's breasts now! But, for what reason? That could not be due to a slip!

Rirry's hands were slippery, though. Or Thixxa's breasts were. Rirry's hands slipped and slid all over them!

It was... it was like... it was like Rirry was a drunk horny man at the close of night at a tavern!

But Thixxa could not handle this handling the way she had handled previous handlings and would handle as needed in the future if any such drunken horny man trying to take ownership of her breasts. She could not crush and shatter Rirry's wrist bones. How would a squire with pulverized wrist bones hand her weapons and hold a shield to protect her flank?

It wasn't practical to maim one's own squire....

Rirry instructed, "Relax. Try not to think about problems. Your support muscles for your breasts no doubt get sore. They need this."

Thixxa did not get sore! Not there! Not anywhere. Not ever, unless she

took an actual blow from an opponent.

But it did almost feel as if she did need this....

Could this rubbing help her breast-support muscles support her breasts all the better? Perhaps. So perhaps Thixxa should give it a try. Or let Rirry try.

It did seem like Rirry was trying. She was trying *something*.

Rirry alternately cupped Thixxa's breasts from underneath, hefting them, and then rubbed along under them and to their sides.

Thixxa told herself that her breasts were just flesh. Like her shoulders. It was just another area of her body. Yes, men were all about the teats and liked to capture them in their hands. Yes, in that situation, it was sexual.

But that was because they were men and because the men always went after the nipples. It was the nipples that held so much pleasure potential. It was the nipples that seemed to connect with Thixxa's lady button at the top of her slit. That was her experience during her infrequent experiences of that ilk.

Rirry was not a man. Which, granted, could potentially make certain actions even *more* naughty. But no squire would do such a thing to their own knight. However, Thixxa did not recall meeting any female knights with female squires. But, in theory, no squire would dare.

It was only flesh at another location. It did not involve the nipples. Therefore, it was not wrong.

If it was not wrong, why did it feel so naughty?

Oh. Oh!

It was now involving the nipples!

Each of Rirry's hands had captured a nipple in a thumb and two-finger grip!  
And she was rubbing them! Almost jerking them!

"Rirry! My nipples do not have muscles!"

"Of course not, you big lug. But they lead your woman promontories. As a result, they get very dirty. They need firm and exacting cleaning. You have such dirty nipples. Doesn't it feel nice to get them clean?"

Oh. Well. It did feel nice.

But did it feel too nice? And did the word "nice" accurately capture what she felt? It seemed so far beyond "nice."

Thixxa had never known that clean nipples felt so great. Getting them clean felt so good, it might make some weaker women seek to get their nipples dirty in order to require "firm and exacting" cleaning.

But was it being clean that felt great, or was it the process of cleaning that felt so great? Should it feel this good? Did it say something about Thixxa that it felt so good? Did it make the kind of statement that Thixxa would never want spoken out loud, and which she would, indeed, be most likely to hack and slash anyone who made that statement about her?

"I can clean my own nipples, Rirry!"

"And yet you haven't before now. I think it's best if I handle this matter of cleanliness. Does it not feel best that I handle it?"

It felt like Rirry's handling increased in strength and insistence at that moment. Thixxa guessed perhaps it was good that her nipples were so

hard. They needed protection from Rirry's nipple plucking!

Rirry. Telling her that it was for the best that she handle the nipple cleaning. Rirry sure was *handling* it. Handling both nipples.

It did feel like some kind of best....

Why did getting clean feel so very dirty?

Oh. Was Rirry done? She had stopped jerking off Thixxa's nipples. That, er, was to say that Rirry had ceased to clean them. Thixxa was sure they must still be dirty. They had to be. Why else would she feel so dirty at the moment? It must be the fault of her nipples!

She had such dirty little nipples. Although, however, they were quite big just then and so hard. So it was wrong to say they were little. But they were dirty! She had big, hard, dirty nipples! They needed more cleaning! Thixxa was sure of it!

Rirry should not have stopped the nipple-cleaning in mid cleaning.

Why was Rirry float-walking around in front of Thixxa?

How was it that Rirry looked so much prettier at that moment than how she always looked so pretty? Why now? It seemed like unfortunate timing. A good squire would choose when to look ugly to look upon! So as to prevent anything untoward.

Rirry's face was nearly level with Thixxa's partially floating breasts.

Rirry's face was coming yet closer!

Thixxa felt Rirry's hot breath as she spoke, "Your nipples are so dirty. They

just can't get clean from rubbing alone. Or water alone. Spittle has cleaning properties that dissolve away grime. A good squire must take care of her knight's needs. Her knight needs to be clean."

Ah, um, uh, wait, ah, um, uh, that didn't sound—

Rirry was suckling at Thixxa's left breast!

This could not be!

Thixxa looked down. There was Rirry's pretty mouth wrapped tightly around Thixxa's nipple. All the way down to the base!

It could not be and yet it was!

Thixxa, with her chin on her chest, watched Rirry's cheeks cave in as she suctioned.

It was like having a babe at the teat!

But this babe was very adult. The nibbling teeth proved as much!

Thixxa, of course, had no milk to give. However, Rirry acted as if Thixxa did have milk to give! She sucked so hard! For milk? For dirt?

To arouse Thixxa...?

Surely not. And yet, of the three explanations, only the third made sense and was, in fact, taking place.

This would definitely look like a female preferring female sort of thing if anyone were to see this!

Thank the Gods that they were all alone in these remote woods where no

one—

They heard a throat clearing. Loudly.

Rirry, red-faced, immediately gave up her “dirt removing” nipple latch. She stepped back from Thixxa in such a hurry that she stumbled in the water, her feet slipping on the smooth stones at the base of the pool.

Thixxa looked around wide-eyed. Was there an attacker? Perhaps a Krelling raiding party intent on slaughtering them?

Or worse, much worse, humans who saw Rirry at Thixxa’s teat!?!

It was the worst of the worst cases! It was someone Thixxa knew!

Olliis stood not far away. Thixxa recalled her as an extremely capable battle mage who’d served well if reluctantly during Beelgord’s War of Purity. She was quite distinctive, much taller than most mages, who ran to shortness. Her bounteous blonde ponytail, which rose from behind her head, furled back like a flag and wagged about with every head movement, always made her hard to miss.

With her was an almost-eyed dusky-skinned woman, beautiful in the extreme. Thixxa remembered her also. Ebba? No, wait, her name was Effa. A great warrior, most nimble. Her weapon of choice was the long spear.

More than one witness! The kind of witnesses who would be most difficult to kill. Not that Thixxa would kill them. She did not think she would.

Olliis sounded partly amused, “Thixxa. I hope you remember me. We have come here seeking you. And your... squire.”

Effa had a look on her face. A partially hidden sneer. A judgmental look in her eyes. Thixxa had heard the Piroouniuns frowned upon females preferring females. Except, of course, when entertaining men with displays of such. That was perfectly fine. But females together on their own, achieving satisfaction and doing it without any need for men? Gods and Goddesses forbid!

But Effa had it wrong! This was not that!

Effa should not leap to conclusions simply because she saw Rirry's mouth latched onto Thixxa's nipple. How dare Effa draw conclusions from that!

Should Thixxa explain that what the two visitors saw was a simple and necessary and quite hygienic nipple cleansing? Would they believe her? Did *Thixxa* believe it?

Perhaps Rirry would be the best one to explain. She was the one suckling at a nipple! Thixxa did nothing!

Effa had a slight sneer in her tone as well, "We came looking for a great warrior. And her squire. I'm sure any such would be armed and armored. They would not have time to... play... in a pool. Have you seen them?"

Have they seen...?

Oh.

It was mockery!

Thixxa was tempted to march out of the pool in order to get ahold of Effa in order to then rip her asunder.

Thixxa was also tempted to sink down into the hot pool, below the surface,

and then to never rise again from it.

WordPress Theme: Tortuga by ThemeZee.

