



LESBIAN SEDUCTION FICTION BY JORDAN CHURCH



SEX SLAVE SORcery, CHAPTER FOUR

Saffay the Untouchable declared, "I am going into Ethecreeth."

Piddrin sat up from her lying down position on her spread-out bedroll, "You're what? No way. It's too dangerous!"

Saffay shook her head, her lioness-like mane of honey brown hair bouncing, "It is a necessary danger. A small risk to prevent bigger risks later on. As we discussed, we need allies. As I noted, the best source for allies, a goodly amount of both warrior strength and adept users of magic, is at Purla's

Temple of Purity and Propriety. They know me, and I am the best candidate to enlist them to our cause. They hate evil, most especially any evil of a sexual nature.”

Piddrin rolled her eyes and tossed her long, black, braided hair. She did not care for Saffay’s involvement with Purla’s Temple. Piddrin did not think it was healthy. Yes, the Purlanians hated evil. But really, they hated everything that wasn’t them. They were man-haters. Not in a female preferring female sexual way, but still, they were man-haters. It wasn’t natural!

Piddrin knew the Purlanians liked to completely take over the lives of their followers, tell them every little thing to do, and make them tithe to the temple. Which was true of all religions, but even more true of followers of Purla.

Piddrin said, “We’re supposed to stay here until Olliis and Effa return, hopefully with Thixxa and her squire.”

“I do not take orders from them. No one is in charge of our cause currently. Dinnaka and Sterse are compromised, and no new leaders within The Watch have yet been appointed. As well, there was no direction from anyone for us to remain here. They simply stated that they would return with Thixxa and her squire.”

Piddrin held up a finger, “But, if we leave and they return to an empty camp, they will be alarmed and distracted.”

“Which is why you will remain here while I enter Ethecreeth.”

“But what about—”

“It is the new uniforms that have compromised members of The Watch.

Obviously, I do not wear one and will not wear one. I will be safe.”

“You’ll stand out in the old uniform of The Watch. That will make you unsafe.”

All of the warriors of The Watch had been required to wear lascivious scale mail uniforms that had scant coverage. They were also quite shiny, silvery, and caught the sun’s rays as well as the attention of every male with a beating heart.

“I will remove it, of course. The Purlanians were previously kind enough to provide me a robe of their order should I choose to become a dedicated follower of Purla. I will enter Ethechreeth in that disguise.”

“But what about your hair? It really stands out! You’ve got such great hair. And so much of it.”

“The robe has a bounteous hood for my bounteous hair. None will see it other than perhaps a few strands. The coloration is not unique. Few dare to lay a hand on a Purlanian lest they lose it. I will likely be safer than ever before. After all, the members of The Watch who fell prey to the plot are all over Ethechreeth, providing sexual favors to any and all. Who would risk losing a hand to a Purlanian when they have so many easier options available?

“If any do try to touch me, I will remain consistent with my disguise and simply remove the offender’s hand. Or perhaps both of their hands as a preventative to future transgressions by them towards others.”

Piddrin twisted her mouth sourly. She hated that it made sense. Saffay was the only one with connections with the zealots at Purla’s Temple of Purity and Propriety. It should be Saffay who approached them. Saffay had the best chance of enlisting them to the cause.

Thixxa was a warrior woman of incredible repute. But she was only one woman. With a squire. The four remaining members of The Watch needed a lot more help if they wanted good odds of saving the rest of The Watch.

It also made sense for Piddrin to remain behind. Both because someone had to and because she did not have a Purlanian robe in her pack. If she accompanied Saffay, then Saffay's disguise would be useless. The Purlanians were snooty. They did not walk around with non-Purlanians. Saffay dressed as a Purlanian with Piddrin next to her would be as attention-getting as Saffay's uniform.

Saffay really was quite attention-getting in that uniform. She had such a great body. So full and balanced. So perfect. Piddrin scarcely blamed the men who tried to touch Saffay. Piddrin would too if she were a man!

Piddrin proposed, "At least wait to go until the others return. That way, I can go with you as far as the outskirts of the town."

"We can't afford to lollygag and take our time. The compromised members of The Watch are, even as we speak, in all likelihood providing sexual services to any and all. Think about that! Think about what kind of people would take advantage of them! Think about the worst of the worst in EtheCreeth: Kutherkut! Nicrar! Nicrar's *familiar!*"

Yes. It was true. It was difficult to contemplate such sexual relations forced upon their friends and coworkers. Well, the attention would be forced upon them in their normal state. It sounded like no force, or convincing, or even a meal and flowers was necessary to induce them to "willingly" have sex with anyone now that they wore the new uniforms.

Saffay was correct about the urgency. Piddrin had to give her that.

Piddrin could tell Saffay was determined and wouldn't be talked out of the

venture, "I do not like that you are going alone. It concerns me a lot. But I can tell you are going no matter what I say. You are brave. I know you are careful, but please be extra careful."

"I will be fine. I will return with allies or news of allies coming."

Saffay entered a tent and changed into the thick white robe of a Purlanian. The robes had ridiculously large hoods, and they were three times thicker than need be. They were also oversized and formless. Apparently, the Purlanians thought women's bodies were not pure or proper enough to be viewed by others.

Piddrin hoped Saffay never ended up joining the Purlanians. It was crazy that Saffay had attended some of their "celebrations." Those must be the least fun celebrations ever.

Saffay was so beautiful. It would be a shame to cover up her mane of honey hair. Saffay had such a fulsome body. It would be a shame to cover that up also. Piddrin was, of course, against grabby males grabbing. But why not let them look? Saffay had a lot to look at.

Kutherkut was a creep, but Piddrin thought he was onto something when he made the warriors wear those uniforms. It was a philosophical agreement Piddrin would never voice out loud. Piddrin would never agree with him to his face or say she agreed with him when she spoke with Saffay or any of the warrior members of The Watch, as per the uniforms they were required to wear.

Nevertheless, she did not think Kutherkut was all in the wrong to have the beautiful warriors display their personal goods.

Show some leg. Well, all of their legs.

Show quite a bit of rear end flesh as well!

Kutherkut was onto something there. Why not? Why not let people enjoy it?

Piddrin enjoyed it. For them. For the warriors of The Watch. They got freedom of movement. It helped avoid chafing. That was why it was such a good idea.

Of course, Piddrin was not a female who enjoyed females as sexual partners. Of course. Of course not! But the form of a lovely female was pleasing to the eye. Aesthetically.

It was pleasing to the eyes! Not to other areas!

Piddrin had grown to care for and admire Saffay. Of course, in a platonic way!

Saffay somewhat stiffly stated, "Do not concern yourself for me. I will be fine. Keep your guard up. If a citizen of Ethecreeth stumbles onto the camp, they may think you will grant them sexual favors at a snap of their fingers."

Piddrin giggled a little, "If one arrives and snaps his fingers, I will snap his fingers in a very different way. A limited area reduction spell of crushing will suffice. Who knows, perhaps my accuracy will be poor, and the spell of crushing will land elsewhere on his body."

Saffay nodded like Piddrin was serious, not joking, "Do what you must and have no regrets. Those who took advantage of members of The Watch will face a reckoning and greatly regret their actions once we are victorious. Or perhaps sooner if you deal with them as need be."

Saffay swept away in her white robe. It was blindingly white, reflective in

sunlight, and glowingly bright at night. The uncanny brightness of the robe almost forced eyes to look away. The robe wasn't meant to hide the presence of the wearer, but it would disguise Saffay's nature. It was true that even the horniest of drunks avoided physical contact with Purlanians.

Saffay walked the several miles to EtheCreeth. She did not bother staying off the road. Her robe made slipping unnoticed through the woods unlikely.

She wore her blade openly on a waist belt. Purlanians rejected males, and all sex, but not weaponry. She had not brought the crossbow, however. One weapon would suffice to discourage any interference. Or molestation. Purlanians were respected for their weapon craft as well as their quick willingness to use their weapons.

She joined the informal road leading from Moona's Moan and Groan to EtheCreeth. It was really more of a path. She was surprised that on the way into town, she only saw a few people traveling on the path/road. But then she realized why that would be.

With most of the lovely members of The Watch, roughly twenty beauties, all providing sexual services free of charge in the comfort of EtheCreeth, why would anyone travel all the way out to Moona's to pay coin for such services? They wouldn't.

No doubt the uniqueness of fresh flesh, as well as the role reversal of plundering the flesh of those who were responsible for keeping flesh peddling out of EtheCreeth (among many other laws they enforced), was a powerful attractant to the lustful and freakish citizens of EtheCreeth. There were many good citizens in EtheCreeth, but, in all likelihood, there were more bad ones than good ones.

Would three out of five males willingly have sex with sexy women who seemed willing but who they likely knew were not actually willing?

For sure. Maybe four out of five males would. Maybe nine out of ten. Surely not all of them.

Not the males who preferred males....

Flesh. Flesh flesh flesh. Saffay hated that people were so preoccupied with their baser natures and the physical forms of others. It should be people's level of goodness and, to a lesser extent, their useful ideas to improve the lives of others that were what was important. The physical was just... decoration.

Saffay did not resent people's superficiality for selfish reasons. She was extremely good looking. In fact, "good looking" was an understatement. Really, that description would be a disservice to her.

On the other hand, maybe she did resent people's superficiality for selfish reasons. Everyone thought she should be a noble's wife. Or mistress. A living decoration.

Actually, probably most of them did not picture her with a noble in any capacity. After all, most people were not nobles, and most people were selfish. They probably thought, hoped, wished that she was a prostitute. Or an arousal-inspiring dancer.

Some people acted like she was wasting her time enforcing laws. They thought she should be breaking them!

Despite the name Saffay the Untouchable, Saffay was not a virgin. And she was not one step away from being a virgin. Or even several steps.

She had interacted plenty with males before joining The Watch. Her interactions with them left her disappointed. She had found that males liked her for her physical assets, not her moral ones, or for her personality.

And the more she allowed them to enjoy her physical assets, the less they seemed to value her.

When she joined The Watch, it was a chance to recreate herself to a limited degree. She did not want to deal with any romance or propositions while trying to establish herself as dependable with The Watch. Therefore, she introduced herself to people as Saffay “the Untouchable.” It was a good way to let others know her expectations, which was that they should not have intimate expectations of her.

However, it seemed to her as if she had adopted the no-touching personality too well. She acted the role so well that she became it. She was no longer acting. She found herself shying away from contact, even casual oops-bumped-into-you contact, and avoiding shaking hands. She did not tolerate a friendly hand on the shoulder, nor did she ever proffer one. She now avoided contact automatically, without thought or plan. She no longer pretended to be desperate to avoid contact. She actually felt that way.

The strategic chastity had grown on her. Even to the point where she understood the attraction so many attractive women had for joining the Purlanians. Saffay truly was keeping the order in mind as a possibility for herself.

That said, she found the Purlanians stuffy and full of themselves and judgmental. And controlling. They also limited women, just in different ways than did the patriarchy. Such as with the stupid suffocatingly thick white robes most the Purlanians, the lower ranking ones, had to wear.

Saffay had never told anyone, not even Piddrin, and would never admit it to anyone, even if, theoretically, she was tortured to speak the truth, but the revealing outfits Kutherkut made the warriors of The Watch wear held an attraction for Saffay.

She liked to show what she had. A little. Somewhat. As long as no one ever knew that she liked to show off. Then it was... fun.

She liked how sets of eyes captured her generous bust and then slid all over her until landing on her rear end, most of which was uncovered in the uniform. She swore she could almost physically feel those eyes on her. On her... flesh.

If the set of eyes was in front of her, it was on her bust. If the set of eyes was behind her, it was on her ass.

Saffay worried at times that she was, like most or all people, superficial. Surely not as much so as most. But still too much.

Saffay skirted around the outskirts of town – skirted the outskirts! But while wearing a robe, not a skirt.

She sought to avoid trouble. Her mission was to speak with the Purlanians and enlist them to the cause. It was not to cause or get into trouble.

She did feel tempted to enter the depths of the town. She was curious to see the actions and treatment of the corrupted members of The Watch. It was strange to her how much she wanted to see it.

To verify the truth of it? Verification of truth was important. However, she had no doubts of what had happened to the other members of The Watch. The story was too incredible to be anything other than the truth. Truly, truth is stranger than fiction. Saffay had learned that lesson many times over during her relatively short life.

She had to be honest with herself. She valued honesty, and the most important honesty was honesty with one's own self. Without honesty there, the person ends up spewing dishonesty, like a sewer outlet pipe from one of

the more advanced towns with actual sewer systems.

She wanted to see what they did because... she just wanted to see those things. There was no constructive reason.

The idea of it, of her friends and coworkers doing any and all sexual acts with anyone at all, was ever so interesting. Wasn't it? It was.

Sex was so interesting! Saffay had felt at times an increased intensity in her interest in sex since she began avoiding physical contact. No physical contact meant no sexual relations. She was Saffay the Untouchable to everyone but herself. But she was actually Saffay the Little-Too-Fascinated-By-All-Things-Sexual.

Since any touching at all now felt wrong, sex felt extremely naughty! Which she knew it should not be. Sex was natural. All races and breeds, humans and humanoids, were entirely dependent on sexual relations in order for their peoples to last beyond the current generation.

There was what should be, and what should not be. And then there was what actually was. Sex did seem extremely naughty to Saffay now since adopting the Untouchable persona. But not naughty in a "I need to put a stop to this thing" way. It was naughty in a "I need to watch as much of this as I can get my eyes on" way.

Saffay wanted to see the naughtiness. Nowadays, all sex felt naughty to her. But what she'd heard that the corrupted members of The Watch were engaged in? That was so very naughty! That was naughty no matter what! That was so naughty that none could deny it was naughty. And probably none could look away from it.

She did not like her desire to see it. She felt shame. It would be shameful if she merely wanted to see total strangers in such a sexually compromised

state. But this was worse than that. These were friends and coworkers!

The fact that she knew these people, these victims, made it all the more incredible. And so much naughtier.

She felt a powerful desire to bear witness to it. She was not completely certain that she volunteered to come to Ethecreeth only because, or even mainly because of the need to make contact with the Purlanians. Her desire to see the corrupted members of The Watch used for sex made her doubt herself and her motives.

The only way she could be sure of her own pure intentions would be to visit with the Purlanians and then return directly to the camp.

It was certainly the wisest course of action.

Only risk what must be risked.

That was what she would do. She would go to the Purla's Temple. She would not go into the heart of Ethecreeth.

She would not. There was no reason to do so. There was no *good* reason to do so. There was every reason *not* to do so. It would be an unnecessary risk.

Saffay arrived at Purla's Temple. Their temples were always on the outskirts of towns. They were structurally standoffish, much as the members of the order were socially standoffish, other than to each other and those they were trying to recruit. When towns grew and expanded around the temples, the temples were relocated.

Purla's Temple was really almost a fort. It had its own high walls all the way around. The walls were made of scintillating white stone just like the temple

itself. The temple even had catapults and ballistae on the flat roof. They were not for decoration. They were kept oiled and covered from the elements. They were ready for action. So were the Purlanians. They drilled with the catapults and ballistae every other day.

The Purlanians always feared a mob of men would show up to make them a great deal less pure. It was not a completely baseless fear.

Jun was at the front gate. It was her turn to be Greeter. Jun was a sweetheart, friendlier and more open than most of the Purlanians. Saffay liked her the most, though Jun was only an acolyte of low standing with the Purlanians.

Jun had red-brown hair, which she kept in a simple straight cut. But there was no simplifying her attractive face. Her eyes were slanted with epicanthic folds, indicating she had some Piroounian ancestry.

“Saf! It is such a relief to see you! Wait... you aren’t... well....”

“One of the corrupted? No. I avoided that fate.”

“Thanks be to Purla! When I heard of The Watch going about all over and being made free use of by any and all, I thought immediately of you. I feared for you. I have prayed to Purla every hour since learning of these dark developments. I have prayed for you.”

“Thank you, Jun. Perhaps your prayers saved me.”

Saffay did not believe that for an instant. Everyone knew the Gods and Goddesses were real. They were seen at times, and sometimes they interacted with people. The wrecked landscapes after their frequent squabbles with one another were further proof, if any was needed.

However, Gods and Goddesses cared only for themselves and not for people, not even their own believers. They wanted believers and enlisted them and fanned their flames of zealotry because it was useful to them. It was an ego trip, and the believers were also their tools in the world.

But Gods and Goddesses never lifted a finger to assist their believers. They considered it beneath them to do so. Humiliating to them. And perhaps they had some rule of conduct that they shared. Whatever the cause, they did not do a thing for anyone. Except once they died. Then they took them into the God's or Goddess's home where the believers lived in eternity with them. Supposedly.

Jun noticed Saffay's apparel, "Saf! You have decided to join us? At last!"

Saffay reddened, "Not as yet, Jun. I am still considering the invitation. It is a commitment I do not take lightly."

"But... you wear the robe."

"I needed it to make my journey here. I did not want to be recognized as a member of The Watch, else certain expectations may have ensued."

Jun looked disappointed. Nothing brought Purlanians more pleasure than getting someone to join them. Perhaps nothing else gave them *any* pleasure.

"Of course. I understand."

"I need to meet with the Eldress and Temple Guardians."

"I will bring you to them immediately. Eldress Lum and the Guardians Ell, Kif, Fid, and Ras will be equally happy and relieved to witness the miracle of your avoiding the fate of your compatriots with The Watch. Truly, Purla

blesseth thee.”

Saffay carefully kept herself from rolling her eyes. Whenever anything good happened, the Gods and Goddesses were credited. When bad things happened, the Gods and Goddesses were blameless. That was always the way of it. Not only with Purlanians. With all such orders.

When bad things happened, not only were the Gods and Goddesses not blamed, but usually some rationale was found or created in which people’s failure to heed or believe in the Gods and Goddesses was the true cause of the bad thing.

Purla would get the credit for Saffay’s continued freedom, while Purla would get no blame at all for the fates of most of the rest of The Watch. And, if Saffay ended up saving the others? It would no doubt be stated that it was due to Purla’s intervention. Oh, blessed Purla!

And why did the others suffer and continue to suffer their terrible free use fate? Well! No doubt because they had failed to serve Purla!

Jun had another Purlanian watch the front gate. Saffay thought the young woman’s name was Lim, but she could not recall for certain.

Jun led Saffay to an upper floor of the opulent temple. Everything was made of the finest materials. Purlanians were shy about sex, more than shy, but they were not shy about showing off their wealth. Saffay had often wondered how the Purlanians had so much gold at their disposal.

Might they know a spell of transference, turning simple stones into gold or gems?

Eldress Lum looked surprised to see Saffay, surprised but happy. She stood at the head of a long table, with the Guardians seated. It looked like Eldress

Lum had been in the middle of addressing them.

Ell, Kif, Fid, and Ras sat at erect attention. Saffay knew that the chairs they sat upon were quite hard and uncomfortable. The Purlanians were big on posture. They were also big on enduring discomfort. They said it was good for the purity.

Saffay's visits always left her with a sore ass. But at least it was a purer ass! In theory.

"Saf! You are safe?"

No one smiled, but Saffay did on the inside. Saf was safe. Safe Saf.

At the temple, with the Purlanians, Saffay the Untouchable was just Saf. The Purlanians believed that simplicity was good for purity. Thus, everyone had their names simplified. For instance, Saffay knew that Jun's full name was Junoothunlis.

"I am blessedly safe, Eldress Lum. May the sun and the moon alternate in shining blessings upon Purla for the great mercy she has spared me."

Saffay again felt like rolling her eyes. Spare her? Yes, spare her this false accreditation to the work of the Goddess Purla. Saffay doubted Purla knew of her existence, let alone would lift a Goddess pinky to keep her from becoming a free use slut.

But Saffay knew how to play the game. Just keep telling people what they wanted to hear, and eventually, usually, they did as you asked of them. Oh, and they thought more highly of you. Want someone to think highly of you? Just act like you think highly of them. That made them want to respect your wisdom.

In order of rank – there was no such thing as equals at Purla’s temple; everyone had a status — Ell, Kif, Fid, and Ras exchanged greetings with Saffay. They were seemingly friendly greetings, albeit stiff and formal. Purlanians liked formality. It struck them as pure.

However, Saffay had picked up on Ell, Kif, Fid, and Ras not having warm regard for her. Saffay had done nothing to bring on such feelings and had, in fact, worked to abate them. However, they were Guardians, and it was a simple fact that if Saffay did join the order, she would doubtless be assigned as a Guardian due to her warrior skills and background. Thus, Saffay was potential future competition for the other Guardians.

Once a woman joined the Purlanians, the rest of her life, more or less, was a nonstop battle to move their social ranking upward within the Purlanian ranking system. As far as Saffay could tell, advancing in the ranks involved backstabbing, undermining, and gossiping, and had little to do with accomplishment. That was one of the reasons Saffay had not joined the Purlanians and did not think she ever would. Saffay preferred the egalitarian meritocratic system of The Watch.

Two of the Guardians (who were also sometimes called Champions) were users of magic, and two were renowned warriors.

Ell was a phantasma, able to construct and manipulate convincing illusions. She was tall and slim, with long brown hair, though it wasn’t usually brown; it was usually rainbow. She used little illusions instead of dye and makeup. Saffay had wondered if Ell’s clothing might also be illusory. For all Saffay knew, perhaps Ell was nude all the time. And who knew, maybe she was a midget.

Kif had long blonde hair and a fit body. She wore leathers. Guardians, unlike other Purlanians, wore whatever they wanted to wear, although they did so

under the guise of necessity for using their warrior skills or magic. Kif appeared to be unarmed, but either has a magical device or an inherent magical ability to instantly form a handaxe in her hand. A throwing axe. It continued to exist for several seconds after it was thrown, long enough to maim the target. Saffay had never seen Kif miss anything she aimed at, though surely her range must be limited by how long the magical axes existed if nothing else.

Fid had long, curly, bouncy black hair. (And bouncy breasts, too. Not that Saffay cared about such things! Just an observation!) Fid was a special kind of warrior, a grappler. She wrestled her opponents. Which was to say she crushed the life out of them. Once she got a grip on an enemy, it was all over but the bone breaking. She did not look powerful, but her strength was legendary. Obviously, she'd had some kind of magical exposure in her history that had imbued her with incredible strength. Perhaps as a youth, she'd hidden under a dining room table as Gods fighting nearby indiscriminately spraying the surroundings with magic.

Ras had straight black hair, and she also wore it long like the others. All the Guardians had long hair. All the Purlanians had long hair. It was a celebration of femininity while they at the same time refused all male attention (generally speaking, but not always). The long hair thing did not make sense to Saffay, but then again, what religion ever made sense?

Eldress Lum had long, curly, golden hair. Very long and very curly, like a golden-haired sheep in desperate need of shearing. As if hair indicated rank, Eldress Lum's hair was the longest of any local Purlanian. Despite the curliness, it reached all the way to the backs of her knees!

Ras was a wood enchantress. She was able to cause motion in normally motionless wood. That might seem like a limited power, but it was not. After all, wood was all over. Most buildings were made from it. As was most

furniture. Most weapons had some wood. Spears were more wood than metal. As were arrows. Even swords often had wood in their hilts.

There were trees all around. Especially in EtheCreeth, which was surrounded by forest. Wood was almost everywhere. Ras could make entire trees move about as if they were alive. Even trees that were not actual trees. She could make a tree spray twigs and fling limbs at high speeds, making any tree into a projectile weapon with height and a nearly unlimited supply of projectiles.

Enemies using weapons with any wood in them at all generally ended up using their own weapons on themselves. Ras was limited by a lack of wood in locations such as deserts or out at sea, and also by the limits of her focus. She could not actually bring a tree to independent mobility. She had to make it perform each move and, while she focused on that, could not do anything else. As well, she had to focus very hard and constantly to get any results at all. Distractions rendered her nearly harmless.

The four Guardians, independently, were powerful. Together, they were a formidable fighting force.

Saffay wasn't sure which foursome would be the more powerful: the four Guardians, or the four uncorrupted members of The Watch. It would likely depend on circumstances such as terrain and the element of surprise. Not that they would ever battle one another. They were meant to be allies.

Eldress Lum was said to have been a user of magic and a Guardian before becoming Eldress of this location of Purla's Temple of Purity and Propriety. Saffay wasn't sure what Eldress Lum's field of magic was.

Saffay spoke about her purpose for coming to the Temple. It turned out that the corruption of The Watch was the reason for the meeting Eldress Lum held. Obviously, they disapproved of the lascivious acts occurring all

over Ethechreeth. It offended their sensibilities. As well, how long before Ethechreeth became completely lawless with no one enforcing the laws?

Eldress Lum was eager to ally the Purlanians with the remaining uncorrupted members of The Watch. Saffay had assumed correctly that Eldress Lum would be.

However, Saffay did not appreciate Eldress Lum stating that once they were successful in defeating the new menace that Purlanian should become the official religion of Ethechreeth and that all other temples should be torn down or converted into locales for congregation of Purlanians. Of which there would then be many.

Saffay sighed inwardly. Stupid Purlanians. If everyone became a Purlanian, how would there be future generations? And what would become of all the males?

Saffay told Eldress Lum that she had no such authority and that such matters would be best discussed after the women of The Watch were saved. Keep the horse in front of the cart!

Eldress Lum nodded as if she had expected just such an answer. Her golden curls bounced all over. Her somewhat oversized breasts also bounced.

All five of the Purlanians at the table, as Jun was as well, were incredible beauties. The Purlanians went out of their way to recruit beauties and seemed to advance them in rank much more rapidly. Saffay guessed they did it as a taunt towards the males. Or to prove a point that they were not Purlanian due to any failings in appearance.

Eldress Lum suggested that the "outcast" members of The Watch come to the temple. They would use the temple as a secure base of counteroperations. They would plan together and stick together to

maintain the greatest strength at all times.

It made sense. Saffay saw why Eldress Lum was the leader of this location of the Purlanian order. Saffay said she'd return to her group and bring them back if they were willing, as she assumed they would be, and would return with the others most likely the following day or night.

Saffay bid them good fortune and left the temple, her mission accomplished and in a most satisfying, if expected, way.

She again skirted around the outskirts of Ethecreeth in order to get back to the worn path/road leading towards her encampment near Moona's Moan and Groan.

About to head back, she paused.

She looked at the lights of Ethecreeth.

Members of The Watch were in there, right then, doing Gods and Goddesses knew what.

Saffay wanted to know what!

Saffay wanted to see what.

She shouldn't go look. It was unwise. It was an unnecessary risk. The Purlanians had already confirmed what Parkel had said and Drixinn's note had told them. There was no plausible excuse to go take a look.

But she didn't need an excuse. Because she wouldn't tell anyone.

She would go. She would see. She would witness. She would know. She would keep the knowledge to herself just as she kept her wants and desires

to herself.

She wanted to go see the fate she'd been so lucky to avoid.

One should fully appreciate luck after all.

Was that a good reason?

It would have to be good enough.

Saffay headed into Ethecreeth.

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