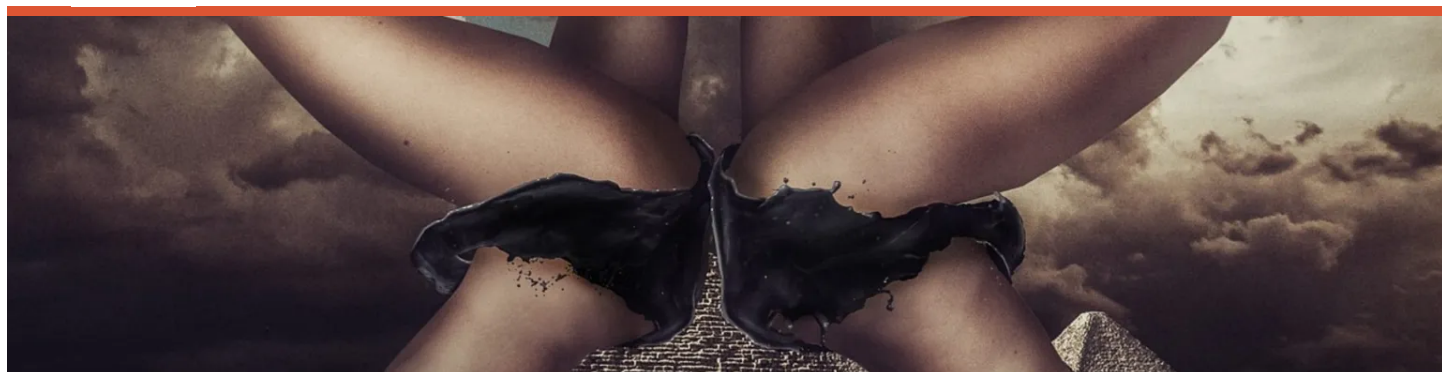


LESBIAN SEDUCTION FICTION BY JORDAN CHURCH



SEX SLAVE SORcery, CHAPTER FIVE

Saffay kept the thick, cavernous cowl of the Purlanian robe hooded over her head. It hid her face in dark shadows that contrasted with the bright white of the robe.

It would not bode well for anyone to recognize her. The people of Ethecreeth believed members of The Watch were compromised, willing and ready to have sex upon request. Or maybe not willing, but ready. And with no actual spoken request required. Just do them.

Many people in EtheCreeth knew Saffay. Maybe most of them knew her, despite the large size of the town. After all, Saffay interacted with them frequently while fulfilling her duties in The Watch. Also, Saffay's beauty understandably drew attention. The uniform she'd always worn, the one that Headsman Kutherkut made all the warriesses of The Watch wear, further assured attention. It wasn't like Saffay was just another pretty face in the crowds. She'd also been bare lower ass cheeks in the crowd, squeezed and bulged out around the tight scale armor that covered less than most one-piece swimsuits.

Yes, everyone got to see every one of her cheeks, both upper and lower.

Saffay wasn't wearing the armor now, not even under the Purlanian robe. Although the armor granted magical protections, it wouldn't be protective at all for anyone to see her wearing it should her robe somehow fall off or get ripped away.

Fall off... or get ripped away....

The thought of that was worrisome, even though Saffay could barely imagine such a situation. The thought of it was also... did she have to even think it to herself?... quite titillating.

The idea of people seeing her bare tits was *very* titillating.

Saffay wasn't sure what the Purlanians traditionally wore under their robes. She assumed they wore lots of thick undergarments. They were such prudes.

Saffay thought she was also a prude, just not as much of a prude. The title "The Untouchable" had really gotten into her head. That said, at that moment, she didn't wear much under the thick robes. The weather was warm, and the robes were so thick.

They were suffocatingly thick. It was like wearing a blanket. A thick blanket! It felt like the robe was cooking her slowly. She was getting sweaty navigating her way through the back streets of EtheCreeth.

It almost made her want to whip the robe off. But no, of course, that would not be wise. It would incite onlookers to try to “do” her.

Saffay wore long panties and a sash around her breasts, with the robe over them. The sash restrained her breasts, keeping them in place and out of the way should she need to fight. The long panties hugged her form down to just above her knees. That said, they were quite thin. Skimpy, really. Almost see-through. Actually, they were see-through were she to become aroused and wet.

Which, of course, would not happen. Not tonight. She was on a mission, not a date.

Thankfully, if it somehow did happen, she had the thick robe. She didn't like the robe, but she was still grateful for it.

She took the back streets towards the center of town. She wanted to attract as little attention as possible. She wanted to get a look at Market Street and the town square, two locations where The Watch nearly always has a presence. Members of The Watch patrolled them nearly nonstop. If that held true, this evening's “presence” would be much different than the usual.

She was very curious as to what she'd see. She knew it must be true, this information on new uniforms and compromised members of The Watch, and that they were now freely used for sex by anyone. All indications were that this was the truth of it.

Yet it was so hard to believe. Sannduskra acting like a slut? Letting males use her? In public? And all the others as well. The warriors and battle

mages of The Watch were a very accomplished, confident, and proud group. Many had big egos, and they all had a lot of self-respect. It was hard to believe that a new uniform could change them so much and so quickly at that.

She wanted to confirm it with her own eyes.

Also... she wanted to see it with her own eyes. These were not the same thing. Yes, confirm it. It was wise and good to do so. But wanting to see it?

That was... pretty naughty.

Her coworkers. They had faced dangers together. Many were her friends. And yet... she wanted to see it.

She did not want it to be true. She did not want it to happen. Nothing like that! Such wants would be akin to evil!

But... if it was already happening anyway... then she may as well see it....

Because... well... because....

It would be educational! There were many ways to have sex. Saffay had heard as much rather than experienced as much. She'd had a limited variety of sex with a limited number of males. And it had been quite some time since the last one. She'd kept up "the Untouchable" persona very well, arguably too well.

There was always more to learn. For instance, Saffay could see what males truly wanted. If they could do anything they wanted with the compromised members of The Watch and went ahead and did it in public for Saffay's eyes to see, then there it was. It would be right in front of her eyes. A truth of what various males truly wanted.

One day, Saffay could better please her noble and worthy, kind and generous, (and wealthy), and so manly of a husband. To please him out of true love. She'd know what men wanted if unafraid to ask for it (or if they did not need to ask), and she'd do it, even if she did not like it. She'd do it out of true love.

Saffay hoped true love was possible. There were so many tales of it and yet so few, if any, real life examples of it.

As Saffay approached the town center, the busy areas frequented by the populace and by The Watch, she did note that her steps were longer and more rapid. She moved as if she was eager. Was it because the sooner she confirmed that members of The Watch were compromised, the sooner she could vacate the town and return to the relative safety of camp?

No. She did not feel any fear or worry. And this eagerness she felt? How could she be this eager to learn some things that only might be useful perhaps years from then with a man she loved or at least cared deeply for?

No, this was some kind of quick gratification eagerness, as if seeing the things she might see and now hoped to see was in and of itself the payoff.

Perhaps her intent in coming into town was not entirely wholesome, helpful, and constructive. Maybe her main motivation had nothing to do with solving this terrible problem, or better pleasing a future husband. But she would make the best of it.

She would do more than confirm that what they thought was happening was indeed happening. She would also observe who availed themselves of the suddenly free use women of The Watch. She would note who took advantage of them so that she could make sure they faced the reckoning they deserved.

Yes, a list of those to take revenge upon.

Also... that additional purpose, to make a list of who needed to face consequences, supplied plenty of reason to witness as much as her greedy, gluttonous, or, let's face it, lustful eyes wanted to see....

If anyone asked why she kept watching for so long after confirming what was going on, she would be ready with the answer. She would tell the asker that she had to mentally document the sexual crimes against her fellow victim members of The Watch. In order to take revenge.

There was nothing more constructive than that!

Revenge was the ultimate in constructive behavior. Or was it the ultimate in doing what was necessary? Whichever. It would be ugly having to witness these ugly things, but someone had to do it, and Saffay was eager to be that someone.

A block away from the town square, Saffay paused and considered her best approach to this. Her disguise was good, but not perfect. The cowl hid her face, but if someone engaged her in conversation, they might recognize her voice or even try to peer into the shadows of the cowl.

She wasn't sure if the townsfolk thought the warriors and battle mages of The Watch suddenly became wanton sluts all on their own, that it was a record-setting case of spontaneous slutting, or if they knew The Watch was magically compromised.

In the first case, it would be somewhat understandable that the townsfolk had sex with members of The Watch. It would simply be a case of taking what was on offer. Males were the true sluts!

Also, in that case, Saffay would not be in any real danger even if she was

recognized. A simple no should suffice.

But it could be that the populace was aware that The Watch were victims of some magical beguilement. Then, taking advantage would be wrong. Evil! And they'd want to avoid consequences as well as wanting to continue the wanton usage.

In that case, Saffay could face danger if recognized. Even if it was the first case, the perpetrators of the beguilement of The Watch were possibly still watching or running events and would no doubt want to add Saffay as another member of the compromised.

It would be best if no one saw Saffay at all. Not even as an off-limits Purlanian.

She would watch from the shadows. On the outskirts.

The buildings around the town square were all businesses or temples. There were many narrow alleys in between them. Places for the placement of refuse until it could be removed.

Which alley should she utilize for viewing?

She should stay away from males. They were so often horny and immoral.

It was too bad the Purlanians were so standoffish and always wanted their temple on the outer perimeter of towns. She would have used an alley flanking their temple had it bordered the town square.

In fact, dressed as a Purlanian, she had best avoid all other temples. The temples did not respect each other, and some of them were openly out to get one another.

So, she needed an alley in between two businesses... and needed to avoid males....

She had it! There were two female-owned businesses that were side-by-side. Quite memorably so because the one sold wedding dresses, and its neighbor sold lingerie and bedroom toys. Many had joked that the two businesses fit well with one another. One served expectation, and the other served the result.

Neither business did much business with males. The naughty one at times, but most males viewed it as the female's duty to fetch bedroom toys. As well, probably males were busy with the newly sexually available members of The Watch, who gave sex for free. Why pay for sexual aids to impress a female or just to please one, when the males could simply use the women of The Watch in any way they wanted?

Yes, it was a good plan. Saffay liked her choice. In addition to the other factors, should she be recognized, Saffay was in good favor with both businesses. She had helped the female owners and the female staff with several types of situations: vandals, thieves, and unruly customers.

Saffay maneuvered around and entered the alley between the stores. It was a tidy alley, with not much trash at all. It was very narrow and very dark. It was perfect!

She obtained a view of the town square.

There were quite a few males in the square, and they were quite boisterous. There were only a few women, all of them members of The Watch, and all of them were apparently naked.

Apparently. But not actually. Saffay had great vision and had heard about the new uniforms. The bodies of the women looked a little odd, a little too

shiny, shaped differently with narrower waists and an unreal degree of breast prominence. It was obvious to Saffay that the women wore invisible uniforms, ones that shaped their bodies. And perhaps dictated their movements as well.

Saffay's eyes darted from female to female, trying to see everyone and everything at once. She had to calm her breathing and steady herself. She took a deep breath. It was shaky, so she took another one. That one wasn't much better.

The action in the town square was a nightmare! For women, or a fantasy come true for men. It was both.

There was a group of picnic tables in the town square, under some lovely trees. Four of the tables had a woman lying on top of them. They were spread wide, two on their bellies, two on their backs. Each of the four tables was surrounded by anywhere from six men to ten men. All four women had a cock in their mouth and a cock rutting in between their legs, though as to which hole the fucking male utilized, Saffay could not discern.

All four women were also using both hands to jerk cocks.

Saffay blinked, incredulous. All four women were servicing four men at once! Sixteen men were getting off as Saffay watched! Two were cumming even as Saffay began watching!

And... all four of the women were cumming!

Saffay frowned. That made no sense. All four women were cumming? But only two of the sixteen men at that moment? Oh, whoops, make that four of them. But still!

Saffay, from her own experiences and from personal experiences related to

her by other females, was personally familiar with a ratio of ten to one when it came to the relative numbers of male orgasms to female orgasms. And that was when everyone having sex was a willing partner.

The members of The Watch were not willing! Or... they should not be. But even if they were! Everyone knew that female orgasms were more difficult to come by. Saffay certainly knew it. A male able to get an orgasm out of his female partner just every once in a while was deemed a proficient lover.

Saffay watched the tables. The four males who had orgasmed staggered away and were replaced by other males. Two more males orgasmed during that process.

Incredibly, two of the females orgasmed again!

And then a minute later, the other two females orgasmed while three more males orgasmed.

Everything looked like a hot, dirty, sticky mess over at those tables.

It also looked... incredibly sexy! Saffay had never seen anything like it.

Saffay couldn't tell who any of the women were. Their faces were either down on cock or covered by a cock and balls, depending on whether they were on their stomach or their back. As well, other males milled around, blocking the view. They were cock-blocking her view of cocks!

Did she want to know who the women on the tables were? She sort of did. They were members of The Watch. She knew everyone in The Watch. Ergo, she knew these women. She knew women who had sex with four men at once. And then more men after that. She should find out which ones did that.

Or shouldn't she? They were compromised. No matter how they acted, they were not willing. That meant identifying them was almost a violation in and of itself.

She guessed she never should have doubted that The Watch was compromised, but seeing was believing. And they weren't just compromised. They were *very* compromised!

Saffay watched more orgasms. She saw more men switching places. This was beyond gang bang! It was ridiculous!

Saffay observed that while some of the men who orgasmed pulled up their pants and left after doing so, they were quickly replaced by other men arriving in the square. She heard one saying he'd had to go check on his wife and kids. She heard another say he'd gotten hungry, and now the pot roast he'd eaten would help him breed "The Watch sluts."

Breed them!

Saffay realized that she hadn't seen any of the men pull out. Of the ones who fucked pussy. Or the ones who fucked mouth either.

Wow, the women on the tables must be stuffed with cum! And cocks!

Saffay knew it shouldn't shock her that the women of The Watch might get bred from the activities she was watching. Sex was for making babies, after all. Maybe she should have been concerned already before hearing the one man talk about it.

Breed them! This was no way to make children come into the world!

Men were assholes! At least, the ones in the square were.

She hated them!

Also...

...she wanted to see more....

Yes, seeing more would help increase her hatred and help drive her thirst for vengeance for her friends.

Thirst....

She saw one of the women cumming as she gulped down a mouth load of cum from the cock inserted in her mouth.

That woman looked thirsty for cum.

Saffay felt thirsty also. But she was sure her thirst was for water. Or ale. Or mead. Not cum!

She was pretty sure....

To think, that could have been her out there. If not for the caravan outreach program, Saffay and Pidrin could right then be on one of those public tables servicing four cocks at a time, and cumming with startling rapidity and power. Those orgasms looked huge!

Saffay was sure the men out there would have liked to have her on a table, serving them. Cumming for them. Eating up their cum. They would have wanted Pidrin out there also.

Pidrin would have looked so sexy with a big cock in her pert mouth. And a cock in her pussy. And a cock in each of her small hands.

Piddrin was quite a bit smaller than the female average. Battle mages were often shorter than average and just as often slighter of frame than average. Piddrin was both. Those who sought a life of adventure and violence and who were not large or at least average-sized, generally pursued magical abilities if they wanted to survive for long.

It looked from their slim short frames that at least two of the women on the tables must be battle mages. They had so much power! Yet, instead of using their powers, there they were having powerful orgasms instead.

The other two women, judging from their probable heights and toned muscles, were likely warriors. One of them could have been Saffay!

Saffay bet she would have looked just as hot and sexy as them if she were in their place. No, wait, hotter. Saffay wasn't egotistical, but she did not ignore what she saw when she looked in the mirror.

Just the idea that it could have been her on one of the tables, that the odds had been more for it than against it based on the majority of the members of The Watch having been compromised, made her feel hot and clammy all over. If the new uniforms had been distributed one night earlier or one night later, it would have been a different warrior and battle mage pair sent out to visit the merchant caravans.

Saffay and Piddrin may have been side-by-side, table-by-table, pleasing multiple cocks at once and cumming so hard and so many times.

What a... terrible fate! What a... stroke of good fortune that she was not one of those out there stroking cocks!

Saffay was sure she would look as sexy and possibly sexier than the ones on the tables. But she was not sure if she could cum as passionately as they did. She doubted that she could ever cum that quickly, that powerfully, or

that she could have such long orgasms. It seemed unlikely.

First, because the circumstances were so upsetting. It was strangers and bums and acquaintances out there having their way with those corrupted women! Who could orgasm so powerfully in such a situation? Well, *they* could. But not Saffay.

Second, Saffay did not think she'd ever had an orgasm like what she kept seeing them have. None so long or so powerful. When she orgasmed, she usually only released a small gasp. If that.

It was so weird. Was she jealous of them? Perhaps so. Yes, sure, Saffay would like frequent and powerful orgasms. But only in the right circumstance. With a rich, handsome, valiant, and chivalric noble.

But Saffay was not picky or superficial. A poor noble would be acceptable. Or a rich man who was noble but not *a* noble. That would also be fine. Saffay was quite accepting and broad-minded about possible future lifetime-long pairings.

And a husband would not necessarily have to be the handsomest man in the county, even despite Saffay's great beauty. Just as long as the man was at least attractive. Very attractive. See? Saffay was quite accepting and broad-minded about possible future lifetime-long pairings.

Three of the "tabled" women were orgasming yet again! As well as several of the men. Man goo was squirting!

Seeing the action made Saffay want to take action. She felt the need to do something.

Was it to go pull the women to their feet and abscond from this place of sexual plundering?

Or was it to pull her gladius free from its scabbard, after which she would march up to the males and begin eliminating them one after the next, decapitation after decapitation, until one noticed and cried out, after which she would likely need to stab them in the chest and bellies until they began to flee, after which she would stab them most profusely in the backs?

No. Those needs, those wants, to stab and kill, were there inside her, but they were dim compared to another need.

She really needed to touch herself!

She felt like she was somehow missing out.

That made no sense. How could she feel like she was missing out on a fate that was terrible, a fate worthy of dread?

Yet it was what she felt. And she felt wronged. She always did what was right. And she never got to have orgasms like those women got to feel. It wasn't fair!

Could she... just go ahead... here in the alley?

She knew the wants she should feel should be the want to save the women and the want to cut down the males who swarmed them. But she also knew she could not fulfill those wants anyway. She was just one warrior. She could not eliminate every male currently taking advantage out there, no matter how distracted they were or how tired from shooting their man goo. Let alone that more males were constantly arriving.

She could not fulfill those two proper yet weak in comparison wants.

But she could fulfill her strongest want.

She was in a dark alley. No one had seen her. No one would see her. She could do anything she wanted in here. She could pull an arm through a sleeve and have the arm on the inside of her robe. So there. If a drunk did blunder into the mouth of the alley, all they'd see was an out-of-place Purlanian.

Her powerful want to do it, knowing she could do it, and feeling like it was consequence-free, or maybe, if she squinted her mind a little, that doing it was justified because she was a good woman and free woman and that good and free women should get to have physical pleasure too, made doing it, no matter how unwise, feel like a no-brainer.

Her thoughts seemed sluggish even as her hand darted quickly. She had to move fast before her mind could fully caution her against it.

She got her left hand inside her thick, spacious robe. She was right-handed for sword-fighting and everything else, but she was a lefty for self-pleasuring. She had no idea why.

With one arm inside her robe, she felt like she was halfway in bondage. She felt a surge of helplessness and panic. She bet the four women on the tables felt a lot more helpless than her. Was that why their orgasms were so frequent and so powerful?

She worked her hand. Her arm jerked around inside the robe, causing the robe's cowl to fall away from her head. That did not matter. In fact, it was good. The cowl had made her sweat, and her hand was making her all the hotter. It felt good to have her face and head free of the suffocating cowl.

One of her compatriots out on the tables orgasmed yet again, gurgling around a cock inserted in her mouth, humping against a male cumming inside her, while pulling so hard at the cocks in her hands that the men winced in pain/pleasure.

Saffay felt justified. She had to do it. She had to pleasure herself. It was the least she could do! She was... showing support to her compatriots! She would be with them in spirit.

A dark orgasmic spirit.

Saffay's hand reached her wet panty-clad pubic mound. The barest touch felt exquisite, like she might cum at any instant.

Yes!

This was the right thing to do! The pleasure told her so. It was right even though it felt so naughty.

Saffay pressed her hand against her wetness and stifled a groan.

Behind her, someone did not stifle their words.

"Saffay? What are you doing in those robes? And why aren't you out there performing your new duty to satisfy the citizens of Ethecreeth?"

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