



LESBIAN SEDUCTION FICTION BY JORDAN CHURCH



SEX SLAVE SORcery, CHAPTER SIX

Saffay was freaked out!

She pulled her hand away from her pubic area, but getting it up and out through the sleeve would be a more difficult proposition than getting it inside. And it would look obvious.

She turned clockwise, but not all the way around. She turned so that her right arm was towards the speaker, who was further back in the alley, and her empty left sleeve was hidden. Her left arm hung down inside her robe.

She kept her hand barely off her pubic mound while worried that if she pulled it too far away, she would look like a lascivious robed monk with an erection.

The speaker was a female. It sounded like the speaker knew her, but Saffay might not know her back. Saffay wasn't sure if she recognized the voice.

The speaker approached very near. She was short with short blonde hair. Saffay recognized her as one of the Assistant Merchants of the wedding dress store. Dorrin? Saffay thought that was her name.

Saffay had assisted Dorrin several times with situations. With thieves and one time an unruly male upset that his preferred female intended to marry a male other than himself.

Saffay wished no one had seen her, but if she'd had to choose someone to see her, it might be Dorrin because Dorrin was always helpful and professional. And Dorrin also owed Saffay to some degree.

Dorrin said, "I think I know what's going on here. You've been naughty, Saffay!"

Saffay actually did feel quite naughty. She'd been peeping at sex, watching her compatriots get molested, and she had an arm inside her robe to facilitate self-pleasuring. Dorrin was right. Saffay was naughty!

Dorrin reached up and gripped Saffay's right upper arm through the robe. Saffay was surprised and disconcerted by the contact. Dorrin had never touched her before, and this touch did not seem appropriate. Saffay began to pull away.

Dorrin's voice took on iron, "None of that now, Saffay, you newborn slut. I'm talking, and you have to listen. And you have to do more than listen. You

must do as I tell you to do.”

That was not true! Why would Dorrin think that?

Dorrin jerked hard on Saffay’s arm, nearly unbalancing her, “I bet you decided you needed a break. So, you found some Purlanian robes, Gods know where, and snuck into this alley. You know what I call that? Dereliction of slut duty! Your new uni must be weaker willed than most.”

Saffay wasn’t sure what to say. It seemed Dorrin assumed she must be under the sway of the entrapping uniforms the others wore. But did that assumption work for or against Saffay?

Saffay pulled harder to get out of Dorrin’s grip. She was much stronger than Dorrin. She freed her arm and stepped back, careful not to step into the lights of the town square.

Dorrin tutted, “So naughty. Such a naughty slut. Do I need to sound the alarm and summon the menfolk over here? They no doubt would enjoy availing themselves of your charms. Or should we keep this between us?”

Saffay did not want Dorrin to sound the alarm!

Saffay answered, trying to keep her voice as low as possible, “No, Dorrin, do not sound the alarm. Let us keep this between us.”

Dorrin arched one eyebrow demandingly, “Is that how you address a free woman of Ethecreeth now?”

Huh? Dorrin was her name. Saffay was pretty sure of that. And Dorrin was not of the noble class and so had no accompanying titles. Dorrin should be addressed as Dorrin. Or perhaps Assistant Merchant Dorrin, but that was far too formal.

Dorrin poked hard at the center mass of Saffay's right breast. One word per hard poke, "You. Call. Me. Mistress. Always. Or. You. Will. Be. Punished."

It seemed that not only did Dorrin believe Saffay was under the influence of one of the corruptive uniforms, but Dorrin also wasn't sympathetic about it. It was like she wanted to take advantage of the assumed situation!

Saffay felt it was bad luck that Dorrin had spotted her, but very good luck that Dorrin was a female. Thank the Gods and Goddesses, Dorrin was not a male who wanted to take advantage. A male would want sex! Dorrin simply wanted Saffay to address her as Mistress, as if Dorrin was superior to Saffay. When, in fact, Saffay was quite sure, certain really, that she was far better than Dorrin.

Dorrin was merely an Assistant Merchant. Saffay was a warrior woman of some limited renown.

Saffay was also practical and not overly prideful. The important thing at that moment was not who was better than whom or Saffay having to call Dorrin Mistress. The important thing was making sure that Dorrin did not sound the alarm.

"Mistress Dorrin... please do not sound the alarm. There is no need to do so."

"Just call me Mistress. Drop my name. Try it out."

Saffay swallowed thickly. There was something about that word. When she had just said it, she'd felt a burst of humiliation, and, just for a brief moment, a feeling as if Dorrin was better than her.

These were strange feelings to Saffay. Humiliation was almost completely foreign to her. She often met people of higher social status than her or

higher ranks, but she didn't usually feel like they were better than her in a one-on-one way. These new feelings made her feel quite odd!

Now she had to say that word again....

"Mistress."

"There. That's better. I guess I got you sorted out. You should thank me for sorting you out."

Thank her? For that? Thank her for talking to her in a way that caused humiliation!?!

Sorted out? She was not sorted out! Whatever that even meant.

Saffay kept her eyes on the end-goal ball. She could put up with a little silliness with Dorrin for the moment. She needed to think of it that way. It was silliness, not humiliation. She had to avoid Dorrin sounding an alarm. That was what was important.

"Thank you, Mistress."

Dorrin looked at her piercingly, clearly not fully satisfied.

Inner groan.

"Thank you... Mistress. For sorting me out, Mistress."

The corners of Dorrin's little mouth turned up in a hint of a smirk. She looked satisfied. She looked *overly* satisfied.

Saffay was dismayed and frustrated that she hadn't wanted to use the term Mistress one more time and yet had ended up using it three more times.

Gods and Goddesses! The humiliation made Saffay feel so squirmy. Like she wanted to wiggle. Like she wanted to twist her body back and forth. Like... something. Some other things. Saffay couldn't comprehend what they might be.

Dorrin said, "I want you to sound more sincere and enthusiastic in your responses from now on. After all, I am your Mistress. But I agree, there is no need to sound the alarm. I don't begrudge you a little rest. You Watch bitches have been getting worked hard for days. I don't know if any of you have even slept. I didn't see what's been done to you specifically so far. This is the first I've seen of you since the big conversion. Maybe because you're sneaking around in Purlanian robes trying to avoid your slut duties.

"You're one of the ones I hadn't seen. Until now. The truth is, I've been keeping an eye out for you."

Dorrin had watched for her in particular? But why? Because of the times Saffay had helped her with situations? But if Dorrin had watched out for her in hopes of helping her, then why was Dorrin being so pushy and rude?

Dorrin continued, "You can 'rest' here with me, in this alley. No need to bring males into this. I'm sure that servicing one Mistress will seem like a rest to you in comparison to satisfying three or four males at the same time."

Wait! Servicing...? Dorrin wanted Saffay to service her? In what way?

Saffay had a strong suspicion she already knew what way. She hoped she was wrong!

"Uh, Mistress...." Oh, the way that word made her feel! "Do you need me to... move some trash for you... or... ah, fill in working in the store?"

Dorrin laughed. It seemed like a friendly laugh, one with actual amusement. For a moment, Saffay thought she would manage this little situation just fine.

"I am pleased that the new uniform does not interfere with your sense of humor. I think everyone enjoys sex slaves who are funny more than the ones who are dour."

Sex slaves!

Saffay hadn't thought of it that way, but she guessed that was what most of The Watch was now. Sex slaves.

Sex slaves that belonged to the entire community? What was that? Communistic sex slavery? That might be twice as wrong as regular sex slavery! That was totally fucked up! Twice as totally fucked up!

Actually, it looked like the "sex slaves" on the town square tables were about four times as fucked, each with four sexual partners at a time. And more waiting in line.

Saffay was old-fashioned. She believed sex slaves should have a single owner. That was how it was meant to be. That was not to say the sex slave should only have sex with her one owner. Sex slavery was no marriage for God's and Goddess's sake! It was not nearly so bad as marriage!

Saffay thought some might call her overly traditional, but that was how she was raised. Everything had its place, including sex slaves. They should have one owner. Oh, and most people should not get to have sex slaves. It should be a privilege. They were for the rich and the nobles. Sex slavery should not be cheapened by allowing sex slaves to become too common and populous.

Oh, and also, members of The Watch should not be sex slaves. Of course not! They were good and brave and accomplished warriors and battle mages. They had skills far more useful than sexual skills.

Saffay felt strongly that sex slaves should only come from the peasantry, from the oppressed, and from foreign sources. They should not be good and useful and un-poor Phellassians.

Except, of course, if Phellassian females were captured in war. Then they were expected to take up a forced permanent career in sex slavery for whoever was on the other side of the war. That was only fair.

But only if they were captured by humans! Serving as a sex slave to other humans was expected in many situations. There was nothing wrong with it as long as it was not you, or a family member, a loved one, or a friend.

However, serving as a sex slave to a nonhuman, some humanoid, any humanoid, was so very wrong! And shameful! Especially if the nonhuman was a murderous Krelling. They were the worst!

The Krellings and other humanoids could not be blamed for wanting human sex slaves. Of course not. They were only low-intelligence nonhumans. The blame and the shame fell squarely on the shoulders – and other body parts – of the human sex slaves. Shame on them for letting themselves be enslaved by nonhumans! If you were going to become a sex slave, you should be discerning enough to make sure it was a human who enslaved you.

Oh-oh! Dorrin was right up to her, almost up against her!

Saffay felt a crazy fear. It felt so strange to be afraid of Dorrin, who was so much shorter than her and had no warrior skills that Saffay knew of. Yet Saffay felt more fear than she'd ever felt in a fight or a battle.

Dorrin told her, "I'm going to take a break from my work as I have no customers in the shoppe right now. I'll let you have a break, too, of a sort. A break in comparison to your fellow ladies of The Watch out there on the tables. You're going to do what I want, and I know you're going to want what I want. I know it because even though you snuck away from the crowd, here you are peeping. You can't really get away from it, just like you can't take off your uniform. I saw what you were doing while you watched. You hid it well, but I could tell you were self-pleasuring."

Dorrin knew!

Also... Dorrin intended... something!

Dorrin's words hinted at something. They made Saffay feel funny in a most unamusing way.

Saffay felt she must do something. Something! But what? If she tried to talk Dorrin out of whatever Dorrin intended, it would be obvious to Dorrin that Saffay was not ensorcelled like her compatriots. Dorrin would sound the alarm.

Should she strike at Dorrin? Kill her?

Saffay had her gladius. It would be difficult to draw and strike before Dorrin cried out an alarm, but Dorrin would succumb to a single cut. Two at the most.

Saffay was also pretty sure she could choke out Dorrin even with only one hand ready to choke. Her left was still stuck under her robe.

But a dead body would raise questions. And perhaps a viewback spell would be purchased. Once Saffay, a member of The Watch, was seen acting independently and wearing Purlanian robes, more viewback spells would be

purchased and cast. They would look further and further back in time, tracking Saffay back to Purla's Temple.

The bad guys, Sliphera, Kutherut, and Nicrar, and their ilk and cronies, would then be on the way to knowing who was involved in the plot to undo their evil plot. They would soon learn who was involved and where they were. They would become aware of a plot against their plot. They would learn not only that there were remaining independent members of The Watch, but also that they had teamed up with the Purlanians.

Piddrin, Olliis, Effa, and everyone at the local Purlanian Temple would be in danger.

Goodbye to the element of surprise. They needed the element of surprise. Even with the Purlanians, the uncorrupted members of The Watch were outnumbered. Not even counting the immoral citizens of Ethecreeth being on the side of the witch because they so far seemed all for The Watch being made up of free-use slut slaves. Saffay and her counter-plot compatriots *really* needed the element of surprise.

Dorrin said, "Let's get this silly Purlanian robe off you. Don't pretend to be what you aren't. Fuck, you're just the opposite of those frigid Purlanians. Always fucking looking down their noses at everyone else."

Actually, Saffay thought Dorrrin was correct about the Purlanians. And, in a different way than Dorrrin intended, Dorrrin was correct about Saffay pretending to be what she wasn't. Saffay was not a Purlanian. But she also wasn't some sex slave belonging to the entire town!

Saffay was situationally flummoxed into near immobility as Dorrrin divested her of her vestments. What little movements Saffay made were minor contributions to the effort to remove her Purlanian robe.

Gods and Goddesses damn her! She was helping Dorrin get her naked!

She guessed she had to pretend to be a newly magically corrupted community sex slave. She guessed a sex slave would help remove her clothing when her Mistress expressed that was what she wanted.

Saffay felt mentally numb, like she was in a light shock as she'd seen occur with some warriors after battles, sometimes even during battles. At the same time as her mental numbing, her body's sensitivity seemed heightened.

She laid the sheathed gladius to one side. She should be using it on Dorrin, not laying it on the ground in a dirty little alley.

She felt the scrape of the robe over her skin as it was pulled off, like the feeling was somehow magnified. She felt the chill night air on her bare skin, chilling her. She felt her nipples. She did not feel them get hard. She felt that they were hard already. She didn't know when that happened. Was it when she began self-pleasuring? That must be when.

Surely, they would not have hardened when Dorrin surprised her, or when Dorrin said those shocking words to her, or when Saffay was compelled to call Dorrin Mistress, or when Saffay began to suspect what Dorrin might want from her.

Surely not then! Not any of those thens!

But, even if her nipples hardened before Dorrin interrupted her self-pleasuring, it was certainly true that they were still hard, as hard as could be. Saffay would have expected her nipples to have softened over the past few minutes. Instead, they throbbed demandingly!

They were not all that throbbed demandingly on Saffay's body....

Saffay was so disappointed in herself.

Once the robe was off, Dorrin paid attention to the scabbarded gladius Saffay had laid aside.

“What’s this? A sword? I thought all of you sluts were disarmed. But then again, there really is no need to disarm you. You wouldn’t use this anyway. Someone must have left it on you, or put it on you, as a kink. Fuck the swordswoman, is it?”

“Um. Yes. It’s like that.” Saffay thought she sounded like an idiot. Dorrin was thinking what Saffay wanted her to think, that Saffay was corrupted. But did Saffay have to sound so weak and uncertain?

Dorrin freed up and pulled off the sash containing Saffay’s breasts. Just like that, Saffay was topless. In public! Was an alley a public space?

Dorrin tugged and worked at Saffay’s tight long-panties until she had them down Saffay’s long legs. The pulls made Saffay’s waist jerk almost like she was performing a harem woman dance of attraction.

Dorrin glanced again at the sheathed gladius and smiled a sneaky little smile, “I wonder if the gladius might be useful.”

Of course, it was useful. It was a great weapon. It was short, but wide and thick. It was a stout blade. It could endure delivering many strikes to shields and armor. It was best to have a weapon that could last throughout a long battle without needing replacement.

Saffay’s gladius had a few minor magics invested in it. The blade did not dull and was always shiny. If she willed it, once a day it could deliver a blinding flash of light. That was most useful in a battle or a sword fight! Saffay would close her eyes or avert her face while activating the magic, usually

temporarily blinding opponents. They were blinded for only a few moments, but Saffay needed less than that to deliver up to four body-ripping slashes.

Dorrin picked up the scabbarded blade, her little mouth making a wolfish smile.

Dorrin turned the scabbarded blade and poked it between Saffay's legs.

What was-!

Dorrin sawed the scabbard up against Saffay's slit. The load of sensation it produced in Saffay was shocking. Saffay gasped. She was so surprised by the act that she did not know what to do. She stood there while Dorrin sawed away and giggled.

Dorrin concluded with clear amusement, "Yes, this gladius is useful."

Dorrin kept the scabbard firm along Saffay's slit and kept sliding it.

Oh, it felt...!

Saffay felt...!

This was not how a gladius was supposed to be used!

A warriorress took care of her weapon and honored it. She did not have sexual relations with it!

Saffay couldn't believe how good it felt. The edge of the scabbard ran up and down the length of her slit, like a saw in a log, sawing upside down.

Oh, it felt far too good!

This was... this was... it was wrong! It was so humiliating!

Dorrin shrugged, "I like to get more hands-on. Someone's hands."

Dorrin tossed the scabbarded gladius to the ground. It clattered through some trash. Saffay was almost more horrified by that. A warriorress took care of her weaponry and never treated it with disrespect! Her weapons could save the day and save her life.

But perhaps the gladius was treated with disrespect before Dorrin threw it down. Was the rubbing of the sheathed gladius along Saffay's woman's sheath disrespectful to the gladius? Or only to Saffay?

Perhaps it was more respectful to the gladius than Saffay had ever before been to it...

Saffay knew it was good that Dorrin had stopped using the gladius so improperly on her. So why did she wish Dorrin had not stopped?

Dorrin grabbed Saffay's left hand, the one that had been trapped under Saffay's Purlanian robe. Dorrin raised Saffay's hand and looked at it.

"I'm surprised your fingers aren't wet. You must have just started when I spotted you. We'll fix that."

Fix what? Fix it how!?!

"Spread your legs."

Spread her naked legs? The ones that led up to her now naked sex? In a lowly alley? With the raucous sounds of the rough sex at the town square tables behind Saffay? Behind her bare back and bare ass?

“Do it, slut. Do it for your Mistress.”

Do it for her Mistress....

Saffay did it. She did it in order to protect the mission. That was why. Not for her Mistress. She hoped she did it for the mission and not for... her Mistress.

Dorrin was not her Mistress!

Saffay did not have a Mistress!

Saffay was not one of the females who preferred females. She was not!

Saffay was... naked! Dorrin had taken off everything. And so quickly!

No doubt, the way Saffay helped take off her own clothing helped Dorrin get her most quickly naked.

She was naked in a dark alley. Naked with a small horde of lustful, immoral males nearby treating her compatriots the way those same males would no doubt want to treat her if they had the opportunity. She was naked under the sharp eyes of a surprisingly dominant Assistant Merchant who was looking at her hungrily.

Saffay had never felt so helpless!

Saffay had never felt so humiliated!

Saffay felt shockingly aroused!

Dorrin commanded her, and Saffay now fully realized Dorrin's words were commands, “Go ahead and do what you were doing, or about to do, before I

found you avoiding your slut duties. Rub that slut pussy. Get your fingers juicy.”

Her slut duties....

Rub her slut pussy....

Get her fingers juicy....

The words sank into her like heavy stones in her muddy mind.

Her fingers sank into, up into, her pussy.

She had obeyed so quickly!

It felt so good! Anything that felt this good must be bad. And it was!

Saffay hadn't thought her fingers would get juicy. Maybe a little damp. Maybe just a little. But no. She was soaked! Spreading her pussy lips and pushing fingers inside herself, two of them, made a tiny cascade of juice release and run along her inner thighs.

She was so wet!

She must actually be slutty! To be this wet, in this situation? She must be slutty. She was still a good person. She was still a brave warrior. But also, she felt slutty.

“Put on a show for your Mistress. A private show of your privates. Show your Mistress how slutty you are.”

Saffay just went ahead and did as ordered, without thought. She turned more towards Dorrin, spread her legs slightly, used her free hand to spread

her pussy lips not at all slightly, and worked two fingers from her other hand in and out of her pussy, thrusting steadily.

She was... she was... putting on a show!

For her... for Dorrin.

She was showing Dorrin how slutty she was, but she also saw how slutty she was. She felt it. This was so slutty! Self-pleasuring at the command of another woman who watched her self-pleasure. In an alley!

She was in an alley, and her fingers were right up her lady alley.

Dorrin corrected her, "Recall, slut, that when a Mistress gives you an order, you acknowledge it."

Oh. Oh no. Acknowledging the order was no big deal. She was already doing it, obeying it. But Saffay knew she was supposed to use that word. The word that made her feel so odd. So slutty. So submissive.

She felt the feeling nonstop since she started using the word, but each time she used the word, the feeling of submission spiked. She also felt the feeling even when Dorrin said the word and called herself Mistress, but Saffay felt it so much more powerfully when she used the word.

Why was the word's effect stronger when Saffay used it than when Dorrin used it? Saffay thought she knew. No one could really help what other people said. Except through threats or putting a gag on them or whatever. And no one was held accountable, truly, for the words of others.

But Saffay was responsible for what she herself said.

Saying it herself held more meaning. It held more... sway. Saffay almost felt

dizzy, like she might start to sway.

She did not want to say that word again. Ever.

However... she had an order... and she had to obey....

It was strange how it no longer felt like she needed to obey for strategic reasons or out of necessity. It felt like she had to obey because it was what she was supposed to do and should do. It was almost like she wanted to obey!

She was fingerfucking her pussy, and she was thrusting fast and firm while her other hand held her labia wide open in some kind of display-to-others position.

"Yes... Mistress. I will acknowledge your orders, Mistress. From now on, Mistress. I promise, Mistress. I'm putting on a show for you, Mistress! Do you like the show... Mistress?"

Saffay was startled and appalled at how many times she'd used the word. Surely that was at least three or four more times than need be. Or five. It was too much!

Had she tried to use the word so often as an instinctive way to deny its power and diffuse it? If so, that was an utter failure. The word seemed to affect her even more powerfully now.

Saffay knew she was thrusting her fingers in her pussy even more rapidly now. She was absolutely dripping. She felt juice running off her knuckles.

Why had she asked Mistress....

Why had she asked *Dorrin* if she liked the show? *Dorrin* had not told her to

ask that. Saffay should not care if Dorrin liked the show.

Besides, it was obvious that Dorrin did like the show. Her eyes were so intent. They gleamed with lustful intent.

It really came home to Saffay, as she drove her fingers home inside her pussy and as her pleasure escalated, that Dorrin was one of those females who preferred females. Or at the least, also enjoyed females in *that way*.

Dorrin was enjoying the show and, on some level, Saffay was enjoying Dorrin's appreciation. Which made her sick to her stomach, that sick feeling combining with the thrills her fingers drove into herself.

What was truly worrisome was where this might be going. It was humiliating to self-pleasure in an alley while a female who preferred females watched appreciatively, but it could get much worse.

Would Dorrin be satisfied by simply watching?

Would Saffay cum while Dorrin watched? It was going in that direction!

Dorrin answered Saffay's question as to whether she liked the show, "I do like the show, slut. I like having you here in my alley. Hm. I wonder if there are some chains or at least ropes in the backroom of the shoppe. Perhaps I could put them to alternative use and keep you chained up in this alley. Everyone would look forward to their breaks. I know I would."

Dorrin was talking about chaining her up in the alley!

"You'd like that, wouldn't you, slut?"

Like it!?! Who could ever like that!?!

Saffay was surprised to hear herself answer, "Yes, Mistress! I'd like that so much! Mistress!"

Why would she say that? It could not be the truth!

She must have simply wanted an excuse to use that word again. Twice more. The word use had delivered two wonderful surges of lust. As did the way she shoved her fingers into herself. She was her soft folds hard, so hard, harder all the time.

She had just more or less asked Dorrin to chain her up in the alley! What if Dorrin actually tried to chain her up? Saffay would have to eliminate her. Perhaps with that same chain wrapped around Dorrin's neck.

Either that, or... no....

No!

Dorrin said, "Show me how juicy your fingers are. Hold them up."

How embarrassing!

Even worse, Saffay would have to stop fingerfucking herself.

But... Dorrin was the Mistress....

Saffay felt a surge of wants. She wanted to see how juicy her fingers were. Dorrin wasn't the only one who wanted to see it. Saffay wanted to see it also. She knew she was so wet, and her fingers had to be soaked. She would only see what she already expected. But she still wanted to see it. And she wanted to show it to Dorrin.

Why? Why!?!

Because it would be so humiliating, so submissive. Saffay wasn't used to ever feeling humiliation or submission. It was more intoxicating than a barrel of mead!

She wanted to feel that terrible and terribly arousing humiliation that would come with doing the act. She wanted to obey... not *her* Mistress but... the Mistress.

Saffay held her slick fingers up. They were drenched!

Dorrin instructed, "Keep that hand raised. Put your other slut hand to work on your slut pussy. Rub your slutty little clit."

This was a fine idea! Dorrin the Mistress was so wise! Saffay's pussy had immediately missed her fingerfucking hand. Now she'd get a change-up, some clit rubbing. Her clit was fucking throbbing!

Saffay rubbed her clitoris. She swore she nearly orgasmed as soon as she made contact with her clit. She nearly yelled out, either something profane or a cry of orgasm. She only barely kept herself, or was kept, from an extremely humiliating orgasm.

Whew! That was a close one!

Oh no, she probably should not orgasm like this. In an alley. With an Assistant Merchant, a female one, giving her orders and watching her. This was no way for a good woman to orgasm.

But she hadn't orgasmed. That was what was important. She had not. Close, no matter how very close, did not count.

But she wasn't out of the woods yet. She was still in the alley. She was still close. Constantly close. She was probably getting closer with each thumb

pad stroke across her clitoris. She should probably stop. She could probably pretend to clit-stroke without making contact. She could at least stroke more slowly.

But no, she couldn't. She just could not stop!

It seemed like her other hand, the dripping wet one held at face level in front of her, was inspiring her other hand to keep her tauntingly close to orgasm.

She rubbed her clitoris and stared at the wet fingers of her other hand, held out like a disgraced finger spectacle. Her mouth was half-open, and she felt herself heaving breaths.

She was panting. She wasn't the only one who noticed.

Dorrin laughed, "You're panting for it. You sluts of The Watch. Everyone likes you more now that you're sluts than they ever did when you were watching over everyone. Getting some from sluts, getting anything anyone wants, is so much better than being safe. Fuck safe. Give me the available submissive sluts.

"Now, instead of keeping us safe, you and your buddies are practicing very unsafe sex. We citizens of Ethecreeth like it. Isn't that so wonderful?"

It was awful! It was wrong! It was most terrible!

"It is wonderful, Mistress! It is soooo wonderful, Mistress!"

Who said that? Herself? She had sounded so impassioned and so slutty, she had barely recognized her own voice.

It was so shameful that she had just endorsed the transgression committed

against the women of The Watch. And it was so shamefully arousing!

“Are you panting for it like I said?”

“Yes, Mistress! I’m panting for it, Mistress!”

The word Mistress sure was coming easily from her mouth now. Almost flying out. Accompanied by panting.

She was saying Mistress like she wanted to say it. Like she was grateful to say it.

Like it was a truth...?

“Taste yourself, slut. Suck on your juicy fingers while you rub your clit.”

Wha-?

That was...!

That was so...!

Saffay could not... possibly....

“Yes, Mistress! I will suck on my juicy fingers for you, Mistress! I will rub my clit for you, Mistress!”

She did it. She sucked hard on her fingers. She rubbed hard on her clit.

Obeying felt so good! Obeying tasted so naughty!

Saffay had one semi-coherent thought before she orgasmed: now she knew what a slut tasted like.

WordPress Theme: Tortuga by ThemeZee.

