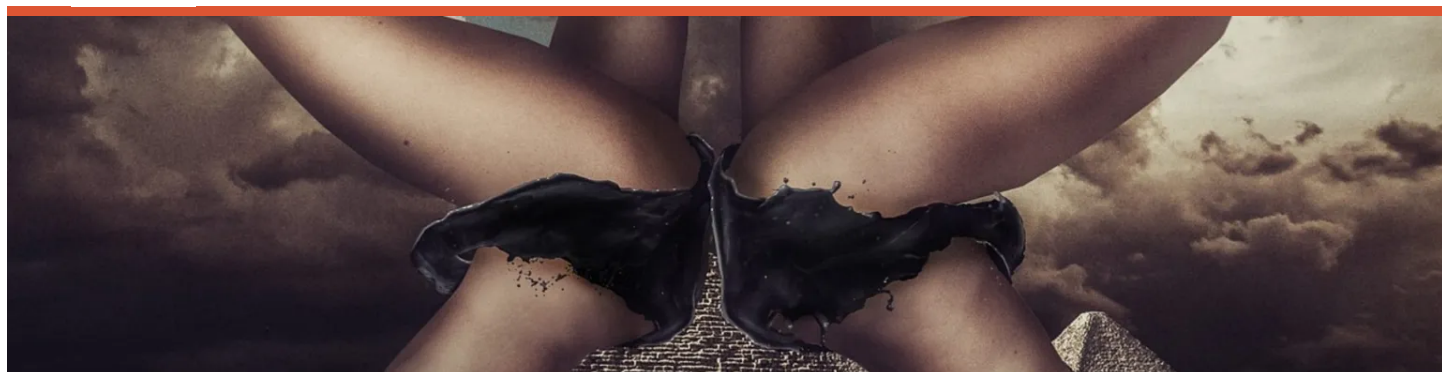


## LESBIAN SEDUCTION FICTION BY JORDAN CHURCH



### SEX SLAVE SORcery, CHAPTER SEVEN

Saffay rode her hand through her orgasm. And sucked on her fingers, slurping on them like they were a pacifier.

Saffay's hips shifted and wiggled and thrust like she was trying to fuck her hand and the air of the alley.

Dorrin smirked and approached very close to Saffay, "I have to admit something now that I know you really are just another newly made, newly made to do it, slut of The Watch. You didn't seem like the others. For just a

moment earlier, I was worried. But it's obvious that your new uniform works. I wish I could see it, but at least now I know it's there on you."

Dorrin had suspected she might not be corrupted? But now she was sure that Saffay was corrupted?

Saffay did feel corrupted. Maybe a Chufwaask had crawled onto her without her knowing it had?

She felt corrupted, but she also felt incredible. That must have been the best orgasm she'd ever had in her life. The best feeling. The worst one considering the circumstances.

It sounded like Dorrin was sure Saffay was corrupted because Saffay had acted as slutty as the corrupted members of The Watch. So... Saffay's strategy of going along with Dorrin's misconception had worked?

It also meant that maybe... Saffay was a slut....

Saffay had not felt like she was acting. It had all felt very real.

Saffay wasn't sure how she *should* feel. But she knew how she *did* feel. She felt great! That orgasm! It was the best she'd had since... ever.

Saffay guessed it was good that the uniforms were invisible. She could blend in, and people would assume she had a Chufwaask uniform on as long as she acted slutty and obedient. That was all it took. But that was a lot!

Saffay had a wild thought. She could come down to the town square whenever she wanted, join the others, act like a corrupted slut, and then leave when convenient.

She could. But she shouldn't. She wouldn't! There would be no reason to do that.

Except... maybe... for the orgasms....

Sweet oblivious Gods and Goddesses! She was trying to save the others from their terrible fate, not join them in it!

She needed to get away from Dorrin and out of the alley. Dorrin had had her fun. And it was also true, shameful as it was, that Saffay had had her fun. Now it was over. It was time to get back to the others.

She would give the others a very plain and cleaned-up version of what she had learned tonight. That the Purlanians would join them. That she had observed that the other members of The Watch truly were corrupted. That the people of Ethecreeth were a bunch of assholes and bitches for making use of the newly free-use compromised members of The Watch.

Saffay still rubbed her pussy, but the orgasmic sensations had mostly receded. She knew it was time to leave, but she did not feel like leaving. She knew she should get her clothes back on, but she did not feel like getting dressed.

Yeah, she should probably stop sucking on her fingers, also. But the taste of slut was really something. What a surprise that she was the slut.

Normally, she felt done with sex once she orgasmed. Or more accurately, she felt done with sex once her romantic partner had orgasmed. Her own orgasms were far too chancy and infrequent.

But this time she had orgasmed, and she did not feel done. The orgasm had receded, but she was still turned on. Why didn't she feel done? Because she did not want to be done? She should want to be done!

What she'd done so far was such a shame on her. No one must ever know. Dorrin knowing was one person too many knowing. Saffay knowing was another person too many knowing!

"So far?" That sounded like she expected more. No! She should expect to leave right away.

Dorrin grasped Saffay's breasts. Saffay held her breath, the breath holding making her breasts stick out like she was trying to fill Dorrin's hands, almost like she was trying to offer her breasts to Dorrin.

Saffay kept sucking on her fingers. She guessed it helped her avoid saying anything that would ruin her all-too-convincing act that she was uniform-compromised.

Dorrin ran her thumb pads back and forth over Saffay's nipples. Saffay's hard nipples bounced back to attention after each thumb passage. The sensations it caused were powerful. Saffay wasn't sure if her nipples had ever felt so sensitive.

Saffay kept rubbing her pussy and sucking on her fingers. She guessed it was a convincing way to portray that she was a slut. It felt *very* convincing. It felt so great to be so convincing! Actresses in the town plays must love their work!

Dorrin giggled, "Yeah, and you were the one called The Untouchable. You're touchable as fuck now."

It was true. But only for Dorrin and only as part of an act so convincing that it was starting to fool Saffay as well.

Dorrin demanded, "You need a new name. One that is more accurate. Stop sucking on those fingers. Tell me your new name."

A new name!?!

Saffay thought she knew what it had to be. She thought she knew what her —what Dorrin expected her to say.

“You can call me Saffay the Touchable, Mistress.”

“Yes, good, I think I will. I’m not sure yet about chaining you up in the alley. I don’t like to share. I hear Kutherkut has claimed Fiff as his own. He says she will bear him children. I don’t doubt it with all that fucking of her with no pulling out. Maybe I should have my own sex slave. What do you think, Saffay the Touchable? Do you want to be my personal sex slave?”

Saffay knew what she had to say. She did not want Dorrin to call over anyone else.

But saying it felt like a commitment. Saffay had made speaking the truth a habit. It felt dangerous to say it even though she needed to say it to avoid a danger. She did not want her own words to confuse her and make her believe them. She was already feeling quite confused!

“Yes, Mistress. I want to be your personal sex slave, Mistress.”

Saffay noticed and was sure Dorrin noticed as well that each time she said Mistress she humped just a little harder against the hand cupping her sex, like one of the enticing dancers at a pleasure house performing a bump-and-grind to tempt a customer to purchase personal services.

Dorrin captured Saffay’s nipples. She pulled slowly downward on them. It was harsh guidance. Saffay had to go where her nipples went. In moments, she was on her knees, on the rough stone cobbles of the dirty alley.

She was on her knees. On her knees in front of her... in front of a Mistress.

In front of Dorrin, who looked quite pleased to have the lovely nude warrior woman on her knees.

Dorrin released Saffay's nipples and stepped back, telling her, "Switch hands. Switch the rub and the suck."

Saffay pulled her hand away from her pussy and stuffed juiced-up fingers in her mouth. She stuffed the saliva-coated fingers of her other hand into her pussy.

The taste on her fingers was the taste of pussy, but it was also the taste of humiliation. She didn't think she should like either, but she liked them both.

Oh, she had almost forgotten to acknowledge her—!

Saffay spoke with her fingers in her mouth, "Yeth, Mith-tweth."

Dorrin grinned, "I like having a sex slave."

Saffay bet Dorrin did it. What dominant lesbian wouldn't want Saffay acting like an obedient sex slave?

The mystery was why Saffay liked the current situation. Why did she like it so much?

Saffay was good. She had always been good and had always thought she would be good. But Dorrin had her behaving naughtily and slutty. Saffay was performing for an Assistant Merchant who, more and more, seemed to be some kind of evil.

Saffay couldn't really blame Dorrin. Yes, it was wrong. Saffay was no sex slave. She had warrior skills and had done so well in her young life. She would be wasted as a sex slave. Yes, she was beautiful, but it was the poor

and unskilled beauties, most especially the foreign ones, who were good candidates to become sex slaves. Not Saffay!

If she, a Phellassian, traveled to another country, then, fair is fair, maybe she would end up as a sex slave. But she was a clever and accomplished Phellassian in Phellassia. She could not be a slave here. Not her. Surely not!

But Saffay couldn't blame Dorrin for being pleased with her transitory, illusory feat of making Saffay into a sex slave. Dorrin was only an Assistant Merchant at a moderately successful shoppe. It might take five years' wages, were Dorrin to save every coin earned, for her to pay outright for a sex slave. Gaining an immediate sex slave at no cost would be extreme good fortune for one such as Dorrin.

It *would* be quite a feat if it was actually the case. But it was not the case! Dorrin would learn that eventually. And Saffay reminded herself to keep in her own passion-dazed mind that she was not a sex slave and would never be one. It was not meant to be!

Saffay knew she would be quite a catch for Dorrin had it been true. Not only the acquisition of a sex slave, but an extremely beautiful one. Saffay was sure she must be a better prize physically than nine out of ten sex slaves.

However, she thought she likely lacked the skill set of a typical sex slave. She did not have their experience. And training? Were sex slaves trained? Probably. Why wouldn't they get trained? Training makes anyone better. At whatever. Even sex slavery.

Saffay had greater beauty than most sex slaves, but less skill/experience/training. But surely, she was clever enough, or could be obedient enough, to learn all the sex slave special sex skills.

Dorrin was taking off her clothing!

Saffay wasn't sure why that was so surprising to her. She guessed because they were outdoors and she'd been the nude one. It was like Dorrin was coming down to her level by getting naked like her.

Dorrin was better than that. She was a Mistress! Dorrin should not have to get naked in an alley.

It amazed Saffay how highly she'd come to think of Dorrin since this encounter with her began. Before this night, Dorrin was just a face and a status to Saffay, a person of no consequence. A customer of sorts.

Dorrin had behaved terribly in the alley, had revealed herself to be wicked in nature, had treated Saffay like a sex slave, and made Saffay act like a sex slave. Dorrin had shown she was aware of the "new uniform" issue with The Watch, and Dorrin had taken advantage of it while taking advantage of Saffay.

By rights, Saffay should now think much less of Dorrin than what little she'd thought of her before. But instead, she looked up to her. Literally, while now on her knees, but also in other ways. It felt like Dorrin was superior to her. It felt like Dorrin was a Mistress. It felt like Dorrin was *Saffay's* Mistress.

It wasn't only that Dorrin's status had soared in Saffay's mind. Her own status had greatly reduced. The new differential was a gulf of difference.

Saffay did not feel like a brave warrior woman. She felt more like... an extremely aroused woman. No, the way she felt was more than that. It was not only that. Saffay felt like a sex slave. She was grateful it was only a feeling. It was not true, but it was uncanny how real it felt.

Dorrin, now nude, stepped up to Saffay.

“Don’t bother getting up. Your work down on your knees is not yet done. Take your fingers out of your mouth. I’ll give you something else to do with your mouth.”

Saffay thought she knew what Dorrin meant by that. It was hard to believe anyone would expect Saffay to do that, let alone a mere Assistant Merchant. Let alone in a miserable alley. It was even harder to believe how it made Saffay’s tummy tighten and made her feel hunger.

She wanted it.

She wanted to do it?

She did!

Oh, wait, she forgot to verbally acknowledge her-!

She had to fit in as a corrupted slut. She would acknowledge like a corrupted slut and she would lick like a corrupted slut and her Mistress would have no idea she was actually a freethinking female who likes males.

Saffay pulled her fingers out of her mouth, “I understand, Mistress. I’ll do my best, Mistress!”

Dorrin giggled, “I know you will.”

Dorrin stepped forward, adding commands, “No touching me other than with your mouth and face. Since your mouth will be otherwise busily employed, use both hands on your slut pussy.”

It seemed like a good idea. Her Mistress had a plan, and it was a good one. Saffay’s opinion of Dorrin soared ever higher. She felt so pleased to please her.

It was getting hard to keep track of why she was doing this, that her behavior was a simple necessity, strategic, and that she was only acting. It felt so real. She couldn't hold on to her worry about all the horny males surging around the town square or that someone else might come into the alley and see Saffay like this.

Saffay felt grateful that her Mistress told her to please her pussy with both hands. It almost seemed considerate. Saffay did not hesitate to put both hands to work, one spreading her open, the other plundering fingers into herself.

She was surprised and gratified that she still felt such needy lust after having orgasmed. This was a new reaction she'd never had before. Still wanting sex after sex, even after an orgasm? Then it was not "after" at all. It was... more!

Saffay was so grateful for her Mistress's order to masturbate with both hands that she did not wait for Dorrin's pussy to arrive at her mouth. She leaned forward and got right to licking, even though she'd never done such a thing before and had never thought she would.

Oh, her Mistress's pussy tasted different than Saffay's own pussy. Her Mistress tasted even naughtier! Saffay pressed her face in and licked fast like she could not possibly get enough. She felt her Mistress's pubic hair rubbing her nose and cheeks. She felt wetness getting all over her face.

She was wallowing in pussy! Like a pig!

Saffay wallowed harder.

Dorrin reported results, "I'm definitely keeping you. I fucking adore your enthusiasm. I don't think that comes from the uniform. You love this. You're a pussy licker now. Even if someone let you take the uniform off,

you'd be searching for pussy and licking it with enthusiasm for the rest of your life."

Saffay wondered if that might be true. She wasn't even wearing one of the uniforms! Her Mistress was definitely correct that a uniform was not the source of her enthusiasm.

The enthusiasm seemed all too real. Unless she was such a great actress that she had even convinced herself. But the other stuff wasn't true, could not be true, and she would never let it be outwardly true if it were true.

There was no way she'd go scouting about, constantly trying to find a pussy to lick. If she did that, sooner or later, a few people and then eventually many people, and then everyone, would think of her as a female who preferred females. Which she was not. She wasn't!

She was licking pussy with enthusiasm right then. She was trying to get her tongue as far past Dorrin's soft pink petals as she could get. It felt important. It felt crucial.

She squashed her nose against Dorrin's pubic mound and tolerated pubic hair in her nostrils. She more than tolerated it. She inhaled it. Dorrin's personal scent and the ends of some pubic hairs went up Saffay's nose.

She had no choice because her mouth was doing something far more important than breathing. However, it wasn't like a no-choice matter at all. She inhaled pussy and pubic hair with dark delight in the dark alley. Female scent flooded her nose and her lungs. Female arousal flooded over her fingers.

Saffay orgasmed again, humping her hands, looking like a wounded rabbit trying to jump while on its knees. A furless, submissive, and orgasmic rabbit.

Despite the orgasm, Saffay kept licking with fervent dedication. Her Mistress expected it! Her Mistress deserved it!

Her Mistress got what she deserved, what it felt like she deserved, as Mistress Dorrin orgasmed as well. Dorrin grabbed Saffay's head and ground her pussy on Saffay's face, which was already grinding itself on Dorrin's pussy.

Dorrin cried out a few times. Saffay was so into pussy and in the throes of her second orgasm that she paid the loud cries no attention. Saffay groaned into Dorrin's pussy.

Lucky for Saffay that the corrupted members of The Watch getting "tabled" were making quite a few cock-blocked cries themselves, and that the men out there were so raucous. No one but Saffay heard Dorrin's cries.

After Dorrin's orgasm spent its energy, she let go of Saffay's head and stepped away. She struggled back into her clothing.

She went to the alley door to the wedding dress shoppe and pointed a finger at Saffay, "Stay right there, slut. Your Mistress will be right back to chain you up."

Dorrin went inside.

Saffay panted.

Chain her up...?

But... wasn't Dorrin going to keep her to herself? Wasn't that what Mistress had said?

Saffay shook her head. What was she thinking? Either one was bad.

Neither one could happen. Neither one would happen. Saffay would not let it!

It was horrible how tempted she was to remain on her knees and await one or the other fate.

Chained up in an alley to be used by anyone who came across her....

Becoming a personal sex slave exclusive to Dorrin....

But no!

Saffay got to her feet, found the Purlanian robe while caring nought for her undergarments. Time was of the essence!

She pulled the robe on, only barely remembering to take up her scabbarded gladius as well, and scrambled like a coward out the far end of the alley, the side away from the town square. She made her way away from the center of town.

She must leave this place of immorality! She had to get back to the encampment.

She did it. She got away. She made it out of town.

She felt bad for Mistress Dorrin. The Mistress was probably so disappointed to find the alley empty when she returned to it.

