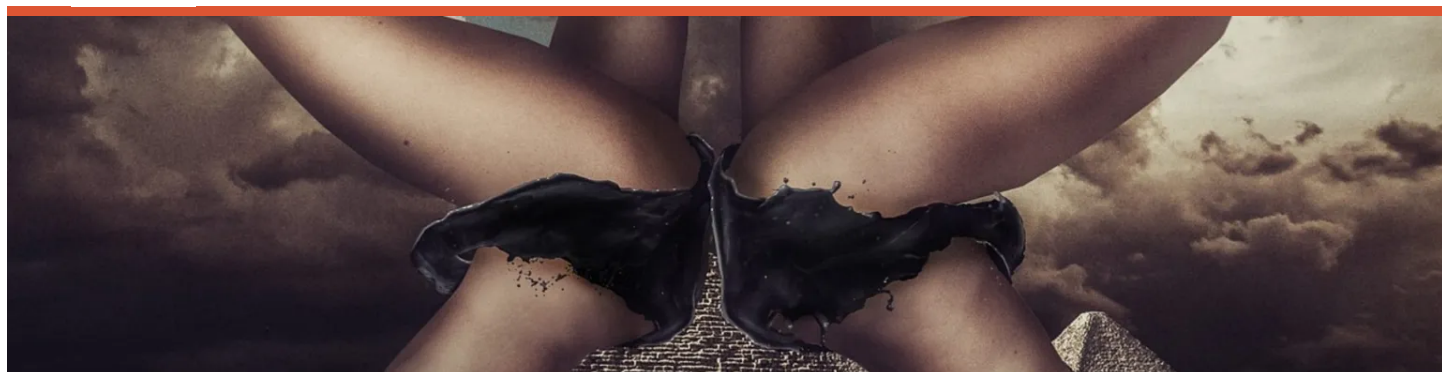


LESBIAN SEDUCTION FICTION BY JORDAN CHURCH



SEX SLAVE SORcery, CHAPTER EIGHT

“Do that tongue sorcery to my asshole, Tits. Be sure to lick around the base of my tail, too. It gets itchy.”

Rinnassa did her tongue sorcery to Alure’s little red kin-demon asshole. But only for a few moments. The little Mistress, as Rinnassa now thought of Alure, wanted her itch attended to as well. So Rinnassa tongued all around Alure’s whippy tail that was fairly wide at the base where it connected to Alure between her tailbones and her asshole.

It was hard to get good, solid wet licks all the way around its circumference. Rinnassa tried her best and succeeded. Little Mistress had expectations, and Rinnassa's new goals in life were mostly quite direct, immediate, and simple.

Please the little Mistress. Obey the little Mistress.

Please the witch Sliphera. Obey the witch Sliphera.

Oh, and obey and please anyone else they told Rinnassa to obey and please.

So simple. So direct. Hear an order, obey an order. Rinnassa no longer ever hesitated to worry about whether she performed an intimate act for a nonhuman or if the area to be licked or the thing to be fucked was dirty or not.

She had stopped the hesitations. The hesitations never resulted in her deciding not to do what she was told to do. The hesitations sometimes upset the mistresses and led to punishments. There was no good reason to hesitate. The little Mistress and the witch Mistress did not want hesitation.

Rinnassa was a dirty slut. She knew it. So, what did it matter if a dirty slut fucked a dirty creature or a dirty cock or licked a dirty asshole? Dirty was as dirty did, and dirty did as dirty was.

It was a weird relief and bizarrely arousing to no longer care about so many things she used to care about. Things like cleanliness, reputation, and whether something was right or wrong. It was an unburdening, though those intangible burdens were more than replaced by other burdens, such as physical effort, lack of sleep, and the weight of a collar and chains.

Rinnassa knew she was trying to fool herself. She was pretending nonchalance at licking or sucking or fucking something or someone who

was dirty. But that was not the real truth. She was not nonchalant. It was a big deal to her. Each little dirty thing was big for her. Her feigned nonchalance masked intense attention.

Her emotional and physical scrutiny did not make her miserable from doing the dirty things. She felt massive lust from them. She wanted to be treated badly. She wanted to be in the sexual dirt and grime. She did not want to be a standard slut. She was a dirty slut.

Rinnassa had always been on top of her game, any game, always. As in, the best. Early on, when she was a child, it was actual games with — against — other kids. Her intensity, attention to detail, and ambition made her rise to the top like cream. In kids' games, schooling, basic magic instruction, at the sorcery institute, at the graduate sorcery institute, and then in the games of politics within the magic guild, and then, once she became the leader of the magic guild, she rose in the politics of Ethecreeth.

And as a mother. That, too. She'd been intent on being the best mother ever. Had been. She felt different now. The intent to be the best mother was in the past. She had moved on. No, she had *been moved on*.

She was now too much of a dirty slut to also be a mother. She had no interest in being a mother. She was intensely interested in being dirty and slutty. It left no room to pay attention to being a decent mother, let alone a great or legendary one. She could not be decent and slutty at the same time. They were incompatible.

Her daughter, Florus, was an adult now. From what the witch Mistress had told her, Florus was now very adult. Too adult. Apparently, Florus had consorted with Krellings! She had sex with them! And she was pregnant with Krelling twins?

It made no sense that Florus had had carnal relations with Krellings. They

were profoundly ugly, and their personalities were far uglier than their physical appearance. Also, they were short. Women did not usually like mates shorter than themselves, let alone much shorter. Also, Krellings were extremely violent.

Florus had known many people who were slaughtered by Krellings. Friends and neighbors. Maybe some of them were slaughtered by the same ones who fucked her and impregnated her!

It made no sense, but Rinnassa could tell that what Sliphera had claimed about Florus was true. Rinnassa had a keen ear for truth. Some thought it was a magical ability. It actually might be because those who dealt in magic occasionally experienced accidental side effects, sometimes good, sometimes bad.

Sliphera had said Florus was likely pregnant with Krelling babies. Assuming Florus had had carnal relations with Krellings, that made sense. Krellings were infamously fertile, and their seed made itself at home inside nearly any humanoid female.

Rinnassa could easily tell when she heard the truth or a lie. It was one of her abilities, whether it was magical or natural in nature. She knew Sliphera had not made up what she'd said about Florus having had sex with three Krellings at the same time. And one of them was older than Rinnassa!

It seemed extremely likely that Florus was pregnant with Krelling twins. Krelling pregnancies always led to twins. Not half-Krelling twins. They would be full-blooded Krellings. Krelling seed needed a home, a uterus, and needed to feed off the mother, when the baby was inside and after it was birthed, but the offspring inherited mostly only Krelling traits, with perhaps some green eyes or added height thrown into the end result.

Florus getting pregnant by Krellings meant that even though Rinnassa no

longer felt like any kind of mother, she would soon be a grandmother! To creatures she loathed!

Already, it did not even feel like Florus was her daughter. Florus was claimed by Krellings. Rinnassa was claimed by bitch Mistresses, a tiny demonic one and a green witch one. Rinnassa and her daughter were now both so different than who they had been.

Rinnassa should denounce and disown Florus. She knew she would have were she still the mother she was just days ago. No one wanted a slut for a daughter!

And Florus should denounce and disown Rinnassa. No daughter should have a dirty slut for a mother!

But they were both too lowly to disown others. They were only worthy to be disowned by others.

Rinnassa felt more like Florus was a competitor than a daughter. What were they competing for? Sluttiness.

They said Florus took three krelling cocks at the same time! Florus had to be a slut to take on three Krelling corn cob cocks at once and to allow herself to become a Krelling breeding ground. It was hard to top that, to top Florus riding on top of a Krelling cock while another Krelling rode her ass and while she sucked on a third cob cock.

But Rinnassa was trying to compete. Or she was being made to compete. Whichever. She was competitive. She was working hard. She was licking tail and doing all sorts of things, trying to be as dirty and slutty as possible.

When a Mistress thought of a slut, Rinnssa wanted to be the first one that popped up in their minds. When people looked up "slut" in the magical

book of definitions and listings, she wanted her three-dimensional spectral image to pop up and perform for the scholar looking up the word.

Ooo, what would she be shown doing? Licking green witch pussy? Licking demon tail? Shaking through an orgasm while trapped in the wheeled frame? Or would it show her getting whipped?

All through life, Rinnassa had taken on each of her roles quickly, as if born to them, from being a student, to a magic user, to a leader of the guild, to a mother, with no looking back or regretting the role given up to adopt the new role.

Now she had a new role, one that felt likely to be enduring and lifelong. Slut. She did not then decide she wanted to be the sluttiest slut ever. She did not then choose to strive for it. It was simply in her nature to be the very best at anything she did. In this case, to be the best, she had to be the lowliest, dirtiest slut possible.

She automatically set about executing and exemplifying her new role with what looked like abandon from the outside but was simple emotional machinery on the inside.

After addressing the base of Alure's itchy tail with liberal applications of her slapping tongue, Rinnassa got right back to Alure's tight little asshole. It was so dirty. It was so spicy. It was hot with spice.

Rinnassa did not know if the spiciness was just part of what Alure secreted all the time or if it was due to what she ate. Did it matter?

Alure's spicy asshole was also physically hot. As a kin-demon, Alure's entire body ran quite hot, and it heated up even more during sex. Sometimes Alure's surface area got so hot that her heat nearly burned Rinnassa's tongue. Rinnassa's tongue was getting cooked. She was just a few degrees

away from getting a scalded tongue.

Rinnassa did not let that stop her from energetically pleasing her little Mistress. Burnt tongue? What did it matter? She was only a dirty slut. Pleasing a Mistress? Crucial!

Rinnassa rammed her tongue up Alure's asshole. It wasn't easy to get it in, but Rinnassa was determined because she knew her little Mistress liked it. From recent previous experience, Rinnassa knew she could get her tongue all the way in despite the small size of the hole. She knew she could deliver lots of pleasure to her wicked little Mistress because Rinnassa had done it so many times in the four days since Rinnassa's downfall.

Was it really only four days? It felt like four years.

Rinnassa could barely comprehend that once upon a time and so very recently she'd been so powerful, so in control, and so respected. She'd had it all. A huge mansion, control, authority, riches, and lots of magical power.

But she'd only thought she'd had it all. She had not had lesbian domination in her life.

Now she knew it was impossible for someone like her to have it all. With proper domination came full loss of control and lack of power. She could not even have power over herself and her own actions. Once she had the domination that she needed in her soul, now that she had submitted so fully to it, she could not have those other things, the things she had before, the power and prestige. And freedom.

Respect? It was hard to believe anyone had ever respected her other than for her potential for sensual pleasing, her ability to lick and hump. How had anyone ever taken any commands or even suggestions from her when she was so suited for obedience?

Rinnassa couldn't even keep track of why she'd ever wanted respect. What good was it? Disrespect and degradation were what brought her big orgasms. Respect never had.

It was hard to believe that Rinnassa used to perform sorcery with her words instead of with her tongue applied to a kin-demon asshole. She'd been the most powerful sorceress in the county, and it wasn't even close. Really, she should have become part of the King's retinue of retainers. The King kept a collection of powerful users of magic in order to enact his will and guarantee his safety.

Inside the confines of the out-of-town Pleasure House called Moona's Moan and Groan, Rinnassa was powerless to use sorcery. Other than her tongue sorcery, which was not actual sorcery.

The witch Sliphera used the Pleasure House as her new witch's abode. Only Sliphera's magic and the magic of those she allowed to use magic worked at Moona's.

Rinnassa was not allowed. She assumed. It was true, even after four days at Moona's, that she had yet to even try to use her sorceress powers. What was the point? Even if they worked and even if she destroyed Sliphera and Alure and their ilk – some of them were truly "ilk" in the demonic sense and nonhuman sense – Rinnassa would still be a dirty slut.

She needed her tongue up assholes. She needed to be fucked often and by many. She needed to be fucked hard by uncaring beings. She needed what they did to her. She did not think that was the case at first when she'd become a slut. It was more like wanting it at first. But now she needed it.

She did not want to be saved. This was who she was and how she was supposed to be. They had convinced her.

Besides, it was an ongoing humiliation that she had not even tried to escape. If she tried to escape, then she would be less slutty. Every time she thought about how they took her so arrogantly, tricked her and used her, and how she fell so rapidly and did nothing to protect herself or get out of the seemingly never-ending slut orgy situation, it turned her on.

Only a real slut wouldn't try at all to save themselves from being treated like a slut constantly. A real slut did not try to avoid the fate of lifelong sluttiness that awaited her.

She now wanted exactly what they wanted. For her to be a total slut. For her to do whatever they wanted her to do. Her self-esteem and objectives in life had completely flipped from gathering and wielding power to being powerless.

She did have occasional pangs of guilt and remorse over the fate of Florus, her daughter. They'd made Florus into a slut, too! They said Florus was impregnated by Krellings!

Of all the nonhumans, Krellings were the worst. The most murderous.

She thought even the Giantess, Sterse, would agree with her that Krellings were the worst, but maybe not. She could hear Sterse getting fucked yet again. It was so loud. Sterse had great big lungs for sexual grunts and groans and squeals.

She wasn't the only one making sounds. Rinnassa didn't try to keep her moans or her slurps quiet. They sounded so slutty. They turned her on.

Sterse was not getting fucked by a Krelling. Even their big corn cob cocks were way too small to do the trick. It was currently a Troll fucking her.

Giants and Trolls hated each other. Their enmity went back thousands of

years. Sterse was a giant, so a Troll fucking her was beyond taboo. It was a betrayal of her people.

True, Sterse did not have a choice in the matter. The act itself was not a betrayal. It was Sterse's passionate reaction to the Troll's "unwanted" attention that was a betrayal. Sure, it was unwanted at first. Maybe. But Sterse very much wanted it now.

It sure didn't sound like Sterse hated the Troll fucking her. It sounded like Sterse was approaching yet another orgasm. A big one. All Giantess orgasms were big ones!

The Troll was liking it, too, "Me fuck Giantess up ass. Me tell every Troll me ever meet for rest of me life. All will like to hear of this."

Sterse grunted. She was gagged with Chew Fungus, but she managed to communicate that she heard him. Very responsive of her. Rinnassa wondered if such degrading talk by now turned on Sterse as much as it did Rinnassa. She bet it did. It at least did not seem to dampen Sterse's pussy, which was seemingly constantly wet.

Just like Rinnassa's pussy.

Come to think of it, Rinnassa knew her pussy had been streaming for the past four days. It was wetter and for longer than she'd ever thought possible. She guessed the witch must have subtly utilized a spell that kept both her and Sterse wet despite a relative lack of fluid intake.

"Me Troll who fucked Giantess up ass! Me big Troll with big cock!"

Trolls weren't usually much for talking, but this one seemed different, or maybe he was in a state of sexual enthusiasm and as turned on by talking dirty as Rinnassa was from hearing it.

“Me going to cum in you ass. Then me going to bring me cock to you mouth. You will kiss me cock. Smooch it up and down and all over. Then you will suck me cock clean,”

That sounded so nasty! It almost made Rinnassa wish she was big enough to take a Troll cock. But she appreciated the nastiness of orally serving Alure’s asshole. Her mouth was already busy and useful.

Her mouth was useful and pleasing to Alure. A lowly familiar! And evil one!

This little bitch had played Rinnassa and played Rinnassa’s daughter. Alure had seduced and dominated Florus and led her into the grabby paws of lustful, evil Krellings.

And what did Alure get for it? What was the consequence of her evil actions? Rinnassa was slaving away to service her and please her. Was that the flip side to the phrase that no good deed goes unpunished? Because in this case, Alure’s evil deeds were being rewarded. By one of the victims who was also the mother of another one of Alure’s victims!

The Troll had one more intent he communicated to Sterse, “First you will cum on me cock. You will cum with Troll cock up you ass. You cum will acknowledge that Giants are inferior to Trolls. Giants should serve Trolls. The ones who are useful enough for us to allow them to live and be our slaves. Cum on me Troll cock, Giantess, and then I will cum up you ass and allow you the privilege of kissing and cleaning me Troll cock.”

Trolls were infamously poor at using personal pronouns.

Rinnassa wasn’t sure about Sterse, but the Troll’s nasty talk made Rinnassa want to cum for him and be his slave. But she assumed Sterse did not want to betray her people. She assumed the Troll’s humiliating talk and bringing up the Troll and Giant rivalry would make Sterse resist cumming.

She thought wrong. The talk must have turned on Sterse, maybe even more than it did Rinnassa, because Sterse gurgle-roared into the Chew Fungus gag, cumming hard, cumming Giantess big.

Rinnassa writhed a little in orgasm empathy, but kept her mouth in place, working avidly, channeling her tongue in Alure's tiny ass channel. Rinnassa wished she was getting fucked or was at least allowed to touch herself. She wanted to cum, too!

Rinnassa had brought herself to orgasms several times in the past four days in the Pleasure House, along with having so many other orgasms at the hands, mouths, and cocks of the pleasure house patrons, but she was only allowed to masturbate for the entertainment of her Mistresses or the patrons of the Pleasure House.

She could not simply decide to self-pleasure and go ahead and do so. Those days – and nights – were over. It could only be decided for her by others.

Sterse was so lucky to get that orgasm pounded into her ass by the Troll!

Sterse might not feel as lucky as Rinnassa. Sterse was still completely bound and gagged. Rinnassa was not gagged. She was bound in a different way than Sterse. Rinnassa was in a wood frame, a mobile wheeled set of standing stocks. Her arms were always raised and extended, her legs kept spread.

Rinnassa wasn't completely sure they meant it, but she thought they intended to keep her in the frame for the rest of her life. Which was terrible. It was. But it was hard to keep track of how terrible it was because of all the orgasms. When she wasn't orgasming, like right then, she was so damnably turned on.

Rinnassa was able to lick Alure's asshole because the frame could rotate at

waist level, rotating Rinnassa vertically, diagonally, upside-down, or anywhere in between. Rinnassa was currently suspended on her back. Alure had stepped onto the frame while facing away from Rinnassa. Alure's strong little legs were inside of Rinnassa's spread arms.

The frame contraption was a rectangle within a rectangle, with the inner one able to spin. Alure gripped the top of the frame, what was normally the top, and arched her ass out and up to give Rinnassa the fullest possible access to her little red suspended buttocks.

Swipt! Swipt! Swipt!

Alure's tail almost randomly flicked out to deliver painful lashes to Rinnassa's huge breasts. Alure had a long tail that was quite agile, able to move in front of her and still strike like a whip.

Rinnassa's breasts had been through a lot over the last four days. The pain Alure delivered to them only made Rinnassa want to orgasm all the more.

Rinnassa heard the Troll, "Me remove Chew Fungus so you kiss me cock. No bite! Only kiss."

The Troll was pretty daring now that Rinnassa thought about it. Would Sterse bite his cock? She would if she was still the same Giantess Rinnassa knew from before their time at the Pleasure House.

Rinnassa licked hard at Alure's asshole and listened intently.

There was no howl of angry, pained outrage from the Troll.

Was that the sound of kisses on a cock? Rinnassa paused her tongue action to listen. She heard more wet smooching sounds.

The Troll said, "That is a good Giantess slut. You are so hungry for the taste of you own ass. As it should be. Now please the cock of your Troll ruler."

That wasn't right! The Troll was not Sterse's ruler! Sliphera the Witch was!

More wet sounds. Then slurping. And Troll moans.

Rinnassa decided Sterse must be as changed as she was. Rinnassa was a sorceress savior, and Sterse was a warrior heroine? Supposedly. What had they been thinking? They were only sluts!

It turned on Rinnassa to hear what Sterse was experiencing. It made her wish the Troll was treating her that way. A Troll! But Rinnassa had plenty on her plate. A kin-demon asshole, hot and spicy.

Rinnassa tongued Alure's asshole hard as she heard someone else enter the chamber.

It was Sliphera the Witch, "What's up, Alure?"

"A sorceress tongue up my ass!"

Sliphera cackled her witch laugh. She was a hottie, but her cackles sounded as ancient and evil as Sliphera really was under her lovely skin. Sliphera was possibly more than half a millennium old.

Rinnassa, in her middle age, mother of an adult daughter, was probably like a babe to Sliphera. She was certainly some kind of babe to Sliphera.

Thanks to a little extra magical help, Rinnassa looked much younger than her age, but not nearly as much younger as what Sliphera had pulled off for herself relative to her great age.

Rinnassa had enjoyed her increased beauty, her extended youthful appearance, and her greatly increased bust size. She'd mostly only let others visually enjoy her improvements. She herself had viewed them as useful, a political tool, and she was right. They were useful because people were so very superficial.

Even males with no hope of getting her into bed – which was virtually all of them – acted as if they had a chance to bed her. Which meant they easily gave in to her will. They readily agreed with her, whether they truly agreed or not. Many joined her causes, whether they believed in her causes or not. They believed in her huge tits, and they foolishly believed they could bed her.

Her appearance improvements were only a useful tool up until four days ago. Now the improvements were no longer symbolic, or for the good of herself and useful only to her. Now they were enjoyed by others. They gave added pleasure and conceit to the diabolical people and creatures who dominated her.

Her improvements were no longer useful to her. They were used against her. They brought added attention from dominants.

However, the line between what was for her and what was against her was blurred to the point of invisibility. They'd made her so submissive so quickly. She liked being dominated. She never wanted to give it up. Even if she had to spend all of her days and nights trapped in the frame and used hard by hard, nasty people. And creatures.

This was the only life for her now. There was no going back. Screw leadership. Screw power. Screw motherhood. Just screw her.

Sliphera was beautiful and powerful and long-lived, but she had paid a price for being a witch. She had bright green skin. That was not a turn on for

most people, though Rinnassa was coming around to it.

Sliphera had made her orgasm so many times. Rinnassa has eaten green pussy so many times with those sexy green inner thighs bumping against her ears. It was hard not to get turned on by the associated bright green color.

Sliphera was so mean. So fucking evil. She was absolutely diabolical with how she faked her own death and then went after Rinnassa's most vulnerable point, her poor, sweet, wholesome daughter.

When Sliphera died, someone was required to take on Sliphera's familiar, the little kin-demon bitch Alure. By Magic Guild policy and practice, that someone had to be whoever next became an independent practitioner of magic. That someone just so happened to be Rinnassa's daughter, Florus. Except Rinnassa now knew it had not "just so happened." Sliphera had planned for it and timed her fake death so that it would be Florus who had to take on Alure as her familiar.

Sliphera's plan had worked. Rinnassa had known Alure was a poor fit for Florus, who was a Healer, and she'd known Alure must tend towards evil, having been the familiar of a witch for many decades, if not centuries. But Rinnassa was a stickler for the rules. She had not wanted to make an exception for her daughter.

She could have. She now knew she should have.

With full-time access to Florus and because the two of them, the practitioner of magic and her familiar, had to right away live together, Alure leaped into action. The action was Alure taking advantage of Florus. Rinnassa now knew that Alure had very successfully dominated Florus.

Alure. The same nasty little kin-demon whose asshole Rinnassa was tongue-

fucking.

Rinnassa had heard other things as she worked to please her new Mistresses and fulfill her new role as sex slave. She'd heard them conniving and boasting. Alure had also sexually dominated Mysty, Rinnassa's very own fairy familiar. Good, sweet, wonderful, trustworthy, reliable Mysty!

But Mysty was not only made into a submissive. She was changed in more ways. Alure had used a spell powered by the taking of the virginity of the daughter of a shopkeeper. Oh, right, Alure had seduced and dominated that daughter all the way to the point of giving up her virginity to Alure. Oh, and Alure sent two gargoyles – gargoyles! – to sexually dominate the young woman's attractive mother. And they had succeeded in doing so!

Rinnassa had learned about that because the two gargoyles, Grockus and Desder, had bragged about it to each other while they spit-roasted Rinnassa, one with his huge cock in her mouth, the other with his two huge cocks in her pussy and asshole, respectively.

Alure had made Mysty into something... that was not Mysty. She looked like Mysty. But she acted almost exactly like Alure.

The difference between Alure and Mysty was even more blurred now that Alure had removed Mysty's fairy wings and transplanted them onto her own hot little kin-demon body.

Alure had stolen Mysty's ability to fly!

Alure was quite cocky about those scintillating wings. She was flying all over the place. But not right then, not while Rinnassa was tonguing her asshole.

Sometimes the brags were directed at Rinnassa.

Alure liked to regale Rinnassa with the tale of how she set up Florus and the shopkeeper's daughter, Virrin, with "dates." Dates with three Krellings! Foul bastards! Murderous scum!

It was obvious how much Alure enjoyed telling Rinnassa that one of the Krellings was much older than Rinnassa. And that one of the three Krellings had knocked up Florus with twins!

One of them knocked up Florus, but no one knew which one because they'd all fucked her repeatedly.

Rinnassa's good, wholesome, sweet daughter, who was always out to help everyone, even strangers, had turned into a slut! A Krelling-fucking slut who would become a Krelling-birthing slut.

Instead of trying to help everyone, Florus would probably be only out to help evil folk who dominated her.

Not that Rinnassa could criticize her daughter. Not that long after Rinnassa's daughter became a slut, Florus's mother became a slut also. A slut slave.

Rinnassa had tried to trick herself emotionally. She'd told herself that life had ups and downs, and you just had to be ready to bounce back. But it had rung hollow. Her life had been almost all ups. Now this down was such a very far down. It wasn't a stumble. It was a fall off a cliff. The kind of fall that led to a splat, not a bounce. It felt like a one-way downward trip that far outbalanced all the previous ups.

Sliphera and her ilk were not only out to sexually dominate a few attractive human females.

Sliphera and her team of wicked dominants had already done a lot to topple

the foundations of Ethecreeth. Starting with the people who ensured safety and security. Through crafty trickery, they dominated the Giantess, Sterse, and her partner, the battle mage, Dinnaka. Sterse and Dinnaka were leaders within The Watch, who protected the town of Ethecreeth.

After dominating Sterse and Dinnaka, and Rinnassa also, they then set out to increase their dominance of Ethecreeth. In one fell swoop, utilizing an alliance with the very rare Chufwaask as well as Dinnaka's passion-aroused willingness to betray anyone she had to in order to get an orgasm, Sliphera and her cronies virtually wiped out the warriors and battle mages in The Watch.

The Watch was not wiped out as in killed in combat. They were tricked into wearing the Chufwaask, mysterious but definitely evil shapeshifting creatures. Most members of The Watch were betrayed by Dinnaka into wearing Chufwaask, thinking that the Chufwaask were clothing, new uniforms, not living beings all too willing to commit evil deeds.

The Chufwaask took them over. Physically at first, but now it sounded like all of the warriors and battle mages had become genuinely submissive.

Rinnassa knew how that was. Orgasms were addictive. Abasing oneself, being humiliated, and getting degraded was somehow almost hypnotically arousing.

All of the members of The Watch were very pretty thanks to the lust of Kutherkut, the Headsman of Ethecreeth. It turned out that Kutherkut had recruited beauties not only to ogle them. He'd known all along that if the evil plot worked, he would get to fuck them.

Kutherkut had no longer wanted to share power in Ethecreeth with Rinnassa. The plot took out his powerful rival, Rinnassa the Sorceress, head of the Magic Guild. Truth to tell, she'd had a lot more power than him.

Magically, because she was a powerful sorceress, and Kutherkut was unable to use magic. But also, with influence over people. Rinnassa had a lot more soft power than Kutherkut. People respected her more than him. And she was a lot better looking. And she had great big tits.

Now, people no longer respected Rinnassa. At all. She would have thought she'd miss that respect and would hate the disrespect, but that wasn't the case. She did not miss her old life, even after four days of her new life. She was just too busy giving pleasure, taking pain, and orgasming!

The disrespect almost did not feel negative. It felt... accurate. Actually, more often than not, it turned her on. She'd been so powerful and so important and so in control. Now she was so helpless and so small and such a nothing, just a slut slave.

It was somehow delicious.

The fact that her biggest enemy, her rival Sliphera, was now her Mistress and that her new Mistress had destroyed her life, ruined her daughter's life, and the lives of so many others, made Rinnassa's submission even more delicious. Like some dark, nasty food that most would think was inedible, and that was certainly very bad for you. Yet it was delicious and irresistible.

She used to lead and almost rule Ethecreeth. Now it was a power share of some kind between Sliphera, Kutherkut, and the necromancer Nicrar. That asshole Nicrar was the one who had verified Sliphera as truly dead. Fucking liar!

Rinnassa guessed that Nicrar would take over the Magic Guild leadership role in a power split with Kutherkut, but with the real power being Sliphera.

Oh!

Sliphera had stepped inside the frame, and Rinnassa was still horizontal with her back towards the floor. Sliphera's outer thighs were bumping Rinnassa's inner thighs, but that was not the contact that made Rinnassa gasp.

Something was nudging at her pussy!

Sliphera cackled a short cackle and then said, "Sometimes I wear a wood cock. When I fuck over a sexy sorceress, I want her to know she's fucked over. Fucking her does the trick. It really fucks it home."

Oh, Sliphera was going to fuck her? Good! Rinnassa was so turned on. She didn't need to get fucked by Sliphera to know Sliphera had fucked her over. But Rinnassa did need to get fucked.

Rinnassa couldn't see because of her asshole tongue-fucking activity and the way Alure sat on her face. Alure's little kin-demon pussy ground around on Rinnassa's nose as Rinnassa tongue thrust.

But Rinnassa could feel plenty. She felt Sliphera slide the polished, smooth wood cock into her receptive pussy. Rinnassa felt Sliphera's thighs move against her thighs in time with the thrusts and realized Sliphera must be wearing the wood cock. Rinnassa had heard of such things.

Rinnassa could not see, but she could feel and she could also hear.

The Troll said, "Me need leave. It be turn of me fellow Troll. He waits outside Moona's. We no like Moona's one Troll at a time policy."

"Yeah?" said Alure. "Well, fuck you, Trolls. You release all that stink, and when you aren't outdoors, your scent gathers and drives the patrons into a mad sex frenzy. They come here already intent on sex. We don't need their eyeballs to pop out when they cum. One Troll limit! No exceptions!

The Troll grumbled and left.

Sterse was panting after her oral efforts to clean up the Troll's cock.

Rinnassa barely heard Sterse's pants because of her own panting while trying to do her best ass-tonguing work. She had to please the mean little Mistress!

The green Mistress was pleasing her. The wood cock was better than a real cock. It was so hard and so long! It just kept slowly sliding deeper in like Sliphera meant to fuck Rinnassa's stomach.

Rinnassa thrilled as Sliphera drilled. Rinnassa also listened to her two Mistresses talking. There were some major developments!

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