



LESBIAN SEDUCTION FICTION BY JORDAN CHURCH



SEX SLAVE SORcery, CHAPTER NINE

Alure the familiar asked Sliphera the witch, “Why are you wearing that iron cage on your head again?”

“The Helm of Thought Theft? To steal thoughts, of course. At least I don’t have to wear that stifling bag over it as well.”

Rinnassa thought that was a good point. Her beautiful green Mistress should not conceal her pretty face with a bag.

Sliphera grunted as she drove the wood cock hard into Rinnassa's depths, "I was still reading thoughts with it thanks to the lingering magical effects. It does get tiresome, but I put it back on anyway. I anticipated an issue and, thanks to the Helm of Thought Theft, I now know the issue is real."

Alure squealed from a deep tongue thrust up her ass delivered by Rinnassa, who was excited to hear more of this. Alure then asked, "What issue? We pulled it off. We rule the roost. Ethecreeth is ours. The whole county is."

"Ours for the moment. There are several issues. Kutherkut is one of the issues. He will always think he is the leader. He will always grasp for more power. He cannot be trusted. Yes, he likes to treat human females the same way we do. But there is no bond there other than current common interests. He will want more and more control. Yet he has no real power, none of his own power, and he is old anyway. We are better off without him."

Alure mmed from Rinnassa's tonguing, "Then we kill him. Simple."

"No. Not that simple. I am a witch, and he is the top human leader in Ethecreeth. People will not easily switch to the witch just because he is dead."

Alure giggled and sighed from another well-delivered tongue thrust, "Switch to the witch! Rhymes delight me. We can put that slogan on signs all over Ethecreeth. Advertising works!"

"It won't work with this. Humans have an aversion to witches and witchery, other than when they need someone cursed.

"As well, I would be an obvious suspect in Kutherkut's death. I have a lot to gain. And I do now run a Pleasure House. As much as the people - at least almost all the men - value a well-stocked Pleasure House, they do not want

a Pleasure House proprietor openly leading them. Or a witch. Certainly not both.”

Alure sounded both thoughtful and passionate because she was a little breathless from Rinnassa’s growing ass-tonguing expertise, “So, he needs killing, but we can’t kill him, and it needs to be extremely obvious we were not the ones who killed him. That’s one problem. What are the other issues?”

Sliphera was a little out of breath from her steady thrusting, “Nicrar is also not to be trusted. It isn’t that he wants power, at least not leadership power. I found out he took a pair of Chufwaask tamed members of The Watch, partners with each other, a warrior and a battle mage. Took them off to have fun with them.

“That is all well and fine. That it their role now, to be used for fun and sex. But Nicrar’s idea of fun is very different from our own. The idiot either didn’t recall they had Chufwaask inhabiting them or did not care. He told them what he would do to them and told them he intended to do it to all of the members of The Watch and, if he has his way, to every slut in Ethebreeth. Which I know to him means any woman who looks pretty.”

“What is it? What does that gray fucker want to do to them?”

All necromancers had deathly gray skin. Much like all witches became green-skinned over the years.

“He wants to do to the others what he did to those two. He killed them and revived them into undead sluts.”

“What the fuck!?!” Alure’s exclamation matched Rinnassa’s thought on the matter. Nicrar killed two members of The Watch! And made them into undead! What an asshole!

That last thought by Rinnassa was about Nicrar, not about Alure's asshole. Although Rinnassa had at times thought "what an asshole" in admiration for the tiny spicy hole that she was quickly becoming addicted to.

Sliphera rammed the wood cock in deep and hard, as if she was angrily fucking Nicrar rather than Rinnassa, "Yes. He killed them. A move I'd be fine with if they were still the same as they were a few days ago, law-pushing members of The Watch. But they were sluts by then. Useful sluts. Slaves. Slave labor is the best and cheapest, and sex labor is the best and sexiest of all slave labor. And they were hotties! Now, not so much. You know how it is with the undead. They never look as alive as they were when they actually were alive, and they always start to rot and fray around the edges."

Alure agreed, "Yeah, fuck, and they are chilly as fuck. They can't make any heat. They're cold fucks no matter how hot and slutty they act!"

"Even worse, once undead, they are literally Nicrar's creatures. They answer to him alone."

"He basically stole our fucking sex slaves! We were all supposed to share freely in the enslaved! It isn't fair that he took over those whom we wanted to treat unfairly. The fucking asshole!"

Sliphera sighed as she made Rinnassa sigh from rapid slides of the smooth wood cock, "It isn't even a power play. He is sick in the head. The Chufwaask said Nicrar shared his brand spanking new and no doubt newly spanked undead sluts with his familiar. The Chufwaask nearly died and had to abandon their bonds with the two undead sluts. The Chufwaask disengaged from the now-undead bodies of the warriorress and battle mage. The two Chufwaask came to me to report Nicrar's activities. I have them in reserve in case there are more beauties in need of enslaving.

Alure snorted, "I have no doubt there will be. Our definition of a beauty in

need of enslaving is if a woman is a beauty. Bam. There you go. She should be enslaved to serve the greater good. So to speak. In an evil way, of course.”

Sliphera continued, thrusting and talking, “So anyway, Nicrar also needs to die. Otherwise, we’ll end up with a town and a Pleasure House full of undead sluts who only take orders from him.”

Alure sounded angry as well as near orgasm, gasping from pleasure and outrage, “Just when we thought we had it all. Rinnassa and the goody-goodies all put in their places. Then the fucking bad guy, quote unquote, allies act up. Is that it? Fuck. There’s more, isn’t there?”

“Yes. There is more. A huge problem, but one I anticipated and which we can work to our great advantage.”

“Do tell.”

“I knew there were too many members of The Watch, and too many variables with their routines and personalities, and too many unpredictable possibilities, as members of The Watch often deal with unexpected circumstances, for me to assume we would catch them all at once in the Chufwaask net during which the majority were tricked into putting on Chufwaask thinking they were new uniforms. There were indeed a few members of The Watch who were not captured. Two partner pairs of warriors and battle mages.”

Rinnassa’s eyes popped wide open under Alure’s tail. Survivors! Well, not survivors. The others were not killed, other than the two killed and raised as undead by Nicrar. But this was big news. Four members of The Watch were still free!

All of the warriors of The Watch were extremely skilled fighters, roughly the

equal to a dozen standard city guardsmen. Three dozen in the case of Sterse the Giantess, before Sterse was enslaved. The battle mages were even more powerful than the warriors. Magic was always more powerful than muscle and steel.

Alure exclaimed, "Fuck! They could be a problem!"

Sliphera sounded casual about the news, but was still intent with her wood cock thrusting, "A fine pair of pairs they are, likely more powerful than most such pairings. Olliis and Effa are one of the pairs. The other is Piddrin and Saffay the Untouchable."

"Fuck and fuck!" yelled Alure, followed by a groan of delight due to Rinnassa ramming her tongue extra deep up Alure's ass, as if the news inspired Rinnassa to higher performance. It certainly got Rinnassa to drive her tongue higher up Alure's ass.

Sliphera sounded amused, "But wait, there is more bad news. They've recruited those wannabe virginal cunts from Purla's Temple of Purity and Propriety."

"Those goody goody too-good-for-anyone bitches! They are sexy, though. Fucking Purlanians all need to get fucked and stay fucked."

"Also, they'll probably get old Oosvalt on their side for healing."

"That old bastard! I should have killed him! Hee-hee, I did show off to him how his former apprentice looked while topless in public. You should have seen his face!"

"They are also likely to try to gather a few more users of magic, good-aligned members of the Magic Guild."

Alure panted, near orgasm, "That's it then. We're fucked."

Sliphera cackled her witch cackle, a cackle all the more disconcerting because she was pretty and not ugly like most thought witches were, "Not true! All of this was foreseeable, and I did foresee it. So much so that I planned well ahead. This is why I recruited Drixinn."

"Pervy?"

"Yes, the spirit you know as Pervy. I was the witch who both caused her death and caused her binding to a graveyard. She didn't know I was the one who killed her and bound her. I then recruited her to come to Moona's, and she was ever so grateful to me, her murderer, for saving her from the graveyard.

"I knew an invisible pervert spirit would be useful in a Pleasure House setting. For instance, she greatly helped in the seduction and domination of Dinnaka, which was a key to the overall plan. Dinnaka unlocked the capture of most of The Watch by leading them into unsuspectingly putting on the Chufwaask, who were disguised as new uniforms.

"But I also recruited Drixinn – Pervy – specifically so that she would betray me. Us."

"What the fuck!?!“ yelled Alure.

"I knew she'd learn I was the witch who killed her and cursed her. In fact, when the time was right, I fed the information to her indirectly. She is helpless to do much on her own, but of course wants revenge. Naturally, she sent a message that found its way to the remaining free members of The Watch."

Alure sounded equally confused and aroused, "How does that help us? Was

it she alone who betrayed us, or was it both she and you? Do you have a death wish?"

"Drixinn fed them information without even knowing she is a tool I am using. I knew there would probably be some stragglers from The Watch who needed to be dealt with. As well, the Purlanians with their lawful righteousness and fear of all things sexual, were bound to be a problem. We can get our bad guys, which of course are good guys to most people, all together and can take them out at the same time."

Alure sounded very doubtful, "How the fuck can we do that? The battle mages will be fireballing us, and the Purlanians will be sticking their blessedly holy pointy weapons up our asses! It doesn't help having them all together when they are more powerful than us. It hurts!"

Sliphera sounded just as confident as the way she confidently drove the wood cock into Rinnassa, her one-time most powerful rival cum sex slave, who was about to cum, "We get to deal with them all at once with none of them escaping. No loose ends. But first, they will deal with our other loose ends, Kutherkut and Nicrar."

"How's that?"

"Drixinn knows what I want her to know. Some of it is true, and some of it is not. For instance, she will tell them their magic will not work inside Moona's Moan and Groan. That is true. She also thinks we have two barracks full of warriors and a tribe of Krellings camping nearby performing guard service. That is not true.

"They will think Moona's is too difficult a target, especially with our supposed allies in Ethecreeth theoretically ready to come to our assistance. They will target the easier prey. They will want to take out Kutherkut and his men first, as well as Nicrar.

"It is difficult to watch and protect all of Ethecreeth, as members of The Watch well know. That knowledge will make Kutherkut and Nicrar easier targets for them. As well, most of the enslaved members of The Watch are in Ethecreeth. Their friends will want to save them as quickly as possible and add their strength to the cause. They will easily see the sense of having most of the rest of The Watch with them when they assault Moona's.

"They will take out the two enemies who are most vulnerable, Kutherkut and Nicrar, while intending to add to their own collective power by freeing the enslaved members of The Watch. So, we are safe here for the time being."

Alure moaned, "For the time being. Until that time being is over. I don't want to face them or 'most of the rest of The Watch.'"

"You won't. We won't. By saving the rest of The Watch, they will doom themselves even though they will believe at first that they are successful."

"I hate to sound like a broken kin-demon familiar, but I ask again, how is that the case?"

"More false information will be required in order to lead them into my trap."

"From who?"

"Her tongue is up your ass."

Rinnassa was more than surprised. They planned to involve her in their plot?

Alure laughed like she thought Sliphera was joking.

Sliphera asked, "Hey, Tits, what do you think? Do you want to help your Mistresses trap and doom your buddies in The Watch?"

What kind of question was that? Of course not!

“Remove your tongue from Alure’s ass and answer the question.”

Alure swore, “Swenge’s sunburned labia!” Alure did not want that tongue leaving her ass when she was so near climax.

Rinnassa pulled her tongue free. She really had not wanted to stop, but of course knew what she wanted did not matter. She had to give an answer. She hated to disappoint the little Mistress by desisting from the ass rimming, but she had to answer her green Mistress.

With a disgruntled huff, Alure hopped off of Rinnassa like a little red monkey.

Rinnassa did not sound at all like her former self of four days ago, “I-I’d rather not, Mistress.”

So weak! So wishy-washy! Why hadn’t she declared that she would never betray the excellent good women of The Watch?

Maybe because such a “never” was not applicable.

Maybe “never” was coming much sooner than ever before thought.

Swak! Swak!

Sliphera struck Rinnassa’s thighs, both of them, twice with her leather-gloved hands. That stung! She kept ramming the wooden phallus, smacking Rinnassa’s thighs with both her hands and her own thighs.

It hurt, but it also aroused Rinnassa. They’d gotten her to the point where Rinnassa associated some pain with incredible sex.

Then Sliphera did something far worse than spanking Rinnassa.

She stopped fucking her!

Rinnassa couldn't stand it, even while not standing and stuck in the frame.

She needed to be fucked!

Sliphera took a half step back, withdrawing the polished-smooth wood cock from Rinnassa's pussy.

Why had Sliphera stopped fucking her? Sliphera would get back to fucking her soon, right?

Sliphera interrogated, "Think, Tits, think. Normally, we don't care if you think or what you think. This is an exception. It is simple: What is more important to the new you? Being loyal to the women of The Watch or serving the evil whim of your evil Mistress Sliphera?"

What a question!

The answer was as simple as it was shocking and horrifying to even the new Rinnassa, the total slut named Tits.

It was more important to Rinnassa... to please her lovely green Mistress! Any whim at all of Sliphera's was important for Rinnassa to serve and enable, even more important than previous loyalties to others. To the new Rinnassa, now named Tits, it was more important to serve the witch than to protect and preserve the freedom of the young warriors and battle mages of The Watch.

She felt it. Her inner acceptance of her willingness to totally betray her previous values and responsibility. She felt her willingness to betray them.

She was no longer any kind of leader. She was a totally subservient follower, and she only followed dominants like her two Mistresses. The only leading she would ever do again was to lead others into a state of submissive following, submissive fellowship, so that they too could share Rinnassa's fate.

"Answer the question," demanded Sliphera.

Rinnassa stiffened her neck to raise her head so that she could look at Sliphera.

Rinnassa had to look past the bars of the magical iron cage on Sliphera's head in order to make eye contact.

The witch had such a knowing and confident look in her eyes.

Of course. The witch wore the Helm of Thought Theft. Sliphera already knew her answer.

But Rinnassa still had to answer. She had to speak her willingness to betray out loud.

Sliphera looked so incredibly sexy! She was such a bright, sexy green color! And, as Rinnassa looked down at what she wanted, she saw that the wood cock Sliphera wore was so big, and it was so wet from Rinnassa's pussy!

Rinnassa answered, "It is more important for me to serve your whims, Mistress! I will do anything you want me to do. Anything, Mistress!"

Even though she knew she'd give that answer, Rinnassa was shocked at how eager she sounded. Was she truly not only willing to betray all those good young women, but even eager to do so?

She really would do it. She felt the hot, humiliating truth of it. She burned to do it. She more than just would do it. She *wanted* to serve Sliphera's whims. She needed to please her Mistress no matter what it cost innocents.

Alure sounded impressed, "Holy fuck a Welge Devil up the ass, those earrings have really done the trick on Tits."

Earrings? What earrings? Oh, those? The ones Mysty gave to her? Was she still wearing them?

Sliphera shrugged, making her moderate-sized bright green tits, which looked as firm as a twenty-year-old's, bounce and sway. Rinnassa so wanted to lick them. Oh, and to suck on those darker green nipples! They looked so yummy! Like candy gum drops!

Sliphera said, "The earrings helped get her here like this, but I think most of this attitude adjustment is on her. Or in her. It is from our excellent work with her. Still, we may as well keep the earrings on her."

Alure chortled, "Those earrings have gotten so big we could fucking play horseshoes, winner is whoever gets the horseshoe through an earring without touching it. They can be the Earrings of Sluttiness *and* the Earrings of Horseshoes."

Rinnassa had no idea what they were talking about. She had a hard time even thinking about the earrings. They felt light as a feather. They could not really be big enough to throw a horseshoe through them, could they?

She tried to remember what they looked like. A reddish gold. Maybe. Plain. Not very big. For some reason, thinking about them seemed like a big challenge. It was draining and gave her a headache.

Couldn't they let her get back to tonguing asshole? She was good at that.

Thinking? Not so much. At least not now, not since she came to Moona's. Or maybe it started back at Rinnassa's mansion when Mysty mock-dominated her, and it turned out to be not so mock at all.

Rinnassa was amazed and dimly appalled, dim in comparison to her bright, hot neediness. In the span of a handful of days and nights, she'd had sex with multiple females; with a fairy who was her own little familiar, with a kin-demon who was her daughter's familiar, and with her most hated rival, a witch who'd lived for centuries.

Rinnassa wondered if she'd ever see her mansion again. Or her daughter.

Sliphera said, "It is settled then. Rinnassa will help us dominate and enslave the remaining members of The Watch as well as those self-righteous hotties from Purla's temple."

Alure squealed with glee, "More sexies to have sex with! And to make coin off of! Hey, what about Oosvalt? Old men like him are no fun, and you can't make coin off them."

Sliphera cackled evilly, "When he sees what happens to the lovelies he's helping, I'd bet his old heart gives out. Then I would have Nicrar reanimate him so that he can dance a jig when commanded. However, Nicrar will be dead by then. So will Kutherkut. So sad. Their sacrifice will be necessary, and useful, to get the remaining lovelies confident that all is well and that they are succeeding even as they progress to their doom."

Alure said, "I'm still not so sure about letting Tits out of the frame. I don't know. What if the Earrings of Sluttiness get knocked off?"

Sliphera answered, "I never said she'd get out of the frame. She is more useful in the frame, and I did say she would live the rest of her days in it. I'm not worried about the Earrings of Sluttiness getting knocked off or

removed. She is no longer Rinnassa wearing magical earrings. She is Tits the Slut wearing magical earrings. Even if they come off, she will still be Tits the Slut.”

“Whatever you say, Sliphera.”

Sliphera said, “Tits will escape from us. As in, escape in quotes. That will be her story. She will join the still-free members of The Watch and work our will from the inside.”

“But how can Tits “escape” from us if we keep her in the frame? I don’t get it.”

“She’ll need help, or it will need to seem as if someone helped her. And that helper will help her on her mission of betrayal. There are quite a few lovelies that need to be tamed and enslaved. Tits can’t do it all on her own, even with loads of help from the Chufwaask.”

“Who?”

“Dinnaka already betrayed The Watch. She can complete her betrayal and get the rest of them. Tee-hee, there is something very sexy she can do!”

Dinnaka was the leader of the battle mages of The Watch. Was. Had been. Rinnassa did not know the details, but she knew that Dinnaka and her warrior partner, Sterse the Giantess, had come out to Moona’s to investigate Alure’s claim of a threat to EtheCreeth.

It turned out that the threat was Sliphera and Alure and their band of misbegotten misfits. Alure had not truly wanted Dinnaka and Sterse to investigate the threat. She wanted them to succumb to it. Alure got what she wanted.

Dinnaka and Sterse were sexually dominated and enslaved. Sterse was kept bound, in traditional chains and by magical Bands of Weakness. Sterse could have broken the chains if not for the Bands of Weakness, which took away Sterse's great strength. Sterse's strength was even far greater than her comparative size to a human would indicate. Simple chains could not be trusted to contain her.

Sterse was actually quite slim and feminine for her tremendous height. Most Giants had deformities, odd bulges and asymmetries and the like. Not Sterse.

Rinnassa wasn't sure about Sterse's current level of reluctance. The Giantess sure did cum a lot and sure did cum big. Bondage and submission were new to her, obviously, and were not welcome, at least at first. However, it came with lots and lots of sex. Giantesses were known for their sexual discretion, rarely engaging in sex outside of marriage.

Perhaps the loss of her freedom and getting frequent huge orgasms in exchange seemed, with each orgasm, to be more and more of a fair trade to Sterse. Not that Alure or Sliphera were interested in being fair to Sterse.

While Sterse was magically weakened and kept bound for the safety of the evil plotters, Dinnaka was free to move about and had gone into EtheCreeth where she fooled most of the members of The Watch into trying on new uniforms which were actually Chufwaask, a very rare all-female race of shapeshifters.

The Chufwaask took over their bodies, if not their minds, and made them all into public use slave sluts. The tricked and entrapped members of The Watch had kept very busy getting constantly fucked over the past several days!

Rinnassa wasn't sure what had happened to Dinnaka to get her to betray

the others. The accomplished but still young leader of the battle mages had always been entirely reliable and extremely good. Her actions now were just the opposite.

Dinnaka had not seemed controlled, not like a zombie, but she also had not seemed like herself. The few times Rinnassa had seen her at Moona's, Dinnaka had looked both sick and aroused. Like she was sickened by the things she did and the things going on around her, but maybe even a little more aroused by it than sickened by it.

Oh!

Sliphera had rammed the wood cock back into Rinnassa, "Tits and Dinnaka were two of their leaders, and they will be again. The leadership factor can be exploited. The still-free members of The Watch are used to taking directions from them. They can easily reassume the leadership roles. Rinnassa and Dinnaka will simply lead them in a new direction, like sexy lambs to the sex slaughter. With loads of help from the Chufwaask. Here is how they will do it...."

Rinnassa listened as she was fucked by Sliphera.

Rinnassa listened as Alure sat on her face in the reverse position to before. Alure now wanted her spicy, almost too hot to lick, little pussy pleased instead of her ass.

Rinnassa heard the witch's plan. It was such a diabolical plan!

Parts of the plan were shocking!

It sounded like it might work!

Rinnassa would have an important role. She could help enslave Olliis, Effa,

Piddrin, and Saffay. They were such sexy women! They would make such fine slave flesh for use and for market. The Mistresses could either make use of them for fun long-term or use them for fun in the short-term and then sell them for great profit.

And the Purlanian beauties also! They were renowned for their loveliness and comeliness, and equally renowned for not putting out. Rinnassa would get to help make them put out.

Rinnassa reminded herself that the truly important thing was the serving and pleasing of her Mistresses. But still, if she could get her mouth on a Purlanian pussy... or on Effa's tight ass... or nipping at Piddrin's no-doubt tasty nipples....

Rinnassa could hardly wait to betray them all!

Rinnassa heard another Troll arrive and start fucking Sterse. Their grunts and groans were music to Rinnassa's ears. A symphony of sexual debauchery. Sterse responded very quickly as if she had anxiously awaited the next fucking.

It was too bad they put the chew fungus back into Sterse's mouth after the last Troll made her clean his cock. Rinnassa thought they should take the chew fungus out of Sterse's mouth. Not because she felt bad for Sterse or worried about Sterse's breathing. Rinnassa thought Sterse's mouth should be put to good – yet wicked – use, pleasing Troll cock and any other kind of cock shoved into it.

Maybe even a wood cock right after it had fucked Rinnassa's pussy. The idea of the great big slim and sexy Giantess, who once looked to Rinnassa for leadership, sucking down Rinnassa's fuck juice was an incredibly sexy thought.

Rinnassa licked kin-demon pussy and took the wood cock slammed into her as Sliphera further detailed her evil plot. Rinnassa's physical lust mixed with lust at the idea of betraying lovely women and leading them into a life of slavery.

The two kinds of lust became indistinguishable. The evil plotting made the physical sensations all the more arousing. The physical sensations made the evil plotting all the more arousing.

Alure squealed a wounded bat-like squeal and came on Rinnassa's active mouth.

Sliphera slammed the wood cock home, battering at Rinnassa's womb like a battering ram at a castle gate. It hurt, and it felt great. Rinnassa orgasmed, groaning into Alure's pussy.

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