

# Hired Sword

By Abe E Seedy

Solve problems, get paid. It was a simple maxim, but it served Chiss well. Most mercenaries were just slabs of muscle, but she was lithe, skilled, and focussed. She knew exactly what she offered. She'd get to a new town, find out what problems they had, then solve those problems. Monsters getting the people down? She had a sword. Bandits threatening a raid? Sword. Tyrannical government? That one could be a little more complicated, vis-à-vis your particular definition of 'tyranny', but at the end of the day it was just the case of finding the right neck and bringing her sword into contact with it. In a world where peasants had pitchforks at best, offering them a low-cost sword really was quite the bargain.

All that simplicity had a downside though. Once the task was done, no one really knew what to do with her. Oh sure, there'd be celebratory drinks, maybe even a good feast around harvest time, and of course she'd always get paid, but beyond that people tended to get nervous. Whoever was newly comfortable or newly in charge was suddenly very aware that they had just as much neck as the last person, and they'd suddenly develop a keen interest in pointing out the next town where Chiss could find work. But that was fine. Solve problems, get paid, that was the pitch that she gave. But there was a third part that she kept to herself:

Move on. Quickly.

She'd always been of that mindset, more or less. But it hadn't been quite so pressing in the past. Now she had... perhaps a week, at best? She could never quite be sure, but she definitely knew when her time was up. In truth it probably made her a bit more fierce if things were dragging on too long - she probably wouldn't have run full-tilt into that last bugbear cave if it hadn't taken her so long to find the damn thing. When she started to feel it, really *feel* it, she knew she didn't have long. She'd barely made it to the outskirts of town that time, and even that only after accepting whatever coins the townsfolk happened to have on them as payment.

Normally she was much more careful. She liked to have a day, a good solid day where she could really get clear and find herself a nice, secluded spot. She'd set up her tent, pull off her leather armour and lay it all out. Maybe she'd get lucky and find a hot spring, or even just a small pool she could relax in, something where her nudity would make sense if, gods forbid, someone stumbled upon her. But, regardless of the exact setting, eventually she'd *relax*, and give in to the insistence that was by then beating at her door.

She still remembered the first time. Hazy memories of a midnight encounter the night before, and then heat, confusion and feelings the morning after. Fumbling at her vestments, desperate for air, or to cool down, she didn't know exactly what, but she knew she needed *something*, and

pulling aside her clothes was the first step. And then she'd seen it, something slick and dripping sliding out of her pussy, waving back and forth in front of her.

Her hand reacted before her mind did, reaching down to snap it away, but the second her fingers closed around it she'd been forced to freeze. She'd *felt* that. Felt it in a way that caught her completely off-guard, felt the slime beneath her fingers and yet, at the same time, she could feel her fingers in turn, like she'd just grabbed hold of her own arm. And then, while she was still trying to wrap her mind around that, the urges just *kicked*.

Without thinking, her hand started moving. She couldn't offer rational justification, because it wasn't like she was trying to work it loose. Already she could tell that it wasn't something that could be loosened, because it wasn't actually some odd substance or creature stuck halfway inside of her. It wasn't a part of her pussy at all, but something that had built up over her clit, growing out as a slick green shape that she recognised viscerally.

It was a cock. And the realisation of that hit her just before the realisation that she was already sliding her hand up and down it, her mind swimming at the unstoppable sensations that provoked.

Even now, whenever she touched it, it brought her right back to that first time. The way her hand sunk into the surface of it with an audible 'squelch', the substance of it somehow both soft and hard at the same time. There was always the thought that maybe she shouldn't be doing this, maybe she should be putting it aside, or finally getting it looked at, but that always lost out to the inexorable bliss as she felt it slither and pulse between her fingers.

And then, with a twitch, she was... something. It was an orgasm in the same way that a yawn was a cough. It was related, involving a lot of the same components, but far more relaxed and leisurely. There was a tide of slime that just poured out of her, making her knees weak as it slid down the inside of her thighs.

That first time she'd had no idea what that meant, but now she knew the steps well. She settled down on her haunches, letting her head loll back on her shoulders as the waves of bliss and sensation washed over her. It never stopped being good, the way it just kept going and going, so wonderfully long and drawn out rather than the short sharp shock of any orgasm she'd had previously. Now she made sure to select a spot carefully, a small patch of soft grass to make her nest in. So when she felt the first of the shapes pressing towards her slick pussy, she knew all she had to do was brace herself into position and let them come.

If she'd tried to describe it to someone, she wasn't sure she would have been able to. She'd come to think that might be why she'd never heard of anything like this happening before, because maybe as well as being rare, the people who went through it kept as quiet about it as she was. Not to mention the undercurrent of embarrassment that came from whatever this was being inflicted by such a minor, unthreatening creature. She often wondered what exactly

happened that night, how some mere nuisance had so completely gotten the better of her, but any misgivings like that swiftly fell away when this moment hit. It must happen more than people thought, because slime monsters were seemingly everywhere, and no one seemed to know how exactly they reproduced. But now, as she felt her slit stretch open, and the first deliciously soft shape slide through it and fall to the ground - now she had a much better idea than most.

She was never quite sure how long it took exactly. Sometimes it was just a brief moment in the morning, others it felt like an entire evening. Regardless of the precise timing though, it was always enough that her mind fogged over completely, letting her lose herself in jerking off her dripping wet cock, guiding the unending tide of thick fluid between her legs to catch the slimes that pressed one by one from her pussy.

And by now, it was *her* cock. To begin with it all felt so other, some foreign thing that had attached itself to her and demanded something of its host. But it had been so long, and she couldn't even remember when exactly it had stopped being an 'it' and started just being her. When it was dormant she'd found herself missing it, counting down the days until the urges would start again and she could feel it slithering out of her body, writhing around within the confines of her clothes and daring her to let loose. Eventually her tongue had started getting in on it too, getting thicker and slick with its own slime when she was taking too long, and she couldn't help but agree with that assessment.

Previously her life had revolved around the fun and excitement of starting fights and solving problems, then the reward and relaxation that she'd receive from all that. Now that was all a means to an end, a way to keep herself fed and on the move, an excuse to send herself from one town to another. What she really looked forward to now, the code she really lived by, didn't have any words. It was just this, the feeling of collapsing to her knees in a slickness of her own making, her cock grasped in one hand as it poured an endless supply of fluid beneath her, and her pussy stretched again and again with the unceasing passage of slimes.

They didn't hang around, of course. Chiss wasn't even sure if they could, being such simple things that they probably just went straight in the direction of some distant heat or light as soon as they hit the ground. She could never tell how many she'd just produced, as the last one would be disappearing into the undergrowth by the time she was picking herself back up. But, it didn't matter. She'd met trees that were more intelligent and dangerous than slimes were. It was nothing to put them out of her mind the moment she got back to her feet, and by the time she was strapping her armour back on she was already fully focussed on the town ahead. Perhaps some day she'd find some medicine woman she trusted enough to look into this, but for now there was another town and another set of problems just a day down the road.

It was time to solve problems and get paid.