

Hired Sword Part Two

By Abe E Seedy

"Damn that town", Chiss muttered, finally lowering herself down to the soft grass and tossing aside her makeshift crutch. "What sort of idiot tries to fix a set of stairs with thatch?"

She rubbed at her ankle with both hands, wincing a little as she did so. It was probably just a sprain. Still made her regret solving their bandit problem though, especially for as cheap as she had. Then again, after her foot had gone through the stairs to their 'great' house on the way to their celebration, she hadn't been particularly inclined to stick around and drive a hard bargain.

In truth though, it was a relief to have such a good reason to leave town in hurry. Carousing like that wasn't her strong suit anymore. It seemed like almost every day her tongue was longer and thicker, and so she'd settled into a reputation of the strong, silent mercenary who spoke only when absolutely necessary. Not that she was particularly inclined to be chatty in any case. Even if her tongue didn't sell her out physically, if she let herself get drunk around people there'd be no telling what exactly she'd come out with, when the thoughts and ideas she normally kept private were allowed to bubble to the surface. And that was not even counting someone noticing the odd, moving bulge in her trousers.

It had been, what, weeks? It was hard to put a date on it exactly, but it had definitely been some time since her cock had last withdrawn itself entirely. Now it barely even bothered to sit still, instead indulging in a constant, slick writhing within her clothes, teasing her more and more incessantly until she eventually took care of it. The distraction of that was probably the reason why she'd stumbled so heavily on that damn staircase in the first place, given that she'd been allowing herself to drift off into the sensation of it just before her ankle went sideways.

With a great, slow exhalation she peeled her clothes aside, allowing her shining green cock to stretch up into the air in front of her. "I hope you realise this is all your fault", she said ruefully, before it leaned over to her waiting hand, the tip curling around her finger and pulling her fist closed around itself.

"Mhmm, I thought you'd say that", Chiss said with a laugh. "But I can't deny that you raise a good point..."

It was always so easy, settling in with long, slow strokes. Letting her shoulders slide back against the grass, her fingers sinking ever so slightly into the soft slickness of her cock. Already she could feel the slime pouring down her wrist, dripping down her thighs as her pussy started to stretch. The towns and their problems might be inconvenient, but it was always worth it just to get to the moments like this, when time melted away and she could just relax into an endless, wonderful bliss.

Her body was well trained by now. The first of the slimes pressed out of her with little more than a satisfied shudder, trailing down the inside of her thigh as it made its way down towards the soft ground. Even before it touched the grass Chiss was already preparing for the next one, her hand drawing a fresh load of slickness from her cock to better coat the area. But then all of a sudden there was a sensation she wasn't expecting, and reflexively, everything stopped.

The slime had been heading towards the bushes, off to do whatever it was exactly they all did once they were let loose, but its path to get there had taken it over her injured foot. As it slithered across her body, the cold of it seeped into her sprained ankle, and the dull pain loitering at the edge of her awareness was suddenly silenced. That change was what had caused Chiss to stop what she was doing, but she belatedly realised that the soothing feeling had never actually gone away. As soon as she stopped moving the slime had also frozen in place, sitting patiently right at the centre of her ankle and turning its little black eyes up to look at her.

Chiss was, it was fair to say, confused. "H... hello?", she asked tentatively, abandoning her previous efforts as she bent forwards towards the slime on her foot. "Can you understand me somehow?"

Beyond a slow blink, the slime didn't respond. But it also didn't move. Instead of heading off immediately like they always did, it just stayed right where it was. It was staring at her too, almost as though it was waiting for an order.

"Um, sit?", she tried.

It moved. Chiss thought it was just going to drip off her foot and slide to the ground, but a moment later her eyes widened as something else happened. It did move downwards, but instead of going around her body it somehow went *into* it, sinking smoothly through her skin in one simple motion. In an instant the pain of her ankle went from soothed to just *gone*, and then it was as though that same feeling of relaxation somehow kept going. Chiss wasn't even sure she'd have been able to describe it, because when it started a shudder ran up through her spine and forced her eyes closed, and by the time it had reverberated back down her body and her eyes had reopened, whatever it was that was happening had happened.

Her foot was changed. From about the top of her ankle to the tip of her toes there was only the same slick, green substance that made up the slimes, but now in the exact same shape as her foot. Actually, no, now that she really looked at it, her toes weren't entirely separate. They were just ridges, giving the appearance of separation, while all still being a part of the same mass.

More surprised than worried, Chiss tried wiggling her toes. The tip of her foot parted smoothly, each of her toes separating themselves from each other at her prompting, with only thin strands

of green slime connecting them as they obediently waggled before her. Then, as soon as she stopped, they merged cleanly back together.

There was, she had to note, absolutely no pain. Even the sprain she'd had before remained gone completely. But of course, that made sense, didn't it? How could you sprain slime?

The thought made her laugh out loud, more in recognition of the general absurdity of her situation than from any actual joke. But, sure. She'd been making new slimes for a while now, for reasons she still had no firm grasp of. So what if she could apparently command those new slimes, and merge them with her own body if she chose? What more unreason could that add to her overall situation? She was not at risk after all - if anything, her ability to walk off an injury had just considerably improved. And besides, she thought to herself, looking down at her cock as her fingers tightened around it once again, she already knew well the benefits of having the slime reform one part of her anatomy. Maybe this was just another opportunity, one more series of problems she could solve.

Reflexively her hand swept downwards, her thick tongue lathering the inside of her mouth as her temporarily held-off lust returned with a vengeance. She grabbed at her cock, slickness pouring through her fist in an unending stream, her chest quickly devolving into a slimy mess at her insatiable output. She began to feel a familiar tug at her pussy, her other hand moving swiftly down to meet it, rubbing over her goo-slick lips as a second slime made its way out of her body. But this time, instead of letting it fall absently to the ground, she encouraged it up into her hand, stroking her fingers across its surface as it moved like wine pouring uphill.

She didn't need words. It was the same as how she'd wiggled her toes, she just thought of the action she wanted to be taken, even if she wasn't entirely sure how it would pan out. The slime moved silently into her palm, and then, with that same sensation of blissful relaxation, sunk down into her skin. This time she saw the change, watching as the slickness of the slime spread seamlessly out over her hand, the colouration and texture of her flesh wiped easily aside. And then it was complete, and her left hand from her wrist to the tips of her fingers had been reformed as soft green goo. Apart from the colour, and the fact that when she held it up to the sky she could vaguely see through it, it looked just like her hand always had. But... perhaps she didn't have to settle for that.

Chiss made a decision. She gave one quick nod, her eyes closed to reinforce the motion, and then when she opened them again she watched as her body obeyed her silent request. Her fingers began to merge together seamlessly, going beyond even the false separation of her toes to form become completely smooth. That then spread outwards, thickness traded rapidly for length, until finally the slime stretched almost a foot out from where her hand had been, the tip of the green goo curling dexterously back in on itself in anticipation.

It was, for all intents and purposes, a tentacle; sitting quite happily at the end of her still-human wrist and reaching all the way down to her knee. She lifted it back up to her face for one last

approving inspection, until, with a slick-lipped smile, sent it down to her crotch, plunging it eagerly into her waiting pussy.

Her mouth fell open. Her cock writhed with pleasure in her fist, but now it had competition, the tentacle proving a delicious combination of soft and hard as it stretched and pressed inside her. It felt as though something had been unlocked, some new mystery unravelled, and her body responded to this revelation with wave after wave of blissful orgasm. She was already lying flat on her back by now, the endless slickness from her cock coating her from chest to neck, but now this new technique provoked a flood of slimes to pour from her pussy, washing down her tentacle and climbing up her wrist under their own direction.

Or maybe it was under *her* direction, because as she came her mind kept coming up with new options, new things she could do and new ways she could experiment, and every new idea was some exciting new depravity that she could eagerly lean into. A pair of slimes fell heavily onto her chest, sinking into her breasts and making them both large, dripping and heavy. Two more slimes curled down towards her cock, building it upwards and outwards, making it even more prominent and demanding, while at the same time the volume of slickness it produced increased even further. Her whole body jerked and shuddered as more and more slimes swarmed over her, each idea going through the same cycle of exciting conception to seamless execution, before finally standing as a dare to go yet further, while every new change made her cum harder and harder as she willed herself through more exotic changes. She began to lose focus, riding the line between overwhelming bliss and outright unconsciousness, until one last slime swept up over her face and pressed into her mouth, reshaping her tongue to be so long and sensitive that its every movement brushed deliciously against her slick lips, sending yet more thick fluid of its own dripping down her chin. With that one last climactic note she slumped backwards, her whole body relaxing as she sunk into the soft grass beneath her.

That was good, she thought hazily as she drifted off to sleep. She couldn't wait to see what tomorrow would bring.