

# Hired Sword Part Three

By Abe E Seedy

Blacksmiths didn't have to deal with this sort of shit. They dealt with practical problems. Things like, "where did I put my hammer?", or, at worst, "why won't this damn ore melt?". But Quinn had wanted a life of adventure, somewhere she could put her smith-forged muscles to a more profitable use, and that had led her straight into the path of an outright damned *mystery*.

Sure, mysteries were good for business. They were certainly a step up from the sort of problems she'd started out on, ones like ""could you clear all the slimes out of the feed troughs on my farm?", or "that goopy thing just stole my boot, could you get it back?". But then those led to mysteries, namely, "just where the hell did all these slimes come from anyway?", and *that* was where the adventuring life got you. Mysteries didn't have a practical solution. You couldn't just hit that question with a hammer and consider it solved - at least, not in a way people considered satisfying enough to earn some coin. No, you had to hunt down a mystery, sniffing its trail through village after village, desperately trying to piece together some sort of sense from a dozen different idiot's opinions. It was all Quinn could do to avoid putting her fist in the face of the latest yokel to spout his pet theory about the slimes. Gods how that made her miss her forge.

As much as she hated to admit it though, this mystery had a hold on her now. It mightn't have been as straightforward as forging a sword, but there was a weird pull to the way every town had some small new part to add to the tale, even when they didn't seem to add up. One place thought maybe a bugbear had been eating them, because they started showing up right after it was killed. Another thought maybe some bandits had been keeping them at bay, presumably because they messed with highwaymen just as readily as they did everyone else. One old man had sat her down and told her about how it just went to show that the old local lord *had* been just a tyrant after all, because there hadn't been any slimes under his watch, now had there?

They were all local problems, but the mystery didn't come to light until you started to put them all together. Most people never travelled much outside their own little village, so they only saw those two things - first there was whatever the first bad thing was, and then when that went away, the slimes moved in. So most folks just shrugged, figuring that 'infested with slimes' must be the way of things, and it was only when bigger problems moved in that that was overruled. But Quinn *was* travelling, and the mystery had sunk its teeth into her deep.

It took four villages of asking before someone even *mentioned* the mercenary. It was a weird sort of embarrassment - no one ever tried to pretend they grew all their own crops, made all their own clothes and only used tools they'd forged themselves, and yet the idea that they needed someone highly skilled at fighting to fight for them seemed a step too far. Or maybe it was just the fact that they'd paid this other woman considerably more than they wanted to pay

Quinn, and thought that if she knew what the going rate was she'd ask for more. Somewhere between "fragile ego" and "shrewd business sense", she guessed, which sure seemed to sum up pretty much everything in her new line of work.

But all that aside, that was the key to it. Whatever the local problem was, it was always this same woman who had solved it, and then within a few days of her leaving the slimes would appear. When she first figured that out Quinn thought it was some great racket - establish yourself as a trustworthy problem solver, then prime the town with a simple problem to solve, and keep making money. Except she never came back. She moved in one direction, forwards, never returning to make good on how she'd set herself up. So if she *had* been establishing a racket by summoning a bunch of slimes to plague the towns she passed through, she was doing a pretty piss-poor job of making money on it.

It didn't make sense, and her confusion was only increased by the fact that the more places Quinn went through, the less it felt like she knew who this mercenary was. She'd started out getting answers like, "You mean Chiss? She's good, hell of a drinking buddy. I think I still owe her for my last ale", but over time it had become, "Chiss, was it? Yeah, that's right. She got the job done no mistake, but she sure didn't stick around." Finally those few that spoke with her could only answer along the lines of, "oh, the mercenary woman? Didn't catch her name. Kinda weirded me out, if I'm being truthful. I got the impression she was glad to move on, and I was happy to let her do it."

Then, suddenly, nothing. One town there was a story of the mercenary who fought the bandits and put her foot through some stairs, and then the next town over, no one had heard of her. And neither town had ever *seen* a slime, which was the weirdest damn thing. Quinn searched around, trying to see if there was some other nearby town she'd gone to rather than following this same simple path, but again, nothing. It was like Chiss had just vanished, taking her travelling carnival of slimes with her.

Quinn wound up camping outside the last town Chiss had been seen in, working over the mystery like she was pounding metal in her head. She had to have all of the pieces, because there *weren't* any more. No matter what she tried though, nothing seemed to fit. If Chiss had been responsible for the slimes, why didn't she come back to any of the towns to make more money? But if she wasn't responsible, why did they stop when she disappeared? And just where the hell did she go anyway? Surely no one who could just run right through a bugbear's den like they said she had had much to fear from anything living along these sleepy roads.

None of it made sense, and it put her in a bad mood as she finished off the last of her salted meat and grumpily settled into her bedroll. That was the last of what she'd bought with the money she'd pulled together by taking care of those slimes along the way, so if she wanted to keep at it, she'd have to split her time between looking for Chiss and hunting for food. So, no. She'd told herself that if she ever got to this point and she didn't have an answer, she'd let it go. It stung, but sometimes you just had to set things aside, and get on with the practical business

of living. Maybe someday she'd hear the rest of it from someone else, the tale of Chiss the Slime-caller, and she'd at least have an answer. That thought didn't sit right, but it sat better than starving to death in the wilderness because she couldn't let it go.

Her sleep, when it came, was uneasy. Almost immediately her dreams were caught on that same mystery, only now she could feel it all physically slipping away from her. It was as though she was being swept along in a river, flat on her back while a sky full of unanswered questions rushed over her. She was untethered, drifting helplessly through it all, pulled along behind what could only be the shadowy form of Chiss herself, forever sinking further and further into the distance. Until eventually she lost sight of her entirely, and the darkness closed in from all sides.

Quinn woke with a start, tumbling right out of her bedroll. It was still too dark to see, and she mumbled a curse to herself as she levered her face off the floor. She must have been thrashing so much in her sleep that she'd rolled off the soft grass she'd bedded down on, and it was just her luck to find the one patch of stony ground to bash her face into.

"Good, you're awake."

Her hands pushed against the ground before her mind even registered what the voice had actually said, sending Quinn scrambling onto her knees as she fumbled around in the darkness for her weapon. "Who's there?"

From somewhere a few feet in front of her, there was a soft laugh. Just like the voice that had spoken before, it sounded... different. It was thick somehow, and slightly slurred, as though each word was dripping wet before it even left the mouth that spoke them. If the ocean had a voice, it might sound like this one. "Oh, yes", it continued, "the darkness. Let me help you with that."

Suddenly, there was light. Quinn had to shield her eyes as a startlingly bright glow flashed up all around her, and through the cracks between her fingers she slowly realised that she wasn't in her camp. She was in a cave, the walls of which were covered with softly quivering slimes, about every fourth one of which was shining with an inner light.

"Is that better?"

When the voice spoke again, Quinn couldn't help but look towards it, her hands falling to her sides as she finally saw who she was talking with.

Standing in front of her was a woman, but only as much as molten metal in a mould was a sword. She was roughly the same shape as a woman, but most women that Quinn knew were not made of green goo, and they certainly weren't something like nine feet tall. Looking down, Quinn realised that most of that height was due to the fact that instead of legs she had a long, thick tail, extending out from below her waist as she reared up in front of her, with the tip of it

trailing quite some distance behind her. Above that her body was mostly human shaped, albeit a human with some pretty hefty proportions, and the same colour and consistency as all of the little slime creatures that lined the walls around her.

She was also *extremely* naked. Whether she could wear clothes even if she wanted to was an open question, or if they'd have just sunk into her goopy mass if she tried, but the fact remained that her nakedness was very much on display, and that led to the last, most pressing thing that was different about her. In Quinn's experience, it was rare for any human to have a foot-long, gooey cock, especially one that was swaying and curling around itself in obvious anticipation, the tip of it dripping with thick, eager fluid. Below that was what had to be her pussy, a long slit running vertically down from her waist, and even as she watched it began to stretch open, and in moments a fresh new slime creature had fallen to the floor.

All at once, the mystery had been solved. This was Chiss, somehow, and it explained every question Quinn had had. That said, this solution had left her with even more pressing questions to answer. At the back of her mind were ones like "how did this happen?" and "how was she controlling and creating the slimes?", but it was a practical question that really captured her immediate attention:

What happens now?

Fighting didn't feel like it was a viable option. Even if the slimes had been good enough to take her hammer along when they'd stolen her away in the middle of the night (and that was another small mystery answered, explaining the bizarre dream), from all she'd heard Chiss was an unbeatable warrior, and she certainly didn't seem like she'd be any less intimidating to face now. Besides, she'd started talking first. If her reputation from the previous few villages was any guide, that was a change.

It was hardly the *biggest* change she'd clearly gone through recently, but it gave her something to work with, at least.

Quinn decided to try for an honest opening. Clearing her throat, she looked up at Chiss' impassive face and said with as much confidence as she could manage, "I've been looking for you, you know."

There was a pause before she got a response. Chiss licked her lips slowly, and from the way her jaw moved it seemed like she had to readjust her mouth carefully to ready herself for speech. "Yes, you have."

"I, uh, didn't know that I was looking for you at first."

This time the answer was quick. "Neither did I."

The air was warm. Quinn found herself sweating, wiping her hand over her brow before she went any further. Things were far too tense for comfort, so she decided to try and cut through it. Squaring her jaw, she looked Chiss right in her shining black eyes.

"Why did you take me here?"

Despite her attempt at confrontation, Chiss didn't react. "You stopped looking", she said simply.

Quinn blinked. "Are you... flirting with me?", she stammered.

This, finally, got a reaction, a smile spreading slowly over Chiss' face. "I've never been pursued before. It is an interesting sensation."

She moved, her body whipping forward as she closed the distance between them, finishing close enough that Quinn could feel the moisture in the air as she spoke.

"And not one that I wanted to end so soon."

Bending backwards involuntarily, Quinn struggled to put together a response. "You... want me to keep pursuing you?"

"Oh no", Chiss answered. She licked her lips once again, and Quinn could see a slight tremble run through her body as her tongue swept back and forth in her mouth. "The chase is over. Now I want to show you what happens now that you've caught me."

Suddenly there was pressure on the small of her back. Quinn had just enough time to realise that Chiss must have curved her tail up behind her before she was knocked off balance, falling forwards into her arms. Even as Quinn landed with a dull splat against her slick body, Chiss kept talking, her tone as distant and unconcerned as though having another woman's face pressing into the bottom of her breasts was the most natural thing in the world.

"You know, I can't say for sure whether I'm learning things or remembering things. It feels like both at once. Like remembering something from a dream."

Her hand ran down the base of Quinn's spine, and then in an instant there was a change of sensation, the feeling of separate fingers sliding over her rear fading as they collected together into a single strand of slime. Then, before she could do anything more than gasp, the length of it curled inwards, easily pulling aside her loose sleeping clothes and pressing into her pussy.

"Things just started to make sense. The slimes aren't monsters to fight, or deadly creatures to be defeated. They're not really even creatures at all."

Her other hand rose upwards, cradling the back of Quinn's head as she drifted backwards, caught up completely in her embrace.

"But they *are* a part of something", she continued. "They're a part of me now. Not when I left them behind, of course. Then they're no more than a strand of hair from your head, to be cleaned up by whoever needs the work. But together..."

She pulled, not hard enough to hurt, but enough that Quinn tilted her head backwards in response, her wide eyes meeting Chiss' own.

"Together, you can really *feel* it."

As suddenly as she had moved in, Chiss withdrew, her torso snaking backwards as Quinn struggled to stand without her tail propping her up. That would have been less of a problem if not for the fact that the one part of her that didn't withdraw was the slender tendril of goo still working its way in and out of Quinn's slit, with just the right mixture of patience and enthusiasm to make her weak at the knees.

For as much as that was overwhelming Quinn though, for Chiss that seemed to be almost an afterthought. Her attention was much more focussed on her own body, her free hand wrapping around her slimy cock. Soon it was pumping up and down eagerly, pulses of thick fluid starting pour down her front, while at the same time her tongue began to press out through her lips. Seeing those two things together slowly made Quinn aware of their similarity, both her cock and her tongue were long, slick tubes of bright green goo, and while her cock was certainly larger, thicker and rounder, her tongue seemed to provide no less pleasure, and produce almost as much slickness, so that it was soon dripping freely from her chin and onto her breasts.

And below all that, Quinn could see Chiss' pussy stretch wide again and again as slimes slid out of her. Even her tail seemed to be a part of the process, she now noticed, the tip of it bulging and dripping as yet more slimes squeezed their way through ceaselessly.

"There's so much", Chiss slurred, her tongue reluctantly retreating enough to allow her to speak. "It feels so good to spread and grow. Here, let me show you..."

She looked down at Quinn, the tendril in her pussy pressing home firmly as a torrent of slickness flooded out of it, deep inside her. And then that slickness... moved, swimming upwards somehow, building and surging and growing as Quinn could only bite her lip and ride the sensation, feeling her body settle obediently into the shape Chiss was pouring her into. There was one last moment of pressure, then with a gasp she fell backwards to the floor, Chiss reforming her hand as she pulled it back towards herself. But even though it was gone Quinn felt a slickness lying against her chest, and as her eyes rolled slowly downwards she saw it. A glistening green cock of her own, writhing slightly in a pool of its own slime, sticking heavily to her naked skin.

Chiss sighed happily as Quinn's hand closed around her shaft, watching with approval as her movements quickened, her teeth gritted as she leaned back against the ground.

"That's it", she all but purred. "Enjoy yourself. You have all the answers you need now, and such an enjoyable new path to walk..."