

Hissekai, or, I Zoned Out When Getting My Cheat Skill For Another World And Now I'm Irresistible To The Evil Lieutenant

By Abe E Seedy

There was a bright flash and then that was... it.

Scarlet had been walking home from work, and then suddenly she was floating in a featureless void while a glowing giant lady was apologetically calling her a 'regretful casualty of interdimensional instability'. Her life as she knew it was apparently over, but she *could* be reincarnated somewhere a little more 'permeable', with some bonus abilities as compensation for the unfairness. She found her voice after a long pause, raising her hand timidly to ask her first question. "Is this, like, an isekai then?"

The goddess rolled her eyes before nodding her head. "We let *one* person come into Earth with a dream of becoming a famous storyteller and suddenly everything we do becomes a cliché", she mumbled.

Moving on quickly, the deity cut off any further questions by telling Scarlet to select the rewards for her reboot. A set of floating cards with written options appeared in front of her like she was a character levelling up in a video game, saying things like "Skill Training" or "Age Select - Young 20s". That last one sounded good, thought Scarlet, or at least the small part of her brain that wasn't completely overwhelmed. Drifting on that autopilot she also jabbed at the tick boxes next to "Improved Looks" and "Retained Memories" before the rest of the options suddenly greyed out and a section entitled "Cheat Skill" rushed up to take its place. The space underneath that heading was worryingly blank.

It was another few moments before her brain managed to kick her mouth into gear. "Oh, uh, um, sorry", she started, casting around for the goddess and finding her looking down at her from above. "Do I, uh, not have any options for the cheat skill? Isn't that like, important?"

The goddess huffed, her breath alone sending Scarlet tumbling backwards towards the void. "I guess", came the eventual answer, "but it's a pain. Everyone always wants something like 'infinite wealth' or some stupid all-powerful magic."

Scarlet looked down sheepishly, an effect that was slightly undercut by Scarlet's weightless spin causing the goddess to rise into view below her. "Oh. That was going to be my first pick."

"It doesn't work like that! You can't just choose to be a god or we'd be out of a job! It has to be more subtle, but it also has to make sense for *you*. So!"

The goddess steadied Scarlet's endless tumbling with an ethereal finger, confronting her with a giant, impassive face.

"What's something meaningful to you? What's a skill or achievement you truly valued in your previous life, or something you'd always wanted but never attained?"

Scarlet blinked. She'd thought she was already having an existential crisis, what with having died 5 minutes ago and now she was negotiating a do-over with a deity. And after all that she had to figure out the one thing that summarised her as a person? What *did* she value? Did she like her job? Her pets? Her family? Her hobbies? What could she build a life around? It was hard to say because it felt like she'd never really gotten around to that part. Settling down had always seemed like a tempting vision for the future, one forever delayed by how she never found anyone to plan it with. She'd just been...

Her eyes slid off the goddess and onto the empty void around her. Drifting. The realisation hit her so hard she couldn't help but laugh.

"Oh, there we go", the goddess said, apparently unconcerned with Scarlet's mental unravelling and also able to simply pluck the answer out of her mind. "It's all about connections, is it? Very well. Enjoy your skill - Heartseeker."

"Sorry, what?", Scarlet replied, but her vision was already being obscured by another floating textbox. It read:

Heartseeker - connections come easily. General social situations are much more likely to go favourably for you. You can also form especially strong connections when desired that will help you bridge the gap between both parties.

Scarlet blinked at it. After everything else, she didn't have the mental energy to figure out what something this vague meant in practice. Could she walk into a castle and tell the owners it was hers, or were people just more likely to come to her birthday parties? She needed clarification.

"Er", she started, but the goddess was already retreating into the empty distance. "Good luck!" she called behind her, before another flash of light swallowed Scarlet completely.

She woke up looking at a calm blue sky. It was a gloriously sunny day, far from the miserable storm that had been thundering through the night she'd left behind. She stood up from the soft grass she'd been lying on, finding a small lake right next to her as she did so. The water was so clear and calm it served as a perfect mirror, which was, to be fair, probably intentional. They had clearly done this before, after all.

She tried giving her new reflection a smile, as weird as it was. She could see herself in her features, recognising the shape of her nose and the soft green eyes she'd always appreciated, but everything else was just... better. All the blemishes and scars she'd picked up from living her life had been smoothed away. Her eyebrows were elegant lines, her cheeks flushed with just the right amount of colour, her lips plump and red. Even her hair flowed like black silk down over her shoulders, instead of being the mess of tangles and split ends she'd been used to.

Her eyes dipped a little further, her hands coming up to her chest. She had to confirm by cupping them slightly but yes, all of those were her breasts. It was hard to know how to feel about that. Just how much of anime had these gods inspired? They weren't *outrageous* at least. If she needed to introduce high support bras to this world she wouldn't count it as much of a gift, but for now she was happy that she could walk around comfortably despite having a chest easily big enough to fill her palms. So, what else? She was wearing a simple but stylish peasant dress, and there was a pack of what she assumed to be her starting gear lying next to her. There was a wide dirt road a few feet away, and aside from the pond and the grass that seemed to be about all there was nearby. Presumably if she picked a direction and followed that road she'd come across at least a signpost eventually, right?

A loud caw echoed in the distance, drawing Scarlet's attention to the horizon. There was a lone tree standing by the road out there, from which a group of birds had just taken flight. A few moments later and figures started coming into view, indistinct at first as they rose out of an unseen valley along the road, but soon there were enough of them to suggest an army on the march.

Scarlet looked around quickly. Short of jumping in the lake, there wasn't anywhere she could hide. She cursed herself. Maybe she should have selected some sort of 'local knowledge' option so she could know what was going on. Was this the sort of world where soldiers marched around regularly, or did she arrive in the middle of a war? And what exactly would they do with a random bystander? But - that's right, she did have something in her favour. Social situations went her way, didn't they? Surely she could talk herself out of any problems. This might even be a good thing - once all the soldiers had passed she could go the opposite way, and that would probably be the safest place around.

Picking a spot on the field a little back from the road, Scarlet scooped her dress under herself and lay down on the soft grass. Acting casual was the best approach she could think of here - either they'd go right by and she'd be fine, but if they bothered her then she could probably convince them to leave her be. The key was to not come across as a threat. So she kept her eyes fixed on the cloudless sky, trying to act completely unconcerned even as the rhythmic thump of marching feet grew louder, joined eventually by the clank of heavy arms and armour. It went on long enough that she started to think she might have gotten away with it, right up until there was an unintelligible hissing noise and a hurried series of steps came in her direction. Oh well, Scarlet thought, lazily raising herself up on her elbows. Time to see how she could talk her way out of...

They weren't soldiers, they were monsters. Sure, maybe they were monster soldiers - they still had that heavy clanking armour she'd been expecting, but their weapons were held in

clawed, green hands and their black iron helmets framed snarling reptilian faces. Just what sort of world had she been taken to? She blinked. "Er, take me to your leader?", she tried.

They pulled her to her feet, although she took some solace from the fact that their movements seemed more 'strong and efficient' rather than deliberately rough. What she imagined to be the leader of this group of six inspected her briefly while two of the others gripped her tightly around each arm. He didn't deem her worth talking to, just giving her a long sniff and flicking a forked tongue towards her face. Then, apparently satisfied, he waved a claw dismissively to the rest and they forced her into step with them, marching her wordlessly back towards the main army. She looked around desperately all the while, trying to find something she could make sense of. They seemed to be lizard people - the view she got of their swaying tails spoke to that pretty well at least. The whole time no one said anything either amongst themselves or to her, leaving her completely in the dark as to whether this even counted as a 'social situation' she could have an advantage in.

The sun was starting to dip in the sky when she finally made it to the camp at the rear of the army. From there she was manoeuvred towards the biggest tent in the center, with tall, well-muscled guards that scowled with reptilian malice as she was made to approach. Her head was lowered through the closed flap, her eyes taking a moment to adjust to the candle-lit gloom. An animal fur rug filled her vision, the snarling head pointing towards a rich ebony throne. Resting on that fur were a set of green scaled feet, and an inquisitive hiss prompted Scarlet to look upwards towards his face.

It took some time. If she had to pick one word to describe their leader, 'large' would be at the top of the list. He was at least 7 feet tall, more than enough to look intimidating even while lounging on his throne. He was built too, with rampant muscles bulging beneath the pale yellow scales of his chest, while brighter green ones almost gleamed on his thick biceps. He seemed to be naked, and when Scarlet noticed that she couldn't help but flick her eyes further down to confirm if that 'large' description applied to all of him. He didn't have visible balls - which must have been a lizardman thing - but when it came to the shaft that was lying lazily between his thighs, well. 'Large' was certainly accurate.

Looking back up quickly, she took in his face. He had the same lizard-like snout that the rest of his followers had, although in his case she could see he had a ruff of dark black hair on his head. On closer inspection she couldn't tell if it really was hair or an array of tiny spines, but in any case they gave the impression of a surprisingly dashing hairstyle. It was hard to get a read on his reptilian features, but if anything he seemed... curious? Concerned?

The moment his golden yellow eyes met hers something strange kicked at the back of her brain. She'd been bracing herself for a dangerous situation, but for as powerful as he was he just looked... good. She'd never gone in for monsterfucker stories back in her old life, but standing here now and confronted by the biggest man she'd ever seen lording commandingly over his troops... she was starting to see the appeal.

She was just about to start talking when an almighty crack of energy raced through the air between them. Scarlet's vision blurred as she fell to her knees, and she was only vaguely aware of the lizardman toppling forwards at the same time.

Somewhere on the edge of hearing, a robotic voice spoke up. "Heartseeker, activated!"

Suddenly there was a lot of movement coming from all around her, but Scarlet felt weirdly drained. All the commotion took a while to come into focus, like sirens from an approaching ambulance slowly becoming clear. A hurried set of clanking footsteps had stopped abruptly, leaving the tent stewing in a tense silence. Blinking, Scarlet eventually noticed that the lizardman leader's feet had been joined on the rug by a clawed hand, and when she looked up she confirmed that he'd fallen to one knee out of his throne. His other hand was raised in a placating gesture to his guards while a series of unreadable expressions raced over his face, until finally he reopened his eyes to look at her.

And then, inexplicably but unmistakably, he *blushed*.

Everything else happened very quickly. A barked command cleared the tent of everyone but the two of them, the flap sealed by the guards outside standing directly in front. Then he extended a clawed hand, helping her to her feet even before he himself stood up.

"Uh, thank you", Scarlet said, realising that she was blushing herself. "So, you're in charge here then?"

He tilted his head at her before growling an unintelligible response. It had the intonation of a question, but that was as much as she could gather.

"Ah", she answered. "Probably should have asked for language skills too, huh?"

In the following silence she looked at him, her eyes sliding slowly down his body. He did the same to her. Then she blushed even more as something else started sliding upwards. She looked back at his face, but that just made her own blush come on stronger. She may have never been one for monsters before, but *this* monster? All of a sudden she'd never wanted to fuck anyone more.

She gave up. "Oh fuck it. What good is a reward life if you don't get to enjoy it, right?" She touched his chest encouragingly and with that one moment of approval it was like he was unlocked, sweeping one hand behind her and taking her entire weight effortlessly as he lowered her to the ground. He placed a dark claw gently at the top of her sternum, looking at her questioningly as it slid smoothly through the fabric of her dress. It took Scarlet a few moments, but after a suggestive twitch she nodded quickly. "Oh, yeah, go ahead. I don't even know where I got it anyway."

He pulled, the dress cleaving neatly into two separate pieces in his wake. They both realised at the same time that she wasn't wearing anything else, but Scarlet shrugged off any annoyance with the recognition that she was quite happy not to have underclothes getting in the way right now. With the fabric between them falling away around either side of her thighs the lizardman straightened up slightly, gazing at her body in what seemed like wrapt appreciation. He sank to his knees in front of her, his hands pulling open Scarlet's legs without any resistance. He leaned forwards, tasting air between them with his forked tongue

once, twice, three times - closer with every breath until at last he brushed teasingly over her sensitive skin and sent heat flooding to her bare crotch. Scarlet's eyes drifted closed as her hands found purchase on the scales of his head, guiding him onwards eagerly. She could feel her wetness slicking his scales as he made contact, the tip of his nose slotting between her legs as his tongue slipped into her slit. Then, patiently but insistently, he began to lick.

Scarlet lounged back on the fur blissfully. *Fuck*, he was good. His tongue was long, thick and flexible, teasing at each of her walls with its forked end. He knew how to use his snout too, rubbing rhythmically over her clit with its smooth, scaly tip. His tail swayed in the air behind him like a metronome, lazily keeping time as he repeated his motions over and over.

She didn't know how long passed exactly before the heat overwhelmed her, his efforts speeding up with the urgency of her panting breaths. When he rumbled an encouraging growl her body responded instinctively, an orgasm like nothing she'd ever felt before crashing through her. It was like all the warmth flushed down her chest and out through her lower body, leaving her gasping at the sudden chill clinging to her skin.

Propping herself up on her elbows as the lizardman pulled away, Scarlet joined him in staring at an irregular circle of green scales that had spread out around her crotch. She hadn't had a chance to inspect her pussy in this world, but she had to assume it hadn't looked like this when she arrived. It was completely smooth, wrapped as it was in a more delicate version of the scales that dappled over her nearby skin. Scarlet exhaled slowly and she could *feel* it was different beneath the surface, slickness coating her inner walls as they rearranged into a more bestial configuration. There was even a faint hint of a different colouration on her clit, a pale blue overwriting what should have been a rich pink.

She swallowed. None of this had been normal, but this reshaping of the most intimate part of her was much more intense than anything else she'd been through so far. Her eyes turned back to her erstwhile partner. Maybe this was just how his species reproduced and he'd been expecting this the whole time?

He didn't even notice her accusing glare. He simply stared at her body, hissing out a few words she still couldn't understand. But... she wasn't entirely lost. The words themselves lacked meaning, but somehow she could get some of the context of his body language and expressions. He was confused and surprised - this wasn't something he expected to happen.

Then it hit her. Her flailing mind pulled up the definition of that Heartseeker power she'd activated, flashing that last sentence in front of her eyes.

You can also form especially strong connections when desired that will help you bridge the gap between both parties.

That's what she was doing. Maybe if she'd had been with a noble she'd have gained a knowledge of courtly etiquette, or if she'd found a marathon runner she'd be more able to keep up. But she'd fucked a lizardperson, so the magic in her talent found a more direct route to make them more compatible.

She reached down with a cautious hand, spreading the lips on her new pussy open. A series of thoughts chased each other through her head. She should probably stop, she could definitely fit him now. It'd get better if she backed off, her fingers felt so good teasing around her slit. She didn't know anything about how all this worked, she knew she wasn't remotely satisfied yet. Maybe she could indulge herself now and figure all this out later? That couldn't hurt, right? Yes? Yes.

Scarlet rose unsteadily to her feet, and walked towards his now-empty throne. Like everything else, it was fortunately quite large. She draped herself over the side, bracing her legs carefully and waving her rear in his direction. Apparently he was still too confused to accept just that as an instruction, so Scarlet shot him a look over her shoulder, adding what she was fairly confident came across as an inviting hiss. The sudden weight of claws on her hips made it clear her meaning had gotten across.

He pressed his cock into her new pussy with a long, slow growl, making Scarlet's nails dig unconsciously into the ebony beneath her. She felt his hands move further and further up her body, gripping her first by the waist, then the chest and then finally by the shoulders as he bent over. Eventually he was hissing his need directly into her ear, every thrust bringing them closer in all the ways that mattered.

She didn't have a good handle on when and how her body changed to suit him exactly. She could feel that same sensation of warmth ebbing away, although rather less dramatically than before. If the first time had felt like dropping into an invigorating ice bath this was more like the cosy sensation of settling into a comfortable temperature, one that was now cold rather than warm. That inviting chill seeped through her veins like a massage, calming any tension in her muscles even as it ordered her skin to coat itself in scales. It reached down her legs like pleasant pins and needles, and by the time it enveloped her feet she found herself flexing claws of her own into the ground beneath her. She felt him nudge her growing tail to the side, eventually allowing her to curl it encouragingly around his neck. Meanwhile that delicious cold had reached up into her chest, settling her breasts beneath the same intimate scales that coated her crotch.

Tightening herself eagerly, Scarlet urged him onwards towards a climax. Almost without noticing her arms had slipped beneath their own bright green armour, her claws now leaving deep gouges in the ebony throne as the two of them bucked in a delirious frenzy. She felt the cold creep up her neck and embraced it willingly, a long, drawn-out hiss escaping from her throat as her vocal cords shifted. Her forking tongue tickled her lips for the first time, chased outwards only a moment later by her mouth and nose as they merged into her reptilian snout. His orgasm hit just as the last of her body changed, the flood of sudden fullness pushing her over the edge into her own emphatic climax.

Scarlet would have been content to stay together with that for some time, but only a few moments later she heard another faint robotic voice. "Heartseeker success!", it chimed. "1 out of 100 slots filled."

"1 out 100?!", Scarlet rasped, causing the lizardman behind her to stir.

"What is that my queen?", he asked. "Do you have a task for me to undertake on your behalf?"

She blinked slowly. "Uh, could you, get me a snack?"

He nodded, slipping away to growl orders at his underlings. Meanwhile, Scarlet slid down into the chair. Clearly there was a lot about her reward life she was going to have to get used to.

But she appreciated the perks so far.