

Healing Properties

By C. Jade Wyton

The lich is in pain, constantly suffering from her own body's decay. Desperate for any kind of relief, she allows one of her followers, a strange man made of fungus, to treat her. Lost in the titillation of her numbness, she allows Fungus to do a lot more to her than simply treat her wounds.

Contains descriptions of chronic pain, medical treatments, and explicit descriptions of sexual content and monster-fucking.

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Her chest was hurting again.

The lich lay in her room, trying to hide away from her family and followers; not wanting them to see her in this weakened and vulnerable state.

The only one she had allowed in her room was Wonda; who had helped her stitch up her wounds as she lay near-naked in her bed, shivering as if ill with the pain of her body's struggling function.

Wonda had offered to help her dress, but the thought of the fabric rubbing against her horribly sensitive skin made her queasy, and so the lich had refused and sent Wonda to the kitchens, instead. Asking her to keep an eye on the cooks while she herself could not.

As much as she didn't like Willard, the last thing she needed right now was the man to be poisoned again; he was already ill enough, with his failing liver. And it was hard to find people willing to do his job....

A shuffling sound at her door distracted the lich from her thoughts, and she growled as she heard it open.

'Blathe!' she snapped. 'I thought I told you I wasn't to be disturbed!'

'I fucking *tried* to keep him out, didn't I?' the grumbling, frustrated response was the return from the man she'd set to guard her door; and she heard him stumbling back to his feet as a familiar trill sounded and she realised that it was Fungus who had entered.

He made his way to her as the door was shut behind him, leaping up onto her bed and crawling over her bedsheets on his hands and knees.

'Did you hit Blathe?' she cooed, scratching at the cheek of the man as he leant over her. 'I've told you not to do that, you strange thing.'

Fungus just grinned at her, a mischievous look in his eye, before his head snapped to the side and he glanced to the open window.

The lich listened as she heard Singer screeching at Fourteen in a tantrum, and then shuddered as a shiver of pain coursed through her.

'Could you draw the curtains?' she asked. 'It's too bright. My eyes are getting tired.'

Fungus didn't hesitate to leap from the bed and do as he was asked; drawing the curtains on both of the bedroom windows and dimming the room into a comfortable darkness that eased the lich's headache.

‘Thank you,’ she mumbled.

Fungus seemed pleased by the praise and leapt back on the bed.

He licked at her, his tongue running over the half-closed wound on her chest, and she shoved him away.

‘Don’t *lick* me, Fungus. That’s foul!’

Fungus backed away at her order, retreating to the end of her bed to sit and watch her with a curious smile.

The lich shook her head.... And then placed a hand on her chest.

The place his tongue had touched was numb; the sickening pain that had made it so hard to move fading away.

‘You have healing abilities?’ she said in her surprise. ‘I’d thought you might, with some of the things the others have said about you, but I didn’t think it would work on *me*....’

His long tongue swished, deep green saliva oozing from its fungal-flesh surface like a bleeding-tooth hydrellum dripping to the bed sheet in a quiet spattering.

‘I didn’t know you were capable of guttation,’ she said with a curious hum. ‘Or.... Hm. That’s not quite it, is it?’

With a hand still trembling from pain, she took the creature’s tongue and examined it.

‘It doesn’t look like enough water content for that,’ she mumbled to herself. ‘What kind of chemical is this? It’s not spores....’

The pain in her hand slowly faded to a tingling numbness, as she examined the strange fungal body before her, and she found herself chuckling.

Mushrooms always reminded her of home —her first *real* home— and despite the pain she was currently in, she found herself feeling a flicker of affection and nostalgia.

Fungus leant forward, licking at her chest wound again, and she allowed it.

‘For medicinal reasons,’ she justified aloud.

Fungus gave a low chuckle, and she huffed at him.... But then, relief flowed through her body as the agony lessened into something slightly more bearable, and she let out a deep sigh and stroked the man’s single ear affectionately.

‘*That feels nice,*’ she found herself whispering. ‘*Oh, by Zaltek, that feels good.... Wait— Wait,*’ she pulled away, taking a breath. ‘Wait— One moment—’

Awkwardly, the lich rose from her bed and limped to her room’s door, Fungus following close behind.

‘Blathe?’ she asked as she opened it —just enough to address the man— and cleared her throat.

‘Yes?’ Blathe asked, his tone disrespectful but alert as he averted his eyes from the lich’s shirtless body. ‘What?’

‘Nobody is to disturb me,’ she told him. ‘And I mean *nobody*.’

Blathe gave a huff, and shrugged; slapping Fungus’ hand away from his arm as the creature reached out and fondled his elbow.

‘I mean it, Blathe,’ she pressed. ‘I’m to be left alone! Nobody may enter this room. Not even Fourteen— And *especially not Wonda*.’

Blathe’s brow furrowed at that, and he turned back to the lich with a confused look; but she’d already shut the door on him.

She turned to return to her bed, Fungus running circles around her and grinning in that way that he did.... But she only made it halfway back before she doubled over in pain and groaned.

Fungus was at her side, then; pressing his face against hers in a comforting way as he knelt beside her.

‘Can you make it stop hurting?’ she asked, seriously. ‘Is that something you can do?’

Slowly, Fungus nodded.

And the lich dropped to her knees, a pleading tone coming to her voice as she whispered: ‘*Please*, I don’t even care how you do it. Just make the pain *stop*.’

He leant forward, wrapping an arm around her to pull her close, and licked at her chest with that dripping, oozing tongue. And she allowed it; giving a long sigh as the pain began to ebb.

She flinched as the tongue pressed against her wound; but Fungus simply pulled her closer, and slowly massaged the liquid into her stitches, numbing them.

She gave a long breath of relief as Fungus’ spit eased her pains.... And then she felt his tongue working its way between her stitches; pressing itself into the empty hole in her chest and feeling its way around,

The sensation was strange; but the relief she felt as he slathered her wound in his salve-like spit chased away her hesitations, and she let him continue.

‘*That’s... helping...*’ she breathed. ‘*Thank you....*’

Fungus held her tighter; leaning down against her firmly as his seemingly ever-lengthening tongue pressed deeper and deeper within her chest.

His tongue pushed through the opening in her back; tearing the freshly-stitched threads that held her skin closed. For a moment the lich grumbled. Those stitches had only been put in an hour ago, and asking Wonda to do them again tomorrow would raise questions—

But then Fungus licked at her shoulders and she felt her muscles relaxing, and her annoyed thoughts vanished with her tension as the appendage wrapped around her neck; not squeezing, but holding her in place as the oozing, viscid substance seeped into her dry skin and filled the emptiness within her chest cavity.

She moaned softly as the liquid began to fill her, slipping between her organs and soaking her insides in a soothing buildup of pressure.

The tip of his tongue brushed against her lips; as if tenderly asking for them to part. She didn’t resist as Fungus pressed his tongue into her mouth and it made its way down her throat. She felt the agony in her lungs fade as the dry air within them was replaced by the soothing wet of Fungus’ excretions, and she let out another moan.

And then another, louder moan as the tongue pushed deeper into her and more fluid filled her.

She couldn’t help but wrap an arm around the man as he licked away at her insides, and she lashed her tail sideways at the unusual sensation.

She allowed Fungus to push her to the floor, his face burying deeper against her chest as that wonderful sludge made its way through her body and bubbled out from the hole in her chest. It slopped to the floor, dripping and oozing from

her body as she closed her eyes and let out a muffled-but-loud cry of pleasure.

She felt his hand slip into her skirt, but found she didn't care; the ecstasy of the numbness was overtaking her senses and she wrapped her other arm around him to pull him closer and shifted her legs apart to give Fungus permission to do whatever he wanted to her.

It was like he knew all the places to touch her; like he knew her body, already—

The thought left her mind as something, presumably one of Fungus' fingers, entered her and she let out a muffled shout of joy that was loud enough to bounce off the walls.

*Gods, she wanted more!*

Fungus seemed to understand exactly what she was craving as she surrendered her senses to him, and he complied without hesitation.

His entire body began to ooze colourful sludges as another finger slipped into another hole, and the lich shuddered in delight as the tongue around her neck tightened.

She lost track of time as Fungus pleased her; forgetting even where she was as all lines blurred and euphoric sensations spun through her and became all she knew.

By the time he finally released her, the dim light that had been peeking through her tattered curtains had faded into the darkness of night.

She panted, lying prone on her bedroom floor in puddles of colourful sludge that dripped from her wounds, mouth, and skin.

Her head spun, as she rolled to her side to heave up a rainbow of liquids from her lungs and take a deep breath.

'*Surprising,*' she managed to wheeze a laugh, 'For a man without genitals....'

That was when Fungus shook himself down, like an animal just come in out of the rain, and the colourful numbing liquid was flung over every surface within the room.

The lich winced, but didn't have the sense in the moment to truly care as Fungus gave a purr-like trill and settled down beside her.

'Thank you,' she told him again. 'That helped.'

—END—

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