

November 11:

Another day, another story. To those who find this diary, I do hope you're learning something. Believe it or not, there will be a time where you will be called upon to face the unknown. Whether that be the feral monster women I seduce, or... yeah, basically women. You will need to have the svelt tongue and unabashed swagger to seduce or persuade the monster (woman). Not everyone can be a bard, but everyone can be a lover. Enough with the sentimental garbage, you're here for a tale...

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After recruiting my squire Sera, I received a letter from my old friend Gage Forrester. He applied my advice to picking up monster women and caught himself a wife. He wanted me to be the best man at his wedding. Who was I to say no to a friend? So my squire and I took it upon ourselves to cancel our plans and journey to the snow capped city, Dioxity.

We needed to push through the desert of Rathiol, with sand dunes so hot it could melt my slime body. Fortunately, we only encountered a couple of large bumps on our long, hard journey. As we walked between two plump sand dunes, Dioxity emerged to us as a mirage on the horizon. The city is known for its peculiar tendency to have snow storms in the desert. Melted ice on the city's towers twinkled at us from a distance. The roads there were rocky and uneven, making traversal a pain for me. Once we arrived, the townsfolk paused briefly to stare at us.

"Great, another monster," a scraggly bearded person muttered under their breath. To think this was the greeting I'd receive. I spotted plenty of women who carried harpy chicks on their back. Stern, angry women with glares that could kill you.

"Well well, nice to see ya shorty!" a voice from behind the crowd called. The people parted ways for the mayor of Dioxity, Gage. Still the muscle bound fool I remember, although his

paunch surprised me. He grinned at me with a thin moustache and baggy eyes. His left arm and right leg were metallic prosthetics that forced him to hobble.

"I see you got a make over," I retort. The both of us chuckled then shook hands.

"Master, who's this snack?" Sera asked.

"Sera, this Gage. We go back a long time."

"Master?" Gage said, "Don't tell me this boy is your slave."

"Ha, no, he's my s-"

"Oh yes, I'm a good slave... a very good slave." Sera rubbed his cheek against my gooey arm.

"Pardon me, my *squire* is quite eccentric." I gently pushed Sera away. I understood he had feelings for me, but I was not ready for him to embarrass me like that.

"Aw it's fine," Gage said, "I'm more worried about you. Last I left you, you weren't a slime with a honey fragrance."

"Me? What about you?" I gestured to his prosthetics then he shrugged.

"Something we can discuss on our way to my palace I guess."

"Ha, he has a palace," I said, "Is it big enough to compensate for you know what?" He punched my arm and both of us had a long giggle. Eventually he led us through town square (town circle if you're a stickler) and past many tempting eateries. However, something about the place made me feel off. Those who weren't minding their own business glared at us, especially at Gage.

"Evening Mr. Mayor," one young shoe shiner said, "Care for another shine?"

"Not now. I have guests to welcome." The boy looked at us and grinned nervously.

"O-of course." The entire walk played out the same way, someone would greet us, then sheepishly go back to what they were doing.

“Gage, what’s going on?” I asked.

“Hm?”

“Everyone here is acting... odd.”

“Probably over some political nonsense. After all, the life of a mayor can’t afford you friendly smiles all the time.”

“Sure, but what did you do?” Gage ignored my question and continued walking.

“Maybe it’s because you look so tasty,” Sera said. I sighed then handed him my lute so he could practice his melodies.

“Focus on your strings, not your lust.” I didn’t notice it then, but Gage walked with a slouch, like a man carrying large bags of rice to their master.

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Night came and the frost nibbled on my membrane. Fortunately Gage’s palace distracted me from that. It was massive, with three towers adorned with gold spheres. Torches behind the palace walls illuminated the front of it, making it quite the sight to behold at night.

“Home sweet home,” Gage said as he opened the front doors. As it opened, my eyes were greeted by a strange display of a fat harpy laying an egg in the middle of the foyer. The palace had me, then made me lose all interest then and there.

“Agghhhhh- Oh, Gage you’re home?” the harpy said. She twisted her head 180 degrees to see us.

“Yes ma’am, I’ve returned with an old friend of mine,” Gage said with a gesture to us, “This is my wife, Jezebeth. She’s a delight.” I approached the harpy and clasped her wing.

“The name’s Magnus Fury,” I said while I planted a kiss on her wing.

“Magnus Fury!?” Gage said, “You’re still pulling that shit, *Bailey?*”

“What shit? It’s just like my mother named me.” Of course, I forgot Gage likes to ruin all of my attempts to appear sexy. Gage chortled and shook his head. Jezebeth raised a brow then looked toward Gage.

“Did you get the jewelry like I asked?” she said. The smile on Gage’s face melted into shock. His cheeks became red and his teeth shuddered.

“Oh, I’m sorry dear... I-”

“You forgot!?” Jezebeth shouted. She hopped in front of Gage and whacked him in the face.

“Our wedding is two days away and you forget the jewelry!? How am I supposed to look pretty for the big day??”

“I’m s-sorry dear it’s just-”

“Do you hate me that much?”

“No!”

“Don’t I deserve to look pretty?”

“Yes!”

“Then get out and don’t come back until you get me that New Moon necklace!” Jezebeth turned and waddled up the spiral stairs.

“Wow, that’s quite the banshee of a wife you have,” I said. Jezebeth snapped her body around and glared at me with an evil eye.

“What did you say?” she asked.

“I said you’re a bi-”

“Loveliest harpy he’s met!” Gage slapped his hand over my mouth and grinned nervously. Some sweat from his arm dropped onto my nose. Jezebeth flared her nostrils at us.

“Oh, now that we’re here,” she said, “Your sex fast has increased by another year!”

Jezebeth then hopped up the stairs like a constipated penguin.

“Okay... I love you.” Jezebeth quietly disappeared up to the second floor. The egg that Jezebeth laid cracked its shell. Our eyes were drawn to the crackling sound of a hatching egg. Out came a young boy with dark skin and white wings.

“Aww not again,” the newborn said with his head hung low.

“Again?” I said. I looked to Gage who sighed, too ashamed to look me in the eyes.

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We walked down the palace steps with Gage carrying the newborn.

“Gage, what did you get yourself into?” I asked.

“She wasn’t always fat,” Gage said, “She just loves cheeseca-”

“I don’t care about her weight, what has she done to you?” I said.

“Um, see I met her on a quest to slay a wyvern that periodically raided Dioxity. The two of us got it off together and we hooked up. As we dated, I became the mayor of this town and got a lot of money. Unfortunately, she used a quarter of my new earnings to buy cheesecake.”

“And how did you handle that?” I asked.

“I... let it slide.” Me and Sera both smacked our own faces.

“Why?” I asked, hoping for a good answer.

“She seemed happy with the cheesecake. You know, a happy wife is a happy life right?”

“...You’re digging yourself a bigger hole the more you talk. And by the way, sex fast?

Does that have something to do with the boy on your shoulders?”

“What’s sex?” the newborn asked. Sera grinned and moved next to Gage.

“See, sex is this marvelous thing where-”

“NO!” Gage shut up Sera and shook his head. “The sex fast... well, one day Jezebeth put down a down payment on this large palace-”

“Don’t tell me,” I said with a glance to his castle.

“Yeah, *that* one. As rich as I was, I still couldn’t afford a palace. I tried to tell her this, but she refused to have sex with me if I didn’t pay off the palace. So,” Gage rubbed his prosthetic arm, “I had to make some sacrifices.”

“Oh Gage,” I said with a shake of my head.

“Oh Gage~” Sera said with a flutter of his eyes.

“And how did that work out for you?”

“Well... she never had sex with me after that.”

“As expected.”

“In fact, my sex fast has been going on for three years now.”

“THREE YEARS!? You’re not even married yet!”

“I can’t imagine three years without sex,” Sera said.

“No seriously, what is sex?” the newborn asked.

“And who are you?” I asked the newborn, “You seem pretty chatty for someone who just hatched.”

“I wasn’t always a harpy. Both of my parents are human. It’s just Jezebeth likes to kidnap kids and turn them into harpies.” I became silent as I ruminated on what the boy said. The glares from all the people in town, the women with harpy children, the disdain towards monsters, all because of that walking turducken sitting in her gilded nest.

“You gotta let her go,” I told Gage.

“What?.”

“LET HER GO.”

"But I love her, I can't just-"

"I don't care! I won't let my friend continue to be used a doormat." We reached the bottom of the stairs and were greeted by a couple who gave us the same glare we've gotten all day. Gage handed over the newborn to them silently.

"Hey mom," the newborn said.

"Oh sweetie," the mom said as she hugged the newborn.

"Witchdoctors aren't cheap, Mayor," the father said, "Anymore children get abused like this, it's on you." The family walked away and Gage sighed.

"Look Gage, I can help you through this," I said.

"That's right, you're a bard," Gage said, "You could play music that makes Jezebeth happy when she gets too upset."

"No I- heh heh, sorry, being a soothsayer ain't my cup of minotaur milk. Look, she's using you as a walking bank. You're her mule and sex is the carrot she uses to make you do her bidding. It's a one sided relationship."

"Who are you to say that? You've never been in love."

"He's loves me," Sera said.

"Oh Gage, Gage Gage Gage. It's one thing to treat your wife to something special. It's another to spoiler her entirely. You need to stand up for yourself." Gage stewed on what I said then puffed out his chest.

"You're absolutely right," he said.

"I am? I mean, I am. Go get her Gage!" Gage stormed back up the stairs and up to his palace. Me and Sera followed in the cover of night. We hid behind the front door and watched Gage's approach.

“Gage! Where’s the jewelry?” Jezebeth asked. She had a small glass of mead with an olive in it.

“I didn’t buy it Jezebeth,” Gage said, “and I won’t buy it!”

“What!?” So far so good, he’s making a stand for himself.

“...look just please fuck me! I’ll get you that necklace!” And it went off the rails. He’s begged for sex from her while she watched with a smirk.

“No Gage... but I can do one thing,” Jezebeth said.

“Really? What is tha-?” Jezebeth pounced on Gage and slurped his head into her pussy. She gyrated her hips as Gage weakly flailed his arms. She snatched them and stuffed them up with his head. She then let gravity take care of the rest as she slowly enveloped his body. All while having the most bored look on her face. As the last bit of him disappeared, she stood up and let her belly sway.

“There, it’ll be easier to buy my necklace when you grow your new wings,” she said, “Goodnight Gage.” She flew up to the second floor with Gage and vanished once again. A few drops of vaginal fluids were the only evidence of her existence.

“...did it work?” Sera asked. I groaned and my body jiggled.

“I think he made it worse for himself.”

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I’m sure we rented an apartment that night, though my memory is vague at this point. The next morning, after we had breakfast, Sera and I went back to the palace to check on Gage.

“You sure I can’t lick you just once?” Sera asked.

“Lick me and I’ll make you dance a jig that will make your feet blister.”

“Just lil lick, to see if you tasted sweet or not.”



"We need to discuss boundaries." Gage opened up the front door with his new arm wings. He almost tripped over his talons as he greeted us.

"Morning Gage," I said. He limply raised his arm and sighed. "So, what did we learn?"

"She wasn't happy enough to ask," he mumbled. Me and Sera both smacked our own faces.

"You're not gonna like what I say but you need to hear it. A happy wife does not make a happy life," I told him, "It'll make you unhappier." Gage squinted with a look of shock.

"How could you say that?" he said, "Aren't you-"

"Walk with us." As Gage led us around town, I tried to explain to him that his wife is already happy. Happy enough to step all over and manipulate him.

"You've let her get away with too much and now she feels like she's the queen of the castle," I said.

"Am I not supposed to keep my wife happy?" he asked.

"No, you're not getting it. Hold on- EXCUSE ME MA'AM!" I called a random naga who slithered next to us.

"Can I help you?" she asked with a tilt of her head.

"Are you in a relationship?"

"Yes, I am."

"Would you agree with the statement 'A happy wife is a happy life?'" The naga pondered the question before answering:

"Happy wife happy life? Mmmm, not really. It's kind of one sided really."

"There, spelt it out for you," I said to Gage.

"In fact, I'd say a happy man is a happy wife."

"Ohhh, I like you already."

"This doesn't make sense. With that logic the man would abuse his wife," Gage said. Me, Sera and the naga all looked at him with perplexed faces.

"My husband is caring," she said, "but stern too. I do things for him to keep him happy and I'm grateful for it. I married a man like you before."

"Really?"

"He was weak, cowardly, and wouldn't dare make a single choice for himself. Now... my man is nothing like that." Her cheeks bloomed with a cherry hue as she glanced to a bulge in her tail. Sera stroked that bulge with childlike glee.

"Well... I'm guessing he's happy then?" Gage asked.

"Very happy. Shhh, I mustn't wake him." She winked at us and slithered away. Gage was stunned by this but he shook his head and kept walking.

"Hey, where are you taking us anyway?" I asked.

"Just... I need to show you something else."

"Did you buy Jezebel a yacht too?" Sera asked.

"Nothing like that. Just come on." He wobbled forward and almost tripped trying to walk away. Sera looked at me and shrugged as we followed.

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Night returned and with it the harsh frost of the city. Gage had led us to a quieter, poorer district of Dioxity. The buildings were smaller and garbage blew around the streets. We barely saw anyone walking through here.

"You're not gonna show me another disappointment are you?" I whispered.

"Don't worry," Gage said. He stopped at a spherical building and parted the cloth of the entrance. The front desk was unmanned with a sign that read "At Lunch". Gage led us through a hall full of doors and pulled out a ring of keys from his pocket.

"I want you to meet someone," he said. He opened the door to a tiny room, with only a bed, see through shower and a refrigerator. On the bed was a harpy with yellow feathers and long blonde locks of hair. She turned to look at us with sparkling eyes, her rear aimed at us.

"Gagey!" she cooed as she flapped ecstatically off of the bed. She ran into Gage and the two embraced. Their lips locked with each other as they tangled their legs together.

"Where were you last night?" she asked with a wiggle of her butt, "and why do you look... better?" Gage looked at his own feathered arms and shrugged.

"I'm sorry my sweet," Gage said, "My fiance kept me the night."

"She's so mean to you honey boo-"

"Heh, honey boo," Sera said, "It's funny cause you're... Gage are you cheating on Jezebel?" Gage looked at him with guilt and the harpy squeezed him tighter.

"What, you wouldn't cheat on that pig?" she said. Gage sighed and looked away in discomfort.

"Look, Jezebeth isn't as bad as you say she is," he said, "but... but these sex fasts are too much." Before Sera could say anything else, I slapped my hand on his shoulder.

"It's fine Sera," I told him. He looked back and forth between me and them.

"It is?" he said.

"It is?" Gage said.

"Obviously you're not doing this to spite Jezebel," I said with a nod, "You're way too nice to do that. As a man you need sex to function. I don't blame you for finding her." Gage sighed as the harpy nuzzled his neck.

"Don't be ashamed to love me," she whispered, "Introduce us."

"Bailey, this is Bliss, my lover. Bliss, this is Bailey, my bard friend."

“A bard!? Oh my! Can you play us beautiful music?” I unsheathed my lute and played a few notes that sent goosebumps to everyone in the room.

“Oh can I.”

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After my jam session, me and Gage talked in private in the hotel room’s balcony.

“Gage, man, you’ve got a great girl here,” I told him, “Why do you insist on staying with that banshee?” Gage sighed and found it hard to look at me.

“Well, I’m trying my best to be the good guy,” he said, “I mean, there’s plenty of men who would drop their wives for another woman, or demand sex from them forcefully. I just... I can’t understand how women like you despite you being... not as nice.”

“You think I force women to have sex with me?” I asked.

“I mean... a little.”

“Gage, you might think I’m cruel, but I ain’t harming anyone. I give the woman the choice to sleep with me, no matter how much I want to do them. You obviously can’t stand the woman in your house. I couldn’t stand her either. Break up with her, and get with this bird.” Gage looked at me like a lost lamb, it was almost unbearable to see him like that.

“Don’t give me that look. I’ve got you covered. In fact, I have a plan.” Gage snapped back to me with eyes swollen with hope.

“... a plan?”

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The sun rose and the wedding bells rang. I had to fit myself into a cute little suit meant for little boys. All the adult sizes slipped off of me. I took my seat and decided to do some people watching as the guests arrived at the altar. Gage’s father used to be a senator from my village so we were well acquainted.

“Shocking what’s happened to you,” he said to me.

“Honestly you get used to it.”

“Just don’t convince Gage it’s a good idea.”

“Please, you can hardly get through his thick skull.” Gage’s sister and mother followed his father inside. Later, a flock of smelly, disheveled, and loud harpies bumped into the room.

“Who knew Jezebeth could land herself a rich boy eh?” the older man said.

“With any luck we could buy ourselves twenty mansions off of this fool,” the mother said. Who would’ve thought, Jezebeth’s family is as pleasant as she is. I saw Gage’s side hen, Bliss, sneak in with a hood covered face. We nodded to each other as she slipped her way into the crowd.

“Remind me what the plan was, master.” Sera asked as he pulled at his suit collar.

“It’s very easy. I’ll pluck my lute to put the crowd into a state of euphoria. Then when the time comes, Gage rejects Jezebeth, then Bliss reveals herself and confesses her love, then, while everyone is too awestruck to think, Gage and Bliss will run away together THEN leave Jezebeth as the new mayor of Dioxity. Got it?”

“...I guess~” I patted his head then stepped into the dressing room. It was after digging through my belongings that I discovered that my lute was still at Bliss’ apartment. And the only string instrument here was a harp. My bard skills are limited to the lute so trying to play a harp proved to be... interesting.

I dragged the harp out next to the altar as the priest gave me an odd look. I didn’t know the proper frequency to tune harps but I went on a limb and made it as high as I can.

“Where’s your lute?” Sera asked. I told him to be quiet as the service officially began. As Gage approached the altar, I played a few notes on the harp to set the mood. When I eventually

looked at Gage, he appeared to be furious. In fact the whole crowd looked like they woke up on the wrong side of the bed.

“Get on with it!”

“Shut up you!”

“Shut up? You shut up?!” I immediately changed to a lower frequency and continued to play. Luckily everyone mellowed out by the time the bride walked out. They were too mellow, seeing as Jezebeth’s head kept nodding off. One of these days I’ll learn the harp, but today was not one of those days. I adjusted the tune a little higher and strummed it hard. Everyone seemed to wake up and forget that they were temporarily stoned.

“Is everything okay?” Gage asked.

“Splendid,” I said, “You?”

“What’s with the harp?”

“...thought I’d try something new.” A bead of honey sweat rolled down my head. I would’ve hoped everyone would be euphoric by this point. I strummed, Gage and Jezebeth joined hands, and the priest arrived.

“Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to... No, I refuse.” We all looked at him curiously, “I was supposed to have a day off today! I shouldn’t be here!”

“I don’t want to marry you,” Gage said. A large gasp erupted from the crowd.

“Me neither,” Jezebeth said, “I only wanted you for your money. You’re pretty useless without it.”

“I’m trying to be a good man.”

“Mmm, not good enough.”

“You’re too fat for my tastes anyways.” I was stunned. I somehow used an honesty melody to have everyone speak their minds.

“Oy, you better marry him!” Jezebeth’s father shouted, “How else are you supposed to support us!”

“Yeah!” her mother said, “I’m tired of you being a disappointment to our family!”

“I was against Gage marrying a harpy from the start!” Gage’s father said, “You’re all a bunch of disease carrying rats.”

“I’ve always had a secret crush on Gage!” his sister said.

“I’ve been having sex with Gage on the side!” Bliss said.

“YOU WHAT!?” the entire crowd roared. Jezebeth’s father smacked Bliss in the face, which made Gage run up and tackle him. The procession turned into a fist fight within a few seconds. Gage’s father punched the harpies in the face, the women were gnawing on each other, and Gage was taking many heavy blows to protect Bliss. I hurried to tune the harp back to the sleep melody.

“Master,” Sera said, “I’ve been writing secret sex stories in y-” I strummed the harp and everyone passed out.

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What a way to end a story, yes? Fortunately there was a happy ending. Gage and Bliss started to date each other more publicly. Jezebel, from what I hear, made it up to Gage by selling his castle and giving the money to him. Where she is now, I know not. As for me and Sera, I had the arduous task of lifting the lad out of there with what strength my honey body could use. Which was very miniscule. You could say... we flew the coop.

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*Oh master, you have such a way with words. Heh heh, it's Sera again, here for more juicy alternate endings~. Funny story, Bailey never used any 'Melody of Cool Spring' while in the desert. He could barely play his lute without becoming a puddle of honey. But that's a story for another time~. ;3*

Anal Vore End:

As Jezebeth slurped Gage up into her tight pussy, Master Bailey ran to stop her.

“Unhand him you crooked crow~!” he shouted, his lute high over his head. But Jezebeth was stronger than she looked. She wound up her wing then smacked Master Bailey onto his butt. Since he was on his butt, Jezebeth turned around to expose her butt. She then hopped in the air and landed on Master Bailey’s head.

“Wait, what are-”, his voice was interrupted as he was sent past her bubbly cheeks. He pushed away but was unable to get out. Jezebel slammed her ass down and swallowed him up completely. What little trace of master that was puddled around her was slowly sucked into her ass. I could only watch as my master thrashed against her thick paunch.

“Ah, a good snack for my darling baby and I,” Jezebel said, “I hope honey slimes don’t add on too much weight.” As she stewed him up, she flew away to her bedroom. Oh, if only I could have joined you master.

Naga Vore End:

All three of us stared at the bump that was the naga’s husband.

“He’s very happy,” she said with a blush.

“Can I see him?” I asked. She shrugged then opened her mouth. I happily plunged my arms down her gullet, but Master had other ideas.

“Don’t throw yourself down every throat you see!” he pleaded. How could I not? Her throat was moist and warm, I felt like I could melt from just going down her throat... I didn’t melt but I went down her throat. Master still held onto my legs so he was also dragged in with me. With a gulp, the massive bulge with us two slid down her throat and down into her tail.



“My, honey slimes are delicious,” she said as she slithered off with us. Gage opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out.

“What a fine mess you’ve gotten us into,” Master said.

“Don’t worry,” I said as I wrapped my arms around him, “at least we have each other.”

The husband inside looked at us with confusion.

“Who are you?”