

ROTUND REALMS: “YOU NEVER FORGET YOUR FIRST”

By Zaftig Industries

CW: Monster-girls, goo-girls, extreme weight gain, monster-girl sex, burps, immobility, non-graphic bursting, big ol’ dicks, Zaddies with harems of horny fat monster-girls, etc.



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Espra Aurum, Scribe of the Order of Peace, approached the old knight’s property at a slow and measured pace, frequently stopping her horse to glance around for hidden dangers. One did not simply walk onto the property of the world’s most famous monster-tamer, without expecting a few monsters...

But nothing materialized. And when she arrived at the drawbridge of the hallowed estate where the Knight had retired, she found that the grounds were lush and luxurious. Curvaceous dryad women tended to the trees and gardens, and plump centaurs trotted around the grounds, leading small hordes of half-monster children to their schooling lessons.

The Scribe shook her head. And to think one man was responsible for all these children... It bordered on the unbelievable. But the legends spoke true--the Knight had cleansed the land of ravaging monsters years ago, in accordance with prophecy. Romance had triumphed and brought peace to the kingdom, where blade and shield had failed.

And now, Espra’s task was to gather the story of this Knight, for the younger generations of knights to learn from. To teach them that love, not just the tip of a sword, could solve many problems in the kingdom. To show them the ways of compassion, where once there was only violence.

Entering the central mansion, she was amazed at the sheer diversity of monster-women here--some of whom were so large and overfed that they could hardly waddle through the halls. So many dangerous creatures, all in one place... And yet, she didn’t see arguing or squabbling anywhere.

The place was a veritable utopia, with the peace maintained (or so the stories told) by constant, never-ending supplies of food from an enchanted cornucopia. In the end, food and love had been the solution to the world’s monster problem. If you fed your local

monster-women well enough, they went from a menace to simply a monthly expenditure. And the Knight who had discovered the cornucopia... well, rumors claimed he had other ways of maintaining the peace. Methods more dependent on romance, than food.

Following a plump Goblin maid to the master bedroom, the Scribe prepared her inkwell and quill, unfolding her writing-desk and setting it beside a small tea table. In the adjacent room, she could hear the sounds of frantic love-making--bedsprings squeaking, pleased animal grunting sounds, and the telltale moans of a woman on the edge of climax...

Eventually the creaking, groans and moaning reached a crescendo, and the Scribe sipped at her tea, blushing. She had always assumed the rumors of the Knight's virility were exaggerated, mere hearsay. It was surprising... and more than a little fascinating... to discover such legends were true.

Eventually the door opened and the Knight emerged, clad only in a towel.

"Ah, hello there. Sorry I'm late. Had to attend to my... you know. Knightly duties."

Espra nodded slowly, taking in the Knight's frame. Rumor claimed he had once been a skinny, gangly fellow, but she saw no sign of that on his burly, scarred body. His short beard and tousled hair were black, flecked with gray, but his chest-hair was entirely silver, a sign of his nearly sixty years of monster-taming. His eyes were kind and bright, if a little tired-looking.

Judging by the satisfied groans coming from inside that room, the Scribe was pretty sure his lover--whoever she might be--was even more exhausted.

Within minutes he returned, this time wearing a bathrobe and sandals.

"So, you wanna hear about the first one, huh? The first monster who fell to my... uh, 'sword' as the stories call it. It's not a very noble or glorious tale, I assure you..."

*"On the contrary," said the Scribe, "I would **love** to hear it. As well as any other... anecdotes you care to share. No one else has changed the Order as much as you have, not in a thousand years. I'm a huge fan of your work..."*

The Knight smiled, a gleam in his eye as he looked her up and down. She was easily ten years his junior, but bore the scars of countless battles herself--a blonde-haired, bright-armored battle-maiden. He sensed a kindred spirit, in this Scribe. Maybe after all the false starts, he'd finally found someone worthy to put his story down in text...

"Are you, now? Very well. It all began with a slime infestation in a tavern basement..."



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Young squire Anonicus sighed as he hefted his mop and water-bucket down the stairs, pausing every few moments as his feeble muscles trembled under the load. He was a slight lad of merely nineteen, and not exactly famous for his strength. The Knight who'd first employed him, Bigdiccus Maximus, often remarked that he wouldn't amount to much in a fight. Not that he expected any kind of a *real* fight, down here...

“Clean up the Slimes in the basement... Ugh, how humiliating. Not even the Scribes get slapped with this job...”

Plopping the bucket down at the base of the stairs, he struck a match and lit the lanterns hanging by the door, illuminating the basement with flickering firelight. Dozens of dusty barrels and storage crates stretched into the darkness. Oddly, he didn't see any rats scuttling to and fro in the shadows--usually the Order's cellars were crawling with vermin.

“Huh. Maybe the Slimes drove them out...”

Plucking a lantern from the wall, he ventured into the darkness, wielding the mop in his other hand. Every season or so, some juvenile Slimes made their way into the cellar--and it was the job of the newest Squire to find them, squash them, and squeeze their remains into a bucket so the Order's wizard could use the slime-goo in alchemical experiments.

But there didn't seem to be any Slimes in the basement today--at least, none of the usual kind. Most Slimes were small, disk-shaped blobs of goo kept alive by elemental magic, always on the hunt for insects or small animals to devour. They were lightly acidic, but easy to find and slay... unless they started to fuse. A bunch of Slimes, fused together by osmosis, could be a dangerous enemy.

Up ahead, the Squire heard a heavy, liquid sloshing sound. Ominous and watery, the sound got louder as he approached the grain stores... and soon Anonicus found out where all the smaller Slimes had gone.

A Slime nearly five feet tall stood in the middle of a pile of spilled grain, several shredded bags of the stuff lying nearby. Its bluish membrane pulsed with shimmering bio-luminescence as the humanoid ooze sucked grain off the floor through long, undulating tentacles of bluish goo.

“Hey, you! Uh... Stop at once!”

The Slime turned toward him, and Anonicus was surprised to discover that it wasn't just human-shaped--it had the frame of a rather curvaceous woman, with a round rear end and an impressive chest.

The details weren't perfect, but it looked for all the world like a buxom brothel-girl, except made of ooze. The monster even had a shell of goo in the form of "hair" that vaguely resembled a bob-cut... and it was cocking its head curiously at him, tentacles receding into its body as it slithered across the floor towards him.

"Woah--stay back!"

Anonicus brandished his mop, but the creature simply flowed around it, pressing up against him and pushing him back against several crates. It smelled like rainwater with just a hint of chlorine to it, its bright glowing eyes looking him up and down, examining him.

Sizing him up for a meal, perhaps...

"I said back, uh... *Foul beast!*"

He threw a hand out... and his palm mashed into something soft, pendulous, and vaguely melon-sized. Looking down, Anonicus saw he had pressed his hand into the Slime's left "breast," the cool liquid inside the membrane sloshing against his hand.

This was a very sturdy Slime--most of them popped like oversized soap bubbles when you applied pressure. But this one seemed more... durable, than most. And *much* more curious.

Which wasn't supposed to happen. Slimes couldn't get curious--they didn't have any brains to be curious with. And yet, this one was lifting its hand to his forehead, brushing back his hair. Almost as if it was... Flirting with him.

No--surely it was his imagination. Slimes didn't *flirt*. They were mindless creatures, existing only to eat and then reproduce by splitting once they got large enough. This one was the biggest he'd ever seen--and judging by all the grain swirling around inside it, still digesting, it was likely to get even larger.

In fact, he could *watch* it getting larger, even now. The faux-bosom of the creature, which bobbed and quivered fetchingly mere inches away from him, was currently swelling outward as it digested the Slime's stolen goods.

The creature's buoyant, jelly-like "breasts" were expanding at an alarming rate... and when he looked down, he saw its "stomach" was doing the same, bulging outward into a soft blue potbelly. It was adding mass to its body, and in the process, it now resembled a very *well-fed* brothel girl. As he watched, its arm extended into a twisting pseudopod and it sucked

up a nearby rack of smoked jerky, the material dissolving inside its slimy body... and making the creature even more fetchingly plump.

This created a problem for Anonicus. He'd always been fond of 'curvier' women, and his passions had no upper limit--the larger the maiden, the more attracted he would be to them, as he'd found out on that brief excursion to the Land of Giant. And this slime was rapidly attaining *indecent* levels of plumpness, causing him to unwillingly pitch a tent in his trousers.

The strain of a barely-contained erection was added to his woes, and he squirmed uncomfortably, trying to stay focused on his duty.

"S-stop eating our food... I'm here to exterminate you, hear me? You... You'd better get out of here, or I'll mop you!!"

But the slime paid no attention to his words. Instead, it leaned in and planted a cold, wet kiss on his lips--before pulling away and covering its mouth, almost as if embarrassed. It was behaving like a schoolgirl with a crush! Was this some kind of mimicry... or was it truly capable of such complex thoughts?

"Woah, that's enough! B-back off..."

But he was trapped with nowhere to go, and soon the Slime became more aggressive. Pressing him up against the crates with its enormous azure bosom, it ran its hands up and down his body, as if exploring him. A tremulous, bubbling sound came from within it... almost like teasing laughter. Anonicus raised a hand to grab its wrist... but it simply flowed around him, sliding the hand under his shirt.

"This... This is most, uh, improper and impious..."

But the slime wasn't done yet. After fondling his chest and kissing him on the neck--its wet lips leaving a trail of goo under his chin--the creature slipped a hand down to his waist, and he heard the unmistakable sound of it unbuckling his belt.

"Hey, I'm not that kind of guy! Take it easy!"

But the Slime was already yanking his pants down, dropping to its knees and inspecting his rapidly stiffening member. Gripping Anonicus' hips, the strange creature looked up at him... and *winked*. Not only was it clearly intelligent, it was messing with him!

That was enough. He had to get this thing off of him--if the Order found out he was having *relations* with a Slime, he'd be thrown out of the ranks! Gripping its shoulders, he tried repeatedly to push it away... But the curvaceous monster's slimy body was too hard to grip, just flowing around his fingers each time.

And then it opened its “lips” and drew his erect, throbbing cock into his mouth. And the Squire was treated to a blowjob that made all his previous his experiences with human girls seem like half-hearted fumbling. The Slime didn’t just suck him off, it *impaled* its gelatinous head on his cock, bobbing up and down, the false slimey “hair” bobbing back and forth with impressive realism.

“Schlorp, shlrp, schlup...”

Although it didn’t speak, the Slime seemed very enthusiastic about fellating him--high-pitched, almost erotic murmurs of bubbling noises came from its body, and it had embraced his hips with its arms, hoovering up his cock with sloppy abandon.

It felt strange: the slime’s interior was chilly, and the goo within its membrane seemed to move on its own, massaging his cock... But he couldn’t deny it was deeply enjoyable. And the slime showed more sexual enthusiasm than any lover he’d bedded in the past.

Shoving him against the crates, it wrapped its arms around him... and then released his cock, his member flopping out with a dribble of Slime-ooze.

“Wait, what are you...”

The Slime cupped its hands beneath its enormous “breasts,” which by now were easily the size of honeydew melons. Shimmying up to him on its knees so that its bosom mashed against its crotch, it slipped his cock between the two gelatinous orbs and began stroking him off with its tits.

SCHLOP, SHLRP, FLOP! Jiggle!

“Mmf... S-stop, I’m going to...”

But it was too late. As he grew lost in the pleasurable sensation of getting a titty-job with what felt like two enormous water-balloons, Anonicus felt a familiar heat pulsing deep in his groin... and his cock twitched in ecstasy as he sprayed a load of seed all over the Slime’s “face” and bosom.

“Nnrgh... MMF!” ***Splurt!***

He slumped down to the floor, breathing heavily in a post-climax fugue state. The Slime loomed over him, licking its lips... and for a moment, he was worried it might try to eat him. Was this some kind of trick, to lull its prey into a false sense of security?

But instead, the monster extruded a long “tongue” of goo from its mouth, slurping up the dripping semen from its cleavage and eagerly swallowing it. It did the same to Anonicus’ loins, slurping up every drop of errant semen, making him shiver with forbidden delight as it suckled the last spurts of cum from the end of his shaft.

“Bworrp...”

With a small belch, the Slime kissed him on the cheek again... and then resumed looting the food-stores, gobbling and gulping and generally making a nuisance of itself.

Anonicus frowned, feeling a little jilted. Clearly the creature’s attention span was rather short, limited to food and sex. As intelligent as it might be, its priorities were still a Slime’s--namely, eating and reproduction. Although he’d never heard of a Slime drinking *semen* for sustenance before. Maybe it was some kind of magical adaptation?

There was also the matter of what to *do* with the monster. The Slime was a gluttonous pest, for sure... but then again, the Knights were understaffed lately. They didn’t even *need* all the food down here, it was merely stockpiled in case of a siege or an attack by orcs. No one would notice, if some of it went missing...

Watching as the Slime’s buttocks expanded under the influence of even more calories, Anonicus shrugged, cleaning off his cock with the duelling handkerchief he always carried for Knightly emergencies.

Why not let the Slime indulge itself? Once it got big enough, it would simply split into two, and then he could overpower or capture the new, smaller Slimes that resulted. It would be a simple task, to sneak such creatures out of the castle and release them into the wild. No one would ever know the Slime had been down here in the first place.

And in the meantime... if the Slime was a willing partner...

He wouldn’t mind an ooze-covered blowjob, once in a while.



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As it turned out, the Slime was *more* than willing. Anonicus returned the next night, while the Order was asleep, to find the creature just as eager to mate with him--and its body was even more absurdly plump and hourglass-shaped now, injecting new pleasures into their partnership as he fondled its swollen breasts and played with its colossal, wobbly rear end during their passionate coupling.

Soon he was visiting the Slime every night, spraying hot loads of spunk into its swirling insides with all the passion of a horny, repressed young Squire. And with every load, the Slime grew bigger... softer, rounder. More fuckable.

He gave it a name eventually; he felt remiss just calling his lover “Slime.” It didn’t seem to understand language beyond occasionally bubbling the words “food” and “cock,” but when he asked the monster its name one night, it made a sound suspiciously close to “*Jell-ee*.” And so, he dubbed his inhuman lover Jelli.

Jelli was a capable sexual partner, doing things to Anonicus he had never dreamed of asking a woman to do... and enabling all his lusts with a wild, frantic eagerness. He soon stopped thinking of the creature “it” and started thinking of the slime as a “she,” since the ooze showed an independence and a sense of humor far in excess of its mindless cousins. Not to mention, a larger vocabulary than most Slimes.

Their little “arrangement” continued for a while without incident, but eventually the young Squire had to admit there was a problem brewing.

Jelli was getting... well, she was getting *fat*.

Although it wasn’t really “fat” in the traditional sense--just extra goo inside Jelli’s membrane, induced by her constant eating. But Anonicus couldn’t deny that the longer he let her gorge on the castle’s delicacies, the less she looked like an hourglass. His slimy lover was growing obese on the Order’s food-stores, and showed no sign of stopping.

It had been easy to hide her, when she was merely the size of a normal human. But now... Her soft, jelly-like potbelly had expanded into a dangling apron. Her bouncy behind had grown enormous and cumbersome, and he could even see hints of some kind of “cellulite” effect on her membrane. Her breasts continued to balloon, becoming unreasonably huge, drooping a little from sheer gravity. Her inhuman “face” even acquired a double-chin. For Anonicus, this wasn’t a problem--he’d always liked fat women anyway, and it was enjoyable to watch his monstrous lover adopt the shape he most preferred.

But the bigger she grew, the *hornier* she became, as if her increased size was inducing a kind of Slime breeding-frenzy. Countless times, she restrained Anonicus when he tried to return upstairs, indicating with sign-language and body-language that she wasn’t done, that she needed *more sex*, more seed. Some nights, she kept him captive until he’d been drained three or four times--she was insatiable, a jiggly transparent sex-machine.

Between her nymphomania and her gluttony, she was getting difficult to hide. At first he’d made a space for her behind some crates, creating a lair for her to “sleep” in, during the daytime when she went dormant as most nocturnal monsters did. But over time, she grew too wide to easily squeeze into this gap, and he was forced to wall off a whole corner of the basement with crates to hide her increasing bulk.

Then came the announcement that dashed all of his secret, perverted plans. He was to ride out with Sir Bigdiccus on a scouting mission--he would be gone for at least a week. When he explained this to Jelli, she wrapped him in her tentacles and refused to let go, at least until he distracted her with a sweet-roll.

Feeling an unexpected surge of heartache, he had to leave his lover behind behind, donning his cloak and cuirass and following his Knight into the hinterlands. Before he left, he snuck several crates of stolen kitchen food down to the basement--the least he could do was leave her a snack, while he was away.



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When Anonicus returned, nearly a month had passed. The mission had been meant to last seven days, but a band of orcs had cut them off from the mountain pass leading to the Order's castle. They'd been forced to take the long way around, fighting their way through war-bands of orcs. Luckily, no one required a spell of resurrection along the way--the fighting was tough, but not insurmountable. Anonicus arrived back at the castle with several scars, a bronze tan, and thicker muscles from hiking through the mountains.

But he cared nothing for the accolades of his fellows, or the compliments of the Knights who commended his bravery. His only thoughts were for Jelli, who'd been all alone this whole time, without him. What if she'd forgotten about him and slithered off to greener pastures, never to be seen again? Worse, what if she'd been *discovered* by the monster-hating Order? If anything had happened to her, he was certain he'd never forgive himself..

As soon as the Order had finished taking their meager supper and retired for the night, Anonicus raced down to the basement. He'd brought a whole cake from the kitchens as a peace offering... but as it turned out, he didn't have to worry. Jelli was right where he'd left her.

Although truth be told, she looked a little... different.

Her basement-corner lair was abandoned, a trail of slime leading off to the wine-cellars, which were connected to the food stores by a long tunnel. He noticed as he went that the tunnel walls were coated with ooze--she'd had to *squeeze* through here, like a Gelatinous Cube squeezing down a dungeon hallway. Except... The connection tunnel was nearly ten feet wide. Surely she couldn't have gotten *that* large, in his absence?

But when he rounded the corner with his lantern and entered the wine-cellar, he found he'd vastly underestimated her appetite.

Slrrsh... Ga-LUNK...

“Gllp, gulp, glorrurp... HIC!”

Anonicus swallowed nervously as he realized what he was looking at.

“Well, *shit...*”

Filling most of the wine cellar was a sloshing, purplish mass of a Slime, so huge he had to squeeze against the wall just to circle its bulk. He saw the stubby remnants of Jelli's arms and legs, bloated to comedic uselessness. All that remained of her shapely limbs now were bulges of membrane, with wriggling digits embedded in their sloshing centers. Finally--as he circled around to the far side of the cellar--he reached her head, a fat and jowly-cheeked protrusion. In the lantern light he saw her sleepy, half-lidded eyes swivel to look at him, and her bored, jaded expression brightened a little.

Her lips were wrapped firmly around the spigot of a wine-cask... and as he looked around, he saw *dozens* of similar casks all drained to emptiness, scattered across the cellar.

“Damn, Jelli, you really fell off the wagon, didn't you...”

Had she been guzzling booze the *entire* time he'd been gone? Her drunken expression and newly wine-purple body suggested the answer might be “yes.”

Regret coursed through him as he looked over her distorted form. He never should have left her... She was obviously just as prone to fits of passion and emotion as any human partner. Deprived of her daily spunk-meal and his tender affections, Jelli had drunk herself into a stupor, mindlessly absorbing most of the Castle's booze supply in her grief.

“Aw, Jelli, I'm so sorry... You really were lonely without me, huh?”

Crouching beside her face, he cupped her cheek... and was hurt when she turned away, refusing to look at him. Her drunken, bloated face had acquired a peevish expression on it, and she'd stopped suckling on the wine-cask, the alcohol dribbling onto the floor.

“I didn't mean to be gone so long, I swear...”

She rolled her eyes, and several air-bubbles gathering behind her lips, squeezing out in the vague approximation of human words. And, occasionally, human belches.

“Anonny... went... away. HUORRRP.”

“Yes, I had to... But I came back, didn’t I?”

She huffed, blowing a strand of gooey blue “hair” out of her face.

“Anonny... Not want... Fuck any more...”

Anonicus sighed. It seemed her priorities were still firmly in place--although “food” had clearly overtaken “sex” while he was gone. She’d eaten her feelings with such reckless abandon that she looked too big to move, anymore. Not that her size was stopping his relentless libido, of course.

“Of *course* I still want to fuck. You’re better than any lover I’ve ever had. But we’ve got to get you out of here somehow--if the Order finds you at this size, they’ll probably slay you thinking you’re an Ochre Jelly!”

She looked up at him, petulance fading away, replaced by a familiar look of eager, sensual flirtation.

“Fuck... Now? HIC.”

Anonicus paused. He needed to focus on getting her out of the castle--the Order had begun to audit their stores while he was gone, moving from the upper towers downward, towards the cellar. Eventually, there was no doubt they’d find Jelli, and the two of them would be forced apart.

“I... Not now, we have to focus, find a way to shrink you down...”

But Jelli was not to be deterred. She opened her mouth, and a long purple “tongue” of slime snaked out, questing eagerly at his crotch.

“Fuck... Now. Cock... URRARP, now! Please...”

Anonicus groaned with pent-up lust as her wet, sloppy tongue slipped under his shirt and burrowed down into the crotch of his trousers, caressing his already rock-hard member.

“No, we... We have to help you... Escape... Ahh, *fuck*...”

But he couldn’t resist his bloated lover’s lustful embrace for long. In less than a minute, Jelli’s dexterous tongue-tentacle had pried his pants off... and the Squire was back to his old habits, violating his gooey lover in every way imaginable, much to her belching and squealing delight.

He started with fucking her mouth, but quickly realized she couldn’t engage in her favorite passion--absorbing calories--while he did so. So he rolled up a fresh wine cask for her, tapped it, and moved around to her back end, where two enormous purple cheeks bobbed and

wobbled over a soft violet pubic mound. Prying apart her useless, blubber-buried legs, he followed the strongest concentration of pulsing bio-luminescent light to her swollen, oozing pussy-lips, and parted their slippery folds with a finger.

“Mmmf... Glrrg... yesh, ‘Nonny, yeshhh... HORRRP...”

Drunk on wine and lust alike, his massive ooze-wife quivered and rippled with excitement as he ate her out, her strange half-solid genitalia sliding over his tongue, getting slime all over his face. Grinning with depraved delight, the Squire stood and allowed his shaft to probe at the edges of her translucent labia, relishing the moans and belches from the other side of her semi-transparent balloon of a body.

Finally he took mercy on her and slid himself inside, his cock surrounded by a sea of wine and monster-goo. Fucking her was like humping some kind of lube-soaked, water-filled mattress--there was very little to hang onto, and he had to use gravity to his advantage, leaning against her swollen membrane and squeezing her titanic asscheeks as he drilled into her.

It wasn't long before he heard her working up to a climax--and he could see the signs of it building in her body, as well. Whenever Jelli had orgasmed during their couplings, her whole body would pulse with those glowing neon motes of light, some kind of visual Slime mating-signal. Now, while Anonicus hammered away at her sloppy fat cunt, she began to glow brighter than ever before. Fabulous flashes of purple, red and blue shimmered through her body, psychedelic display of weird beauty that entranced the Squire even as he felt himself growing ready to cum.

“Fuck yes, you greedy Slime, drink up... Get even bigger and more fuckable for me...”

Her moans increasing in volume, Jelli happily complied, extruding several tentacles to tilt the wine-cask back and cause a gush of fattening booze to slide into her body, clouding the food-filled interior of her membrane with even more rich, dark wine.

“GLLK, GLULPP, GLRRP... Bhullch... HIC!”

“That's it, bigger, get bigger and *bigger--hnngh!*”

Anonicus couldn't help it--after so many weeks on the road, he was practically bursting with seed. Gripping fistfuls of his monster-wife's fat ass, he shot his load into her, thick ropes of semen spraying into the Slime's interior. On the other side of her massive body, Jelli's eyes rolled back and she drooled openly, belching and hiccuping as pleasure coursed through her.

“Nngh... Ah, fuck... mmf... Gods, you're so *huge...*”

Anonicus groaned as the last of his seed drained into the Slime.

And that's when he heard it--a deep, bass rumbling coming from within her. The membrane he'd been squeezing now grew stretched taut, like a balloon filled to its limits...

Creeeek....

GURRRGLE.

Anonicus' eyes widened as he remembered the life-cycle of slimes--and what typically happened when one of them grew too large.

Once they're big enough, they... split!

P O P.

Jenni cried out in ecstasy as her body filled to the brim with blinding light--and the Squire's lover exploded, her body bursting in a wave of purple-bluish goo that crashed against Anonicus, throwing him into the wall.

"Blrrb--holy *shit!* What have I done?!"

Anonicus rubbed slime out of his eyes, looking around in horror... but instead of the scene of carnage he'd expected, with pieces of membrane scattered everywhere, he saw something even weirder.

Over a dozen normal-sized, humanoid versions of Jelli now lay sprawled around the room, each one twitching and writhing in the obvious effects of post-orgasm. One of them was face-planted in a puddle of wine, her plump ass up in the air. Another lay spawled across an empty barrel, groaning with delight as she burped up a little semen.

"Mmm... thank you, 'Nonny... UORrrrRP..."

Shaking his head in astonishment, he watched as they regained their senses and crawled towards him, each one caressing and spooning him until he was half-submerged in a pile of playful, still cock-hungry slimes.

Her consciousness must divide when she splits, he thought, confused but relieved. *That's the only explanation...*

Indeed, every new iteration of Jelli looked similar to the original--same "haircut," same impressive dangling breasts. And the new "cloned" Jellis were just as horny as the original: he saw a pair of them making out in the corner, fondling and dry-humping each other. Even freshly spawned, the well-endowed Slimes were already in the midst of reproductive frenzy.

Anonicus was filled with dread as he realized what he'd done. The castle didn't just have one Slime, now--it had an *infestation*. And if each one of them could grow as fat as the original had, before multiplying...

“Having fun, Squire?”

“*Augh!*”

Anonicus flinched as a shadow fell over him. In the glow of the lantern-light he saw Sir Timothy, the castle's resident wizard and alchemist. The gray-haired man frowned at the Squire from beneath his horned leather cap, clearly disappointed to see one of the Order so compromised by the seductions of monster-kind.

“Sir Tim, I... I swear, I can explain...”

“No need. I think the *evidence* all over this room speaks for itself. Let's get these things captured, and then we can discuss your punishment...”

Snapping his finger, Tim conjured orbs of light around the Slimes, trapping them in levitating bubbles of energy. Anonicus rushed in front of him, cock still dangling between his legs, and held out his hands.

“Woah--don't hurt her! She's harmless, I swear!”

Tim raised an eyebrow, looking around at the ransacked wine cellar.

“I wouldn't be so sure about that, young man.”

But seeing the desperation on the Squire's face, the wizard's expression softened. He sighed, waving a hand and summoning all the Jelli-bubbles over to congregate next to him. A few of them rubbed their breasts on the inside of their cages suggestively, as if to try and seduce the alchemist--who resolutely ignored them.

“Trust me, young lad, you're not the first to fall prey to this particular type of Slime... A rare sub-breed, and quite intelligent. Don't worry, I won't destroy them--we can keep them in my alchemy tower, they'll be useful for rituals. But you must promise me one thing.”

Anonicus was only too willing to oblige. “*Anything!*”

“You must promise me... that you will clean up this *horrid* mess you've made of our cellars, at once.”



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The Scribe sat back, astonished at the Knight's tale... and blushing from the graphic, detailed descriptions of Slime-sex.

"Did Sir Timothy keep his promise?"

"Oh, yes." The grizzled Knight nodded, smiling at the memory of his old instructor.

"He made me swear not to tell any of the Knights, and allowed me to visit the new Jellis once a week, for... Conjugal visits. Said it was no good to repress my urges, and I might as well have an outlet for them. He was quite an open-minded man, for his time... and I suppose he didn't mind having the Jellis around to ogle at, either. The old pervert."

Fascinated, the Scribe fanned herself with some parchment, struggling to stay focused. Even now, she could see a massive length of man-meat twitch slightly under the Knight's bathrobe, rising to attention at the memory of his obese Slime-bride.

"So... What happened to her?"

The Knight chuckled, tapping his foot on the stone floor beneath them.

"She's here, of course. She and her spawn live down in the cellar, where it's dark and cool, eating their fill... and enjoying each other's company. After my other adventures had concluded, I took the first set of her spawn off Sir Timothy's hands, and he was only too happy to hand them over. You should have seen how fat they'd gotten, sneaking food from his cupboards!"

"And they're still... Multiplying, down there?"

The Knight nodded, stroking his beard.

"Oh, yes. We restrict their a little--we don't want to be overrun by Jellis, as sweet as she is--but she still splits once or twice a year. If you ask me, she's gotten too lazy to reproduce these days--sitting and eating is more her speed. She can even orgasm without splitting, these days. Very conscientious of her, if you ask me."

The Scribe nodded, biting her lip as she made another note.

“So... you two found a happy ending, after all.”

He shrugged, nodding.

“You could say that. Although it wasn’t hard to do. Jelli, out of all my wives, is the easiest to please. All she needs is food and sex--she’s smart as a whip, but for all her intelligence those are the only two things she’s ever been interested in. She’s proven a lovely addition to our polycule, as well--many of my wives enjoy her ‘company,’ so to speak. Must be all the tentacles.”

The Scribe nodded, tugging on her collar to ease the blooming heat of her own libido warming her up. She was about to ask the final interview question, one she had pondered for many months--and one that would remain, for now, off the record.

“Sir Anonicus... You’ve bedded and wedded, and fed, more monster-women than anyone in history. And they’re all gathered here, in relative peace. Do you ever... Welcome new monster-women, into the fold? Just... you know. In case I... Had any friends, who might be interested in signing up...”

The Knight raised one bushy eyebrow. He’d been wondering whether she would ask about such a thing.

“I think your friends should know that I am happy to welcome new monster-folk into the family. Although I’m not sure how they’d feel about another human being around... They prefer to stay among other monsters, you know...”

The Scribe nodded.

“Of course, I understand. Although... I never said I was human...”

She untied her traveling cloak, setting it aside. A soft rustle and flutter, and two white-feathered appendages extended from her back--an Aasimar’s half-angel wings, glowing with divine light.

The Scribe swallowed, nervous. She’d been building up to this moment for years... and still it was hard to ask.

“Could you maybe make some space for a half-angel, who thinks your wives are beautiful, and would love to help you feed and breed them every day of their lives?”

The Knight smiled... and rubbed his forehead with a sigh. The prophecy continued to bring women like this to him--fellow perverts who’d learned of his deviance, and wished to join him in his quest. At least he didn’t have to worry about her getting bored flying off--aasimars were notoriously faithful brides, and their long lifespans meant their devotion could last

centuries. All the same, it was a little... fast, even for him. He'd barely just met her! Stupid prophecy...

Sir Anonicus leaned back in his chair, sipping at a cup of tea.

*"I think I'd like more than one date with you, miss Esper, before I break out **another** marriage contract--super-fan or not. But if you're willing to be patient... get to know the wives, their appetites, their needs... Maybe we could work something out."*

The Aasimar's wings fluttered with joy as she nodded, pressing her notepad to her chest.

*"I would love nothing more. I want to meet **all** of them!!"*

The Knight laughed, rubbing his forehead. She was asking more than she knew--touring the mansion's harem of bloated beauties might take the better part of a week. Still... She had passion, and he needed some help keeping up with the girls' libidos these days. An "assistant" wouldn't be such a bad thing to have... especially when it came to pleasing his Dragon and Giant wives.

"Alright then. No time to waste. Let's get started--and, miss Espra?"

"Yes, my Knight?"

"I hope you brought your appetite. Because you're going to need it, around here..."



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~ THE END... FOR NOW... ~