

Enythe's Bad End

"Aww, wouldn't you like some more~?"

Enythe swayed dizzily in her seat. She heard herself give a drunken giggle. "Um... p-probably shouldn't?"

"Just a sip," Damsyl cooed in her ear, holding the cool glass up to her lips. "It's, like, *soooo* sweet, Enythe!"

"Yeah, but I'm not, um... super into sweetness," Enythe whispered uncertainly. It came out almost like a question.

Something was... off in the cafeteria. She wasn't sure what. But her brain felt funny. The air smelled funny. And everyone was acting... kind of...

Damsyl snuggled up close to her. Her fellow adventurer-in-training had a nice, big, happy smile on her pretty face. She had the sort of smile Enythe always struggled to say no to directly; luckily, Damsyl was always good at sensing Enythe's wants without her having to voice them. "You already had *some*," Damsyl said, her voice sultry and gooey. "Don't you want some *more*?"

Enythe licked her lips. "Um..."

As she parted her lips to fumble for words, Damsyl tipped the glass back, giving a wordless, babying coo, and more sweet peach nectar flowed into Enythe's mouth. Enythe moaned in protest, confused, but—

"More," Damsyl squealed. "More~!"

"I—um—" Enythe giggled again, and she heard Damsyl giggling back—heard lots of giggling all around here, actually, but Damsyl had led her by the hand to one of the booths, so she couldn't see—not without sitting up straight, and—

—and her head was all silly and heavy and sloshy right now. Resting it against Enythe's chest felt... kinda cozy...

"P-Probabbubly, um..." she started, and giggled at how dumb she sounded. "... enough?"

"Open *wiiide*~" Damsyl cooed, and poured more of the nectar into Enythe's open mouth. Enythe mewled and babbled, helplessly gulping the stuff down—her head felt so, *sooo* heavy...

... gosh, Enythe's big, soft boobies felt really nice to lean on, but Enythe's lap might feel... even better...

Enythe's lips smacked.

"Wait," she managed. She reached up a hand to feebly block Damsyl's attempt to pour more in.
"W-Wait?"

Damsyl tilted her head innocently.

Enythe sat up a little bit. She couldn't get quite upright, but she managed to get her head against Damsyl's shoulder instead of Damsyl's nice, soft boobies. She blinked a few times.

There were too many girls in the dining hall. More than usual.

She couldn't see them. But she could hear them. Giggles, and coos, and—she popped her lips experimentally. Yeah. Those were what they sounded like.

She heard lips smacking, and popping. She heard slurps, suckles, and and lusty, eager moans. More girls than there should've been. And the boys sounded kind of...

She sat up a little straighter, pushing her whole body off of Damsyl. Standing up still felt way too hard, though, so she turned to her friend with a bleary frown. "Hey, um..." She licked her lips. Gosh, that peach nectar tasted so good today. But why was her head so... "What's, um, going on? Can you see?"

Damsyl blinked innocently. The taller girl looked around, lashes fluttering, then gave Enythe a big smile. "Everyone's getting breakfast, silly." She giggled.

Enythe giggled. "Yeah, but, like..." She licked her lips, blushing hot. "What's with all the, um... sexy sounds?"

"Sexy sounds?" Damsyl cocked her head. "They're just eating their yummy treats, silly!"

Enythe pouted. Damsyl was the one being way sillier than usual today, not her! "No, um, but..." She tried to stand up, but her legs felt wobbly and weak.

And then Damsyl's hand was on her thigh. Enythe's world swam at that soft touch. Her skirt was riding a little high right now, leaving her thigh bare and exposed. It was a super cold day. Damsyl's hand was very warm.

"Maybe you just..." Damsyl licked her lips and leaned in closer. Her eyes were captivating. Had they always had those golden streaks in them? "... have something *special* on your mind, cutie~?"

Enythe bit her lip. Her cheeks were getting very hot. “I-I... no, I hear something... weird!” She was sure of this. The noises were sexy, it wasn’t just in her head!

“Aww, it’s okay, Nythi,” Damsyl cooed, and took Enythe by the hand. She pressed in closer, smiling broadly, her hand pushing higher until it was shoving up the skirt of Enythe’s school uniform. “Maybe you’re just, like, dehydrated! How about a little more?”

She lifted the glass.

Enythe squirmed, giggling shyly. “I... buh...” She *did* feel super thirsty. And the nectar tasted so nice and sweet. And Damsyl had such a pretty smile. “M-Maybe just a—”

Enythe stopped short and snapped her mouth shut.

She rose to her unsteady feet, pushed Damsyl’s hand off, and looked out over the dining hall.

All around her were the sights, sounds, and smells of sex. Girls lost themselves in sticky, sloppy makeouts with one another, tongues thrust deep into each other’s moaning mouths. Boys mewled and cried out helplessly, drooling, eyes glazed, bucking eagerly against pretty forms crouched under their tables.

And there were girls seated right in boys’ laps! Some of them were just grinding against fully-clothed playmates, and she couldn’t see under their skirts to see if they still had anything on underneath for the lapdances. But some girls were very clearly doing a lot more than that. Some had the boys’ pants down to their ankles, and they were bouncing rapidly, squealing with pleasure, pleated skirts fluttering with every echoing *plap, plap, plap*.

And all their eyes...

She felt her knees treacherously wobble. Damsyl’s hand settled on her arm.

“So, like...” She looked down at Damsyl, unable to suppress another ditzy giggle. “Damsyl never calls me Nythi.”

Damsyl blinked stupidly, then gave her another big, innocent smile. “Huh?”

“Yeah.” Enythe giggled again. “It’s, like, her aunt’s name, so it weirds her out. ‘Cause she has a crush on me.”

“Duuh.” Damsyl’s head bobbed happily from side to side. “You’re, like, *sooo* cute, and *sooo* hot, and all smart and stuff, and...”

“‘Cause she crushes on all her friends.” Enythe leaned down slightly. “But never, ever admits it. *Ever.*”

‘Damsyl’ blinked.

Her eyes were glowing solid gold.

Still smiling, she reached up and took Enythe by the chin, raising the glass to Enythe’s lips—

Enythe whipped out a bottle, uncorked it, and downed its contents in two frantic gulps.

She felt a small ripple inside her.

And then it was sort of like a ringing in her ears suddenly vanished. Or like she’d just taken off a pair of thick earmuffs.

All this time, Enythe had had this unnoticed... ooey-gooiness spreading in her head, a barely-audible voice cooing ideas to straight her subconscious. It was only in the sudden quiet that she noticed it had been there before.

The bottleup potion had just snatched all of that *foreign contaminant* right up and sealed it tight.

She smirked, then pulled her arm away from Damsyl and straightened. “Alright. So, um, that,” she pointed to the drink, “isn’t gonna work anymore. Whatever kind of drug, or—or Ancient Power, or—”

Damsyl—or the thing possessing her—just pouted.

Enythe realized they weren’t alone anymore at the booth.

While she’d been distracted with Damsyl and the potion, a golden, gooey mass had flowed across the floor to them. It shimmered pure brilliant amber, coalescing into a single large blob.

A slime.

“Wow,” said a bubbly voice from within, “maybe she’s too smart for us~!”

The slime split down the middle, forming itself into two smaller blobs.

Then the blobs rippled, rose, and took on new forms.

Enythe’s heart started to pound.

Two tall, beautiful slime girls made of pure, dripping honey wobbled before her.

“Hmph. I remembered the crush.” Damsyl bit her lip. “But not some silly nickname thingy! She’s, like, *into* older women, anyways, I don’t see why—”

“You can’t drug me anymore,” Enythe said, determined to take control of the conversation. She was a little nervous now. Not because she was outnumbered—well, not exactly. She could handle slimes; slimes were easy. She’d dealt with way worse back home.

But these were two—three women talking to her who she didn’t actually know. And they were all pretty. And smiling. And looking right at her.

She put the empty potion bottle back down on the table, then picked it back up, realizing it gave her something to do with her hands. “Um. So wh-whatever it is you’re thinking... the cheap tricks won’t work. Okay?”

She had to get to the exit. Slimes were pretty physically weak, but as a swords-chemist, Enythe had sort of focused a bit too much on the chemistry part and not enough on the swords. She couldn’t let anyone in here slow her down.

The two slime girls exchanged looks, then grinned.

“Of course they will, dummy~!” the left one squealed.

“Cheap tricks are what slimes are *aaall* about,” the right one cooed.

“That’s not—” Enythe’s cheeks were hot. There were so many eyes on her, and unable to handle the eye contact, her gaze had sort of unconsciously sunk lower. “I’ll be leaving now. I’d rather not have to hurt any of you, but—”

“Oh, like.” Right’s boobs jiggled between her hands. “We don’t feel pain, and you can’t really *hurt* us at all, teehee~!”

Enythe hesitated. “Really?”

“Well, we’re all technically copies.” Left giggled, bouncing her tits together. “So it’s sort of like cutting your hai—”

The two slimes were consumed in a blazing inferno as Enythe’s hellfire bottle shattered on the floor right between them.

“Ooh, pretty!” she heard Not-Damsyl squeal, clapping her hands excitedly. “Do it again!”

“Don’t tempt me.” Enythe only had the one. And only the one bottleup, too, unfortunately, or she’d be trying to get Damsyl’s magic on her side. She stumbled past Damsyl and out of the booth—thankfully, the bimified spellcaster was too distracted by the pyrotechnics to think to grab onto her—and waited for the blaze to dissipate.

All that remained of the two slimes was two bubbling puddles of steaming superheated honey.

Careful to avoid any honey or glass, Enythe made her way forward. She reached for her bandolier, trying to think—a fourfoot potion, for speed? She had the foxform, but that too so damn long... no, the scattereye, that was the answer. Discretion. She whipped out the bottle.

As she did so, she heard a loud, distinct glory.

“Wow, that packed a punch!” squealed the sugary-sweet voice of one of the slime girls she’d just obliterated.

Enythe tried to lift her foot and found it was stuck fast.

No, but—but she’d avoided stepping on any—

She looked down to see that the puddles had stopped steaming and bubbling and had coalesced into a single, larger puddle. One which so happened to immerse her feet in the sticky goo.

Damn it. The fourfoot, then—she stowed the scattereye and felt hurriedly over her bandolier for the old vial.

The puddle swelled, and then suddenly there was a girl in front of her again.

It was smaller this time. Even shorter than Enythe—goblin height, with those long wavy locks transformed into a shorter whipped-cream-like bouffant.

The tits weren’t any smaller, though.

Instead of legs, her body rose up from the puddle like a wisp or lamia, her wide hips giving way to sinuous honey. That length would be easily cut through, if Enythe had brought her sword to breakfast.

“*Hiii* again~!” the slime shortstack cooed, rising up to float at eye level. “Going somewhere, cutiepie~?”

Oh. No. Enythe wriggled, trying in vain to yank one of her feet clear of the goo, but the honey just pooled thicker around her ankle to prevent it.

“Aw.” The slime girl smirked. She kept moving to keep Enythe’s eye contact, form rippling with bands of reflected and refracted light. “I guess not~”

“I-I’m just—” Enythe fumbled for one of the potions, looking firmly up towards the ceiling.

The honey slime’s hands darted in and grabbed both of Enythe’s. Her whole body surged upwards like a great, thick wave until her eyes again intercepted Enythe’s gaze. “You’re *juust*... what~?”

Enythe’s cheeks felt hot. She stared up into the honeygirl’s eyes. Her lips felt plump and sticky, and lingered with the taste of that honeyed drink.

“Ooh, I think she’s, like...” Damsyl’s bubbly voice was the last thing Enythe wanted to hear right now as the possessed mage drew near. “... just super-duper shy about being held by a pretty girl! Look how she’s blushing!”

Enythe tried in vain to pull her hands away. “N-No, I’m—”

“So cuuute~” the honey slime shortstack cooed. Her eyes gleamed. She brought Enythe’s hands up and around herself, wrapping Enythe’s arms around her midsection in a forced embrace. “It’s okay, Nythi! It’s okay to be all shy and blushy-wushy around us!”

Enythe squirmed under the slime girl’s knowing gaze. That wasn’t why she was blushing, she told herself furiously, tearing her gaze from the slime’s eyes.

She found her gaze fall, instead, to the slime’s huge, wobbling honeytits, which were now right at eye level.

She tried again to pull her arms away, but they were stuck fast. She yanked on one foot as hard as she could, but the honey only gave way for a moment before the sheer weight would force her back down with a loud slurping pop.

“You’re just a little *stuck*,” Damsyl purred, moving in close. “Aren’t you, cutiepie?”

Enythe shook her head weakly. She could still get out of this! They had no way to control her, and they were—they were *dumb*. All she had to do was get the slime to let one of her arms go, and she’d get out the quickaid potion and hurl it at the ground. If memory served, it had only a homunculus in it at the moment, which would be easy prey even for their low-grade tricks, but any distraction was enough right now. She’d been sloppy letting herself get caught like this. She only needed a moment to get loose.

“Oh, yeah, um!” She nodded weakly, not daring to meet their eyes. “Just a little stuck. Which is, um, super unfair, since...” She scrambled for a pretext. It was so hard coming up with words around strangers, especially without Florin around. “... since I wanted to... touch your breasts?”

A pause.

“Omigosh, like, she’s *sooo* right~!” Damsyl said. “We’re not letting her touch your boobies! That’s so totes unfair!”

Enythe smiled slightly. “Y-Yeah! So, um, if you can...”

Damsyl’s hands took the back of her head. “... just...”

Damsyl’s fingers entwined in her hair. “... lemme...”

Damsyl shoved her facefirst between the slime girl’s tits. “... *gghmMMFFF!*”

“Theeere you go!” the slime girl cooed, and Enythe writhed with a confused moan, because—oh, gods, the slime girl’s voice was *everywhere* all of a sudden— *“Isn’t that so much better? Nice and soft and saaafe between my big, bouncy boobies!”*

The voice poured inescapably right into Enythe’s ears, pulsed and thrummed and bubbled and fizzed.

“N-No,” Enythe babbled through the honey. It didn’t matter if she drank any—the bottleup potion would last at least an hour—but this was so, so embarrassing, and—

“Gosh,” Damsyl purred, stroking her hair, and Enythe squirmed. “It’s almost kinda a shame.”

“Yeah,” the slime girl agreed. Her sultry voice pulsed and simmered within Enythe’s mind. *“She was resisting sooo well~”*

“Mmmff!” Enythe tried with all her might to yank herself back out, but everything around her was unbelievably sticky and gooey.

“Normally we have our cuties nice and honeydrugged for this part,” Damsyl whispered in her ear. “It’s a little... *intense* otherwise. Teehee.”

“Mmmf?!” Sticky and gooey and so, so heavy. Movement of any kind felt exhausting.

“But you’re deeeep in my bouncy bimbo boobies now, silly sweetie,” the shortstack sang. Her voice poured down like thick treacle, and Enythe writhed, because that fizzling simmering voice felt so—so

good, sent wonderful tingles through her whole captive body— “*And now I think you’re getting a little... stuck~*”

On that last word, she gave her tits a big, indulgent *squeeze*.

“Squish,” Damsyl whispered in her ear. “Brains go *squish~*”

“*Mmf—!*” No. No, no, no! “*’mm n-n t—!*”

Her words just bubbled uselessly into the slime girl’s body. But she could tell from the simmering laughter in her ears that the slime girl could hear every word.

“*Bouncy-bouncy-bouncy,*” the honeygirl cooed, bouncing her breasts in time. Enythe felt those massive tits sloshing and pulsing against the sides of her head, the impacts plush and soft and yet as overwhelming as tidal waves. Pounding into her. “*Uh-oh! Gosh, I bet all this bounce-bounce-bouncing is totally just scrambling all those silly squishy thoughts, isn’t it?*”

“*N-Nno,*” Enythe whined, her words unheard by anyone but herself and her captor. “*I’m f-ffine, jusht—*” They were just slimes. Just slimes. She’d handled slimes. She was fine, she just—

—her whole body pressed into the shortstack honey slime, the scents and tastes everywhere, her arms wrapped around her waist like a lover, Damsyl’s hands in her hair—she could handle all of that, but the—

“*Bouncy. Bouncy. Bouncy.*” Bounce. Pulse. Squish. The slime’s breasts rippled around Enythe’s head. She was totally smothered. She could still breathe, though. She was just breathing... *her*. “*Doesn’t that feel. Sooo. Niiice?*”

This wasn’t... they couldn’t, um, *actually* control her, though. Not without the drugging. They were just... just...

“*Squish, squish, squish!*” The slime girl’s breasts bounced against her head, trapping her mind between pulsing, rippling waves of honey. She felt Damsyl’s fingers slowly sliding up her skirt...oh, oh gods, no, wait... “*Getting you aaall nice... and... stuck.*”

On that word, she wrapped her arms around Enythe’s head—and pulled her all the way inside.

It was like being plunged into deep, deep water. Deep, sugary water.

Syrup. It was like syrup. Warm, thick syrup that weighed on her too heavy to even try to swim in. Too heavy to do anything but stare up at the golden sunlight above as she slipped farther and farther down into the depths.

It was like she'd been dropped into a bottomless well of sweet, sticky honey, and all she could do was sink.

It was like something else, too. Enythe's mind crept and pawed clumsily at the thought. It was like... like those dreams she had sometimes. The ones where she would need to speak but couldn't manage more than mumbly babble. The ones where she needed to run but couldn't move faster than a slow, oozing crawl.

Oozing.

"Bouncy, bouncy, bouncy!" she heard Damsyl say, but Enythe was deeply submerged in the honey now, and Damsyl could have been miles away. Enythe stared hopelessly into a world of oozing, shimmering gold as the bubbly bimbo's voice filtered in. *"Sinking. Squishing. Sticking~"*

Enythe whimpered pathetically. Slosh. Pulse. Ripple. No, she had to... she could still...

"Teehee! Now my boobies are gonna make you aaall cute and dumb." The slime's voice was right inside Enythe's brain now. *"Are you ready~?"*

"Nnnmm~!" Her own voice sounded even more distant to her than Damsyl's.

"Aww, thaaat sounds like a yesss~"

Enythe writhed uselessly, mewling in protest—but that voice felt so good, so overwhelmingly, stickily *good*—and then the tits seemed to ripple, and those ripples hit her brain, and—

"Squish. Squish. Bounce-bounce-bounce."

Bounce... bouncebounce...?

"Sinking deeeep into the sounds."

The slime girl's voice poured in thicker and sweeter. The breasts squeezed her a little tighter. Enythe couldn't feel anything around her but the faint touches of Damsyl's fingers pulling her panties down... and the overwhelming, all-encompassing weight. The stickiness. The ripples and pulses and smacks and pops...

"Feeling all those heavy pounds..."

So... heavy...

“... pulling aaall those thinkies down.”

Another ripple swept through her. Enythe’s body quaked, and she babbled something into the bubbling sweetness. No, she wasn’t...

“Squish, squish~”

Bounce, bounce, bounce.

“Sinking deeeep into the sounds.”

Enythe whimpered. Wait. Wait, no, this was... she was...

... was...

... feeling all those heavy pounds...

“... every single sticky ounce...”

Pulling all those thinkies—

“Down~”

Pulse. Pound. The honey slime suckled and lapped and rippled and licked at her skin, like thousands of wet, sloppy kisses.

Enythe let out a moan. She pulled weakly, but trying to pull away just reminded her how deep she was, how sticky everything felt, how... heavy...

“... bounce, bounce, bounce...”

The slime girl’s pretty singsong voice went on and on. Endless. Inescapable. Inevitable. Lathering Enythe’s brain with sweetness.

Enythe panted pure sugary air as Damsyl’s fingers slid between her thighs. She writhed and thrashed, but she could barely feel herself moving. She was clinging close to the slime girl.

She was... stuck.

... but she was... trying to get away, wasn't she? She was just trying to find a way out, to think of a trick, to feel all those heavy pounds...

... every single... sticky ounce...

Bounce, bounce, bounce. Pulling.

Down...

It was so much sensation, *too* much, because it was *everything*. She could barely tell the slime's voice apart from her own thoughts anymore. It all melted together. She whined and mewled, babbled desperate pleas, but—

"Sinking deep into the sounds." But the slime wouldn't stop. That stupid singsong rhyme just kept going and going and going, licking over her mind again and again, gushing, pouring, pulsing, rippling, sticking, pulling all her thinkies *downdowndowndownnnn...*

"You looove our honey," Damsyl was cooing in her ear, and Damsyl's fingers were stroking her, and thick, sweet pleasure was flowing in, in, in... *"You can never get enough! In fact, I think you need more~!"*

More. No... no, no, but...

Squish, squish. Bounce, bounce, bounce.

Sinking deep into the sounds.

Feeling all those... *"... heavy pounds..."*

Her lips were moving... sticky ounce...

... pulling... all those thinkies...

"Down," she heard someone whimper.

Squish. Squish.

"Theeere we go."

Bounce, bounce, bounce.

"I think she's ready now," she heard Damsyl say. *"Teehee, imagine going through thiiis part totally lucid. She's gonna feel soooo extra-good!"*

Sinking deep...?

She felt something between her legs. Something... phallic?

No. Sinuous. A tail. A pseudopod.

The slime girl's body pressed in closer and slowly submerged her lower body.

"Down!" cooed all three of them in unison.

And then the thick, sticky, slurping, pulsing slime *surged* into her body. Pumping, *pounding*, popping, licking, rippling with giggles and coos and purrs and—

Pure pleasure bore Enythe to her knees, and she squealed as a mind-dissolving orgasm was forced through her helpless, honey-filled body.

It was hot and molten. It was everywhere. Surging inside her, filling her head with sticky sloppy sounds, like a million tongues licking and slobbering with sticky honey, and the slime girl's big bouncy boobies were squishing and pulsing and rippling around her silly dummy heavy head, and those **sweet** coos and giggles were pounding and fizzling and simmering right into her mind—

It was so much, too much, **not enough**. The slime girl was lathering her brain in so much honey it felt too heavy to even twitch—her hips were bucking uselessly, she was babbling the mantra—

"That silly tranceslut's gonna feel so good," Damsyl squealed, "for *hourrrs and hourrs~*"

"Puh—pullliiiiing aaaall my th-thinkiiies down!" Enythe squealed, writhing, and she realized she'd been pulled out of the slime girl's boobies, and she was—no, her breasts, not boobies, she wasn't—um—

—everything was covered in a thick amber haze. She stared stupidly up at the slime girl, who seemed a little bigger now, who was grinning with glee.

She stared at the slime girl's boobies, drooling as the pleasure pounded into her. Squish, squish, **bouncebouncebounce...** every single sticky ounce...

"That's riight!" the pair sang down to her.

They giggled. Enythe giggled back. All three of them were giggling *sooo* much! Enythe was beaming in drunken bliss, bucking her hips as the slime pushed more and more pleasure inside, more than she could take—oh, **gosh**, another nice sticky climax was already flooding through her—

"Now," the slime girl purred, tipping Enythe's head up to meet her shimmering golden eyes, "let's see how much of **me** that little potion can take,"

Enythe babbled and burbled with a dumb, confused little giggle. How much of... **her**?

The potion...

Um... this was, um, kind of...

... bad.

Wasn't it?

Squish. Squish. Bounce-bounce-bounce!

The slime girl took Enythe and pulled her into a deep, sloppy, sticky-sweet honey kiss, tongue thrusting in, sweetness flooding in, molten-sweet pleasure flowing in...

... and she started cumming again, and realized that actually, everything was nice and sweet and sticky and *perfect*.