

Honey Crush

“Uh-huh. That’s right, cutie!” The honey elf next to you giggles. Her and her friend’s sweet giggles echo on either side of you, making your cheeks burn. “Just one more kiss! You wanna give her another, don’t you?”

You stare weakly at the honey elf barmaid leaning over the counter. She pouts those luscious lips and bats her eyelashes. “Just one more?”

You lick yours. Sticky with honey.

“You want more,” purrs the third honey elf in your ear. “Of course you want more!”

“I... a-ahh...” You never should have come here. Never should have thought they wouldn’t notice. You stare longingly at those lips, panting.

“Shh. The others will hear.” You can hear the first elf’s smirk in her voice. “Think about her lips. Her soft, plump lips.” You watch the barmaid give her lips a wet, sticky *pop*. “Sooo sweet. You want just one more, right?”

“Prove us wrong about mortals. Prove you can handle it! Just one little kiss, to prove us wrong, and if we’re wrong, we’ll let you go~!”

You whimper, trying to shake your head. Just... just one... no, you need to...

The two honey elves laugh at you and lean in close toward your ears, drowning you in a chorus of sultry whispers.

“Just one more.”

“Just one can’t hurt!”

“One more taste.”

“Come on, *dummy*.”

“Mortals *looove* our kisses.”

You’re panting as the barmaid leans in. Her golden eyes shimmer.

She licks her lips. You can still taste her from the last few kisses. No... wait, you...

“You’ll see. It’s already working. Our kisses make your *silly mortal brains* go so *sticky*.”

“So *gooey*.”

You’re leaning in. Just... just one more. Prove them wrong. Then you’ll get out of here. Just one...

“*So sweet*,” they coo in unison.

You don’t resist as the barmaid closes the distance.

Her kiss captures you and plunges you back into sweet, syrupy bliss. The barmaid moans happily, swirling her honey-lathered tongue around yours. Her lips are as yielding and soft as your weak, molten mind. You whimper and cry out, lost, drowned, melting into her embrace. She tastes so soft, so sticky, so *sweet*—

And the two elves are laughing at you.

“*Thaaat’s* it. That’s a good, addicted little dummy.”

“*Typical* mortal.”

You whimper, world spinning. No, you—you’re just—

“Just focus on her tongue. Feel how it *swiiirls*.”

Swirl...

“Focus on her lips. So nice and *soft*.”

Soft...

“It’s just *too much pleasure* for a mind like yours, isn’t it? More than weak little mortal brains are *meant* to handle. More than a mortal’s crushy little heart can take.”

Her lips smack, briefly breaking the kiss before taking you in another. Her moans, their coos... you can’t focus, can’t think, can’t fight...

“So much stimulation. So much sweetness.”

Your eyelids sink shut.

“Dosing you. Addicting you~”

Swirl... her lips are so soft...

“Leaving *sticky honey lipstick marks*,” the two elves coo in tandem, filling your ears, “*right on your brain*.”

They plant twin kisses right by your ears, and you squeal helplessly, wriggling in your seat, pleasure overwhelming your nervous system—

The barmaid finally pulls back with a girlish giggle and another wet, lewd *pop*. You’re left panting as her golden eyes shimmer with glee.

She licks those lips, and you lick yours.

So much sweetness... she’s so... pretty...

You stare at her weakly. Your lips fumble for words, but they’re so sticky, so sweet, so... sensitive... and she’s so *pretty*...

She smirks and bats her lashes.

“Wanna kiss me again?” she coos.

Your breath catches. Your cheeks heat up. You stare at her lips as her tongue slowly slides between them...

“Awww~”

“Omigosh, is it, like, already starting?”

“Are you *already* starting to crush on her~?”

“Already turning into our *lovey-dovey honey slave*~?”

“Gosh, all mortals really are the same.”

You whimper, trying to shake your head. But the barmaid is swaying slightly, and you're swaying, too.

"Teehee! It's just natural, dumdums."

"It's just how it works."

The honey elves' voices are so sweet and sultry. Like honey in your ears.

Your brain feels sticky. Gooney.

Soft...

"Our kisses just make you *stupider and stupider*," murmurs one, "as you get more and more *faedrugged*."

"You know what they *saaay*..." A wet kiss on your cheek. "About eating fae food?"

You whimper, moan, squirm. You need to... to control yourself. Only three honey elves have noticed so far, and... and luckily one of them has been nice so far. You smile dreamily at the barmaid...

But—but if anyone else—

"Of course a dummy weak little *faebait* mortal like you," a sloppy wet kiss decorates your other cheek. "... is gonna fall desperately in love with the first fae who really indulges you in some nice..."

The honey elf on the left kisses your jawline. You're panting. "... *soft*..."

The right honey elf kisses your neck. You're squirming, whining. "... *wet*..."

The left kisses your throat, and you barely hold in a mewling cry. "... *faesmoochies*~"

You babble something out, breath coming in uneven, swaying in your seat. The world is gooey and melty and sweet. These two are so cruel, and the rest of the bar could be so dangerous for you.

All you can bear to focus on is the barmaid. The barmaid, so kind and sweet. She hasn't mocked you. She hasn't insulted you. She's just smiling at you. Kissing you. Looking at you with those pretty golden eyes, the faintest sparkle of pink fae hearts as highlights from the rosy light. Her

shimmering golden hair framing her perfect adorable face, those plump, dimpled cheeks. Those soft, luscious, sticky, kissable lips...

“Wanna kiss me again?” she asks, tilting her head brattily to one side with a sly little smirk.

You tremble. Your cheeks are burning. You try to manage a ‘no’, but you can’t look away. You watch her tongue slip out, licking, *swirling*. You stare at her lips, with their gorgeous curving cupid’s bow, as they give a playful *pop* in anticipation...

“Every sloppy smack of her lips on yours,” purrs the left elf, her voice a gushing river of syrup in your ear, “is like a *pretty pink bubble* bursting in that silly, oozy honeydrugged brain of yours, isn’t it? It floats inside and goes *pop~*”

The barmaid before you *pops* her lips and giggles.

“... and honey. Spills. Everywhere!”

“P-Please,” you pant.

“*Soooo* easy,” coos the right elf, “to drown you in that honey. You’re *aaasking* for it, dummy! *Begging* for it.”

“N-No,” you whine, staring at her pretty lips and writhing helplessly in your seat. Look away. Look *anywhere else*. *Think* of anything else, anything but—but how empty your mouth feels without her tongue, how cold your lips feel without hers pressed against them, how nice she tastes, how prettily she smiles, how—

“You’re *falling in love with the first fae to kiss you*,” one of the elves hisses. “Look at you flush!”

“Such a *blushslut~*”

“*Sooo* cute. *Soooo* pathetic!”

The left elfmaid’s hand slides into your lap. She gives you a wet kiss on the cheek. So does the other. Your mind is swirling. So many kisses, so many lipstick marks...

“P-Please,” you moan, lids fluttering lower.

“Just,” the other elf coos, her voice sending tingles through your body, “our *love*y. *Dovey*. *Honey*. *Bitch*.”

“N... nn...”

You trail off, squirming. You... you can't keep fighting, they'll just keep kissing you, you need a plan, you need to *think*—

“Aww, I think the mortal's trying to use that little inferior brain!”

“Soooo cute~!”

“Don't you know...” One of them leans in closer. “... that dummy mortals *can't* think?”

She plants a deep, gooey kiss right up against your ear. Your hand flies up to smother a squeal.

“Not when honey elves,” the other elfmaid leans in close, trapping your between them, “are kissing them into lovey-dovey playthings~?”

A sloppy, indulgent kiss plunges against your other ear. You moan hopelessly into your hand.

They wrench that hand away and pin both your hands behind your back.

Your breath catches. Your heart starts to pound.

“Nno,” you manage. “B-Buh—”

They're pushing you in towards her. Towards the pretty, wonderful, adorable honey elf barmaid, and you're lost in her smile, your struggles are fading—

The barmaid leans in close, lashes fluttering, and cups your cheek tenderly.

“Let's help you think *good mortal thoughts*,” she coos, patting your cheek condescendingly, “my *cute, stupid little mortal crushslut~*”

And she kisses you on the lips, and her tongue slides in, and everything becomes sticky and sweet, gooey and soft.

And you submit. You return the kiss, moaning noisily, pressing in, parting your lips eagerly.

“Sooo typical,” your tormentors are cooing in your ear.

Lips smacking, slurping... *pop, pop*... honey *everywhere*...

“We can *always* tell losers like you~”

Tongue *swiirling*... honey on your tongue... honey on your brain...

“This is why we’re better, kissdrunk little loveslave.”

Lips parting and meeting, meeting and parting, drooly and sweet, pillowy and soft...

“You couldn’t even keep from falling love with her for... like, how many kisses was that?”

“Forty-eight?”

A giggle. “I’m pretty sure the crush was setting in after the second~”

You mewl pathetically, pressing into the barmaid’s embrace. Yes, yes! You—you love her, you *love* her, you’d be clutching at her if your hands weren’t pinned behind you—your tongue eagerly meets hers, your lips part wider to admit it, you let her lips smack and slop and make bubbles full of honey *pop-pop-pop* in your silly brain...

“You can keep on kissing her *aaaall* night, if you like~”

“Kiss all of us~”

“So many honey kissies for our dummy mortal lovepet.”

You whimper and whine, humping the air, lapping at her lips, letting your adorable crush pull back, lick those lips with a grin—and then pull you back in to drown you all over again.

“All you have to do first...”

Smack. Pop. Slurp. Softness. Sweetness. Sticky, gooey *love*...

And she breaks the kiss fully. One last bubble *pops*, and honey spills all over your kissmark-covered brain. You drool after her, lashes low.

The honey elves on either side coo in tandem, their lips brushing your ears.

“... is admit you were wrong~”

You stare helplessly. Broken. Lost. Lovedrunk. Anything. Whatever they want you to say. Your lips fumble, stumble, moving slowly towards the words of ultimate, pathetic, humiliating surrender...

The barmaid's lashes flutter. "Mm. I want one more first."

And she grabs you by the collar and pulls you back in, and you squeal and happily oblige.

More kissing. More stickiness. More sweet, gooey honey to sink into. You're lost.

Giggles. "Babe, they won't even be able to speak to humiliate themselves if you keep this up much longer~!"

The barmaid's dreamy giggle is the only response.

You're drowning.

You can't remember the last time you breathed in. You don't need air when you have sweet, sticky honey to keep you happy and drugged and in love. Fae decide when you need to breathe. Fae decide everything now.

The kiss breaks, and so do you.

"I-I was w-wrong," you mewl weakly as the kiss breaks, desperate to please them, even though your words are slurred and your mind is sticky molten mess— "Wrong! You were r-right, a-ah—" Every syllable makes your lips tingle with longing, you need more, more, more—she's so pretty, so sweet, so lovely, and she's giggling so happily down at you—

"Louder~"

"I was wrong!" you cry insensibly, squirming and wriggling in shame and staring in adoration at your new true love. "A-all mortals want this! Mortals are d-dumm and stupid and weak and always f-fall in love with you, I—aah—i love you i love you i love you i—!"

The honey elf on the left grabs you by the chin, turns you to face her, and grins. You tremble. You felt so happy and safe looking at the barmaid you adore, but this cruel, wicked, bitchy honey bimbo who's been taunting and tormenting you all night—

She kisses you deeply. Happy lewd moans fill your head as her tongue fills your mouth, honey coursing down your throat, stealing your breath and replacing it with hers, with her tongue, slurping and swirling, lips breaking and meeting, tasting you, making you taste *her*—

She breaks the kiss with a sweet, angelic smile. "Do you love *me*?"

“i love you,” you whimper, squirming hopelessly and blushing hot. “i-i love you! i love you! i—!”

Your other tormentor grabs you by the hair and, without hesitation, claims you in a passionate kiss. Her tongue slips in with a flood of honey, capturing your tongue, forcing honey onto it and straight down your throat, slurping and slobbering as her happy little squeals and cries fill your ears, so much sweetness, so many—so many pretty hearts floating around your dummy mortal head—

She breaks the kiss and beams. “Do you love *me*?” she asks sweetly.

“uh-hh-huh,” you babble, face burning, unable to tear a big, stupid smile off your face as you stare at her. “i—love, love you love you luv you!”

Of course you love her. She’s so nice to you! They’re all so pretty, so sweet, so much better than you—they own you, you belong to them, that’s how it should be, and they’ve been so *nice* to protect you from the rest of the patrons, so *kind* and *thoughtful* and...

The barmaid reaches over and kisses your cheek.

“And...” she whispers breathily.

And with a wicked laugh, she takes your stool and spins you to see every single honey elf in the bar smiling smugly down at you. Some are visibly preparing honey brews for you to drink. Some are licking their lips in anticipation. Some are already sauntering over, wide hips swinging, tits bouncing...

“... do you love *them*~?”

Your breath catches. You lick your drooling lips.

By morning, you will adore every honey elf that ever lived.

Like every mortal should~