

Honeytrapped Heroes, Chapter 00

“Milk delivery?”

Halya looked up from her book and blinked blearily out the gatehouse window. “Oh. Good morning, Misni. I didn’t see you roll up.”

Misni smiled. The milkmaid climbed out of her cart, sweeping her thick blonde braid over her shoulder. “Hi, um... Halya! Help me with the crates?”

Halya yawned, then set the book aside and made her way to the door. The air was cold and damp and misty, making this dense gloom feel almost tangible. “You’re early this morning, aren’t you?”

“Mm.” Misni handed off a crate of clattering milk bottles. “I had my hands full yesterday with deliveries to your, um, neighbors.”

Halya chuckled, carrying the crate up to the loading area. “Yeah? Crowbar Academy girls giving you trouble?”

“Oh, it’s just the covens on the outskirts.” Misni giggled. “You know how sorority girls are, ma’am.”

“Right.” Halya had actually very little idea. Guards of the Heroic Academy of Brightwren didn’t get out much, especially not to their rival college. But Misni knew a lot about just about everywhere, especially her customers.

“Yeah. And after all that... *fuss*, I wasn’t sleeping too good anyways, so I supposed I might as well put my wakefulness to use, no?” Misni handed Halya a second crate and took the third for herself. As Halya turned to carry her crate to the delivery platform, she noticed a cloth had been draped over Misni’s to conceal its interior. “Besides. Showing up early means I get to deliver to *your* pretty face.”

Halya stumbled, nearly falling on her face and smashing apart a third of the delivery. Her cheeks were suddenly hot. “R-Right. Ha.”

She offloaded her crate and turned to see Misni smiling at her, offering the third crate. “Take special care of this one.” She lifted the cloth conspiratorially, revealing the milk bottles were accompanied by several large jars of golden honey—as well as a mysterious sealed pot.

Halya tilted her head. “That’s a pretty late harvest, isn’t it?”

“Oh, it’s just different flavors for different times of years. Different flowers bloom in different seasons, you know?” Misni nodded down at the larger pot. “That one is a *special* little gift to the head office, so

be sure it's delivered there straight away, okay, ma'am?" She winked. "We both know how the errand boys here love to 'check for curses' as an excuse to sample the wares."

Halya nodded. The wooden crate was squishing up against Misni's chest, and she was trying not to think about how much cleavage she could see through the wide slots. She took the crate and set it down.

She didn't think to mention the current situation with the head office, nor how understaffed they were in general right now. Knowing Misni, the observant milkmaid probably already knew. And if she didn't, no need to advertise it. The gift could be received when people got back. "So how was the, um, drive over?"

"Bouncy." Misni heaved a sigh. "Brightwren, like, needs to fix its roads. I was so worried some bottles would break!"

"The heroes of Brightwren keep the roads safe." Halya's lips quirked. "I'm not given to understand they know how to keep them *level*."

Misni laughed. "Oh, Halya." She glanced over her shoulder at the horizon, which was only beginning to acquire a glow as the dawn crept slowly closer. "I don't suppose I could stop in and sit down for a bit? The..." She gave a leisurely yawn and stretch. "... early hour is beginning to catch up with me."

Halya swallowed, glancing back at the guardhouse. "Well, I would, but... I get relieved in an hour. You know what a stickler Loric is for the rules about letting people into the guardhouse."

"I'll be in and out. Promise." When Halya turned, Misni had moved a tiny bit closer. "A nice, hot cup of tea would wake both of us right up, don't you think?"

Halya's resolve wavered.

The rule was silly, anyways. It was more a relic of the old vampire days than anything else. It wasn't like Misni was a threat, either—she was half Halya's size, unarmored, and unarmed. With all that Misni knew and documented about her customers, if she wanted to mess with Brightwren, there were surely better ways than infiltrating a gatehouse.

And sharing a cup of tea with Misni...

"I *may* even have a spare bottle I could share," Misni suggested sweetly, lashes fluttering, "If you... still have that weakness for a little milk in your tea?"

Halya glanced back at the gatehouse, then at the pretty milkmaid, who was smiling so sweetly up at her. Misni was turning out to be awfully flirtatious when she was sleepdrunk.

“Sure.” Halya smiled hesitantly. “*One* drink. Just to warm us both up.”

Misni’s eyes sparkled. “You mean wake us up.”

“Right.” Halya licked her lips. “And that.”

* * *

Halya wasn’t totally sure. Not one-hundred percent positive.

But the tea didn’t exactly seem to be... working right.

“... and really, the weather isn’t so bad.” Misni was animated and bubbly now as she gestured casually towards the window. “I just love the fog, don’t you?”

“R-Right.” Halya nodded. The tea had certainly warmed her up very effectively. Waking her, though?
“Yeah, um...”

“It’s *sooo* pretty when the dawn hits the mists just right.” Misni’s lashes fluttered. “More milk in your tea, ma’am?”

“... pretty.” Halya nodded drowsily, holding out her mug.

It was a bit of an embarrassing secret, but Halya had never really developed a taste for bitter foods or drinks. She usually snuck hot cocoa to the night shifts instead of coffee, and if her tea didn’t have at least a couple spoonfuls of cream, she could barely stomach the stuff. She didn’t want the other guards thinking her childish, so she tried to stick to just one spoonful each of cream and sugar, and ideally when no one was watching.

But like this...

She drank deeply, gulping the sweet, creamy tea down. Oh, this was a guilty ambrosia.

Misni knew, of course. The milkmaid kept notes on all her clients—and their guards. Misni was so smart and attentive like that. It was a bit of a security risk, actually, but the caretaker of Amber Pastures could presumably handle herself, or the two Academies wouldn’t be doing business with her.

Misni was very capable.

Halya wondered dreamily if Misni’s notes mentioned how Halya always had to remind herself not to look down Misni’s shirt, because... that pretty dress seemed a little lower-cut than usual today.

“... *very* cute.”

Halya snapped back to reality. “W-What?”

Misni smiled coyly at her, pulling back with the milk bottle. She’d been topping Halya off. That was... nice of her. “I said it’s very cute,” she said, tilting her head to the side.

Halya’s heart fluttered. She wanted to ask what was—if Misni had been talking about her, or if—

“Drink your tea, silly!” Misni giggled, reaching forward and tipping the cup back. Halya squeaked and gulped it down. “Else we’ll be here all morning.”

“R-Right,” Halya sputtered. Her cheeks felt hot. Her whole body felt hot. “Right, um...” She lowered the mug, stifling a yawn. “... sorry, just...”

“A little sleepy?” Misni cooed.

Halya nodded. Drowsy. Dim.

“Aww. You should finish your tea, then!”

Halya bit her lip and nodded again. “I, um, I know...”

Misni’s head tilted cutely. “Maybe a tiny bit more milk would help it go down easier?”

Halya nodded again. Dreamy. She held out her mug obediently and let Misni refill it. “Uh... th-thanks...”

“*Noooo* problem, Halya.” Misni beamed. “We need to get you all warmed up and waked up, right?”

“Uh... uh-huh...”

“Then drink~!” Misni’s hand took hers and again guided the cup back, sending the tea pouring into Halya’s open mouth. Halya dimly heard Misni scooting closer as the guardswoman gulped her sweet tea down. “Good! *Gooooood*. That’ll wake you right up, Halya!”

“U-Uh-huh...” Halya lowered the mug, licking her lips, savoring the honeyed taste. She smiled dizzily, only realizing after a few seconds that her gaze was locked to Misni’s chest, admiring the pretty heart outline of Misni’s cleavage, the way Misni’s boobs were pressed together by the tight bodice of her fluttering dress...

Misni didn't seem to notice or mind, of course. The lovely milkmaid was *all* innocence, *all* sugarbubbles as she bounced and chattered and held Halya's arm close. "That's good! Just drink it *aaaall* down just like that!"

"Uh-huh!" Halya smiled dizzily at Misni's bouncy boobs. "All down." The mug was empty. She was gonna be nice and awake in no time.

Maybe then she could figure out if Misni really was flirting with her. When she wasn't all sleepy and silly and blushy.

"Yuh-huh." Misni held up the pitcher. "More milk in your tea?"

She was refilling the mug. Halya blinked dumbly—the mug had been empty, wasn't it?—but then Misni was helping her tip the mug back, and it tasted so good... so creamy and honey-sweet...

"Uhm..." She sputtered a little, trying to pause, but the mug was still pouring, Misni's hand was on the back of her head, better to give in, to open her mouth, to...

"Drink," Misni cooed.

Glug. Glug. The mug emptied. Halya slumped as the milkmaid released her.

She felt so... heavy. Foggy. Sticky. She couldn't hold the mug up anymore, but Misni had it, Misni could handle everything for her.

The milkmaid smirked. She leaned in close.

"More milk?" she cooed in Halya's ear. "More milk in Halya's yummy tea?"

"A-Ah... um..." Halya's head lolled towards Misni, and she found herself nuzzling cheeks. Misni was so soft. She'd always sort of crushed on the pretty milkmaid... she wondered if Misni had written that down, to... "N-No, um... that's... enough, th-thanksh..."

"Okay!" Misni smiled and refilled the mug. "Drink."

"A-Ah—buh—" Halya felt Misni's hands in her hair, tugging her head back, and the mug came to her lips again. "O... oghay..."

Glug. Glug.

"We wanna be *eeextra* thorough with this one," Misni was saying, giggling. "No time to 'incubate'. *You* want a nice, *deeeep* dose right out the gate, don't you, Halya?"

Halya babbled and gurgled and gulped the yummy milk down.

Glug.

The mug emptied, and to Halya's fuzzy relief and sticky regret, Misni finally set it and the pitcher down. Both seemed empty.

Her head lolled. Her mouth hung open. She dimly realized Misni's pretty voice echoing around her meant that Misni was talking to her again. Misni had such a pretty voice. She should try to listen to it!

"*Gooooood* Halya," Misni was cooing, cupping Halya's chin. "Soooo good for us~! You *love* lots of honey in your tea, don't you?"

"Buhbuh..." Halya smiled, drooling. Had there been... honey in her tea? Oh! That must have been why the milk was *soooo* yummy. She giggled dreamily. "It's, like... yummy... sweet..."

"That's right," Misni agreed, grinning. "It's, like, *sooo* sweet! Sweet..." Her hand slipped down. Halya felt delicate trickles of pleasure as Misni's hand stroked teasingly between Halya's legs. "... sticky... *gooey*..."

"G-Gooey..." Halya's head swam, and she giggled again, parting her legs. "Like... uh-huh..."

"I bet you can already feel her taking hold, can't you?" Misni giggled, too. "You wanna help her take over more?" She groped one of Halya's breasts. Halya didn't remember letting Misni unbuckle her breastplate, but the groping felt so nice... "You wanna feel so so so-so-so *so* good?"

"Uh-huh!" Halya giggled and bounced dumbly. She had no idea what Misni was talking about, but the tone of her crush's ooey-gooey coos told her the answer was totally yes!

"Yay!" Misni leaned in closer, licking those plump lips...

... and kissed Halya deeper than she'd ever been kissed before.

Halya moaned, and her eyes closed without a fight. She sank into the kiss, submitted herself to it fully. The kiss was soft and wet, drooly and sticky-sweet. Misni's lips were as soft as Halya had ever fantasized about, softer, even. The taste of honey was all over as Misni's tongue slid inside, slid in deep.

Halya grinded against Misni's fingers, gasping, licking, kissing back desperately. It felt like heavy, gooey syrup was flowing straight into her brain, filling her up completely and crowding out anything she didn't need anymore. Which was most things!

Halya clung desperately to Misni and returned the sticky kisses with all her strength, mewling and whining, licking Misni's lips, licking Misni's tongue, gulping down whatever honey Misni didn't just send pouring straight down Halya's throat.

Halya didn't choke or gurgle or gag. She just... drank. Just obediently gulped it all down. It simply felt natural, like the honey was *supposed* to be inside her.

Her tummy felt so nice and full. And her silly sloshy mind felt...

... *almost* full. Something was missing. Halya leaned in deeper, kissing more eagerly. What was it? What did she need? More honey? More kisses? More, more...

And then Misni pulled back with a wet, lewd pop of her lips and gave a dreamy giggle.

But Halya needed a moment to register this, because the kiss hadn't stopped.

There was still a honeyed tongue swirling inside her mouth, lathering her own tongue with sweetness. There were still hands on her, groping her under her clothes. Soft, squishy, sticky hands... a long, dripping, drooly tongue...

And yet she could feel that someone's lips had descended to her neck, kissing, nibbling, and *popping* right by her ears.

And if Misni was down there, then...

Halya's eyes felt unspeakably heavy, but she managed to lift them and look to the side.

She... wasn't kissing Misni anymore. Misni was cuddled up next to her, smiling brightly, her eyes glowing a brilliant gold. The same glowing gold glimmered in the honey drooling from the corner of her mouth. She licked her lips, and her tongue shone like oozing sunlight.

"Mmf...?"

Still so deep under, Halya blinked up stupidly at the new pretty girl she was sloppily making out with.

The girl was made of pure luminous honey. Her form was... *obscene*, with lewd curves, fat, round breasts that squished and sloshed together with every motion, pillowy lips and a soft tummy and wide, ridiculous hips. Her whole form had a slight glow to it. She had Halya clutched tight within her plush clutches. Her long tongue—almost more like a pseudopod—was what had begun pumping thick, gooey honey straight down Halya's willing throat.

The slime girl's eyes opened, the exact same brilliant fiery golden hue, and locked onto Halya's.

She and Misni gave twin giggles.

The honey slime girl pulled away with the wettest, loudest *pop* Halya had ever heard, a *pop* that made Halya's head go molten and spinny. The slime girl was so sticky, so gooey, so... *sweet*.

Her tongue started to slowly slide out, and Halya realized only now how long it truly was as she felt it withdraw. As it finally slipped clear, she found she was gasping for air.

Oh... they both smelled so... *nice*...

"Hiiii~!" the slime girl cooed. Her hands under Halya's shirt groped Halya's breasts expertly, squeezing, kneading, *milking*. Halya whimpered as she felt like something was leaking out of her. "Having *fuuun*~?"

A dizzied, pleasure-drunk Halya babbled something back and giggled insensibly, thrusting her chest forward against the hands. She felt so silly and confused. There was a slime girl now? Those were, like... monsters... dangerous, and stuff...

She ground her hips slightly against Misni's teasing touches, tilted her neck to allow more of Misni's nice, soft, wet, sticky kisses. They pressed in close, squishing her between them.

The honey slime cupped her cheek, and Halya moaned softly—even the touch of the slime girl's hand against her skin felt like a dozen nice little sticky kisses.

"Yeah? You are?" The slime girl smirked. "So I bet you want more, don't you~?"

Halya babbled and moaned helplessly. More? It was already... so much...

She thought she meant to shake her head 'no', but she felt her head cradled in their hands nodding 'yes' instead. So... maybe she did?

The slime girl grabbed her close. "Yay~! I, like, thought so!"

And before Halya could process anything, the slime girl had captured her in a second deep kiss to melt her mind away.

Their lips met, and the tongue slid back inside, and it was such a nice relief to have it back where it belonged, pumping honey into her. Misni was kissing her right by her ear again, sloppy, eager, endless.

Halya's ears were filled with a soundscape of wet, lewd indulgence, *pops* and *smacks* and *slurps*...

... and the faint, muffled sounds of the slime girl's long tongue sliding down her throat to pump her nice and full of lots and lots of yummy, gooey honey.

Pump. Pump.

Glug. Glug.

It was so deep, so intense, so *overwhelming*. It almost felt like the slime girl was pouring *herself* inside Halya. Or if not herself...

... like the slime girl was sharing something.

Something wonderful.

Something that made Halya feel so nice and gooey and silly and sticky, something that made things inside Halya bubble and swirl and *spread*, spread to coat *everything* inside Halya with such a nice, thick honey glaze.

That gooey, *full* feeling started to deepen. Halya felt her thoughts sinking down, felt the pleasure flooding everything inside her, and she sank in deeper, moaning, drooling. She felt something else inside her head with her, and all she could do was...

... submit.

And let it submerge her.

The kiss deepened. Pump. Glug.

And Halya sank into the sweetness completely.

Minutes passed. They could have been hours.

Glug. Glug.

Kiss. Slurp.

Pop. Pump.

Glug...

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Halya's eyes drifted opened.

She swayed slightly, then smiled dizzily down at her own gorgeous body. Her breasts were being fondled shamelessly. They looked so nice and big and soft. So pretty and squishy and bouncy-bouncy!

"Oh my gosh," 'Halya' cooed, "this body is, like, *soooo nice~!*"

Misni and the honey slime girl giggled with glee and pulled 'Halya' into a warm, tight, sticky hug.

"*Riiight~?*" Misni kissed Halya on the cheek. "Like, everyone's gonna *looove* you! I bet you're totally gonna infect, like, *soooo* many people." She squished and ground her body against Halya with wanton hunger for touch, all pretense at not being a happily infected dummy bouncy bimbo slut finally abandoned.

"Uh-huuh...!" Halya turned, beaming, to kiss Misni deeply on the lips. Misni moaned and reached down to grope her butt, and Halya wiggled and swirled her tongue, *loving* how Misni felt against her...

"Normally, we'd just, like, let your honey spread inside her the normal way," the slime girl cooed in her ear, "nice and slow. But we were *kiiinda* in a hurry to be sure we caught 'you', y'know? Cute little Misni only kept so many notes on all the guards and their little weaknesses." She licked her lips. *Pop*. "And she kept the most of all on this cutie in particular for some reason. I wonder why~?"

Misni giggled stupidly and groped Halya's breasts, the vague half-remembered yearnings of her host currently feeling much too nice and bubbly-pink inside her for her to think of a response.

"Sooo," the slime girl continued, smirking, "we wanted to be sure we got you *aaaall* nice and ready to help us with what's coming next. You don't mind, right~?"

"Mm..." Halya moaned softly into the kiss. "*Mmuh-huh...*"

The sounds of creaking hinges pulled her out of the lusty daze. She broke the kiss, a delicate, glittering trail of honey connecting her to a still-drooling Misni, and glanced towards the window.

"Hey, Halya!" called a voice she only vaguely recognized. "Is the milkmaid still here? I, uh, see the cart, so..."

"Right. Um, yeah!" Halya raised her voice. "She, um, stopped here to get a drink, um..." She searched the few of her host's melty memories that weren't *toootally* drowned in sweetness, suppressing a giggle at how she felt Halya squirming at the inspection. "... Loric."

“... Right.” She heard Loric yawn. “Well, she’d better clear out. You know we’re not supposed to let people into the guardhouse, Halya. I’ll have to report this.”

Halya glanced at Misni, then at the slime girl. The slime girl started trickling her form into the emptied pitcher.

“No problem,” she called sweetly, starting to re-don her armor with Misni’s help. “Actually, um, maybe you could stay out there a moment? Start making the rounds? We need to, um, clean up a little.”

“Oh.” A pause. “Well... in that case, I think I’ll have to come in there to take a look. So make sure you’re *presentable*.” He sounded very suspicious now. “You two weren’t having a, ah, dalliance, were you?”

“Um! Definitely not!” Halya suppressed a gasp as Misni’s lips smacked against her neck. Misni clumsily strapped the last buckle of Halya’s breastplate back into place. “That’d be against the rules, right? I’d get in a lot of trouble, and you’d have to come in and inspect it all and make a full report... nope. We *definitely* weren’t doing anything like that.”

“... regardless. I’d like to come in there and have a look at this ‘mess’, if you don’t mind. And I *will* be making a report.”

“Ugghh. Fine, Loric.” Halya made an exaggerated pout. “Of... of course we don’t mind. Why should we? We have nothing to hide.”

She and Misni exchanged wicked smirks.

“In fact, there’s nothing I’d like more,” she added, fighting to keep the giggles back, “than for you to *come right inside~*”