

Slimy, Yet Satisfying

June 2021

"Quiet on the set! We're ready to roll!" The director's voice blared out, echoing through the massive set. The two scantily-clad stars of the show, standing awkwardly off to one side, glanced at one another in rising apprehension as the lights flicked on around them. "Well, good luck," Melissa whispered, nervously tucking a strand of short dark hair behind her ear. "We'll be fine, I'm sure!" Aubrey agreed with a gulp and an attempt at a grin. "We'll be fine. Just fine..."

"Here we have it, folks – the latest contestants on 'Cream Your Shorts!'" the announcer declared as stage lights played suggestively over their two bikini-clad forms. "On the right there we've got Aubrey: a bombshell blonde who knows *just* how to get what she wants!" Hearing her cue, Aubrey plastered on a bright smile for the cameras, waving gaily just as she'd been instructed to do.

"And next to her there we've got her rival, Melissa – a dangerous brunette who doesn't know when to give up! And would you believe it?" the announcer smirked, even as Melissa held up her own hands and saluted the cameras. "These two are actually best friends in real life! Let's see if they *stay* friends after today, though, hmm?"

Today, as the announcer soon made clear, being the day that the two would compete in what promised to be a very wet and messy obstacle course competition.

"And just to keep things interesting," the announcer chortled, "Over there we've got José and Mark, their *adoring* boyfriends! Come on, guys, why don't you show us why you're *really* here? Besides the fun of seeing your girlfriends get absolutely slimed, that is?" That was their cue – and sure enough, the two young guys each held up a remote for the camera. "Go on, show us what those things do!" came the order – and with awkward grins, the two did just that.

As the lights played over them and cameras zoomed, the two young women jerked in synchronized surprise. Melissa, hands darting down to clutch between her legs, bit her lip as the first waves of vibrations rumbled through her – while beside her, Aubrey let out a muffled squeal and bent over in seeming embarrassment. "Oho, so *that's* what those things do!" the announcer called triumphantly as the remote vibrators gave one more sustained *buzz* before lapsing back into quiet. "What's more, I'll have you know that each boyfriend has the controls to the *other* guy's girlfriend. You know, just to keep things interesting!"

Melissa's eyes widened once the curtain behind them finally rose and their first obstacle course came

into view. "For round one," the announcer bellowed, "These two chicks are gonna need to show us just how well they can balance!" Balance indeed! There before them stretched a pair of what must have been twenty-foot planks, glistening dangerously under the lights and stretching over a pool of what appeared to be muddy chocolate. And what were those two assistants coming forward with...?

"Open up, girls!" they smirked, and before the two could collect their wits, they found rubbery, penis-shaped gags slipping deep into their mouths. But they were no ordinary gags, they soon realized – for protruding from the front of each was a sort of spoon... onto which the assistants now laughingly placed an egg, of all things.

"Go on, then! Show us how it's done!" And so, blushing and mute, the duo made their way to the planks and eyed the expanse before them. There was no way in hell they could do it, Aubrey realized in desperation, gulping uncomfortably around her gag. A plank was tough enough any day: but under this pressure, and covered in slime, and while precariously balancing an egg to boot... well, it would be a miracle if she didn't slip off in the first three seconds. *Wait, why the hell had she agreed to this silly thing, anyway?*

Melissa hadn't wasted any time, however. Apparently operating under the directive to "do or die," she stepped firmly onto the slippery plank – then took another step, and another. Maybe it wasn't as hard as it looked, she thought, gulping back her panic and focusing her eyes on the end before her. *Just keep centered, keep walking, nice and steady-*

And then the vibrator kicked in.

José, you bastard! she might have screamed as the world tilted and she found herself veering wildly backward in a desperate attempt to keep her balance. But her mouth was stuffed full, and she was far too busy wincing as she tumbled down to land with a sticky *splat* in the gooey mess beneath. Her bare legs sank down out of sight as she struggled up, breathing heavily behind her gag, hands and arms covered up to the elbow in the sticky mess. *"Mmmpphh!"* she burbled, even as she glared up the cameras zooming in to relish her humiliation. *Fuck, fuck, fuck-*

Not that Aubrey was faring much better. For Mark, perhaps as much in revenge against José as a desire to see Aubrey tumble, set her vibrator pulsing to life as well. Oh, she tried her best... stumbling forward, arms flailing, grabbing desperately at the egg held before her as if by saving that she could redeem herself..

Though that didn't matter much once she'd landed facefirst in the same gooey mess as her rival.

Ugh, is this mud? Chocolate? What the hell? As she gurgled and clawed the goo away from her eyes and nose, she felt herself settling further down with a squelch. Well, shit. Whatever this cool and goopy mixture was, at least she and Melissa were in the same boat.

Of course once the cameras had had their fill they were fished out and ungagged, while the announcer cracked bad jokes and jeered at what dirty girls they both were. But they didn't have much time to dwell on it, for a second round was already waiting for them on the newly revealed neighboring set. *What the heck?* Aubrey found herself wondering, even as she wiped another bit of mud from her eyes. *This would be way easier!*

Balancing a bucket on your head – and one that was full to the brim with colorful slime – wasn't exactly something either had done before, of course. But as they hefted them up and each set off through the obstacles course, it began to seem that this was indeed far easier to handle than the previous challenge. Even the vibrators, which kicked on before a minute had passed, were no longer such a surprise. Though neither could deny that they were starting feel astonishingly, embarrassingly good...

All was going well for the two contestants – until, that is, the moment when Aubrey failed to notice the low-hanging wire that caught her bucket and sent it tumbling off her head with a noisy splatter of neon-green goo. *Fuck!* Melissa, startled by the crash and yelp from her friend, veered to a halt mid-step to glance over at what had transpired... and that in turn became her own undoing.

"No, no – naughty, naughty, naughty!" The announcer chided, as the cameras zoomed in on Melissa's upflung hands that had instinctively risen to steady her own bucket. "Touching the bucket is absolutely against the rules. You've just lost this round, Melissa!" And as she puffed and spluttered out pathetic protests, the grinning assistants came forward and took her bucket from her... only to upend it slowly and deliberately over the poor brunette's cowering head.

Aubrey giggled despite herself at the sight of the thick green slime coursing slowly down over her friend's gasping face. And as it dribbled down over Melissa's slim, heaving body, she shook her own chocolate-covered head in sordid delight. Damn, this was fun to watch. And now that Melissa had messed up, maybe she had a chance at winning this thing after all...

But then the two were brought face-to-face with their final challenge. "Oh, I'm sure you two remember climbing up the playground slides when you were kids, huh?" the announcer bantered, as the curtains withdrew and the lights played upon two enormous slides that stretched up toward the ceiling. "Super fun, right?" But as the assistants came forward, two pairs of gleaming handcuffs in

their hands, the two messy contestants gulped in sudden anxiety. "We thought you might like to try the no-hands version!" he laughed, as with a series of clicks and snaps both found their messy wrists cuffed and locked securely behind them. "Oh, and we thought we'd add an extra touch just to keep things fun!"

As the lights flashed and they stepped forward to tackle this final challenge, a river of thick, syrupy goo the color of molasses began to stream stickily down from the top of the slide. "Best get climbing!" the announcer urged – though they hardly needed the advice. Ignoring the pool of muddy goo surrounding the slide, and trying their best to shut out the shivery vibrations from between their legs that had now become incessant, the two slime-covered girls darted to the slides, scrabbling desperately to climb upward before the descending river of goo could reach them.

Oh, it was close, that headlong race to the top. Both were panting, dribbling specks of slime and mud as they went, bent almost double in an attempt to keep their balance and footing despite their cuffed hands. "Oh, my! Are they going to actually make it?" the announcer sounded incredulous as they climbed steadily toward the goal. "Look at them go! Heh, heh – though I gotta say, they sure seem far more comfy in those cuffs than good girls have any right to be!"

It was when they were more than halfway up that the thick stream of goo finally reached them. And though it was not for want of trying, both quickly realized that, the laws of physics being what they were, they no longer had any chance of reaching the top. Aubrey's eyes widened as she saw Melissa's slime-spattered face suddenly sink, with a yelp of disgust, down with a sticky thump onto the goo-covered slope. Yet she hardly had time to relish the sight herself before she too found her feet slipping out from under her and her own body slamming, with a squelch and a sickening *splat*, into the goo that was now oozing beneath her.

Cuffed as they were, the two could only splutter and wriggle in revulsion as they slid slowly downward, carried along with the flow of slime. Yet even more humiliating still – more than the feeling of powerlessness, more than their acute awareness of all the cameras focused on them, more even than the knowledge that another pool of disgusting goo waited for them below – was the sudden surge in sensations between their legs. For it was one thing to have a vibrator buzzing merrily away down there while attempting the challenge... but quite another to feel oneself slipping and grinding stickily downward with one's sensitive, vulnerable, and already aroused pussy receiving what amounted to nothing less than sustained, involuntary masturbation.

When the duo had finally slithered to the bottom and found themselves knee-deep in the sludge surrounding their slide of shame, it was Melissa who first tried to regain her footing. But shaky

with arousal as she now was, and uneven as the terrain seemed to be underfoot, it was only a few seconds before she stumbled forward, dropping with yet another gooey thud face-first into the muck atop her friend.

"Well, now, what a pair of losers we have on our hands!" the announcer was jeering, as the now virtually unrecognizable young women writhed and squelched in the goo surrounding them. "Seems like they're just not up to our challenge, ladies and gentlemen... But wait! What's this?"

Whether it was planned or not, perhaps the onlookers would never know. But as the cameras zoomed and the lights strobed, the two filthy figures could be seen writhing like worms together in the muck. A panting mouth could be seen, and kicking legs, and then suddenly a bared and goo-splattered breast, slipped free from its scanty bikini. "Oh, my! What's going on now? Wait, are those two- *making out?*"

Apparently so. For as their boyfriends looked on, aghast, the two fully aroused and slime-covered young women panted and ground their bodies shamelessly together, apparently desperate to find some relief from the longing tension that had been building within them no matter the cost. At which the announcer could only give a short bark of astonished laughter.

"Well, then! I guess I was too quick to call them both losers, wasn't I? After all, can't really call it losing when you get to have *that* kind of fun!"