

S H E T I R A A N W A E

**The Very
Special Delivery**

2nd Edition

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With Bonus Short Story: Sexecution

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INTENDED FOR ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY (18+)

FORWARD TO THE 2ND EDITION

Of all the short stories I've written, I have always considered *A Very Special Delivery* to be one of my best, at least plot-wise. However, like most of my older pieces of writing it had many errors. There were missing words, misplaced words, wrong words and even a name change that never got carried through the whole story. Because of these glaring problems, I removed the story from all my online outlets pending a full edit. This is that full edit.

The 2nd Edition of *A Very Special Delivery* is the most extensive piece of editing I've ever done on one of my own works. Errors and omissions were not merely corrected. Much of the text has been rewritten to flow a bit more cleanly and add essential details to the story that I had missed in the original.

As a result of this extensive editing, I can finally call *A Very Special Delivery* my first genuine *novelle*. I have written far longer

stories before, but most lack much in the way of writing quality and few are worth going back to edit in the way that I have done for this piece.

Alas, I fear that I am beginning to ramble. So, I shall now conclude by expressing my sincere hope that you enjoy my efforts to make one of my own personal favorites vastly more readable!

Shetira Anwae

The Storm

Shi'la struggled to make headway against the sheets of cold, driving rain. Gale force winds whipped about, pelting her with leaves and sticks. She tried her best to dodge errant garbage cans, lawn ornaments and other random, wind blown objects which crossed her path. It was nearly impossible to avoid everything, however, and she was already bruised and sore from the innumerable bits of debris that were flying about.

The chi'tess was deeply regretting having decided to walk to work earlier that day. She was fairly new to the region and hadn't had a clue what the local weather forecasters had meant by "moderate storm". Apparently, she now realized, in this area "moderate storm" meant something

just short of a typhoon.

Her rain coat had long since proved useless in protecting her from the monsoon-like rains. Her umbrella had been equally useless and was in tatters. As a result, she was completely soaked from head to toe. Her saturated clothing stuck to her body like wet plaster, making her horribly uncomfortable as she struggled to make her way home.

Shi'la had already been exhausted from a particularly long day of work even before she had stepped out into the rain. Now, only fifteen minutes and a few hundred yards of battling against the wind later, she was nearly spent. Her leg muscles were beginning to cramp and she was desperate to get home as quickly as she possibly could.

The harsh rain and descending darkness was making it so difficult to see that she could barely tell where she was. She was forced to pick her way forward by looking for street signs, many of which she found on the sidewalk or embedded in bushes rather than in their proper place on the

lamp posts. The street lamps themselves were mostly broken, battered to pieces by debris, and were of little use in her struggle.

The roar of the rain was making it impossible to hear even the loudest sounds clearly. It also changed sounds. Several times already, she had come near to panic, thinking she was being followed or being chased by some animal. Each time, she had looked frantically about, only to discover a car crossing an intersection or piece of lawn furniture tumbling down the road.

Finally, after an hour of torturous battle, she found herself on her own street. She pushed forward, counting the mailboxes to find her house in the rain soaked gloom. She breathed a deep sigh of relief as she found her own. She stumbled up the gravel path toward her front door, fumbling with her keys. The ordeal was nearly over.

As she approached the front steps, Shi'la began to think how appropriate the weather was to end off what had been an extremely unpleasant day. She was an aerobics teacher,

not a pole dancer, but her three all male classes hadn't seemed able to make that fine distinction. She had always been uncomfortable with having her well formed features stared at for even a short time. Six hours of it, though, had been no less unpleasant than her struggle with the storm. Once this term ended, she was determined to insist on women's classes next, or at least a mixed class. The stares and hushed chatter of the all men's group was just too much.

She looked up at the faint glimmer of the light which hung over her porch. She staggered toward it, like a moth to flame. It's warm glow was truly irresistible.

Home

As she dragged herself up the steps and onto the small porch, she looked around. The small front yard which she had tended so carefully was a complete mess. Random debris was everywhere and none of it was hers. She frowned deeply. If the storm kept up all night like the forecaster had said, her garden would be totally ruined. She could only imagine how much of a mess the larger, and more open, backyard would be.

Shi'la turned toward the front door and pressed the key into the lock. Just as she turned the handle, an odd, dark shape caught her eye. She turned to look down at the end of the porch. It was barely visible in the dim light.

She slowly turned toward the dark object and

tensed. She knew it wasn't something she or her roommate had put there. It didn't look like some random piece of debris. Was it an animal? She took a cautious step toward it. It didn't move. She carefully crept closer until she could finally see what the dark shape was.

“What the fuck?” Shi'la hissed in an angry release of tension as she saw that the object was nothing more dangerous than a large, sopping wet cardboard box. Apparently, some delivery service had, rather stupidly, placed it at the far corner of the porch right where it would get the full force of the rain, rather than by the door. There was little holding it together now besides the tough, stringy packing tape with which it had been sealed.

“Stupid... damned... idiots!” she hissed loudly as she dragged the heavy box toward the door, leaving a trail of wet cardboard bits across the porch. “Can't they tell it's fucking raining?”

The chi'tess dragged the box up to the door and pulled it inside. At the last moment her hands slipped and she fell over the package, a deep

thud reverberating through the dark house. She groaned as she struggled to get up onto her knees. A gust of wind whipped about the porch, sending rain into the open doorway, spattering all over her back and onto the light tan carpet which lined the hall.

“Enough!” Shi’la yelled in frustrated anger. She kicked the door closed with one foot before collapsing onto the floor. She turned and lay for a few moments, just staring at the ceiling.

“Shit!” she huffed as she struggled to her feet. She looked around as she pulled down her dripping wet hood. The only light on in the house was the one in the hall. She looked to the coat rack which hung nearby. There was a note from her roommate. She would be back from a shopping trip in six or so hours.

“I’m fucking soaked!” she muttered as she leaned back on the wall, looking down at her soggy clothes. She pulled off her rubber coat and tossed it onto the coatrack. She looked to the stairs leading up to her bedroom on the second floor. She didn’t want to track mud and water all

the way up there and make a bigger mess than she already had. She shrugged her shoulders and began to peel off her clothing, layer by layer.

“It’s not like anyone’s going to see with all this rain,” Shi’la thought aloud as she peeled off her hot pink sport top and gray sweatpants. Her sodden fur was pulled into all sorts of wild shapes, marring her lithe, athletic figure. She looked in the hall mirror and groaned. “Shit! What a mess. I’m going to need a serious fluffing.”

She tossed her shirt and pants into a heap near the strange box before pulling off her stretchy sport bra and panties. Her heavy nipples stood erect in the cool air, poking out from her thick, matted chest fur. Beads of water dripped from the tender, pink folds of her womanhood.

“Dammit, that sucked ass,” the chi’tess sighed as she leaned back against the wall. She let herself sink down onto a dry spot on the carpet. “I don’t think I’ve ever been so soaked in my life. What a fucking day!”

Shi’la sat for several minutes, rubbing her sore leg muscles. “I wonder what’s in that thing,”

she thought to herself, looking at the pile of cardboard mush near the door. "I don't remember ordering anything. I'm sure I'd remember if I'd gotten something that was going to be that big... or heavy. I wonder if it's Aerie's? I'd better have a look."

The Box

Shi'la crawled over and knelt beside the box. The shipping label was just as soaked as the waterlogged cardboard. The printing was barely legible, but she could clearly see her name at least once among the smeared blotches of ink.

“For me? Really?” she thought aloud, perplexed at the discovery. She began to pull at the tape which was all that was keeping the dripping cardboard from collapsing completely. “I know I didn't order anything. I wonder what it is? Maybe there's an invoice or something in all this muck.”

It didn't take much effort for the chi'tess to remove the shipping tape from the sodden package. What was left of the intact cardboard quickly collapsed around the contents of the

package: a big white bucket with a bright green lid. “What the heck?” she muttered as she pulled the five gallon container from the mass of mushy cardboard to get a better look. She turned the bucket around until she found a brightly printed green label.

“Tub-O-Slime,” she read aloud. Her perplexity slowly shifted to curious skepticism as she tried to think if she'd ever heard of such a thing before. She came up blank and looked more closely at the fine printing on the label. “Tub-O-Slime: the ultimate in pleasurable relaxation. This water based live polymer organism can temporarily turn your tub into a relaxing slime bath which nurtures and revitalizes fur, mind and body while enticing you to experience erotic pleasure in a new and exciting manner. Full instructions on the proper use of this product are located under the lid. For your safety, please adhere to all precautions noted within.”

“Tub-O-Slime. This is... strange,” Shi'la thought to herself as she hunted through the heap of soggy cardboard for any sort of

paperwork. "I know I didn't order this. Is it a gift? But... from who? A'ri? I know she likes to get between my legs but... I didn't think she was into anything like this."

To make matters more mysterious, there was not a single piece of paperwork to be found in what was left of the package. She looked back to the shipping label to see if she could discover who had shipped it. The return address and company labeling had been completely washed away. She shook her head and sat back against the wall, reading the label over and over again. She didn't quite know what to make of it.

The chi'tess curiosity soon overcame her uncertainty and she pulled the bucket between her legs. "I wonder what the instructions say about this stuff," she thought as she grasped the edge of the lid. She pulled and wiggled the reluctant cover until it came off all at once with a loud pop.

"Ugh," she muttered as a strange, musty odor greeted her nose. She shook off a sudden urge to sneeze before looking into the bucket to find

an opaque white plastic sheet concealing the container's contents. For a few moments she stared at this inner seal before turning the lid over to look for the promised instructions. There she found a glossy pamphlet, protected in a clear plastic bag.

“Instructions for the Pleasurable Use of This Tub-O-Slime,” she read softly as she pulled the pamphlet from its plastic sheath. For a moment, she stared at the picture on the front cover: a very sexy, naked ty'gress, half submerged in a tub of crystalline, swirly yellow and green goo. The model's expression and pose, eyes closed, head back and hands gripping the rim of the tub to either side, made it look like she was in the middle of an act of pleasurable passion.

“This looks interesting,” Shi'la hummed as she opened the instructions. As she flipped through the pages, she couldn't help but gawk at the images of models playing in tubs and pools of green goo. Some were by themselves. Others were in pairs and even a threesome. All were engaged in acts of highly sexual nature.

“These girls just can't get enough slime,” she murmured, reading the text which accompanied the intensely erotic imagery. She had never been a fan of even erotic photography but now she found herself unable to turn away from the pamphlet's offering of naked women half-covered in goo. She could begin to feel her own body respond to the impulses of imagination that the pictures were creating. “Don't you want to join them in slime induced orgasmic ecstasy? Of course you do! Just follow the instructions contained in this manual and you'll be sliding into your very own living polymer slime in no time!”

“This is hot,” she sighed, trying her best to keep her arousal in check as she slowly advanced through the pamphlet's pages. She barely resist the urge to slip a hand down between her legs and press her fingers into her feminine folds. Finally, she flipped the second to last page and the erotic pictures gave way to a single page of instructions.

“Place powdered polymer organism in tub,” the chi'tess read silently. “Activate by adding two

thirds tub cold water. Wait until resulting fluid turns transparent yellow and green. Tub-O-Slime is then ready for use. Reduces to solid ball after 24 hours. Reactivate by placing in water. Do not try to activate slime in pool larger than 2400 cubic feet of water, as slime will dissipate and be lost.”

“That all seems easy enough,” Shi'la murmured, getting to her feet and putting the lid back on the bucket. She looked up the stairs and smiled to herself. “Forget the damn shower. I've just *got* to try this slimy thing.”

Tub-O-Slime

The drain of the large, two person bathtub closed with dull, metallic thunk. Shi'la looked down into the empty basin and ran one hand along the blue tiles which surrounded the well polished white tub. The Tub-O-Slime instruction pamphlet lay on the floor nearby.

The chi'tess leaned over the edge, trying to imagine what the big tub would look like full of the brightly colored slime. She struggled to think of what sliding into thick goo might feel like. The more she thought about it, the more she wanted to do it. The terrible storm outside was forgotten as she picked up the instructions to have a last look before starting.

“This ought to be lots of fun,” she lightly mused as she took a final look at the photos in

the pamphlet. She then tossed the instructions into a corner and turned to the bucket which sat on the floor beside her. She leaned down and carefully peeled off the bucket's plastic seal. Again, the strange musty aroma assailed her nose.

“Ugh,” Shi'la muttered in disgust, wrinkling her nose in response to the rather unpleasant odor. She looked down into the container to find it nearly filled with a fine, silvery-gray powder. After a moment's pause to wonder why the powder wasn't the same color as the slime, she lifted the bucket to the edge of the tub and carefully poured the fine powder in. “I hope the slime doesn't smell like this. I'd never get this scent out of my fur!”

The chi'tess reached for a nearby back brush and began to spread the powder around the bottom of the tub. “That's strange,” she remarked aloud as she noticed that not a single bit of the powder had gotten into the air. It had all fallen into the tub just as if it had been water. It seemed to defy common sense. “I've never seen anything

like this before. Weird.”

She flicked the brush around in the powder, trying to get some of it to puff up. Invariably, it fell back into the tub like it were made of lead. “Bizarre,” she murmured as she shook off the brush and dropped it on the floor. She stood and shoved the empty bucket into the clutter underneath the bathroom sink. For a moment, she looked into the mirror and fluffed her long, rain-matted hair. Then she returned to the tub and knelt down beside it.

“Well, here goes,” she murmured as she slowly turned the handle of the cold water tap. Water at first trickled, and then poured, into the tub. She watched as it spread through the powder like a wave, turning it from a shiny, light gray to a muddy brown.

“Ick, that's disgusting!” she muttered under her breath as the tub slowly filled with what looked to be little more than cloudy brown water. The musty odor had not abated either. Indeed, the strange smell had become stronger than ever.

When the water approached the overflow drain, somewhat more than two thirds full, Shi'la hastily turned it off. She stared down into the brown liquid. It wasn't slime. It wasn't even mud. It was just dirty water.

“Dammit, that was a total wash. I'll bet it's going to be a pain in the ass to clean out too,” she hissed as she leaned down to open the drain. She froze, startled and slightly frightened. The murky water had begun to move.

“What the fuck?” she yelled as she jerked backwards in shock. She slipped on the bath mat and fell onto her rear, her tail jamming up between her legs and leaving her sore in yet another extremity. Defying common sense, the brown water had begun to undulate, creating large ripples all by itself. She gawked as the rippling quickly turned into bubbling. In less than a minute, the brown water seemed to actually be boiling, bubbles rising to its surface and popping with such rapidity that the sound drowned out the heavy rain which was pounding on the bathroom window.

“Holy... shit!” she stammered as she staggered to her feet. Her eyes opened wide as she gawked at the rapidly changing liquid. As it continued to convulse, the fluid slowly cleared and began to change color. The musty odor was also changing.

“Oh... my,” the chi'tess whispered in utter amazement as the fluid's undulations slowly subsided. She wasn't looking at brown water anymore. It had transformed into a beautiful, crystalline yellow and green swirled slime which seemed ever so slightly luminescent. The smell which now rose from it was a pleasant, peachy odor rather than the harsh, mildew scent of the powder. It was just like the pictures in the instruction pamphlet.

“Well, dammit, I never...” she murmured. She took a step toward the tub and then hesitated. She began to wonder if the slime had any other unexpected properties. She picked up the back brush and gingerly pressed it into the thick goo. She stirred it around, with some difficulty, for a few minutes before she became satisfied that the

slime wasn't going to reach out and grab her. It seemed quite inanimate now.

“That was scary,” she thought as she lay the brush aside. “I wonder why they didn't mention that in the instruction manual. Maybe I just didn't notice it. Then again, they probably spent all their time staring at their model's asses and forgot to put it in. Typical men.”

She knelt down beside the tub and looked at her reflection on the surface of the slime. She slid her hands down her hips and stretched her back. The pictures of models playing in slime floated through her mind. She started to feel very, very sexy.

“I ought to write to that place and see if I can model for them,” she mused as she cradled her breasts in her hands. “I'll bet that would be an awesome job to have.”

Shi'la giggled softly as she slid up onto the side of the tub. She turned and slipped her feet into the cool, thick goo. “Oh... that's so... sexy,” she murmured, smiling softly. “This is gonna to be fun.”

The Roommate

The bathroom doorknob slowly turned with a faint grinding sound before emitting a loud “click”. The door slowly opened.

“Shi'la?” a soft feminine voice asked through the crack of the door, the slight waver in her voice exposing her state of nervousness. “It's just A'ri. I got you some mi-matta stew and tewberry ice cream at the store. Is everything alright?”

A pleasant, fruity odor wafted out of the partially opened doorway and tempted her sensitive nose. The lep'rdess slowly opened the door a bit further and peered into the room. “Shi'la?”

The big light gray floor tiles made the smallish room seem much larger than it actually was, causing her to feel more as if she was staring

into some big cavern than a small bathroom. Nothing in the room seemed out of place, much unlike the hall below.

A'ri feared that something horrible had happened in the house while she was away. Shi'la was something of a neat freak and had never before left anything even close to the disgusting, soggy mess which she had found on the floor of the hall downstairs. Shi'la didn't even leave a stray napkin or cup out on the counter, and now there were half-dried panties sitting next to a heap of cardboard bits and tape by the door.

Nothing seemed out of place in the bathroom, except a back brush carelessly tossed on the floor. "Well, she must have been up here," A'ri thought. Then she remembered that her roommate had walked to work in the morning. "Oh... did she not get a ride back from the fitness center? That must have been hell! No wonder there's a mess downstairs. She must be in bed by now."

The lep'rdeess turned to leave but then a glimmer in the tub caught her eye. "What the

heck?” she asked aloud as stopped and stared for a moment before cautiously approached the tub. She looked down into the shimmering, swirly, yellow and green crystalline slime in total amazement. It was unlike anything she had ever seen before.

“This is just getting stranger and stranger,” she thought aloud as she looked back toward the door for a moment. “The mess... this gelatin or something in the tub... it's really starting to freak me out! What the ass fuck has Shi'la been doing in here?”

As A'ri turned about to look around the room for some clue as to what the green and yellow substance was, her right foot slipped on a wrinkled corner of the bathmat, nearly causing her to fall backwards into the tub.

“Shit!” she hissed as she stumbled, managing to catch herself at the last moment by grabbing onto the closed lid of the toilet. She then found herself on her knees, staring down at a strange, now slightly mangled booklet. Upon the cover was an image of a nude ty'gress playing in a tub

of yellow and green swirly slime. For a few moments she just stared at the erotic image on the cover. Then she slowly picked the booklet up.

“Tub-O-Slime?” she asked aloud as she stared at the words on the cover. “Is this what's in the tub?”

A'ri picked herself up of the floor and stood with the pamphlet in her hand. For a moment she thought of heading to the bedroom to check on Shi'la. Then she decided to pause and have a look at the booklet first. She quickly settled down onto the fuzzy blue toilet seat cover and began to flip through the glossy pages.

“So, this *is* what's in the tub,” she thought as she began to lose herself in the erotic imagery, completely forgetting about Shi'la or the mess downstairs. “Shit this is hot stuff! I wonder why I've never heard of it before? Maybe it's something new. Whatever. It's just so damned sexy looking!”

She dropped the booklet on the floor next to the toilet, overcome by curiosity. She knelt down beside the tub and gazed into the shimmering

slime. She began to feel an urge to slip her hand into the goo and see what it felt like. For a few moments, she hesitated. "What the heck," she murmured, leaning over and reaching down toward the surface of the slime.

The lep'rdess slowly pressed her hand into the glossy green goo. The slime was thick and took its time flowing up between her fingers. She watched with intense curiosity as the cool, wet ooze closed over her hand. It felt strangely pleasant.

"Mmm, this really does feel good," she observed softly as she pushed her hand in further until the slime was half-way up her forearm. It began to feel as if the slime was somehow surrounding the individual hairs of her fur and coating the skin beneath. The sensation totally fascinated her and she knelt there slowly running her hand through the heavy slime for several minutes.

"I guess those models weren't faking it in that brochure thing. It really does feel damned sexy," A'ri thought aloud as she wiggled her fingers in

the goo. "I wonder if Shi'la's already been in this stuff? I doubt she'd just leave it here unused. I ought to go find her. I think a little gooey twosome is in order."

The lep'rdess started to stand. To her surprise and consternation, the slime didn't simply slide from her arm and back into the tub. Instead, it gripped her tightly, despite its wet, liquid feel. "Dammit," she hissed as she pulled her arm up with great difficulty, a thick tendril trailing back into the tub. No matter how much she pulled away and shook her arm, the slime refused to let her go.

Caught

“Oh, come on! Let go already!” she spat, backing away from the tub until the string of slime extending from her hand was nearly five feet long. She shook her arm up and down, but the goo held on. Even worse, it seemed to be drawing more of itself from the tub to ensure that the tendril wouldn't get so thin that it would break.

A'ri wriggled her hand within the ooze. To her surprise, the goo still seemed very wet and fluid under its surface, despite the fact that it wouldn't let go. This confusing contradiction in properties both fascinated and frightened her. She began to look around frantically for something to try to scrape the stuff off with.

“Aw, dammit,” she hissed, backing toward the

vanity with great difficulty. “How the hell are you supposed to get out of this stuff once you're in it? Goddess, those models sure must have had a hell of a time at it!”

The lep'rdeess reached out and began to rummage through the vanity drawers with her free hand. She tried to find something she could use to get under the slime to peel it off with. All she could come up with was a small nail file. Then she thought to close her hand in one of the drawers and use the edge to scrape the slime with.

“Aw, come on! Get off, will you!” she snapped as she felt the edges of the wood dig into her wrist. Inch by painful inch she pulled her hand through the narrow opening. The slime finally began to give way, drawing back until her hand was halfway out of the goo. Only then did it let go entirely, the thick tendril recoiling back into the tub with a loud, wet snap.

“About time!” A'ri muttered as she took her sore hand from the drawer. She went back to the tub and looked down into the slime. “That shit

was sticky. But... it was all liquid. It's so strange. I must have missed something in the instructions about getting out. I didn't really read them that well.”

The lep'rdeess shook her head and turned toward the bathroom door. “Well, I'd better go check on Shi'la. She owes me a good hard licking after this,” she thought to herself as she took a step to leave. A sudden tug on her tail brought her up short. She stumbled back, frantically trying to regain her balance. Her heels hit the side of the tub. Her knees buckled. There was nothing to grab onto. She fell backward, into the tub.

“Fuck!” she screeched as her tail pressed down into the slime. She leaned forward in an effort to keep herself from falling completely into the goo. Her tail was in too deep, however, and her momentum carried her back.

“No! Fuck no!” A'ri hissed as her ass hit the surface of the slime with a loud, wet slap. The thick ooze pressed up under her tail and forced her thin shorts between the cheeks of her firm

ass. She tried to grab at the edge of the tub, to pull herself forward, but it was too late. She immediately began to sink.

The lep'rdeess inhaled sharply as she felt the slime press up between her legs and force the fabric of her shorts into her feminine folds. She shuddered and closed her eyes as it flowed around her hips and thighs. Her rear slowly settled on the bottom of the tub.

“What the fuck,” she moaned, opening her eyes and looking down between her legs as she grabbed at the opposite edge of the tub. She wiggled until her back rested on the tub's side and her feet on the front edge opposite. “I must have brushed it with my tail when I turned to go. Damn! Now I'm never going to get out on my own.”

A'ri looked up toward the bathroom door. “Shi'la! Shi'la!” she yelled as loud as she could. “I'm stuck in your slime stuff! Get in here and help!”

Pleasure

“Lovely. Just lovely,” A’ri muttered as she sat in the cool, thick slime. She had called for help for at least ten minutes. Shi’la, however, was nowhere to be seen. She began to wonder what she possibly could do to free herself. “It was hard enough getting the stuff to let go of my hand! How the hell am I going to get free now? Dammit!”

The lep’rdess carefully tried to lift her ass off the bottom by pushing against the sides of the tub with her legs and arms. She discovered that she could pick herself up a little, but the grip of the slime around her waist and thighs was too great to manage much more. She then discovered that she could move from side to side just fine. Those contradictory properties again fascinated her and she spend several minutes

sloshing back and forth within the goo.

A'ri could feel the slime working its way through the fur under her shorts. She froze as the sensation of the wet goo creeping toward her womanhood filled her with dread... and erotic curiosity. From above and below it advanced, pushing her shorts away from her fur and directly coating her with its substance.

“Goddess, it wants my pussy,” she muttered as the ooze found its way under her skimpy, silken panties. “Oh, I hope it at least feels good. If I'm going to be stuck here until Shi'la wakes up, it had better feel *really* good.”

In moments, the slime began to flow over the lep'rdess' tightly closed pussy. It quickly penetrated every fold and crevice. She shuddered as it pressed against her clit. The first tingling sensations of sexual arousal crept into her mind.

A'ri began to slowly flex her ass and shift about. Slime made its way deeper into her womanhood. It pressed firmly against her anus. Every movement caused the goo to pull or push

on her clit, sending her into a dizzying upward spiral of intense arousal.

“Oh, goddess this is hot!” she stammered, overcome by the overwhelmingly powerful sensations. She relaxed and let the flood of arousal abate somewhat. “I’ve never felt like that before. I’ve always gotten off way before that. I... I’ve got to feel it again!”

A’ri spread her legs apart and pumped her abdomen up and down. Each downward thrust forced more and more slime into her folds. They began to part, letting the ooze more freely enter her flush, pink vagina. Slime began to creep into her anus as well, opening it ever so slightly and making the lep’rdess moan. Pleasure coursed through her body as she approached what she knew would be an orgasm more powerful than she had ever experienced before.

“Oh yeah, just a little more,” she huffed, pausing briefly to work up the energy to flex her hips a few more times. Twice was enough. The tension in her abdomen suddenly gave way, flowing out in intense shudders and pulses of

pure, orgasmic pleasure.

A'ri closed her eyes and leaned her head back. For a short time she simply reveled in the mind blowing ecstasy which followed her slime induced orgasm. Then she began to gently rock her hips from side to side. She wanted to feel more of the goo enter her, particularly in her barely penetrated ass. For a moment she winced as the goo found its way into her urethra but the discomfort of the penetration soon passed. Moments later she couldn't even feel it.

“Dammit, this is hot,” she thought as she took in the sensations of the slime penetrating her body. “I really should be trying to get out of this stuff... but... it feels so good. A bit more, maybe. One more orgasm. That's all I want. Just one more.”

Sinking In

A'ri continued to flex her hips. More and more slime entered her body. The exotic sensations were irresistible. "I really need to get out," she thought to herself as she stared at the ceiling. "I really want to enjoy more of this, though. There's no way I'm getting out of this myself. I'm stuck here so why not? Just my legs. Maybe my chest. Goddess, I'll bet my nipples will get as hot as my puss. Yeah. That's what I'll do."

She hesitated. She knew it would feel good. She also knew that the pleasure would come with its share of problems. It would be difficult to move around the big tub with only her arms free. And what if Shi'la didn't show up soon? It would only make it that much harder to try to get help.

For a few minutes, the lep'rdess pondered the

choice. Then she shrugged her shoulders. “Fuck it... I wanna feel it.”

A'ri casually kicked off her sneakers. They flew across the bathroom and hit the partially opened door. She used her toes to push off her short socks, dropping them over the edge of the tub. She pulled off her short, loose shirt, revealing her modestly sized chest and light, perky nipples. She then carefully slid herself around so that she could lay back on the reclining end of the tub where there was a thick, padded backrest.

“Well, here we go,” she thought to herself as she slowly swung her legs into the tub. She let them lay limp on the surface of the slime. They slowly sank into the goo while she watched in complete fascination. She savored the pleasing sensation of cool, wet ooze surrounding her legs, bit by bit, as they vanished below the surface.

“Oh yeah!” A'ri moaned as her toes finally disappeared into the goo. She was now trapped in the slime from toe to waist, but it didn't seem to matter as she worked her legs back and forth within the substance. “Oh, that feels good. I wish

I had my video camera. When Shi'la shows up and gets me out of this stuff, I'm making her get into it just so I can watch. Hell, I'm getting my camera and making a movie of it and putting it up for sale on the net. We'll make a fucking fortune!”

For a time, the lep'rdess lay still, playing with her long hair while she dreamed up a burning hot vision of her roommate sliding her athletic body into the goo. Then she came back to reality, realizing that her fantasies for Shi'la were getting ahead of her own slimy experience. She flexed her hips and again the sensations of arousal flooded her mind.

“Yeah, that's it. A little more. Just a little more,” she thought, looking down at her chest. She began to play with her nipples. Faint drops of milk appeared and ran down into her fur. “It's not like I'm going to get out myself. A little more stuck won't make a difference. Hell, a lot more stuck won't make a difference.”

“This is going to be fun,” A'ri purred, sitting up a bit. She slowly reached down toward the surface of the slime with both hands. For a few

moments, she let her fingers rest on the slime's glossy surface. She tried to imagine what she would look like with the slime all over her chest. She giggled softly. Then she pressed her hands into the goo.

For a few moments, the lep'rdess playfully ran her hands through the slime. She drew up her legs and ran her hands down her hips and along her thighs. The slime created a thick barrier between her hands and the rest of her body. The fact that she couldn't actually touch herself began to fascinate her. It felt as if she was coated with a thick layer of smooth, slick oil.

"If only they could make a bodysuit or something that felt like this," she mused as she continued to caress her legs. The chi'tess began to daydream of her lithe roommate in a full body suit of shimmering slime. Just the thought itself made her hot between the legs. "Oh, that would be hot. I'd pay half a year's pay just for one to put Shi'la in so I could have that in bed every night!"

A'ri drew her hands back up to her hips. Then she noticed that something was missing. "Where

are my shorts? And my panties?" she asked aloud as she bent over and looked at her now bare abdomen through the slime. She looked around inside the tub. There was nothing there but the slime and herself. "What the hell? Did it eat them or something?"

Consumed

A'ri sat with her hands resting on her hips for some time as she tried to work her head around where her shorts and panties had gone. She began to wonder if the slime really had eaten them. If it could eat her shorts... what about her?

“What am I thinking?” she muttered, shaking her head. “This stuff is just a sex toy.”

The lep'rdess drew her hands back, scooping up a big roll of slime as she leaned back against the tub's padded backrest. She slowly drew the goo up her belly and over her waiting chest. The goo flowed over and around her body, leaving a thick layer of slime in its wake.

“Now that's what I'm talking about,” she murmured as the slime oozed down her sides and back. It left her coated from just below the

shoulders, all the way down to the surface of the goo in the tub. “This is just so damed sexy, goddess yeah!”

It wasn't long before A'ri noticed that the slime had bound her arms to her sides. She didn't know quite what to do. “This is... awkward,” she thought as she tried to move her arms. The slime wouldn't stretch far, however. “I guess if I let myself down a bit... it'll let me move inside it.”

The lep'rdess wiggled her body downward into the slime until only her shoulders, neck and head were left above it's surface. Now she could move her arms freely. The price was that she was now completely trapped within the goo.

“Well, now I'm really stuck,” A'ri thought as she massaged her breasts. She squeezed her nipples. A faint stream of milk spread out into the slime before vanishing. Now the slime worked its way into these openings, holding them open and causing a constant flow of warm milk to make its way into the goo. The sensation was both distinctly uncomfortable yet strangely erotic.

The lep'rdess stared up at the ceiling. “I

suppose I shouldn't have gone this far," she thought. "It's just so much sexier than anything I'd imagined from the booklet. I don't know why I've never heard of this stuff before. At least Shi'la knows where do get it. I think we're going to make this stuff a regular household item around here!"

Her hands now slid down between her legs. She pressed the slime against her still tingling clit. She worked her hips up and down as her fingers pressed as much of the goo into her vagina as would stay there. The speed with which she returned to the peak of arousal amazed her. She flexed and rubbed until an intense orgasm shuddered through her body. This time, she didn't stop. Another orgasm coursed through her. Then another. She just couldn't help herself. She didn't want it to stop.

A'ri was losing herself to the passionate pleasure which now filled her mind. The rest of the world seemed to fade away. Slowly, she began to slide further into the slime. Inch by inch her shoulders slid beneath the surface as she

worked herself toward yet another orgasm.

The lep'rdess breathed heavily as the slime reached her chin. She closed her eyes and lay her head back as the orgasm pounded through her. "One more," she begged, her voice a barely audible whisper as the back of her head pressed into the goo. "Just... just one more."

A'ri moaned as she frantically pulled and rubbed at her clit. The slime flowed over her eyes and around her mouth. The erotic tension within her belly mounted. Slime pressed into her nose. Her chest heaved as she tried to breathe. Lack of oxygen propelled her arousal to new, unimaginable heights. The final orgasm came. Her whole body convulsed as her head came to rest at the bottom of the slime. "More..." she thought as the world faded away. "Give me more."

And On It Goes

“What do you mean, they did do-it-yourself slime vore?” the youngish looking ty'gress questioned. She was talking with her neighbor about some very unusual events that had happened a few houses down the street the day before. “What the heck is that?”

“What they did is use some kind of kit that makes a living glob of slime in a bathtub,” the pan'tyress replied in a strangely matter-of-fact tone. “It's supposed to be a really erotic sexual experience until you get sucked under. Then the stuff eats you.”

“Ee... eats you?” the ty'gress stammered in shock. She could barely what her friend had said. “You mean... Shi... and A'ri... *fed* themselves to that... thing? They got *eaten*?!?”

“Yep,” the pan'tyress replied, smiling.

“That's horrific! How could they do such a thing? I mean... they're dead! The pain... I don't get it!” the ty'gress shuddered.

“Well, from what I hear it's damned sexy feeling,” the pan'tyress answered thoughtfully. “There's is no pain either. You just fade away in total pleasure.”

“That's still awful!” the ty'gress responded in disgust.

“I guess,” the pan'tyress said, picking up a large yellow and green, swirly, translucent ball and holding it up for the ty'gress to see.

“What's that?” the ty'gress asked, looking at the ball.

“It's the dried out slime,” the pan'tyress replied, grinning. “Their landlady gave it to me this morning.”

“That's the slime?” the ty'gress asked, backing up a few steps. “And you're... touching it?”

“It's not dangerous when it's dried out,” the pan'tyress responded, resting the ball on the top of the fence. “It's only a problem if you put it in

water. Then it turns back to slime. It'll even grow into any size you want with enough water, up to a limit, of course.”

“But... why do you want it?” the ty'gress asked, looking at her neighbor with a mixture of curiosity and horror. “It ate... Shi... and Ely. Their bodies are in there!”

“Strange isn't it?” the pan'tyress replied, looking into the ball.

“What are you going to do with it?” the ty'gress asked, unsure whether or not to admire or despise her neighbor's casual attitude to such unpleasant things.

“I was thinking of selling it,” the pan'tyress answered. “I figure I can get at least five hundred credits selling it in a vore auction.”

The ty'gress stared at the ball for a time and then cautiously reached out and touched it. She found it strangely enticing, so squishy and silky smooth. For a time she just ran her hand over it. “Um, can... can I buy it?” she finally asked, her voice barely audible.

“You? What would you do with it?” the

pan'tyress asked in surprise.

“I just think... well,” the ty'gress stammered as she looked for a suitable reason. “I think Shi and A'ri should... you know... get better than to... have their bodies used to eat... other girls.”

“Really?” the pan'tyress responded, raising an eyebrow. “Well, then you can just have it then. It's not like I paid for it or anything.”

“Oh, thank you!” the ty'gress replied softly as the pan'tyress handed her the ball. She took it in her hands gingerly, unsure that she really wanted to be touching in.

“Just... uh... don't get it in water,” the pan'tyress said, eyeing the ty'gress' big in-ground pool, “unless you're looking to do what Ely and Shi did.”

“Right... yeah,” the ty'gress answered as she turned to go back into her house.

“Uh, can I ask you for one favor if for some crazy reason you do decide to... use that thing?” the pan'tyress asked.

“What's that?” the ty'gress said, turning to look over her shoulder.

“Tell me so I can bring my camera!”

THE END?