

Slime Shower

by Holo

After a long day at college, all Cavi wanted was a relaxing shower. He dropped his school bag at the front door and hung his scarf on a coat rack by the entryway before making a dash for the bathroom.

His shower was a custom build. It took up half of the bathroom all on its own, occupying a nice little square. The three outside walls were natural stone with an earth-colored grout, and the inside wall was industrial glass with a metal frame and double doors. The showerhead was a two-foot metal grate in the ceiling that let water cascade down like rain. This setup made the shower very spacious, which was convenient for Cavi on the days he was barely able to waddle home due to overindulgence.

Today had been light on the food front, so the slim Cavi had no problems slipping into the shower. He took hold of the knob and turned it, but the water didn't flow. He let out a frustrated "ugh," turned it off, and stepped out of the shower. He turned on the sink, and the water flowed, eliminating the possibility that his entire house had lost water pressure. He turned off the sink and frowned at it, scratching his head. With a shrug, he decided to try the shower again.

He stepped back in and turned the shower knob again, this time turning it all the way on. He looked up at the shower grate, and noticed a few drops of water falling from a corner. He moved under it and reached up, trying to touch the water drops. All of a sudden, a cascade of pink slime poured out of the showerhead. The vibrant goo wrapped itself around his hand and poured down his arm, grabbing onto him before he could react. Gallons of it poured from the showerhead and enveloped his body to ensure he couldn't get away.

Cavi tried to pull away, but the pink slime was springy and elastic, stretching slightly before snapping back into place, keeping Cavi largely immobilized. Once his body was surrounded, the slime pushed against his muzzle until it pried his mouth open, and then took the liberty of flowing into his mouth and down his throat. It tasted like bubble gum.

His stomach bulged out immediately, swelling into a slime-filled beach ball of white fur. The pressure of the slime at the back of his throat triggered his swallowing reflex, which helped the living ooze flow into his belly. The slime was heavy but thick, thick enough to remain in a tight sphere against the pull of gravity. Occasional bulges stretched Cavi's stomach into odd shapes as the slime writhed around, trying to get itself situated in his elastic innards.

Cavi struggled against the slime, but it was too strong. The viscous material was warm around his body, and it stuck firmly to his skin and fur. It was like sap, dripping down from the showerhead and encasing Cavi in a crystallized outer shell, while the inner layers remained liquid, so they could keep filling their captive. Only his head and expanding middle remained free from confinement.

That stomach of his gurgled as it filled with the pink slime. Cavi could feel bubbles of air shift through the thick goo as it filled him, causing shifts in his internal pressure. The sloshing of the slime was slow, almost lethargic. He could feel the weight of it pulling him forwards, only kept from tipping over because of his bindings. His sphere of a stomach hit the wall, pressing against the cool stone and spreading out against it, widening.

He was a few feet wide already, filling up more and more of the shower. Pink goo was splattered on the walls and the glass, slowly sliding down to rejoin the mass that was feeding itself to Cavi. He could feel himself being turned slowly, and backed against one of the walls until his back was flat against it, leaving the front of his stomach exposed. He could feel the slime swirling around near his stretching navel, and with a rough push, the impatient slime began to flow into his guts through his navel.

Cavi scrunched up his face at the odd feeling, and reflexively tried to pull in his arms and legs, to no effect. His stomach felt like a balloon, stretching around a heavy, viscous mass. He was filling twice as fast now, and was starting to fill the shower with his gut. He flicked his eyes up to look at the grate that was still pouring out slime. He wondered just how much more was hiding in the pipes.

As he filled up more and more, he had a feeling that it wasn't going to run out anytime soon. He stretched, his skin letting out the occasional elastic creak as it adjusted to the size it was growing to. His stomach was starting to squeeze into a square shape as it pushed against the walls

His back was pressed against a stone wall, and his sides were pushing against the rest of the stone. His front, with his navel, was pressing against the glass doors, making the frame creak. An onlooker would have seen a growing, fuzzy white sphere through the glass with just the top of a gray head peeking out from behind it. Cavi could distinctly feel the slime encasement starting to thin and weaken. The crystallized slime softened and started to flow. Cavi pulled his arms down to squeeze his stomach, and his legs bent under him until he was sitting on the stone floor of the shower with his stomach rising above him.

It pressed against his face, and it took all of his arm strength to keep his stomach from smothering him. As the volume of goo lessened, he was finally able to snap his jaws shut, denying further entry. Slime still pumped in through his navel though, and the remaining goop slid around to the front of his gut for a chance to squeeze inside, and there was nothing he could do about that.

As the slime wrestled into his middle, the size of his stomach popped the shower doors open, letting his gut push out into the bathroom proper. He was grateful for the relief, and for the fact that it spared his fancy glass wall from shattering. The last few tendrils of slime creeped into his navel, leaving him a heavy, bloated, and immobilized mess. A belch rumbled out of his jaws, but it was almost drowned out by the heavy groaning and bubbling of his guts.

He leaned his head back against the wall, and all at once, water poured out of the showerhead, soaking Cavi in warm water. He rolled his eyes and sighed. At least he was getting that shower after all.