

Zig Zag's Slimy Treat

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Zig Zag idly thumbed through various documents and forms, the humdrum of office work somewhat numbed by the sound of soft music on the radio. Things had been going well for Zig Zag studios lately. Shelia's fans were always loyal customers, and her latest stint with Slimy had gone over amazingly well. What with shifting times and tastes, Zig Zag was always afraid that her hard work might start ending up on truck stop magazine racks and on mass-purchase porno sites. Many porno companies had gone under in recent years, and it was only Zig's quick thinking and excellent staff that kept the place afloat sometimes. The paperwork was positive and optimistic, but not enough to where Zig still had a little trepidation. The shift from VHS to DVD had been a ripple compared to the internet revolution, and she still needed to figure out some way to outsmart the pirates who went after her site. It would be a lot easier if those same pirates weren't also among her biggest fans!

Still, the studio had made a substantial profit during the last quarter, enough to where Zig Zag felt safe writing bonus checks for her biggest stars. Everyone worked so hard around here, ensuring that everything hit the ship date without fail and was of excellent quality. When Zig Zag entered the industry, she had always thought she was one of the hardest workers, but seeing the sort of dedication she got from her cameramen and film editors let her know that she was at least matched by those she'd hired. Even Darke Katt, the angry janitor, worked her furry black butt off cleaning the floors after each session. Zig Zag and Darke didn't get along, to say the least, but she was able to clean up even after Slimy's amazingly large messes with ease. If only she could learn to be a bit friendlier, then Zig might consider putting her in front of the camera, instead of leaving her with a mop and bucket. She did have a nice pair of tits, and white spooze always looked best when accented by thick black fur.

As she thought, she suddenly realized that Slimy was coming by today. The big monster tended to do things covertly, arriving and leaving well before or after business hours so as not to be harassed. He and his kind tended to get a lot of bad press, and many furs were afraid of him thanks in no small part to the roles they often played in Japanese hentai films. Although he and every other tentacle monster Zig Zag had ever met were in fact quite kind and gentle, most furs believed that they were rampaging rapists who kidnapped and fucked any girl unfortunate enough to wander within their grasp. While Zig Zag hadn't exactly done much to dispel this myth with her own films, she was all too willing to accommodate Slimy's special

requests, including the fact that he wanted to be considered nothing more than an extremely realistic bit of CG in every film where he appeared. The fans had questioned this from time to time, but in general it was simply accepted, especially when the final film was edited slightly to throw in digital artifacts here and there. Even Sabrina had helped, using her Amiga to make rough, polygonal models of Slimy to show off as "example models."

Zig Zag checked the clock on her computer and saw that it was six PM, precisely the time at which Slimy was scheduled to arrive. Punctual as always, he slowly crept through the door, opening it and silently moving onto the hardwood floor of Zig Zag's office. She was always amazed to see how quickly and silently he moved, considering his enormous size. If you weren't looking at him you'd never know he was there, and his gelatinous form was able to squeeze into a surprisingly small space when he wanted to hide. How he managed to get to and from the studio without anyone noticing was anybody's guess, and some of the crew had theorized that he never left it at all, merely sneaking off into unused rooms and staying out of sight until Zig Zag called him for a shoot. It was highly improbable, but not impossible, considering his amazing talent for hiding.

"Slimy! So good to see you!" said Zig Zag. She moved out from behind the desk and gave his big central section a firm hug. Despite his name, his skin was in fact not slimy, only slightly clammy, and surprisingly warm and comforting. His octopus-like shape was complemented by a huge, smiling mouth and large, warm eyes, and he kissed her lightly as he hugged her back with his tentacles. He might not say much, but his feelings and emotions certainly got through. "I've got your personal copy right here, and I'm all ready to transfer your cut to your private account. Looks like you'll be getting a little bit of a bonus this time, 'Slimy's Seconds' is already the biggest seller of the year!"

Slimy grinned and bobbed forward a bit, his many limbs writhing and slipping beneath him as he moved forward. Zig Zag sauntered back behind her desk, shaking her hips like a waitress who was aiming for a tip. She didn't know why, but she really liked to tease Slimy, or at least show off to him. He was just so approachable, and so fun to play with. Reading her carefully, Slimy slid some of his long appendages towards Zig's huge, fluffy tail, working and rubbing her ass gently. She pretended to ignore him, even as she bent over to reach into the depths of one of her desk drawers, showing him her lacy black panties. They were translucent, and gave Slimy quite a view, especially when combined with her extremely short blouse. He slipped past her folds delicately, teasing her back even as she spent much too much time in digging out his personal DVD.

Every crew and staff member who asked received a personal copy of the DVD that had Zig Zag's signature on it in gold ink, along with their name. It was a practice that Zig Zag had started years ago in an effort to connect her team with the finished product, and it wasn't as if it cost them very much to make a few extra in-house

copies. She sat down in her plush office chair and pulled out a gold paint pen, prepared to add a personal message to her own signature. "Would 'For Our Secret #1 Star' be good, you think?" she asked. Slimy grinned and nodded, a few of his tendrils tracing up behind Zig Zag and massaging her shoulders lightly as she signed his copy. Beneath the desk, she could feel that a few more of his tendrils were creeping between her legs, softly teasing her underwear and making her writhe a little bit. Considering how most of her encounters went straight to sex, it was actually rather refreshing to have a partner who was so eager to tease and please. Her urges were rising, and she knew she was going to indulge Slimy like she always did. He was a subtle, gentle lover, the best kind for a quiet evening alone. After all, the only people in the office this late would be Darke and the security guards, so there was little chance of them being interrupted.

"So I take it that you'd like to have a little bit of a personal follow up?" said Zig Zag as she handed over the DVD. "Well, give me a moment to transfer your payment to your account..." Lightly her fingers danced across the keyboard and mouse as she brought up the relevant payment programs, effortlessly transferring money from the company bank accounts to Slimy's private savings. Slimy gently teased at her chest, lightly pressing and caressing at her nipples through her blouse. She whimpered lightly, then leaned into his touch as she completed the transaction and shut down her computer. She wouldn't need it anymore tonight, and besides, if Slimy's aim wasn't perfect, something might get shorted out.

Slowly, Zig Zag stepped out from behind her desk, her high heels clacking on the hardwood floor as she stepped over to the casting couch. Heavy, and with thick, trunk-like legs, it had served her well in many interviews and private sessions. She spread her thighs slightly as she sat down, leaning back and giving Slimy ample room to maneuver. He moved up on her delicately, the very tips of his prehensile tendrils caressing her curves and unbuttoning her blouse. Zig Zag was always amazed at how gentle and precise he was. He had no difficulty undoing and unzipping her clothes, and they seemed to fall away from her rather than be undone and pulled away. Lifting her arms and legs so that Slimy could remove the last of her clothing, she was soon nude, her nipples and sex exposed to Slimy's gentle caresses.

Lying back on the couch, Zig Zag soon felt her limbs being lifted up into the air as Slimy's embrace enveloped her arms and legs. She gasped, then began to laugh and giggle as he seemed to tickle her from everywhere at once. His embrace was all-encompassing to say the least, filling her and caressing her from every angle and in every manner. His grip was firm but supple, lifting her up and caressing her thighs and rump like fine imported leather. Soon his tendrils were teasing across Zig Zag's lips, both above and below, and she slurped him into her mouth contentedly. She nibbled on him, licking and slurping the presented tentacle, and gulping down the white, sloppy goo that gave Slimy his name. It wasn't spooge, but it

looked damn close on camera, and it had a slightly sweet taste that Zig Zag had encountered nowhere else.

Sex with Slimy had more in common with a roller-coaster ride than it did sex with a normal partner. Though he was gentle and delicate, Zig Zag was flipped and twisted this way and that as he carefully spread out her arms and legs to make more room for his tentacles. Slightly dizzy from the near-constant reorientation, Zig was reminded of the many carnival rides she'd had as a kid, only none of them had been complimented by big, salty-sweet globs of Slimy goo in her mouth and sex. As she was lifted up, Slimy pressed his long lengths between her legs and into her, teasing at first and then pounding her mercilessly. Much like a tilt-a-whirl, the experience was slightly nauseating and extremely exciting. Zig had no idea what Slimy would do next, only that it would feel great and leave her gasping and panting for more.

As Slimy began to work on her sex harder and harder, Zig Zag found herself instinctively reaching out and grabbing at his tentacles for balance. She struggled to keep herself upright as she worked between his eager ministrations, her body bouncing and writhing in his grasp. She closed her eyes and tried to focus on the tentacle that was dashing in and out of her mouth. She moved her hand forward; gripping and working it as it lashed back and forth between her lips. She squeezed gently, milking the slimy length as she tried to get him "cumming" in her mouth. He teased her tonsils by diving in deep and swishing around, then shooting out to put little drops of goo on her nose and lips. Zig Zag giggled and licked at them, smiling at Slimy over her shoulder as he continued to go to work between her legs and under her tail.

Years of experience had let Slimy know every inch of detail and pleasure that Zig Zag had down below, something that she loved for him to take advantage of. Even as he pounded away at her sex with a long, fat tentacle, he teased her clit with a much smaller, thinner one. Eager from all the stimulation, her body quivered and her sex dribbled with juice. Slimy's length went from soft to firm, gently caressing Zig Zag deeply as he worked her sex more and more. The tiny tentacles that tickled her clit shifted from rubbing to groping and pinching, making Zig whimper and tug reflexively against the tentacles which were holding her arms and legs. She wasn't so much into rough sex, but a little aggression now and then just made things all the more exciting. She did what she could to push back, squeezing her sex down on Slimy and pulling against his tentacles with her legs, her hips and abs pushing against the advancing length inside her sex.

Though Slimy was aggressive and powerful with Zig Zag's sex, he took a slower and more considerate approach to her rear. No encounter with Slimy was complete until Zig Zag had one in every hole, but he wasn't so mean as to go roughly jamming his tentacles under her tail. Instead he began by gently caressing her tailhole with just the tip of his tentacle, spreading a thick layer of goo around her bright

pink pucker. Rather than simply begin jamming in his thickest length, he sent out some of the smallest tentacles he had, gently rubbing in the goo and caressing Zig Zag as he helped her to relax. Though she was more than a little distracted, she managed to get with the program, taking deep breaths when she could and relaxing her tailhole while Slimy gently pushed and probed. As he slowly slid in his length, Zig Zag winced, pulling Slimy's tentacle out of her mouth and biting her lower lip. He advanced into her slowly, giving her time to adjust before picking up the pace and ramming her more solidly.

Now that he was in every hole at once, Slimy shifted from entry to satisfaction, focusing on pleasuring Zig Zag in every way possible. Whereas the initial portion had been a bit of a roller-coaster ride, this was more of a mosh-pit, with Zig being tossed violently this way and that. Slimy's grip went from soft to firm as he fucked her harder and harder, ensuring she didn't fall or bump into any furniture. Still, it was a decidedly wild ride, with her arms and legs flailing wildly as she struggled to find balance. Slimy didn't let her fall, but being carried up into the air with neither her hands nor feet on the ground was more than a little disconcerting, and as Slimy flipped her over, Zig Zag was decidedly disoriented.

Working quickly, Slimy sent out more lines of tentacles, barely leaving any for him to stand on himself as he worked hard on Zig Zag's breasts, squeezing and teasing them even as he pinched and caressed her nipples. He slipped out the long tentacle he had in her mouth and laid it flat between her mounds, slicking and sliding up into her mouth as he twisted it this way and that. The poor skunkette was positively moaning and groaning with the sensation now, her body twitching and writhing in his grasp. Slimy could tell that her orgasm was approaching, and he intended to give it all the impact he could manage.

Pressing his many lengths forward, he let go with long white jets of sticky goo. Living up to his name, it was sticky and copious, almost whiting out Zig Zag's numerous stripes. Though he did his best to contain his mess, long jets splattered out onto the floor and the couch, leaving white streaks that Darke would invariably have to remove later this evening. Still, he knew well how much Zig Zag enjoyed a good blast or two, and he shot round after round into her mouth, sex and tailhole, making sure that her juices were flowing before the final push.

Zig Zag had always been a lover of sex. She wouldn't have made it far in her profession if she had been otherwise. But as she had so much of it so often and in so many ways, sex had a way of getting rather blasé. After all, there were only so many ways that she could take a cock in her mouth, between her breasts or up her tailhole. The males who lined up to be with her were ones of talent, otherwise they wouldn't make it so far, but there was little they could give her that she hadn't already had hundreds of times before.

Slimy, however, was different. As Zig felt her sex explode with pleasure, shooting out juices across the face of the "monster," she knew that she was going to have the sort of orgasm that only came to her rarely, and only when she was with a partner of consummate skill and drive. Her mind seemed to blank out as she hit the apex of her peak, and as she slid down, almost every touch, every caress, every grope that Slimy's tentacles put onto her threatened to send her back up over the crest of that glorious wave. It was a divine experience, to be sure.

As she slowly came back down from the powerful, almost all-consuming high, Zig Zag cooed, rubbing Slimy's mess into her fur. He licked her with his massive tongue on what must have been the only dry part of her cheek, making her giggle as she shone with the afterglow. It was good to keep someone like Slimy on staff, and she couldn't wait to give him another "follow-up" after his next big film. Now all she had to do was leave Darke an innocuous note about a "small spill" in her office, and then get the hell out of there before she came across the tremendous mess that Slimy had left on the couch...