

Five Slimy Pieces: A Wet and Messy
Novel

Qdaved

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Chapter 1

The Fete of Miss Blossom

I

Summer term was wending its way to a close at Sploshington Girls' School. Exams had come and gone and the only serious piece of business that was left was the Grand School Fete. The school's Charity Committee, consisting of several girls from the Upper Sixth and chaired by the headmaster, was therefore meeting to decide upon their activities for the event. It was not going well.

Half a dozen ideas had been floated, and all had been almost immediately shot down, either for reasons of cost, safety or plain

stupidness. They were in the desperate process of trying to recall previous year's fetes and whether or not they could be rehashed.

Daisy was desperately bored and had been playing idly with her long auburn hair for the last twenty minutes. She was one of the most beautiful girls at the school, a delicate, pale face, a well proportioned body of medium height and a supreme elegance in her deportment. Charity Committee was usually fun, but this was deathly.

Mr. Brown, the headmaster cleared his throat and prepared to make an announcement.

"Now girls, you've done well so far this year, but we appear to be getting nowhere fast here. It's no good just trotting out old ideas, and the new ones just haven't been viable. I suggest that we call it a day and all go home tonight to think about a way of fundraising that is both original, safe and practical. Then we can meet again tomorrow and see what you've come up with."

The girls needed no further encouragement to bail and happily fled to their respective homes.

Despite the entreaties of the headmaster, the next day's meeting fared no better. Plenty of ideas were mooted, but their quality if anything had deteriorated overnight. The discussions had been meandering for over half an hour, and Daisy was once again twisting her locks around her finger and gazing out of the window. She had been paying very little attention, and just then started to tune in to what Mr. Brown was saying.

"... I had hoped not to have to bring this up, as I'm not sure I approve. But Sploshington Girls' School has a long history of

fundraising, especially at the annual fete, and it is important to keep up the tradition. I may have the solution to our problems. A teacher came to me yesterday with an idea that may well raise a great deal of money. It involves much individual sacrifice on behalf of the individual involved, and they deserve huge credit for their efforts and no ridicule at all. One of the staff has volunteered to let themselves be gunged on the day of the fete."

Daisy's attention was most certainly not wandering now, she was rapt. She had seen many gungings on kids' T.V. in her formative years, and had once thought it would be fun. But now she was eighteen she thought of it as childish, not something an adult would do. Especially an adult in a position of responsibility. How humiliating would it be for a teacher to be gunged with their pupils and their parents looking on? She wondered who it could be that had set themselves up like this. Mrs James, the old boot of a games teacher was certainly endowed with enough school spirit, but would she really do something like this? Miss Collins the French teacher had taught at the school for thirty years and had developed a reputation for considerable eccentricity in that time, but her quirkiness had never manifested itself in quite this way. Maybe - no it couldn't be - Mr. Brown was referring to himself. She had to know.

"Err... who exactly is this person?"

"It is," the headmaster replied, "the English teacher, Miss Blossom."

Daisy, indeed the whole committee, was stunned.

She was possibly the last person any of them would have thought of. Miss Blossom was newly qualified, still only in her mid twenties, and had arrived at the school like a breath of fresh

air. She was a natural teacher, knowledgeable about her subject and talented at passing that knowledge on. She was extremely popular with all the pupils, both the little year sevens and the older upper sixthers, and also with the rest of the staff.

In addition Miss Blossom was stunningly attractive, and many a Splashington girl had a secret Sapphic crush on her.

This was very strange. Why on earth would such a cool, likeable, beautiful teacher submit herself to such an ordeal in front of everyone, to let herself be totally messed up. This was very strange. Mr. Brown continued.

"I think that we should admire her dedication to the school, especially in one so new to it. However, I think that it is only right that I only let her do this if maximum revenue is extracted from it. Therefore the gunging will only go ahead if each and every year donates at least 300 pounds and if a minimum of 2000 pounds is given on the day of the fete itself."

"Wow," said Kirsty, "that's a tall order."

"Yeah," said Laura, who was top of the class in maths, "that'll almost break the record."

"Indeed." Replied the headmaster. "Now we come to a division of labour. I shall endeavour to take care of the financial side, setting up donations, etcetera. I want you girls to take care of the practicalities. Miss Blossom wishes to meet with you after school. You and she can work out a suitable method for the , er, the gunging."

In contrast to the previous day, whose meeting ended in lazy tedium, this meeting ended with the girls leaving excited, and somewhat shocked.

Daisy sat through the rest of the day in a sort of trance -

she was so intrigued by Mr. Brown's announcement. In fact she was so eager to meet the enigma Miss. Blossom that she rushed from her final lesson and was the first to enter the teacher's classroom. She had her back to her at first, bending over her desk. The smart black trouser suit that was her customary wear clung to her shapely rear very nicely and the short heels on her leather boots elevated her posture nicely. Her flowing hair was a glorious natural blonde, of medium length and tumbled casually down her back. She turned round. The jacket of her suit was cut close, emphasising her svelte figure and the crisp white shirt fitted tightly round her more than ample breasts.

Daisy gazed into her startling blue eyes and admired her wonderful face, her cute button nose, her full red lips, her striking cheekbones. Was this really the woman who had volunteered of her own accord for this treatment?

"Hi there Daisy," said Miss Blossom. Daisy was rendered speechless by the goddess in front of her. Fortunately the rest of the girls came in in a gaggle, laughing and talking excitedly.

"Welcome everybody. Take a seat." Everyone settled down, the girls looking a little uncertainly at the teacher. There was a slightly awkward silence.

"So then," said Miss Blossom, "What has the Charity Committee come up with?" The girls looked at each other.

"Well..." began Alice hesitantly, "how about cream pies? We could, err, pie you in the face." Miss Blossom considered this for a moment.

"Pies are all well and good, nothing wrong with a good old three stooges type pie in the face. However, Mr. Brown set a very high target for raising money, and I think the people will

want to see a little more than my face messed up.” The girls looked at each other again.

“So,” said Fran, “how about sponges? We could throw wet sponges at you, you could be sitting on a chair, or standing up or even, err, I suppose, err, in some stocks? That would get you more messed up.”

Miss Blossom shook her head.

“The trouble is you’re all thinking too small. I don’t just want some namby pamby stuff like wet sponges.” The stunning blonde crossed her legs and leaned forward. “I want to be totally, completely, utterly messed up. I want a huge sliming. I want to be obliterated. I want the most thorough, gooey, horrible gunging that you can think of.”

Daisy had been hanging off her every word, and suddenly burst out:

“Leave it to us Miss Blossom, we’ll give you a proper gunging!”

The others were surprised at this interjection, but Miss Blossom just beamed at her.

“That’s the spirit! No messing about with mess! Slime me good!” The girls finally caught up with the enthusiastic mood of the other two and burst out in a fit of giggles.

“Don’t hold back - give the people what they want! And I tell you what,” she looked conspiratorial her smile got even wider, “why don’t you keep the method a secret, that’ll build up anticipation, get everyone donating faster. And keep it a secret from me, too. It’ll be a massive big sloppy surprise for me then!”

“Ok Miss Blossom!” said Kirsty.

“Anything you say Miss B.!” said Laura. Daisy was bouncing up and down in her seat with excitement. What on earth would this woman look like in slime? Would she wear that suit? Would she let herself be trashed to a gooey shapeless lump in that, from the starting point of such smart, authoritative perspective? Daisy hoped so.

“Right then Sploshington Charity Committee,” said the suited beauty, “I’ve got some marking to do. And you have a gunging to arrange!”

That evening all the girls had an impromptu planning meeting at Fran’s house. This was however, not exactly a formal event, pizza was ordered, consumed and they crashed in Laura’s bedroom and talked about girl stuff for a good hour and a half before touching on the subject of Miss Blossom.

“I wonder why she’s doing it?” said Kirsty.

“Maybe she’s trying to get involved with the fundraising - it’s a big part of being at Sploshington. She’s new, she wants to be liked I suppose,” said Fran.

“Yeah, but she’s really popular already,” said Laura.

“Maybe she just wants to help out? We were really struggling before she volunteered,” said Alice.

“Maybe,” said Daisy dreamily, “she just thinks it’ll be really fun.”

“Well whatever the reason,” said Fran, “we’ve got our job to do. Time to consult the source of all knowledge.” She switched on her laptop. “Google!”

A few minutes of earnest searching produced a very promising looking site.

“Ok, this website sells barrels of stuff called natrosol,” said Fran.

“Looks cheap enough for us,” said mathematician Laura.

“And they do next day delivery,” said Kirsty, “which is good. The fete is so close.”

While the others were considering the practicalities Daisy was staring fixatedly at an accompanying set of pictures. They showed a dark haired woman, neither particularly attractive nor particularly dowdy, dressed in shorts and a baggy T-shirt. She was sitting in a booth, and in the first picture was clean, albeit with a rather apprehensive look on her face. The subsequent images showed her screaming as a deluge of purple gunge falling from above, covering her entirely with the sticky slime. The final shot was of the aftermath, the woman smiling, the clean flashing white of her teeth her only identifiable feature, contrasting with the surrounding mess.

“That looks sooo cool,” said Daisy, enthralled by the sight of the woman’s downfall.

“Errr, yes Daiz, if you say so,” said Fran, looking at her rather oddly.

“I suppose it’ll definitely give her a proper gunging,” said Alice.

“Hmm...,” said Laura, “three barrels should be about right.”

“But where are we going to keep the stuff before the fete?” asked Kirsty.

“And how will be get it there?” added Alice.

“Well my parents are away this week and they’ve taken the car,” said Daisy, “so there’ll be room in our garage. It’s a double.”

"Sounds good," said Laura, "and you have your own car, so that'll take care of transport."

"Ok, I'll go ahead and order," said Fran, "you're certainly getting in to the spirit of things Daiz!" Daisy blushed.

"It's getting late," said Kirsty, "I need to get going."

"I think we all do," said Laura.

"We still need to solve the problem of the actual gunging method," said Fran.

"Well," said Alice, "why don't we sleep on it?" The rest of the girls concurred, and they all wended their individual ways home.

As Daisy drifted off to sleep she reflected on a truly amazing day. Firstly Mr. Brown's announcement, completely out of the blue, and her own fascination with it. Then the meeting with Miss Blossom, the willing victim, and her seeming joy at the thought of the fate (ha ha!) awaiting her. And finally the website, the images on it, and the way they utterly captured her imagination.

Daisy dreamed.

Her dreams were full of gunge. Thick gooey, slimy, messy gunge. Again and again she had visions of purple gunk falling, obliterating everything in its path. Sometimes it fell on the woman from the website photos causing to scream with a mixture of shock and excitement, sometimes it fell on Miss Blossom, dressed in her nice trouser suit that soon became unrecognisable, as did her pretty face and blonde hair. And sometimes it was her in the firing line, the purple slime fell on her, covering her from head to toe.

Towards the end of the night she dreamed of huge pools of

gunge, and of diving head first into them, immersing herself totally and completely. She dreamed of swimming around in it, revelling it.

In her dreams, Daisy loved gunge fell on her, covering her from head to toe.

Towards the end of the night she dreamed of huge pools of gunge, and of diving head first into them, immersing herself totally and completely. She dreamed of swimming around in it, revelling it.

In her dreams, Daisy loved gunge.

II

Daisy was gently awakened from her pleasant slumbers by the insistent ringing of the telephone. Bleary eyed she roused herself, pulled on a dressing gown and dragged herself to the hall to answer the phone.

“Hey Daisy,” spoke a voice brightly.

“Oh, hello Fran,” replied Daisy in a drowsy tone, “you’re an early bird.”

“Were you still in bed Daiz? You’re such a sleepy head! I’ve been up for ages.”

“Yeah, I didn’t have the most restful night’s sleep.”

“Anyway, I was ringing to let you know that I’ve ordered the gunge from the website.”

“Oh really?” Daisy was wide awake now.

“Yeah, and it’ll be delivered to your house this evening.”

“Cool, I’ll look out for it.”

“I’d better let you get dressed and have breakfast, see you at school, Daiz!”

“Bye Fran, thanks for calling.” Well that was something to look forward to.

No sooner had Daisy finished her cornflakes than the phone rang once more. This time it was Kirsty.

“Hi Daiz,” she began.

“Hi Kirsty, what’s the matter?”

“Do you have time to come round to my house before school?” Daisy was doubtful.

“I’m not sure about that.”

“It’ll only be for ten minutes or so,”

"I don't know, I'm running a little late this morning..."

"Oh come on Daisy, you've still got time! I've got something to show you with regards to our, er, 'delivery' problem."

"I'll be there in a quarter of an hour," said Daisy immediately.

She hurriedly gulped down the remains of her coffee, showered and dressed in record time, grabbed her schoolbooks and rushed out of her house like a whirlwind, running down the street to Kirsty's house with her coat tails flying behind her. By the time she rang the front doorbell she was breathless and flustered, and was surprised to be greeted by Alice rather than the occupant.

"Oh good," said Alice, "you're the last one. Kirsty's dying to show us something." Daisy entered the living room and saw that indeed all the rest of the girls of the charity committee were in attendance.

"Right," said Kirsty, "now that we're quorate I can reveal my plan, the answer to the question that was posed last night."

"Get on with it Kirsty," said Laura, "we'll be late to school if we're not careful."

"Come on out to the garden then," said Kirsty. The rest of the girls trooped after her and out of the back door.

"TA-DAHHH!" yelled Kirsty, "I thought of it last night."

Before them stood a paddling pool. It was, however, rather misleading to refer to it as such, it was absolutely enormous. The bright blue walls were several feet high, and the diameter of the circular pool was over ten feet across.

"When did you get that?" exclaimed Laura.

"We got it last month - it was going to be unveiled at a big

summer barbecue, but this seemed too good an opportunity to be missed.”

“It’s huuuuuge!” said Alice.

“Certainly is,” replied Kirsty, “but despite the size it’s very easy to collapse and transport. Fill that with slime and we can deliver a gunging to Miss Blossom beyond her wildest dreams.”

“Are we sure about this?” said Fran. “Isn’t this going to be a bit over the top?” All this time Daisy had been silent. She was rooted to the spot, gazing at the blue plastic expanse before her. Filling something this big with gunge was going to look fantastic, it would be almost like the enormous slime pits of last night’s fantasies. And how good would Miss Blossom look in there? She imagined her in her suit, bobbling up and down in the muck. And what on earth would it feel like in there, to be literally swimming in gunge? It was an interesting thought.

“I think it this will be absolutely fine,” said Daisy slowly.

The girls considered the pool for a moment.

“One question,” said Laura, “how are we going to get her in there?”

“Ah”, said Kirsty, “that’s the bit that I hadn’t thought of.”

“Hmmm,” pondered Alice, “how’s about we just pick her up and throw her in?”

“Yeah, that could work,” said Fran, “after all, noone’s going to be too bothered exactly how she gets slimed just so long as she’s a complete mess at the end.”

“Ye-es,” said Daisy uncertainly. That didn’t seem quite right to her, it didn’t quite fit in to her vision. Still, it was true that their beautiful teacher would still be reduced to a messy wreck.

“Well let’s have that as a plan for now,” said Laura, ever

practically minded, “and if we come up with anything better between now and the fete we can always change our minds.”

“That sounds fine to me,” said Kirsty.

“And me,” said Alice.

“And me,” added Laura.

“Yeah, I suppose it’ll do,” said Daisy, still not wholly convinced.

The girls realised that time was moving on, and quickly hurried off to school.

There were more surprises in store for Daisy when she got to school. At registration gave her a note from the woodwork teacher.

“Daisy, please come and see me in my workshop at break-time. Mr Drake.”

This was very puzzling. She knew Mr. Drake of course, and had been in his class once upon a time, but she had dropped woodwork as a subject long ago, and she doubted that she had even said hello to him in the past three months. Could she be in trouble for some reason? But what on earth for? Daisy was always well behaved, there was nothing she could be reprimanded for, especially from this teacher.

She puzzled over this for the whole of the first period, but didn’t come up with any answers, and walked off to Mr. Drake’s workshop in a mystified state. She walked into the workshop to be greeted by Laura, Fran and Alice. Things became clearer. It seemed everything these days was revolving around the charity committee.

“Hello girls,” greeted Mr. Drake, “I expect you’re wondering why I asked you all here.”

“Is it to do with the gunging of Miss Blossom?” enquired Daisy, eagerly.

“Well done Daisy, that’s right. I heard of my colleague’s volunteering, and I spent last night wondering how exactly I could help get her gunged.”

“Oh really?” said Daisy.

“Err, for the sake of raising money for charity of course, and school spirit of course.” Mr. Drake cleared his throat and flushed slightly. “Anyway, I’ve come up with this.” He took some technical looking drawings out of a folder and presented them to the girls.

“Here are my design for Sploshington School’s very own gunge tank! You see the person sits down here and then...”

“But Mr. Drake,” interrupted Laura, “we’ve already decided how to gunge her.” Mr. Drake looked crestfallen.

“Oh, have you?” he said in a disappointed voice.

“Yes,” said Kirsty, “we’re going get my pool, fill it with slime and then throw her in it.” Mr. Drake thought for a moment.

“Pool, eh? How are you going to get her in it?”

“We thought we’d just pick her up and throw her in by hand,” said Alice.

“Hmmm... now if you change this bit here... bit of two-by-four here...” he took out his pencil and began busily altering his drawings. “Raise it up a bit, that’s no problem... and a spring mechanism at the back of the chair...”

The girls looked at each other quizzically.

“Change the loading mechanism... that’ll make it much easier in fact...and...Voila! Throw her in? This will be much better!” He displayed his modified blueprints proudly.

"What is it?" asked Daisy, waiting with baited breath.

"It's a gungetank-cum-dunkseat! Patent pending! The victim sits here-" he indicated a chair on the plans. "And this lever is pulled forwards. A tube connected to the pool siphons up some of the slime to a tank here. The tank is then primed. Pushing the lever the other way releases the contents of the tank directly over the victim's head, covering her in the slime." Mr. Drake paused for a moment as if envisaging the moment.

"Then it's time to administer the coup-de-gras. Pulling this second lever here-" he indicated another part of the diagram, "activates a spring mechanism. The victim is then plunged into the waiting gunge pool face first."

"Wow!" exclaimed Daisy, "that sounds incredible!" She and Mr. Drake grinned at each other, happily imagining the horrible sliming being planned. The voice of Laura broke in and brought them both back to earth.

"That's all very well," said Laura, "I suppose it will be better than just throwing her in, but are you sure that it'll be ready in time? And how much will it cost?"

"Don't you worry," said Mr. Drake, "I can knock this baby up in no time. And as for cost, why I've got all I need to build it right here in the workshop!" He beamed at the girls. "Well? What do you think?"

"Perfect!" yelled Daisy, "that's just what we need!" She imagined what Mr. Drake's device would look like once it was built and once it was connected up to Kirsty's pool. Yes, this seemed right. In fact, it seemed very right, the uncertainty that she had felt earlier had totally melted away. This was going to be the gunging of Miss Blossom's (and indeed her) dreams.

It was after tea and Daisy was just about to embark on the washing up. Suddenly there was a knock on the door.

Who could that be? she wondered to herself. Of course! She ran to the front door and flung it open. Standing outside was a man in blue overalls holding a clipboard.

"A delivery for you," he said, and gestured to a white van parked at the side of the street. "Got the stuff in the back."

"Err, thanks," said Daisy.

"Could you sign here please?" asked the man whilst proffering the clipboard and a biro. She obliged and they both walked to the back of the man's van. He struggled for a little while with his cargo, but eventually the delivery man finished unloading.

"Where are these going?" he asked.

"Oh, er, in the garage for now, but I'll have to get the keys. Take the stuff over there to it and I'll open the door from the inside." Ten minutes later the delivery man manoeuvred his load into the garage, and was standing next to a somewhat flustered Daisy taking stock.

She looked at what had been left for her properly for the first time. There were three dark grey barrels standing in front of her. They stood there broodingly, enigmatically. They were gigantic, she couldn't wrap her arms around them, the only way the man had gotten them inside was due to the small wheels on the bottom that allowed some manoeuvrability. They were very tall as well, if she stood in on of them she would only just be able to see over the sides. Stand in one of them? Why on earth did she think that?

The delivery man broke her reverie.

"There we are," he said, "three barrels of natrosol gunge,

assorted colours.”

“Thanks,” said Daisy.

“What are they for? Personal use?” Daisy gave a little laugh.

“No, not at all. They’re for a school fete that’s coming up. I’m on the school’s charity committee, and we’re going to gunge a teacher.”

“Ah, I see,” said the man “well, I hope you raise a lot of money.” Daisy thought for a moment.

“Err, was that a joke, or do you ever take orders for ‘personal use’?”

He looked at her rather oddly, then said slowly: “You’d be surprised. You’d be very surprised.”

After he had gotten back into his van and driven off, Daisy went back to the garage and, with difficulty, managed to remove the lid of one of the barrels. It was so tall she had to grab a set of stepladders to stand on in order to get a better view. The gunge contained in this one was purple, exactly the same shade as in the pictures on the website. It looked different in real life, though. The surface shimmered and glistened wetly. It looked very dark and mysterious, especially in the low light of the garage.

Daisy gazed at the gunge for a few minutes, standing very still. She thought to herself. Then she put the top back on, climbed down from the ladder, and went back to the kitchen to finish the washing up.

That night Daisy’s dreams were once more filled with gunge. The memory of the barrel in the garage loomed large, as did the swimming pool in Kirsty’s garden and the drawings that Mr. Drake had showed them. There was a slightly different

feel to the dreams tonight as well. The woman in the dunktank from the website she had seen the night before featured much less than previously. Instead she thought much more of gungings of Miss Blossom, briefly resplendent in her smart suit, then reduced to a slimy, messy heap.

And she also dreamed much more of herself. Of herself in the very same situations as Miss Blossom. Daisy was infatuated with gunge.

III

Daisy had always been an academically able pupil and her concentration levels were usually high, but the next day she could not focus on anything at all. She had reached the point of leaving her house before she realised that she had odd socks on, and in every lesson so far the teacher had rebuked her for not paying attention.

The visions of gunge had stayed in her mind after waking, she could think of nothing else; she was obsessed. Memories of the barrel, the woman from the website, Miss Blossom in her suit saying: “I want to be totally, completely, utterly messed up. I want a huge sliming. I want to be obliterated. I want the most thorough, gooey, horrible gunging that you can think of.” The memory of the smile on her face as she said it.

She also thought of her being gunged in Miss Blossoms place, of her being totally, completely, utterly messed up. This troubled her greatly. What was wrong with her? Why was she imagining her own slimy destruction? She kept recalling the word of the delivery man also: “You’d be surprised.” Maybe it wasn’t so unusual to think a gunging would be fun.

Her mind kept revolving, the same thought patterns turning round and round in her head. Gunge, I want a huge sliming, you’d be surprised. Round and around and around...

After her final lesson she found herself walking along a corridor to her locker when she dropped her books all over the floor for the fourth time that day. As she was on her knees picking them up she heard a familiar voice:

“Hello there Daisy. Bit of a klutz today aren’t we?”

She gasped and looked up. There before her was the object of her fantasies, clad in her customary smart trouser suit and with her gorgeously pretty face smiling sympathetically down at her. It was so strange to see her in the flesh again after spending so much time plotting to mess her up, and after the dreams of the previous two nights. She lowered her eyes from the vision of the teacher's face and ended up gazing at her feet. Yet she couldn't help herself, she started to wonder what her shiny leather boot would look like after being gunged, and what it would feel like to wear them. What was going on with her head? She had to say something.

"Er... hello."

"Just been in French?" asked Miss Blossom, noticing one of her textbooks.

"Er, yes, yes I have." She pulled herself together, gathered up the rest of her books and stood up.

"How's things going?"

"Fine, fine, yes, everything's just...fine."

"I expect you and the girls have been busy organising stuff for my gunging." Her eyes flashed as she said the word 'gunging'. Daisy's heart stood still for a moment and she was dumbstruck.

"Well don't tell me," said Miss Blossom, "I want it to be a surprise, remember." She gave a knowing wink, then strode off down the corridor leaving to Daisy to gaze at her lovely rear clad in her slinky black trousers.

She stood there for some time, her mind in turmoil. Gunge. Slime. I want to be totally messed up. You'd be suprised. I want a huge sliming. You'd be surprised. The barrels in the garage. You'd be surprised.

Daisy made a firm decision, and marched resolutely homeward.

A little while later Daisy was once again standing on top of the stepladder in her garage looking down at the open barrel of purple grunge. She had changed out of her uniform, and had put on her bikini. It was fairly skimpy whilst still leaving enough to the imagination, her legs were tanned and shapely, her stomach was slim, there was no way Daisy could ever be called fat, but she was by no means anorexic either, perfectly healthy looking. Her top showed large amount of delicious cleavage and her peachy behind gave her a full set of curves in all the right places. Her silky hair tumbled artlessly down her shoulders in a naturally beautiful tousle.

She stood there at the top of the ladder in her pink bikini in every way a perfect picture of young womanhood. But she didn't plan on staying that way for too long. Since the meeting of the charity committee where this had all started she had been entirely consumed by the thought of grunge. It was no good, she just had to do this. She had to, just had to find out what a gunging would be like, and this was a great opportunity for her. In fact it was possibly the best opportunity she would ever had. After all, she would never end up on one of those messy kids shows, she was far too old now. And she could never envisage herself volunteering to be slimed publicly for charity like Miss Blossom. So this was it, there was noone about to see her, to see her being weird like this. But was it weird? She thought back to what the delivery man had said. Perhaps it wasn't, perhaps loads of people gave themselves gungings at home. Perhaps it was a normal hobby, just like stamp collecting or train spotting

or something.

No, thought Daisy, that wasn't particularly likely.

She stared down at the gunge. The surface was serene, implacable. She was hypnotised by it, the sheen, the shimmer. Daisy tentatively dipped her big toe below the surface. She drew it out again. It felt cold, and there was a strange texture to it. Her toe was purple, it was almost as if she had begun to paint her toenail (which she had never done in reality) and had got rather carried away.

All at once she had second thoughts. What on earth was she doing? She was one of the prettiest girls in the school, looking incredibly sexy wearing nothing but her small bikini, so what possible reason could she have for covering herself in horrible, disgusting slime? Why was she going to mess herself up of her own free will? This was madness. She couldn't possibly do this, it wasn't for charity or for a prank, there was no excuse. She climbed down from the ladder.

And yet....

The visions came back to her, in more detail than ever before. Every single word of Mr. Brown's announcement and the initial meeting with Miss Blossom. The sight of the woman in the dunktank on the website, her smile as the slime poured over her, the pool in which Miss Blossom would soon be swimming, the apparatus that Mr. Drake was even now building. She ascended the ladder again. The gunge had seemed to change its aspect, it was less dark and mysterious than before and now looked exciting and almost... inviting.

What the hell. She closed her eyes tightly, held her cute little button nose... and jumped.

She completely submerged. The cold, thick, slimy gunge surrounded her, it soaked through the thin material of her bikini and oozed its way into every little nook and cranny of her body. This was a wonderful sensation. She was cocooned, enveloped, cuddled by the viscous gunk. She stayed under for as long as possible to revel in the feeling. Finally Daisy ran out of breath and pushed above the surface. She gulped for air as she wiped her face a little more clean so that she could see. She pulled matted clumps of her hair away from her face and slicked it back. It was, like the rest of her, saturated and would take a good deal of cleaning. This was a totally awesome feeling.

She splashed about a little, releasing her inner child. Even the noises sounded incredible, the little sploshy sounds as she glooped around. The gunge had started to warm up now, and felt lovely and warm as opposed to the initial, slightly shocking coldness. Sheer, unadulterated bliss.

Fear hit her suddenly. She looked at herself. What was she doing? What if someone was to come to the house? What would they think of her? What if - horrible thought - her parents were to come home unexpectedly? Daisy was afraid, and quickly climbed out of the barrel and hurried to clean up.

Daisy inevitably spent the next day at school thinking about gunge once more. This wasn't the woolly, distracted flights of fancy that had plagued her yesterday. This was cool, calculating analysis. She was also helped by the absence of any more surprise additions to Miss Blossom's itinerary and by failing to bump into the woman in the flesh.

She had easily shrugged off her brief panic attack, and had made great strides towards coming to terms with her somewhat

unhealthy obsession with slime. It rapidly developed in to a case of it not being whether or not she would gunge herself again, but rather of when and how. The when was easily answered. As soon as the last lesson bell rang Daisy made a beeline for the exit and in no time at all was back in the dark, brooding atmosphere of her garage.

Something had been nagging at the back of her mind. The bikini looked good of course, very sexy, and it was the obvious thing to have on for a gunging. But some secret instinct whispered to her and told her that this was not right. Then she realised. Every dream she had had so far, whether of her, the anonymous dunktank woman or Miss Blossom had one thing in common. Clothes! She needed to be clothed, that was what was missing.

Solving that problem merely presented another one, however. What should she wear? Her dreams had showed her Miss Blossom being slimed in her stylish suit, but Daisy wasn't sure about doing something quite like that, at least not yet. She couldn't go out and ruin a perfectly good outfit. Maybe she would have to stick with the bikini after all.

Her other point of reference was the photoset from the website. In that the woman's baggy t-shirt and shorts were plainly not worn for their aesthetic appeal, but rather down to their being old and on the verge of being thrown out anyway, so it wouldn't matter what mistreatment they incurred. Yes, she could do that.

There, a solution that seemed sensible, old, worn out clothes were to be the order of the day. Daisy went up to her wardrobe to scavenge for what she could find. She dug around the back for

a while amongst the ‘Triassic’ layer at the back of the spacious cupboard. However, every single item, even if she hadn’t worn it for six months she just couldn’t bear to part with. Of course this was the main reason for her having excessive mounds of clothes piled up there anyway.

Ah ha! Triumphant she held aloft her old gym sweatshirt in the regulation school crimson. Somewhere around here should be the matching tracksuit bottoms... bingo! Although they were a few years old they were a pretty good nick. Daisy hadn’t done outdoor games for ages after deciding that she was allergic to hockey. Although the thought of all those mud smeared playing fields seemed more than a little enticing at the moment...

Daisy donned her bikini as she had done previously, then over the top pulled on the sweatshirt and tracksuit bottoms. A pair of thick woolly white hockey socks that she could have no possible future use for served as accessories. Was this better? It most certainly was. It may not have been quite as sexy a getup as just the skimpy bikini, but Daisy’s immense natural beauty would have shone out if she had been dressed in dustbin liners. She made her way back downstairs.

Daisy pulled the top of one of the pristine barrels off to reveal it’s contents. It held a gunge of a bright blue colour, almost fluorescent. It was much more cheerful looking than the old, somber purple barrel, much more in keeping with her optimistic mood tonight. But wait. It wasn’t quite right yet. What was missing, what was missing....? That was it! She glanced down at her feet clad only in the white socks. Footwear! That would be the piece-de-resistance.

But hang on, this was a whole new problem. How would

shoes react to a gunging? Would they escape without permanent damage? She supposed she could wear her trainers, but dared she risk it? Wait, the solution was staring her in the face. She raced out to the hallstand and grabbed hold of her wellies. These were indestructible, and what delicious irony to wear something specifically designed to keep nasty stuff out when you were deliberately setting out to get all messy. The boots were tall and made of shiny black rubber. They fitted snugly around her feet, they were normally slightly too big but the thick socks made up for that. They were warm and protecting. Protecting, but not for long.

As she turned she glanced at the overcrowded coatstand and something caught her eye. She reached over and pulled out her raincoat. She had bought it once whilst trapped in a torrential downpour, and was hence in the mood to get something as insulating and waterproof as possible. Hence she had rarely worn it since, given that it could be considered overkill in anything but monsoon weather. The coat was entirely constructed of thick black rubber. There was a distinctive smell to it, not an unpleasant one though. It seemed rich and pungent tonight though. She thought for a moment . Was this part of the vision?

What the hell. Tonight was a night for experimenting after all.

Daisy pulled on the shiny rubber raincoat. It flapped around her legs, the hem coming down to just about the top of her wellies. She did all the buttons up to the top and did the wide belt up tightly. This was right. She looked down herself, warmly wrapped up in her tracksuit, swaddled in black rubber from her neck down to the tips of her toes.

Daisy was finally ready to get messy.

Daisy was in the by now familiar position of standing at the top of the stepladder with a large pit of slime in front of her. She sat down, then slowly she dipped her right wellington into the barrel. Down, down, further it went, more and more of the shaft was swallowed up. She dipped the second boot as well, faster so that it caught the other up. She stopped, the slime millimetres from the top of the wellies. Daisy lost her nerve for a second and withdrew her feet from the barrel. She giggled. Her once black wellies were now a shade of vibrant blue, they were coated, but her feet were still nice and warm and dry inside. This was going to be a very fun evening. She unhurriedly lowered her feet back to where they were, again pausing as the slime threatened to swallow the boots entirely.

Then inchingly, teasingly she dipped her right foot. A trickle of wetness came over the top of the wellington, running down the inside the lining to pool around her toes and soak into her sock. The trickle increased to a torrent, she lowered the left boot as well, this was such a blast! Her wellies were full to the brim. She wiggled her toes. Hee hee! The gunge squidged deliciously around in her boots. She was going to be making a night of it. Making a night of it... She suddenly had a wicked thought. Daisy stood up and got down off the ladder. She wiped off the little slime that was on the outside of her outfit then set off on a couple of errands around the house, interesting squelching noises coming from her full wellingtons.

Daisy was back within half an hour with a couple of items added to the garage's meager inventory, of which more later. She was back at the top of the ladder in a trice, sitting down

and dangling her boots in the slime. She stared down at the gently rippling surface and allowed herself to be hypnotised again. Gentle waves moved up and down, up and down. Her trance guided her movements. She edged forward gently, further, further. Daisy slid off her seat and into the gunge in one smooth, fluid action, the blue gunge gradually covering every inch of her black rubber coat, then finally over her golden hair as her head disappeared below the surface.

The slime oozed under the coat and through her tracksuit bottoms, it seeped into her sweatshirt, finally reaching her skin. This was a much slower sliming than last night, as she moved around the tank more and more of her outfit surrendered to the invading mess. A less intense high than before, but immeasurably more satisfying. This is what gunging was about. Completely giving in to the gloop. Marvelous.

There were still parts of her dry, this coat was doing its job too well. She struggled out of it and let her bottoms and sweatshirt get totally saturated. She idled for over a quarter of an hour, floating, serene, calmer than she had been in the last week.

Daisy stirred. She stood up properly in the barrel, the slime coming up to over her breasts. She gave the rubber raincoat a thorough rinsing in the gunge. There, that should do it. She spent a couple of minutes fighting with the coat trying to put it on again. It was awkward, but doing it inside the barrel seemed the right thing to do. When the raincoat was on, buckled and belted, she proceeded to clamber out of the gunge pit.

Standing on the concrete floor of the garage, dripping noises all around her, Daisy realised for the first time exactly what

difference clothes made. It was on a different level from being gunged in her bikini. Every little movement, every little twitch brought a new area of her saturated outfit into contact with her body and with it a new touch of slime. The rubber skirts of her raincoat flapped wetly against her boots. Incredible.

Daisy walked around a bit, revelling in the new sensations she was experiencing. Splosh, splosh, splosh with every step, she felt like a little girl again. There were still pockets of gunge trapped everywhere inside her outfit, it was just as hard for the slop to get out as it was to get in. Her wellies were full, there were pools of slime in the sleeves of her sweatshirt, even the pockets of her raincoat were full of gunge!

It was almost like she was still in the barrel. In the barrel? That was a good idea. Daisy climbed back in to have another play around...

A short while later Daisy was still in the garage. She was sat back in a plastic garden chair, a glass of wine in her hand. A TV completed the list of items that she had gathered during her brief treasure hunt, and she was idly channel surfing, relaxing to the max.

She had not, of course, made any attempt to clean up. What was the hurry? She had the rest of the night ahead of her and slobbering around wearing gungy clothes just felt so naughty and wicked. Daisy took another sip of her wine sat back causing the small reservoirs of slime still held against her body to readjust themselves. Mmmmm..... This was the life. Could it get any better?

Well could it? There was one barrel that she hadn't even looked at yet after all. A memory stirred in Daisy's head. There

was something else she could get up to tonight... But dare she? A wave of tingly excitement washed over her as she fully considered her idea. Yes, why not, why not indeed!

Daisy had all at once remembered a dress she had worn not long ago to a distant relative's wedding. In the commotion of the reception it had received a small but persistent stain of unknown origin that had resisted all attempts at removal. The dress was effectively useless now, she could never use it for another function. Which of course meant that it would be perfectly ok to mess it up further.

She controlled herself, this couldn't work. A dress did not an outfit make, and if she was going to do it she'd have to do it properly or not at all. And yet, a pair of holdups could be replaced easily, they were disposable. And the shoes that went with the dress went with absolutely nothing else she owned, all they were going to do was gather dust at the bottom of her wardrobe. Why not let them go out in a blaze of glory?

She took another gulp from her glass. Maybe it was the wine or maybe it was the intoxicating effect of having three enormous barrels of gunge in the house, but Daisy was in a devilish mood. The night was yet young. With a mischievous glint in her eye she pulled off her tall rubber wellingtons and tipped out a large amount of gunge out, the first stage in the process of cleaning herself up.

Another item of furniture had been brought down to the garage: A large full length mirror. This was no jumble of old clothes she was wearing, this was a classy ensemble that needed to be fully appreciated. She looked admiringly at her reflection. The powder blue dress was ankle length, simple yet subtly

elegant in its cut. She had decided that underwear was also disposable, so was wearing a well padded bra that gave her chest a wonderful boost. She ran her hand under one of the thin shoulder straps. Yes, the bra was definitely a good idea.

The matching satin shoes were lovely too, in the same light shade of blue. Their three inch heel was a little higher than she was used to but the elevation they gave her was just right.

Daisy ran her hand over her cheek. She had decided to go the whole hog and get properly dolled up, full make up accentuating the natural beauty of her face. She had washed her hair, dried it, styled it and it was now looking fantastic. A small faux-pearl necklace and matching earrings were the icing on the cake. Daisy was altogether a vision of perfection.

None of her previous doubts or uncertainties were present, none of the anxieties that had plagued her. This was exact satisfaction, this was precisely the experience that she had been looking for. She felt beautiful and confident - she looked beautiful and confident. It was right to dress up, right to make every effort to look your best, the preparation was key.

She paraded around a little, heel to toe, the dress swishing around her. The young English rose would not look out of place at a debutante ball. The anticipation was mounting.

She slowly climbed to the top of the stepladder and peered down at the green gunge contained in the third barrel. Here was a complete contrast, the indescribable paradox at the heart of her recent activities. On the one hand there was Daisy, the best looking girl in the school dressed up to the nines, hair, dress, jewelry, shoes all working together for devastating effect. She was the a fine example of young womanhood, a sight for sore

eyes.

And on the other hand was the gunge. The horrible, reviled pit, the reservoir of awful slime. The green gloop looked revolting, an gigantic expanse of disgusting slop. She was enthralled.

Daisy considered how she should go in. Her dunking earlier in the evening had been gradual, little by little, and that seemed to fit with the hodge-podge of clothes she'd been wearing, good to the touch but not exactly catwalk worthy. This getup required decisive action, no pussyfooting around.

The excitement was building.

She turned her head behind her for one last look in the mirror. She was the epitome of sexiness. The soft blue material hung nicely off her, clung to the curves of her behind tightly. She couldn't control herself any longer.

Daisy faced forward again, closed her eyes and stepped forward.

The transformation was instant. The gunge swallowed up the fantastically clad girl up totally, ripples on the surface were the only trace of her for a few seconds. Then she surfaced, a green monster. She gasped, this was a release of pent-up emotion, the climax of all the careful build up and preparation. Her dress, her painstakingly styled hair, her makeup, all were utterly ruined. She had lost one of her shoes. Daisy laughed out loud at herself and at what she had just done. Just three short days ago trashing an outfit like this would have been madness, a disaster. Now it was possibly the greatest feeling she had ever experienced in her life.

Daisy dived under to try to recover her shoe. It was not easy to find and took several attempts. Finally she located it

and threw it over the side. She very sloppily climbed out of the gunge filled barrel. She picked up the shoe from the concrete floor and put it back on without bothering to empty it out first. Her toes squished into the slop and gunge was squeezed over the sides of the shoe. The mess seeped into the soles of her opaque hold-ups.

She looked at her reflection in the mirror. What a sight! What a difference from when she had stood in this same position just minutes earlier. Conventionally she was a wreck, a disgusting slime covered heap. But to Daisy this was the most beautiful she had ever felt in her life. She was gorgeous, a green goddess.

She paraded up and down, wet splodgy noises accompanying her. The dress was so clingy, it moved over her body seductively. It was an exhilarating feeling, being carressed gently in this way by the saturated material. Daisy drank in the emotions the green goo was giving her like a connoisseur.

Daisy was satisfied an at home now. Whereas previously she had felt like she was on a quest, a crusade to find the one utterly perfect gunging, this was more like the beginning of a journey, a journey of gunge. And she somehow that night that the journey would last for the rest of her life. Where would it take her? Who knows...

The next step was obvious, though. Having now gunged herself three times it was someone else's turn. The next stage was to witness the complete and utter destruction on the woman who had started her down this road: Miss Blossom.

IV

The morning of the fete dawned. Daisy lay in bed, wide awake, looking at the Sun's rays streaming through her thin curtains. Last night she'd been afraid that there might be bad weather, causing the postponement, or worse the cancellation of the day's events. But no, the bright sunshine outside confirmed that the day would be fine and warm. She could sense it, taste it: The day ahead was sure to be the best day of her life.

The omens were good: The high target of 300 pounds donated from each and every year had been exceeded comfortably. The subject of gunge seemed to have captured the imagination of the whole school, it seemed every other conversation at Sploshington was about the impending doom of Miss Blossom. Surprisingly her reputation as a young, cool teacher had not been affected at all. Indeed, quite the opposite; she was if possible even more popular than ever.

Speculation was rife as to her reasons for volunteering for this treatment. The general consensus was that she wanted to do something good for charity and that she didn't mind a bit of mess. So far though only a select few actually knew how spectacular a sliming was in store, most thought it wouldn't be anything worse than maybe a few pies and the odd bucket of custard.

Rumours also abounded about there having two rather hefty donations from teachers - the two prime suspects were Mr. Drake and Miss Blossom. Whatever the source of income the fact remained that the only obstacle remaining was the 2000 pound target of money to be raised on the day.

Every year the fete had a theme and this year, to coincide with the completion of a certain movie franchise the theme this year was pirates. Daisy had therefore assembled an appropriate costume, as had all the other students involved in the running of the event. This consisted of a navy blue long sleeved top with thin white stripes, a black floaty skirt that was short but still respectable, black and white stripy long socks that were pulled up over her knees and a pair of pointy toed calf length black leather boots with a small heel.

As she got dressed after breakfast Daisy thought of Miss Blossom performing the same actions that morning. What would she feel like picking out and donning the clothes she knew that she would be gunged in? She wondered whether she would wear the suit that she always wore or whether she would cop out and wear some rubbishy old stuff. Daisy hoped against hope that it would be the suit.

Daisy put on a joke shop tri-cornered hat adorned with a jolly roger motif and looked at herself in the mirror. She was cute, very cute in that outfit, noone could resist donating money if she was asking. In fact it wouldn't half be a bad outfit to be gunged in. But no, that wasn't to be contemplated. For a start it was Miss Blossom's day, she daren't steal her thunder. Besides which Daisy wasn't too sure about public gungings yet.

It was time to get going, there was a lot of work to do. For a start it was going to take three trips in the car to get the barrels to school, then there were a million and one things to sort out. Daisy grabbed her car keys from her bedside table and went down to the garage.

Daisy pulled into the carpark for the third time that day. It

had been a truly titanic battle getting the enormous barrels of gunge into the back of her somewhat battered old car on her own - if she hadn't been so committed to the cause she might have given up. As she was stepping out of the car she heard a familiar voice behind her:

"Morning Daisy!" Miss Blossom! Her heart was in her mouth. What was she wearing? Daisy held her breath and turned round.

There she was, the victim, the gorgeous blonde teacher, standing there hands on hips wearing her elegant, sharply cut black trouser suit, with a crisp white shirt and black leather boots. Joy! Daisy's dream had come true, she was actually going to go in the slime in her usual finery.

There was no sign of apprehension on Miss Blossom's face, she looked as cool, calm and collected as ever. Daisy however was slightly flustered at that moment, so it was up to the teacher to make the next conversational gambit:

"That look ominous," she said, gesturing at the huge mass jammed into the back of the car.

"Er, yes, yes indeed. Everything's going to plan," replied Daisy.

"I bet it is," she smiled. "Anyway, I can see you have a lot to do so I'd better leave you to it. Enjoy the fete!" And with that she turned on her heel and sashayed off.

Daisy was absolutely sure that she would enjoy the fete very much given Miss Blossom's choice of apparel.

It was that afternoon, the sun had kept shining, the rain clouds kept behaving and stayed away and the fete was shaping up to be a great success. After seeing how difficult it must have been for Daisy to bring the barrels on her own the other girls

of the charity committee had immediately decided to take care of the rest of the gungy set up themselves and let her put her feet up for a while. Now though it was time for everyone to get busy, and all the girls were walking around in the crowds to shake buckets and gather cash. After all, there was a target to be reached.

The whole of the school's vast playing fields were taken up by the various activities of the fete. Everywhere you looked there were stalls and stands, everyone decked out with nautical or piratical decorations. Many of the attendees had gotten in to the spirit of things and there were more than a couple of eyepatches in evidence and a fair amount of (mercifully artificial) parrots on shoulders. It was a festival of colour and everyone was having fun.

At that precise moment in time Daisy was standing by the coconut shy being run by a man with a fake peg leg (or at least she hoped it was fake). A girl came up to her. Daisy half recognised her as being in the lower sixth, but she doubted she'd ever actually spoken to her.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi," replied Daisy, "can I help you?"

"Yeah, that bucket, are you collecting for Miss Blossom's gunging?"

"It certainly is."

"Awesome!"

"I take it you wish to donate?"

"I sure do. Miss Blossom's great."

"Do you think so?"

“Yeah, she’s raising loads of money, plus I bet it’ll be loads of fun!”

“Will it?” Daisy asked quizzically.

“Yeah, she’ll have a great time.” With that the girl dropped several pounds into the bucket and walked away. Daisy was left bemused. If the girl was a representative sample then her exploits with the barrels in the garage weren’t nearly as weird as she had first thought. Not that she was really bothered any more.

A little while later Daisy was still busy fundraising, but she’d given up keeping her vigil by the coconut shy and had decided to wander around for a bit. She was following the general Brownian motion of the crowd when a figure emerged from the masses and loomed in front of her. It was that master mechanic Mr. Drake.

“Hello there Daisy,” he said, “how are things going?”

“Very well thank you Mr. Drake,” she replied.

“Good good. Have you had a chance to admire my handiwork yet?” he asked.

“I’m afraid not Mr. Drake, the other girls were taking care of all the setting up this morning. I’ll be sure to take a close look at the mechanism later though.”

“You should, you should, do you know, I think it’s probably the best thing I’ve ever made. It’s going to be a fantastic day...” A strange, faraway look came into his eyes as he gazed into the distance. Daisy broke into his private reverie.

“Would you like to make a donation?” she asked.

“Oh, oh yes, yes of course.” He returned his attention to the situation in hand and dug around in his pocket. “It’s all for charity after all.” Finally he found what he was looking for.

“Here.” He dropped something into her bucket and walked off.

Daisy examined what Mr. Drake had left. Well if everyone was as generous as him there would be no trouble getting to the target: He’d given fifty pounds.

Half an hour later Daisy was still pursuing a nomadic existence wandering through the crowd and her astonishment was rising. Everywhere she went there were people coming up to her with smiles on their faces and each and every one was eager to give her money.

“Hi, collecting for the slime? Have this.”

“Donations? Sure, here you go.”

“Please take this, it’s all for a good cause after all.”

A lot of people seemed very interested in the details of the gunging, asking what exactly what was going to take place, which she answered by saying she was sworn to secrecy, or enquiring as to precisely why Miss Blossom had volunteered to do it, which she answered by saying that they would have to ask her in person. To Daisy’s bemusement the whole fete seemed to have gunge on its collective mind and she could feel the anticipation levels rising.

Daisy was also flabbergasted by the range of people who came up to her to give money. She thought the appeal of a gunging would be limited to the lower years, those who still watched messy kids’ gameshows and maybe the odd girl wanting revenge for a bad mark. But no, the whole spectrum of society represented amongst the donators, from little children still in primary school to the fathers of girls in the upper sixth. Yes, there were a lot of dads reaching for their wallet she found...

Four o’clock was rapidly approaching and the crowd was

thing somewhat. Daisy saw a familiar rather portly figure clad in a three piece tweed suit that had seen better days standing over by the merry-go-round casting a proprietorial eye over proceedings. When his patrician gaze lighted upon Daisy Mr. Brown hailed her in a stentorian voice:

“Ah, there you are!” She obligingly wet up to him.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Brown,” she said meekly.

“Good afternoon, Daisy. I see you have been doing rather well for yourself.”

“Yes I have, the bucket is getting rather heavy now.” She took the opportunity to rest it on the ground for a while.

“Indeed, why just look at it, it’s positively bulging!” The headteacher was not wrong, Daisy had barely been able to carry it at all for the last ten minutes. Mr. Brown tucked his thumbs behind his lapels and puffed out his chest.

“A very impressive effort from you, young lady, and from all the other young ladies on the charity committee. This is probably the most money we’ve ever raised at the summer fete, in fact I wouldn’t be surprised if it’s the most money we’ve got from any event full stop. Everyone’s shown a great sense of charity and desire to help others less fortunate than themselves. Tremendous school spirit.” His eyes grew misty. “You know I feel very proud of Sploshington Girls’ School at times like these...” He looked wistfully into the middle distance for a while before bringing himself back down to earth.

“Harumph, anyway. I believe we’re well past the target I set. Go and drop that bucket off in the office with the rest of the money then be a good girl and fetch Miss Blossom would you.” He moved away to lecture to some other unfortunate on

the munificence of the school and its abundance of spirit.

Daisy couldn't believe that it was actually happening, that it was all coming true just as she'd imagined. They'd raised more than enough money, Miss Blossom was going to receive the gunging of her life and she'd decided to wear her suit. And she was to be the one to deliver the message of execution.

Daisy meandered around the fete in a dream like state searching for Miss Blossom, she was on cloud nine, her feet barely touched the ground. Something caught her eye. There she was! She admired view of the blonde teacher's back as she approached her. She was standing by one of the stalls that were selling a variety of inexpensive goods to the crowd. This particular one was selling a selection of home made cakes baked by the matronly lady's of the local Women's Institute. Miss Blossom was studying a very large cake with a great deal of thick, sloppy cream and had an interesting expression on her face.

Daisy stood back for a moment and admired her. She was looking particularly beautiful that day, her hair golden and shining, her face flawless, her lips just a perfect shade of rosy red. Her suit was spotless, at least for now and gave her the air of the epitome of cool, neat professionalism. She was just perfect, ripe for gunging, crying out for a sliming.

Miss Blossom turned round.

"Hello Daisy," she said. Once more Daisy was rendered speechless in the presence of this flaxen haired beauty and could only manage to move her mouth silently.

"What's the matter? Were you looking for me?" Daisy found her voice from somewhere.

"Er, yes, er... yes, I was..." She blushed, embarrassed by her

lack of composure.

"Are you here to give me some bad news perhaps?" Miss Blossom asked. Daisy pulled herself together, come on, this wouldn't do at all.

"I'm afraid so Miss Blossom," she replied, "I've just been to see Mr. Brown and he says that we've reached the 2000 target. Exceeded it by some way in fact."

"Oh dear, oh dear," said the teacher, and pulled a mock sad face, though she was struggling to conceal her obvious inner delight. "You mean to say that all the good people who came to this fete have given their money and now I have to give my self up into your hand and let myself be subjected to whatever horrible gungy punishment you twisted girls have come up with?" She could barely disguise her smile after this speech, and Daisy found her enthusiasm to be rather infectious.

"I'm afraid so, Miss B!"

"You wicked, wicked girls," said the teacher playfully, "I'm on tenter hooks waiting to find out what you've got in store for me!"

"Oh it's going to be special Miss B, very special!" cried Daisy who was by now bouncing up and down on her tiptoes with excitement, she just couldn't contain herself.

"In the hall is it? Where everyone can see me?"

"Oh yes, the hall is where we've set up your doom!"

"Oh no! I bet it's going to be absolutely horrible!"

"It certainly is!" The two ladies were working themselves up into a frenzy of mutual excitement.

Then came the hammer blow.

“Right, tell everyone I’ll be there in ten minutes, I just have to get changed first...” and with that she turned on her heel and headed off for the school buildings.

Disaster!

Daisy’s face fell, her heart sank, she stopped bouncing with joy and instead slumped her shoulders in disappointment. No! It couldn’t be! Why oh why had she never even contemplated that she would have brought a change of clothes and that she would change into them first. After all this! After building her expectation up so much, after sending the signals that she understood gunging and that it needed to be done in proper, nice looking clothes, after so much anticipation, Miss Blossom had cruelly, wantonly dashed Daisy’s hopes to smithereens.

She wondered what she was going to change in to. A baggy t-shirt probably, jogging bottoms, maybe an old pair of battered trainers if she was lucky. Daisy felt like just falling to her knees right then and there and crying. She restrained herself however, and joined the general movement of the crowd and trudged off towards the hall to watch the gunging with a heavy heart.

Daisy examined her feelings. Why was she being like this? Come on, pull yourself together Daiz - the gunging was still going ahead, the pool and the dunktank were still going to be used, Miss Blossom was still going to get completely covered. And yet there was a fly in the ointment, the plan wasn’t being completed exactly how she’d imagined. Her various exploits over the past few days with the barrels in the garage had given her a good grounding in the subject of gunging and one major conclusion she had come to was that the outfit was key. It was all very well to wear something comfortable and that felt good,

but this was a public, not a private sliming. The whole point was to start out looking smart and sexy and then to have that image totally and utterly ruined.

She had thought that Miss Blossom understood this too. Every sign she'd gotten from her said that she was intimately acquainted with the subtle nuances of how to make a sliming successful and how to make it fun both for the gungee and the audience. Then came this slap in the face. Daisy just couldn't comprehend it. A chilling thought struck her: Maybe she was odd after all, maybe it was really strange for her to have gunged herself. Miss Blossom must have been doing it for the money all along, there was no one who found this stuff fun except for her, Daisy the little freak.

It was so dispiriting having come so close to perfection, to have found the proper T.V. style gunge on the internet, to have found the swimming pool, to have had Mr. Drake spend all his time and effort first drawing up plans then building with his bare hands the dunktank. Now it was all for nothing, everything was a waste, or so it seemed at that moment to Daisy. The gunging had come so very close to how she'd imagined it, but that just emphasised the lack of perfection, it seemed to mock her.

She could barely see the people around her, she held her head down, looking dispiritedly at the floor as she was swept along with the great torrent of humanity heading in the general direction of the school hall. All around her there was excited chatter:

"Is it time?"

"Yeah, it's time alright!"

"Is this the right way?"

“Yes, it’s happening in the hall.”

“Miss Blossom’s gonna get it!”

“Cool!”

Every little comment that she overheard stung like an arrow. Didn’t these people get it? There was no point to this any more, there was nothing to be excited about after what Miss Blossom had said. Daisy shrank further into her shell.

The hall was very large, much bigger than the school really needed on a regular basis, but on this occasion its size was going to be fully utilized. There was quite a din in there already, the busy chatter of the incoming people drifting up towards the high ceiling. As it was a special occasion the charity committee had been able to get permission to have the temporary seating banks erected that were usually only used for things like school plays. This was good as the seating banks had a decent rake to them, meaning everyone could get a good view of the stage. The heavy dark blue curtains were firmly closed, concealing the apparatus of doom and keeping the growing audience in suspense.

Already the hall was over three quarters full and there were still huge numbers of people outside queuing to get in. Daisy would have had severe difficulties finding a good seat were it not for the fact that as a member of the charity committee she’d had one reserved for her. She slowly made her way to it, her brain still on autopilot, her senses still dazed. Every single person around her was bubbling with enthusiasm, but not her, not Daisy. She found her designated seat and plopped herself down and slumped forward and continued her private little sulk.

The seats were virtually all filled now, but still the people streamed in, they filled the aisles and crammed into the door-

ways, there was not an inch of room left in view of the stage that could possibly accommodate someone. Daisy looked around. She just couldn't comprehend why these people were so happy, why their faces were so full of hope. Why did they not realise? This was all in vain, all the countless dreams she'd had were ultimately going to end in disappointment, all the plans were ruined.

The atmosphere was electric now, the audience were eager for the main event. Daisy was left cold though, she was an island of despair in a sea of happiness. Some bright spark started stomping their feet and soon the whole crowd had joined in. The temporary stands shook, they were in danger of collapse, the audience were baying for the gunge but every stomp was a killer blow to Daisy, she was still utterly miserable.

Realising that he would have to do something or he would soon have a riot on his hands, Mr. Brown stood up and called for order. He clapped his hands several times, his usual way of attracting attention, but they payed him no heed. Eventually he had to resort to shouting rather loudly and enlisting the help of several teachers to quell the more rowdy elements of the mob. Over five minutes later he was finally ready to begin; he puffed out his chest and proceeded to proclaim:

"Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, welcome one and all to the annual Sploshington Girls' School Grand Summer Fete. It is indeed a very gratifying sight for me to see so many of you here today to support our school. I hope that you have all had a very good time, I was walking around the stalls a little while earlier and it certainly seemed to me that a good deal of fun was being had.

“Sploshington Girls’ School has a very proud history. Our academic record is superb, easily the best in the region, and while we have not of course received this year’s results as yet, I gather from my staff that there is no cause for alarm. In fact I believe we may we’ll be on course for our best grades ever. The senior netball team has come top of their league, continuing a run of five straight titles and the hockey team came a very close second - not that it’s the winning that counts of course, its the effort and sense of fair play. In addition to all this the drama and musical scene at Sploshington is as strong as it always has been.”

Oh no, thought Daisy, not only has the day been ruined but now she was going to have to sit through one of Mr. Brown’s interminably uninteresting speeches. When would the man realise the truth that was evident to everyone else, that he was profoundly dull?

“The girls who attend Sploshington are extremely privileged to come here, but they have always been willing, nay eager to help those less fortunate than themselves both within the local community and further afield. This time however I think we have surpassed ourselves. When this idea was first presented to me I have to admit that I had severe reservations. I was not convinced about either the practicalities or about the level of interest such an event would generate.”

Wow this guy loves the sound of his own voice, thought Daisy as she descended further into her miasma of gloom.

“However my doubts were positively swept away thanks in no small matter to the tremendous efforts of the Sploshington School Charity Committee.” The crowd had been growing more

restless by the word and this was the opportunity they had been looking for to break the shackles of silence. An enormous wave of applause spread through the audience and Daisy roused herself enough to notice that a lot of people were looking admiringly at her. Fools! she thought, there was nothing to be pleased about, it was all a big let down. However she still managed to smile weakly and give a small wave to her deluded fans. Mr. Brown managed to wrest control back and continued:

“Yes, yes, thank you very much charity committee, you’ve made logistics go like a charm. A very big thank you is also due to all of you as well, as your generosity has been quite amazing. The splendid girls of the maths club have been very busy, not just today but over the past week, and they have counted up all your donations. I am flabbergasted, ladies and gentlemen by the enormity of the sum that you have given. I have it written down here and can now reveal to you that the grand total of your donations is,” he paused for a second for dramatic effect. Daisy wasn’t feeling it though. “Eight thousand, three hundred and twenty-two pounds and fifty pence, it’s a new school record!”

The audience cheered and applauded themselves for several minutes. Daisy was comforted somewhat by this, it was a very large amount after all and it was all going to charity. But what was all the money for? She knew that today wasn’t about the money, it was about the gunge, and that was ultimately going to be a disappointment. After a bit more self congratulation the crowd quietend down enough for the headmaster to carry on:

“Well done, you’ve all surpassed yourselves. Now I don’t want to go on for too long,” too late thought Daisy, “so I’ll make my last point and then get off the stage. Finally I want

to say a big thank you to the one person who has made today possible more than anyone else. The woman who has been the catalyst for this great outpouring of giving, who despite the fact that she's only been at Splashington for a relatively short space of time has shown wonderful school spirit. The woman who has made a great personal sacrifice and deserves nothing but praise: Miss Blossom."

At the mention of her name the audience let out their loudest cheer yet, clapping of hands, stomping of feet, general expressions of riotous appreciation. They continued for ages, Mr. Brown making calming gestures frantically but to no avail. Daisy looked at the people like they were mad, there was no reason in the world to be happy, this was the worst day ever. The headmaster eventually gave up his unequal fight to regain some form of control and contented himself by shouting out the announcement of his departure:

"Thank you! Thank you very much! Now I'd like to hand over proceedings to a member of the charity committee!" he bellowed before beating a retreat from the stage and taking cover.

It was Alice who had put herself forward to me the mistress of ceremonies and Daisy was not surprised; in addition to being on the charity committee she was one of the leading lights of the drama society, and would enjoy a chance to hog the limelight. She bounded onto the stage with her best cheesy showbiz smile. At least there was no chance of her being as boring as Mr. Brown had been, thought Daisy.

"Good afternoon Splashington!" she yelled, "are you having a good time?" The crowd responded with a few cheers, a few

whoops and a few cries of “yes!”, but this wasn’t good enough for Alice.

“I can’t hear you, I said are you having a good time?”

“Yes!” The audience responded with a slightly more coherent, and crucially louder voice this time.

“Excellent! Woo!” She bounced around on the front of the stage while the audience clapped and cheered some more.

“Are you ready for the what you’ve been waiting for?”

“Yes!”

“Well that’s good because...” here her voice dropped to a dramatic stage whisper, “...it’s been an awesome fete, everyone’s had some fun, we’ve all raised some cash...but now, now it’s time for...” she crescendoed suddenly up to a huge roar, “THE MAIN EVENT!” The audience went absolutely wild, they were frenzied now, practically screaming. Alice was sure enjoying her little turn in the spotlight, thought Daisy, she was enjoying it even more than her recent star turn in *Cats*. Still, she was good at her job, she worked the crowd like a master.

“It’s time for the slime!” she yelled, provoking new, unknown heights of excitement. “Remember that our victim has no idea what we have planned, this will be a complete surprise to her. Shall we open the curtains and reveal what we have in store for her?”

“Yes!”

“Are you ready?”

“Yes!”

“I can’t hear you, I said are you ready?”

“YES!” That truly ear-splitting response seemed to at last satiate Alice and she gestured to unseen stagehands to pull open

the curtains that had been hiding the rest of the stage through all this time. The crowd was quietened for a minute, gasps and whispered “ewws” were suddenly the order of the day rather than the shouts of a moment before.

Even Daisy, who knew what was coming was slightly shocked. They’d sensibly covered the floor with clear plastic sheeting that reflected the harsh stage lighting and gave everything sitting on it an almost ethereal glow. The pool looked even bigger than she remembered now that it was standing on the stage, filling almost all of the available room. It was filled to within six inches of the brim with the familiar gunge, they’d simply tipped it in with no attempt to mix it together to make it homogenous, so that there were isolated pools of blue, purple and green. It looked better than it had ever looked before now it was all dumped together in a multicolored splodge, the stagelights giving it a shimmer and glisten that emphasised the gunge’s horribly slimy qualities.

The dunking machine looked surprisingly professional given it’s home grown origins in Mr. Drake’s workshop and the short amount of time he’d had to knock it together. A large amount of jet black sheeting had been tacked on to cover most of the inner workings making it look like a tall, brooding dark box, not dissimilar to something Stanley Kubric would feature in one of his films, only with a gap in its middle section for a chair made of black plastic with a bright red ‘X’ emblazoned on the seat. An ominously large nozzle directly above this contributed to the impression that the chair might not be an entirely safe place to sit down. The controls were situated right next to the tank and were just as Mr. Drake had described, with two big, impor-

tant looking levers, one red and one yellow. The outer ring of the pool had been decorated with a number of paintings of abstract splodges obviously meant to represent blobs of slime and a gigantic banner had been erected over it bearing the legend: "Gunge Miss Blossom!" It was a brilliant setup, a beautiful sight and the audience loved it.

Daisy was captivated too for a second. Then the memory of twenty minutes earlier came back to her: "I just have to get changed first..." The smart sexy suit was safe in the girls' changing room, her dreams had been shattered and the apparatus in front of her wasn't going to ruin it as she had hoped. The wonderful machinery in front of her was impotent. It was an abuse to use such a fantastic setup to mess up someone in ugly, old clothes, why couldn't anyone else see this? It was positively painful for Daisy to watch, she was on the verge of bursting into tears, she couldn't bare to look any more. She turned her eyes away and stared down at her feet, slumping even further down in her seat, all in all she was in a state of complete desolation.

The crowd had begun to clap rhythmically, the sound pounded into Daisy's skull, her mood decreased in inverse proportion to the anticipation level of the crowd. Alice decided to whip the crowd up further.

"Shall we bring on the victim? Do you want to see her?" she cried.

"YES!" screamed the crowd with one voice as Daisy's head sunk down even more.

It might have seemed like the noise had reached its peak, but what had gone before was nothing to the eruption of sheer cacophony that occurred at that moment. Wild applause rap-

turous shouts, the stamping of feet, all of these contributed to an absolutely deafening decibel level, it put the noise of a football crowd to shame, it was louder than an aircraft taking off.

Daisy tried to shut this out for a while, but then she became aware of a strange quality to the reaction of the audience. Along with the normal cheers that she'd heard before there were numerous wolfwhistles and catcalls and the male voices seemed to be giving particular appreciation. There seemed to be a certain amount of trouser readjustment going on Daisy noticed as she glanced around the crowd before finally turning her gaze towards the stage.

Her heart stopped.

Joy! Extacy! Happiness unbounded! Daisy was jerked out of her gloomy mood in a nanosecond, her emotions soared higher than an eagle's eyrie. Everything made sense, everything was alright now, everything was perfect again. That was why she was going to get changed, of course! Daisy should never have doubted her for a minute. She felt shock, excitement, relief, she went through all the ratcheting up of mood that Alice had gotten from the crowd over the last fifteen minutes in about five seconds. She leapt to her feet and joined the frenzied cheering, shouting: "Go Miss Blossom! Wooooooo!" The audience stood with her and gave the figure that had stepped on to the stage a standing ovation of epic proportions.

Miss Blossom had had to be led out of the wings by an assistant as she had on a thick blindfold to keep the method of her downfall a secret for a while longer. Her lovely golden tresses had been styled in two long pigtails tied at the ends with red ribbons and a little white flower was tucked behind her ear. A

straw boater with a wide, clean red band adorned her head. Her makeup had been done more heavily, more stereotypically than before, but still with great skill and it still brought out her inherent beauty and stayed well below slapper levels. She had deep red lips and smoldering mascara but her most noticeable feature was the pattern of three brown dots drawn on each of her flawless cheeks to make stylised freckles, very, very cute.

It was apparent from just these small details that Miss Blossom had decided to dress up for her gunging in a schoolgirl costume. How fantastic! What a brilliant idea! A teacher, a grown woman dressed as a schoolgirl, what a delicious role reversal, and her face just radiated a delectable vulnerability. She had on a bright, dazzlingly white shirt with a buttoned up collar and a Sploshington school tie pulled up to her neck. Over this she was wearing a tight fitting crimson blazer with a Sploshington school badge on it. She in fact had dressed up as a schoolgirl at the very school she was a teacher at! What wonderful irony! What a brilliant touch!

Daisy had severe doubts about whether this particular uniform would ever get past the teachers' strict gaze. Her quite fabulous legs were clad in fishnet tights and her skirt was rather short, pleated and made of sexy black leather. Lovely! That wasn't even the most outrageous part of her outfit either.

Miss Blossom's boots were not the ones she was wearing earlier, though they were also made of black leather. They had a pointed toe, a thin heel, a tall heel over five inches high, and an inch platform. The zips on the inside went up to the calf. The shafts of the boots had a dull matt finish and were a little loose on the leg, but in a nice, sexy way. The shafts reached up

past her elegant calves, up to her knees - and then up past the knee for a good nine inches. Thigh high boots! Miss Blossom was wearing thigh high boots!

The wolfwhistles continued, and Daisy joined in with enthusiasm. She couldn't believe it! Miss Blossom, her fantastically attractive teacher, standing there with her pigtails in her school-girl outfit, her leather miniskirt and thigh high boots was the sexiest sight she'd ever seen, and what was even better was that she was about to get totally slimed.

She was taking little nervous steps back and forth as she took in the reaction of the audience, her skirt flapping against her fishnetted legs, she was tugging gently at the tops of her incredible boots and had a huge smile on her face. She had been uncertain at first but was swept along with the crowds applause and was by now quite clearly loving being the centre of attention. Alice decided to conduct a little impromptu interview with the victim to prolong her agony.

"Hello Miss Blossom!" she said to her.

"Hello," the teacher looked about a little bewildered as she of course was still wearing the blindfold. "Is that you Alice?"

"Yes, it's me!" Alice was positively relishing the situation of being in charge. "How are you feeling right now Miss Blossom?"

"Hee hee!" she gave out a little giggle, "right now I'm a wee bit nervous!" Nervous she may have been, anxious to know what was going to happen to herself perhaps, but there wasn't even the tiniest smidgen of embarrassment as she stood there dressed like a sexy schoolgirl in a blindfold.

"Well I think you should be afraid, Miss Blossom, you should be very afraid!" crowed the mistress of ceremonies.

“Oh no!”

“Oh yes! Do you want to see what’s in store for you?”

“Not really Alice, I’m sure it’s going to be absolutely awful!”

She stretched out the last word to try to impart some verisimilitude, but it was quite obvious to every single person in the hall that she couldn’t wait for what was coming to her, she was dying for the slime.

“Well that’s too bad Miss Blossom, because I can now reveal that what’s going to happen to you....is THIS!” And with that Alice whipped away the blindfold with one smooth movement.

Miss Blossom’s eyes grew until they were the size of saucers and her mouth hung wide open, her entire face a picture of pure astonishment. She drank in the size of the pool, the depth of the gunge, the seat inside the box that she didn’t know precisely what was for but couldn’t be good news. She had been expecting something good, but this was quite clearly beyond her wildest dreams. Her face suddenly broke its mask of disbelief and she broke out in a huge smile.

“Wooo!” she screamed, and jumped up and down with joy and excitement.

The audience had started their rhythmic hand clap again, they were baying for the gorgeous schoolgirl in front of them to take the slime. They began to chant as well:

“Gunge! Gunge! Gunge!”

Alice lead Miss Blossom to the chair of doom where she slowly and gingerly sat down right on the big red ‘X’. She sat bolt upright, her clenched fists resting on her lap her eyes screwed tightly shut, quivering with emotion. Alice pulled the yellow lever forward. There was a rumbling, churning sound

and a few bubbles appeared on the hitherto placid surface of the pool. The tension was killing Miss Blossom and it wasn't doing much good for Daisy either.

"Are you ready for the gunge!" yelled Alice at the top of her voice.

"YES!" screamed the crowd as one.

"Let's have a countdown from ten! Ten!"

"Nine! Eight!"

The entire audience had joined in now, marking the seconds till Miss Blossom met her fate.

"Seven! Six!" Daisy just couldn't believe it, from the depths of despair she had been lifted and now the whole scene was absolute perfection.

"Five! Four!"

Daisy couldn't take her eyes off the stage, she gazed fixatedly at the sight of the sexy schoolgirl in the dunktank.

"Three!"

Miss Blossom started shaking even more now and started a high pitched squeal of excitement.

"Two!"

Her squealing intensified.

"One!"

There was a pause, a moment of complete silence. Daisy held her breath. The audience held their breath. Miss Blossom stopped her squealing and held her breath. Alice the executioner pushed the yellow lever and time seemed to go in slow motion.

A great torrent of mainly purple gunge gushed out of the nozzle and knocked her straw hat off. It impacted on her head and fountained off in a great plume. Her lovely blonde hair

was being coated in gunk the nice little flower behind her ear had been swept away, the slime was dripping off the ends of her pigtails. The river changed colour to being largely blue now and it poured down over her jacket, soaking in to the thick material. The blazer couldn't protect her white shirt either, it was being stained beyond repair by the gunge and it oozed down her front, some gunge going over her collar and some seeping inside it to slide over her bare skin.

There was over a gallon held in the tank and the torrent kept coming, a load of green gunge pooled in her leather clad lap where it proceeded to run off and seep into her tights. Her boots had escaped most of the damage, at least on the outside, but a good deal of gunge had found its way inside them, ending up squidging around her lovely fishnet clad feet.

Daisy could only imagine what Miss Blossom was going through, what that gunging must have felt like, but she had a clue from the fact that she was screaming throughout, a great primal yell of sheer pleasure. This was almost drowned out by the accompanying roar from the crowd going absolutely wild as they saw the pretty teacher get totally gunged.

As soon as the dunktank stopped the cruel, callous Alice placed both her hands on the red lever and pulled it with great force. The mechanism that Mr. Drake had constructed worked like a charm, a spring at the back powered the plastic seat forward. Miss Blossom was thrust upwards and outwards over the middle of the swimming pool, limbs flailing. She hung in the air for a moment, then she plunged into the gunge and disappeared from sight amongst an immense splash of slime. The audience were on their feet again, they were going absolutely bananas,

shouts, screams, whoops, a wall of noise. Daisy was with them, caught up in the wave of emotion, she could think of nothing other than being right here right now witnessing Miss Blossom being reduced to a gooey mess.

It took about thirty seconds, but at last she surfaced with a yell of joy spraying droplets of gunge everywhere. She struggled to her feet, unsteady under the cloying influence of the slime, finally she made it, though the gunk still came up almost to her waist. The gunge flowed off her, blue, purple, green, it fell off her matted hair, dripped of the end of her pigtails and ran out of the sleeves of her blazer, she had been reduced from the pretty, beautiful, sexy schoolgirl of before to a dripping, horrible, unrecognisable slimy mess. And she loved it. She raised her arms up in triumph and the crowd was with her, celebrating her sliming. She jumped up and down in the gunge a few times causing great waves to crash around the pool before flopping back down into the slime with exhaustion to just absorb the reaction of the audience.

Daisy was enraptured. This was better than she could have here dared to hope, she was emotionally drained, felt weak at the knees and had to sit down for a minute. Miss Blossom had somehow managed to locate her hat and she placed it back on her head, still full and screwed up her face in a comedy grimace as even more gunge cascaded over her ruined locks.

Mr. Brown let the adulation continue for a while but then hauled himself up back on to the stage (making very sure to keep well clear of all the mess of course) and prepared to wrap up proceedings. For once in his life he decided to be succinct.

“Thank you very much ladies and gentlemen, thank you very

much for attending the Splohington Girls' School Grand Summer Fete!" he shouted over the continuing noise of the crowd, "thank you charity committee! Thank you very much Miss Blossom! Please come again next year! Goodbye!" The audience gave a valedictory cheer and several more standing ovations as Miss Blossom waved to her fans. Finally they grew tired, quieted down and began to file slowly out.

Daisy took the opportunity to walk up to the stage to get a closer look at Miss Blossom. On closer examination her destruction was even more complete than had appeared from afar, there was not a square inch of her that was not covered in either blue or purple or green, the mess moved over her body in a disgusting fashion, she glistened wetly. At the moment she was attempting to do the breaststroke across the gunge pool. She was not having much success, but this didn't seem to be affecting her enjoyment much.

"Hee hee!" she said to Daisy, "no, I think it's just too difficult to swim in this skirt and these boots." She stood up and smiled at her. Daisy was enthralled, but for the first time in about a week she wasn't tongue tied.

"They look very nice though," she said.

"Thank you!" replied Miss Blossom, and took her leather skirt in her hands and performed a cute little curtsey, "but don't you think they're not looking their best at the moment?" Daisy examined her clothes. They were a mess. She looked at her face. It still had a sheen of slime over it, her makeup had been almost entirely washed away, but Daisy had truly never seen her looking more beautiful than she had at that moment.

"I think you're looking just fine," she said. Miss Blossom

laughed and splashed the surface of the slime. A single droplet flew out and landed on Daisy's skirt. She stared at it.

"Sorry," said Miss Blossom.

"That's quite alright," she replied before wiping it off. Their eyes met. There was a mutual recognition of kindred spirits. The moment was broken by the rest of the charity committee coming up.

"Well Miss Blossom, how did you like it?" asked Alice.

"I loved it," grinned the teacher, "it was great fun. A very nice job with the setup by the way."

"That's OK, said Fran."

"Where did you get this swimming pool? And who on earth built that dunktank?" she asked.

"The pool's mine!" piped up Kirsty, "I thought it'd do nicely."

"And the dunktank was all Mr. Drake's doing," added Laura.

"Mr. Drake, eh? I'll have to thank him personally later," said Miss Blossom with a wicked smile.

The group was interrupted by Mr. Brown who coughed and said:

"Er, excuse me, Miss Blossom," he said hesitantly, "but there are a few gentlemen of the press here who'd like to meet you if that's not too much trouble..." An enthusiastic young man with a camera round his neck immediately pushed past him and introduced himself.

"Hi, Sam Scoop, Sploshington Gazette, " he spoke quickly, "I'd like to get a few pictures if that's alright with you Miss, er, Miss..."

"Blossom," replied Miss Blossom, "and I'd be delighted."

The blonde teacher needed no further encouragement and the rest of them stood back as she posed countless times for him, standing in the gunge, lying in it, swimming around in it. She smiled for him, she pulled goofy faces, she batted her eyelashes sexily at him. Some of the aspects she struck wouldn't have looked out of place in a page three shoot. Mr. Scoop lapped it up and used three rolls of film before at last being sated.

That wasn't it though, Daisy's mouth hung open in amazement as an entire film crew appeared as if from nowhere, announced that they were from the local news and they'd like to do a brief segment on this fundraising event for the evening report. Miss Blossom of course agreed to this, she was lapping up the attention, and went through her whole posing routine again for them. Then they asked if they could film the dunking again, she looked at them as if to say, I thought you were never going to ask, and climbed out of the pool.

The slime poured off her in waves and splattered onto the floor. It was a good job they'd had the foresight to put the plastic sheeting down, Daisy thought. With her hat back on for the first time in a while the schoolgirl costume was still just about recognisable under the layers of multicolored slime. She squelchily walked over to the seat but half way there she paused and said:

"Just a moment." She sat down in the middle of the floor and lifted her right leg in the air. A wet stream of gunge poured out of her thigh high boot and splashed on to the ground, some of it running down her leg and under her skirt, which must have been an interesting sensation. She then repeated the action with her left boot while Daisy suffered palpitations watching.

Miss Blossom sat back down on the seat and bounced up and down, eager for the return to the slime. It came soon enough and she screamed even louder, if that was possible, as she was unceremoniously dumped back into the pit of slime. The camera crew wanted it done again, of course, and then again from a different angle, and then again and again...

She revelled in the gunge, relishing the feeling every time a new load of slime was dumped on her head, and every time she was propelled back into the gunge. Miss Blossom loved gunge.

So too did Daisy. She had been right, this was the best day of her life.

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The day was not over yet, of course. The T.V. people had finally had their fill and Miss Blossom had eventually staggered off to the showers, though without emptying her boots, a detail that Daisy did not fail to notice. She had gone shouting over her shoulder:

“In a state like this I might just go in the shower fully clothed!” which had made Daisy feel weak at the knees.

Now she was alone, everyone was off doing their own cleanup related jobs leaving Daisy the task of getting the gunge out of the pool and back into the three large barrels. She wasn’t doing this right now, however. Now she was just standing on the stage, waiting, reflecting. It was peaceful in there for the first time in a long time, and Daisy was thinking back over what had happened.

She walked up to the dunktank. It looked almost familiar to her now, though it had lost none of its dark looming presence. She sat down in the chair and settled back. She just wanted to see what it was like, to imagine what Miss Blossom would have been feeling when she sat on it for the first time, the crowd shouting and screaming and counting down the seconds to her gooey annihilation.

Suddenly Daisy felt very naughty indeed. She realised that with all the commotion caused by the multiple dunkings required by the cameraman she had no idea whether the tank hovering above her head had been left loaded or not. She could reach the controls from the seat. She could play a gungy game of Russian roulette with herself if she wanted. A fifty-fifty chance,

either she got off scot free, remained totally clean if the tank was empty. Or, if it was full, she got a sliming. She felt excited, tense. If she did get slimed she had no change of clothes with her. She would have to at the very least run the gauntlet through the still very busy carpark to her car before she could drive home for a shower. People would see her, there was no excuse for her to be messy, she wasn't raising any money.

She was very tense now, certain she was going to do it, and felt very naughty indeed. Daisy looked down at her stripy top, her black skirt, her long socks, her boots.

She pulled the yellow lever.

Nothing happened for a moment. Then Daisy's world went dark. The wet impact dislodged her hat, slammed into her head, splashed everywhere. This was such a brilliant feeling! Such a different feeling from the barrels, more violent, she was being washed away in a tide of slime. The gunge ran down the back of her neck, down her front, into her lap, over her skirt, over her socks, into her boots. She loved it.

At long last the torrent stopped. She was left breathless. She didn't care about having to go through the carpark now, she didn't even think of it. All she could think about was the cold slime oozing over her and seeping into her clothes. Fantastic.

There were footsteps. Daisy's heart stopped. Some one was coming! Someone was going to find her! She was frozen for a moment, panic overwhelming her brain. There was no way out, what was she going to do? Hide, she must hide at once. She jumped down off the seat and looked around her. The footsteps were getting nearer now. Hurriedly she rang into the wings and hid herself behind a curtain.

The footsteps continued to approach, closer and closer, then stopped by the pool. Daisy dared to peek round the side of the curtain. She could just about make out a shadowy indistinct figure. It went up to the dunktank and paused, looking down at the floor. Oh no! Daisy thought, footprints, she must have left gungey footprints all along the ground. The figure turned and slowly began to approach Daisy's hiding place. She was petrified, rooted to the spot, her discovery was imminent. There was nothing she could do, nowhere she could run. She was quaking in her slightly slimy boots.

The curtain was swept aside.

"Daisy!" an astonished voice said. "Miss Blossom!" said the equally amazed Daisy. The teacher had cleaned herself up thoroughly and was back wearing her smart trouser suit, a slight dampness of her hair being the only sign that she hadn't been so spotless a few minutes ago.

"You're all messy!" she exclaimed looking at Daisy's appearance, "What on earth has happened to you?" Daisy cringed. She found her voice from somewhere.

"I'm sorry Miss Blossom, er, I, er...had a little bit of an accident..." she said timidly.

"Really? An accident?"

"Yes Miss." She looked down at the ground in shame.

"Oh I don't think so Daisy," said Miss Blossom, "I don't think so at all." The girl cowered in fear. "I think you just slimed yourself on purpose. I've seen the way you've been looking at me these past few days." She stalked back towards the dunktank, her heels clicking authoritatively on the floor. "I've noticed the way you react to the mention of gunge." On that last word she

pushed the yellow lever forward with a jerk.

"You like this, don't you? You enjoy being gunged, and seeing others being gunged as well?"

"Yes Miss," replied Daisy in the smallest voice imaginable.

"I bet you were looking forward to seeing me slimed, and I bet you were looking forward to me wearing this suit, weren't you?"

"Yes Miss."

"Well", continued Miss Blossom as she sat down in the chair, "would you like to see me gunged in this suit?"

Daisy's mouth fell open. There was silence. Miss Blossom slowly and coquettishly crossed her long, shapely legs.

"Well?" she pouted. Daisy was mesmerised. She looked at the gorgeous blonde and all her fear melted away. She felt it, felt the connection between herself and Miss Blossom, she just knew that this was right. She walked over to the controls and placed her hand on the yellow lever. She gazed into her eyes. Miss Blossom gazed back, and nodded slightly. Daisy looked at her, the beautiful woman sitting there awaiting the slime, the very image of sexy professionalism in her smart, elegant, pristine black trouser suit.

She pulled the lever. The slime fell on top of Miss Blossom, the gunge splattered all over her, this was incredible. She stayed sitting bolt upright as the ooze covered her, and in contrast to her previous dunkings was absolutely silent. Daisy was extatic, the beautiful suit was being ruined just like in her dreams. No, not like her dreams, this was better, this was real, this was actually happening.

Daisy pulled the red lever without hesitation, and Miss Bloss-

som was plunged into the huge pool of gunge once more. When she rose she was utterly changed, any air of authority any vestige of smartness gone, buried under the mound of disgusting, horrible, fantastic slime.

Miss Blossom reached out her arm and beckoned seductively with a messy finger.

“Do you want to join me?” she breathed.

Daisy nodded, dumbly. She ran forward and vaulted over the side of the pool, embracing the gunge, letting it rule her emotions. Miss Blossom moved her face close to hers. She wiped a slimy strand of hair away from Daisy’s face.

“Gunge is lovely.” she purred, and leaned in. Their lips met in a passionate, sloppy, messy kiss, their tongues mingling. They embraced tenderly and gradually sank below the surface of the slime.

Chapter 2

The Fate of the Rest

I

It had been a long few months, thought Daisy, as she stared out of the window at a pair of mangy grey pigeons pecking about in the garden. It was early evening, leaden clouds were on the move, gathering in the grey sky in an ominous manner. The brief time after leaving school had been full of incident, as cathartic a time for her as it is for anyone. Her friends and her had all moved on and there had been lots of changes in her life, in every facet of her life in fact.

She, like many of her contemporaries, had decided to delay going to university in order to raise some more funds, and to that end had a part time job in a local department store. The work

was not difficult and it payed well, she got on well with most of her co-workers without being overly friendly, but the overriding emotion the job inspired was boredom. On the one hand she was desperate to leave for the bright lights and excitement of university, but on the other hand there were certain very special delights that she would leave behind with a great deal of regret.

Daisy sighed deeply.

She had lost touch with a lot of her old schoolmates, the majority of which she couldn't care less about, but she had made sure to keep up with her close friends, and with one group in particular. However with the myriad of commitments that everyone had these days meant that opportunities to see them were strictly limited. Tonight, therefore, was a night to be savoured. For once all the old gang were in town and for once they were all free at the same time.

Daisy continued staring at the brainless birds meandering round on the grass and lost herself in her own thoughts. Finally she roused herself from her brown study and busied herself getting ready. She bustled about in a nervy way, a slight hand shake betraying her anxiety. It was as if she was preparing not for a casual night of drinks with the girls, but for some other, perhaps more sinister purpose.

She pulled on a light jacket, opened the door, decided it looked like rain, went back inside for an umbrella, changed out of her jacket into her long coat and set out hurriedly to make her asignation.

The sun was setting as Daisy approached the bar. She paused in front of the building and looked up at the tall, brooding brick facade. The gathering darkness lent it an almost

sinister air. She took a deep breath, pushed open the door and walked in. She looked around the room, half of the tables had people sitting at them, but a cursory glance revealed that she was the first to arrive. This was not surprising, her apprehension had resulted in her being a full ten minutes early.

Daisy went up to the bar, ordered a gin and tonic and took a large swig. She walked towards an empty table, changed her mind and sat down at a different one, took another large gulp and glanced around from side to side. Her whole demeanour radiated uncertainty. She took out her phone and made a call whilst drumming her fingers on the table. A dozen rings did nothing to calm her down, but at last a voice answered.

"Hi, I'm there...no, they're not here yet...yeah...just some reassurance I guess...ok...ok...yes, you're right...ok...thanks, babe, you're amazing. Bye." A happier Daisy hung up and sat back and continued sipping her drink.

She was again deeply lost in thought, staring at a ring left on the tabletop by a previous occupant's pint, when someone hailed her.

"Daiz! Hi!" She started and looked up with a smile.

"Fran! Great! Good to see you!" They hugged then stood back and regarded each other.

The new arrival was a young brunette of medium height, beaming with a dazzling smile and sparkling brown eyes, the face of a bubbly girl who was always out to have a lot of fun. Fran was very curvy in all the right places without having a figure that could ever be considered plump and was currently standing with arms akimbo with her head on one side.

"Damn, Daiz, how are you doing, girl?"

“Not bad Fran, not bad at all. How about you?”

“Good, apart from one thing, I’m gasping for a drink. You want anything?”

“I’d love another G&T, please.”

She walked over to the bar as an excited and somewhat reassured Daisy returned to scanning the room. Almost immediately she recognised another person heading towards her. This girl was also a brunette, a quite stunningly attractive one. She was short, slim and perfect in every way. She had also developed a rich, brown natural tan since Daisy had last seen her.

“Hi Daisy!” she said perkily with a wink.

“Hello Laura, good to see you again!” The two girls exchanged air kisses as Fran walked gingerly back to the table burdened with an armful of drinks.

“Hi there, Laura,” she said proffering her a glass, “I saw you coming in so I took the liberty of getting you this.”

“Thanks Fran, much appreciated as always!” Daisy was also given a brimming glass to match the already empty one sitting by her left hand.

“Thanks, I’ll get the next round in,” she said.

“So,” said Laura, “I don’t think I’ve seen either of you in months. What on earth have you been up to? Are you still at the shop, Daiz?”

“Mmmm,” replied the blonde, “still working away.” She pulled a face. “It’s still really, really boring as well.”

“I’ll bet it is!” said Fran, “but you’ll be much better off when you get to uni - my finances are stretched already.”

“How are you getting on? Was it French you were doing?” enquired Daisy.

“Mais oui!” she replied, “uni’s so cool, the course is a bit hard though.”

“Ha!” interjected Laura, “you think your course is hard, what about mine? Maths is going to be incredibly hard!”

“True,” said Fran, “I don’t blame you putting it off for a year. What have you been doing with yourself while you’ve been waiting?”

“Well I’m going to be working like Daisy for a little while, doing office stuff. But for the last six weeks I’ve been in India.”

“Well that explains the tan,” said Daisy, “it really suits you.”

“Why thank you darling,” smiled Laura, striking a mock supermodel pose before blowing her a pretend kiss.

“How was it over there?” asked Fran.

“It was totally amazing, I took loads of pictures, I’ll have to show you them sometime. I saw elephants, tigers, it was brilliant. Anyway, where’s Alice got to? She’s at uni with you, isn’t she Fran?” She nodded.

“Yeah, doing English. We see quite a lot of each other down at the student bar.”

“Speak of the devil,” said Daisy, nodding towards the door of the pub.

Alice may have been late, but her arrival was as dramatic as always. She was raven haired and this contrasted starkly with her pale, almost luminous skin. She had large bosoms and was reasonably slim, but this was exaggerated by her towering height as she was over six feet tall. Her eyes were a piercing pale blue and her colouring and her almost ethereal beauty gave her the air of an old fashioned vamp. she moved over to the party on her endless shapely legs and completed the quartet of friends.

For half an hour or more the four girls talked excitedly about what had happened in the time that had elapsed since they had last seen each other, their plans for the future, and also of old times and old friends. They were all wrapped up in their conversation, all except Daisy who was still a little distracted. She glanced at her watch, bit her lip. At last she saw the glasses around her were empty, and stood up with the intention of purchasing another round of drinks.

Whilst at the bar she looked around a little anxiously, before giving a slight nod to a distant figure and returning to her table with the eagerly awaited booze.

"You know what we should do while were all in town," Daisy announced to the rest of the group as soon as she was back sitting down, "we should have a party, you know, like we used to, with just us four, it'll be great fun!" Her suggestion was recieved with much enthusiasm, this was certainly a good idea. However, there was a fly in the ointment.

"But where will we have it?" asked Laura, "we always used to hold our party when one of our families was away so that we had a house totally to ourselves. My folks are around all week."

"Mine too," said Alice.

"So are mine," said Fran.

"Hmmm... so are mine," said Daisy, "that's a shame, it won't seem the same if there are parents and such around, getting in the way." They pondered glumly for a few seconds. A voice broke into their collective reveries, a familiar voice but one that they'd not heard in a while.

"Well hello there girls, long time no see."

"Miss Blossom!" the girls cried in unison, their mouths open

in surprise.

“What are you doing here?” asked Alice.

“Well I do have a life outside of Splashing Girls’ School,” replied the statuesque blonde with a smile, “and I fancied a drink so I came to the pub.” Fran laughed.

“Sorry Miss Blossom, I think we’re just all a little startled to see a teacher drinking in a bar,” she said. The teacher laughed.

“Well don’t tell Mr. Brown!” she said jokingly, “and call me Bess. You lot are proud alumni, not lowly subservient pupils anymore.”

“Okay Bess,” said Laura obligingly.

“So what are you girls doing here, anyway?” she asked.

“Well,” said Daisy, taking the lead, “we all happen to be in town for the week, we haven’t seen each other for a while so we’ve all got together for a night out. In fact we were just talking about having a party for just the four of us, but we’re struggling to find a venue.”

“A party, eh?” she thought for a minute. “Well in truth my social life isn’t as full as it might be, so I’m free all week given that school’s on half term. Why don’t you girls come over to my place to have your party?”

“Oh no,” said Fran, “we couldn’t possibly impose.”

“Impose?” said Bess, “don’t be ridiculous, you wouldn’t be imposing at all, it’d be saving me from another evening of Bridget Jones and icecream. I’d love to have you over, I haven’t had a proper party in ages.”

“Are you sure?” asked Alice.

“Of course! How’s Thursday sound?”

"Thursday's halloween," said Daisy, "come on, lets do it, we could make it fancy dress too."

"Yes, that sounds like a great idea." said Bess. The other three started to warm to the idea now.

"Okay, if you're sure it's not too much trouble," said Laura.

"Yeah, it'll be fun," said Alice.

"Yeah, why not," said Fran.

"There's only one condition," said Bess in an ominous voice. The girls expected to hear something like a strict end time of midnight, or a caution about messing up her house, or something of that nature. However, what came next was somewhat unusual.

"I haven't forgotton that it was you four on the charity committee that were behind my sliming at the school fete. It was you that got the pool, the gunge, et cetera. So if you come to my house for a party then I want to have a little revenge on you." They looked at her with extreme uncertainty.

"Revenge?" said Alice dubiously.

"Yes, revenge," said Bess. "Don't worry, nothing too extreme, just a couple of party games, it'll be fun."

"Hmmm, I'm not sure about that," said Fran.

"I think it sounds exciting," said Daisy, with perhaps a tad too much enthusiasm, "come on, we always used to play party games, it'll be just like old times."

"Well..." said Laura.

"Come on," pleaded Daisy, "where's your senses of adventure? Have we all become old women since leaving school?"

"I suppose a party would be pretty cool," said Alice.

"Of course it would!"

“And this will be our last chance to have one for ages,” said Laura.

“It certainly will!”

“Well count me in,” said Fran decisively.

“Okay, me too,” said Alice.

“What form exactly will this revenge take?” asked Laura.

“Well you’ll just have to wait to find out,” replied Bess with a wink.

“Weeeeeell okay then,” said Laura, sounding extremely unsure of herself, “if you three are in then I guess I’m in as well.”

“Splendid!” cried Bess.

She and Daisy exchanged a secret glance. A trap had been set. The first stage of a plan had been completed.

II

The girls' night out was a great success, much alcohol was consumed, many stories were told and many laughs were had. The following day (after hangovers had been fully recovered from) found Daisy and Laura indulging in some much needed retail therapy. They had made assaults on a huge number of shops in the town centre and the vast array of bags of all shapes and sizes that they carried in their arms were their trophies. Currently they were in a shoe shop and had already tried on at least half the stock.

"I don't know, these look nice but they're really uncomfortable," said Laura of a pair of red heels.

"Are you sure they're the right size?" asked Daisy.

"Yeah, I think so. Sometimes I'm different sizes in different shops though."

"Me too, that's really annoying."

"Well they don't have these in any other sizes anyway, so that's that." So saying she deposited the shoes on the ever growing reject pile.

"Your turn then Daisy, what are you trying on?"

"I've got a pair of boots."

"Woah! Look at those!" exclaimed Laura. Daisy took the boots and put them on. They were a good fit. Laura and Daisy admired them for a few moments.

The boots were made of dark, black leather. The heels were thin and narrow, and slightly fluted, they were tall too, around five inches high. The toes narrowed to a point, but not so as to pinch her toes. The shafts of the boots were nicely balanced

between stiff and yielding, and clung to Daisy's supple calves deliciously and there were zips coming half way up. The tops of the boots came up to right below her knees. They were devastatingly ravishing boots, twin tall masterpieces in leather.

"These are nice," breathed Daisy in a low whisper.

"They're not really you Daisy," said Laura, "not really the sort of thing you usually wear. And they don't look particularly comfortable."

"These are actually very easy to wear," replied Daisy as she flexed her right foot, enjoying the sight of the black leather creasing, and liking the sensations caused.

"I like these a lot," she said decisively, "I'm definitely going to buy them."

"Well I can't deny that they look good and dramatic," said Laura, "but I can't imagine what you'll wear them with." A little secret smile played across the face of the blonde as she gazed at the boots that were soon to be hers.

"I think that these are a little more practical," said Laura, preparing to don her next choice of footwear, "and they look good too."

"They certainly do," agreed Daisy.

She had picked up a pair of cowboy boots in bright baby pink. They came up to her calves, had a small heel and some pretty detailing on their sides. They were indeed a lot more practical looking than her friend's choice, and they were a much better fit than anything else she'd tried on in this shop.

"Those are cool," said Daisy

"Yee-hah!" cried Laura, and kicked her legs in the air. "I think I've found the perfect buy for me here."

“Great,” said Daisy, “let’s pay up and get out of here. I’m exhausted.”

“Me too,” said her companion as she took off the boots and put on her old shoes, “I think it’s time to grab a coffee.”

“I think you read my mind, Laura. Let’s head for a Starbucks.” And with that the two completed the transaction, thus adding two more bags to their already considerable burdens and staggered off on a quest to find refreshment.

Once they had found a coffee shop, deliberated over the choice of drinks, finally decided, then changed their minds, then finally decided again, then retreated to a table in a corner with their beverages away from the glowering gaze of the now annoyed barrista, Daisy broached a new topic of conversation.

“Have you thought about what you are going to wear on Thursday?” she said.

“No, not yet,” replied Laura, “I haven’t had any ideas at all yet. I’m always rubbish at thinking up costumes. How about you?”

“I’ve got mine sorted actually.”

“Really? That was quick. So what is it?” asked Laura, eagerly.

“Well it’s going to be a surprise,” said Daisy with a hint of intrigue, “but rest assured it’ll be worth the wait.”

“Sound’s ever so mysterious Daiz, I’m sure you’ll be a knock-out. I’m still stuck, though,” she said glumly.

“I’ve got an idea,” said Daisy, “if you’re interested.”

“Oh yes? Well given my general uselessness and lack of inspiration, I am most definitely interested.”

“Well,” said Daisy, “I thought that after you bought those boots today, how about going as a cowgirl?”

“Hmm...,” said Laura, “It’d be fun to have an excuse to wear my new boots. But what about the rest of the costume?” Her friend sighed.

“Honestly, you really do have zero imagination. All you need is a denim mini - and I know that you have at least three - and some sort of checked shirt. That red one you have will do. You tie it in a knot and there you are, the only other thing you need is a cowboy hat. Robert is your father’s brother.” Daisy looked smugly satisfied whilst Laura looked slightly embarrassed.

“Well it would be a nice costume, and you certainly make it sound easy,” she said, “but there’s still one problem.”

“Oh?”

“I don’t have a hat!” she exclaimed.

“Come on Laura!” cried Daisy, “all that means is you have to buy one, and here we are on a shopping trip.” She slurped the remains of her drink. “Now finish your coffee and let’s go on a hat hunt. I know just the place to go.” Laura obeyed the commanding order from her companion, the two quitted their respite and resumed their epic shopping spree.

The tall dark figure crept slowly down the corridor. It was dressed all in shapeless black, which made it hard to see in the darkness of the house. Its footfalls were silent. Inch by inch the sinister figure travelled along, keeping close to the wall. A ray of moonlight shone through a nearby window and glinted on the shiny object held in its gloved hand. A knife! A long, sharp butchers knife. The figure reached the end of the corridor and paused for a second. It tensed up. Then all of a sudden it

pounced, jumping round the corner, the knife scything down in a terrible arc to strike its innocent victim.

Fran screamed in terror.

“Don’t be silly!” cried Daisy, “it’s only a film.” Fran laughed at herself now, embarrassed a little at her overreaction to the events she had just witnessed on the T.V. screen.

“Sorry Daiz,” she said, “I always get like this watching horror movies. It was pretty scary though you have to admit.”

“Nonsense,” protested Daisy, “that wasn’t frightening at all. You’d be scared if you were watching Postman Pat!”

“Postman Pat is scary! The cat’s half the size of him, it’s probably a puma or something, just biding its time before reverting back to its jungle wildness and ripping Pat’s head off!” The two girls laughed at the absurd image that Fran had conjured up.

“Okay Fran, have it your way,” said Daisy, “Postman Pat is a show with a ticking time bomb in it. I still don’t think this movie is very scary though.”

“Maybe not. Hey, it does give me an idea though for Thursday night, though.”

“Oh really?” said Daisy, suddenly very interested, “what costume are you planning on wearing?”

“Well I thought in keeping with the Halloween theme,” continued Fran, “I’d wear the black robe and the white mask and be the Scream killer. I could even make a fake knife out of cardboard and tinfoil.”

“Mmmm...,” said Daisy looking very dubious, “that sounds alright...”

“You seem doubtful,” said Fran.

“Well it’ll cover you up completely, we want to see you,” said Daisy, embarking on a rant. “Masks are always really awkward to wear and I bet that you’ll have taken it off within half an hour of the party starting. And the robe will probably be really hot as well so soon after that you’ll be taking that off and you won’t have a costume on at all.”

“Maybe you’re right Daiz,” sighed Fran, “I suppose it wouldn’t be the most comfortable thing to wear. Hmmmm...what else could I dress up as?” Her eyes wandered around the darkened living room in which the two girls were snuggled up for their movie night. she alighted on the remains of their impromptu pig-out from a few minutes before.

“I know!” she cried, “old pizza face! I can dress up as Freddy Krueger from the Nightmare on Elm Street movies. Jeans, shirt, a bit of makeup, it’ll be cool!”

“That’s better, I guess,” said Daisy.

“You still don’t sound convinced.”

“Well it’s not very sexy, is it? I think that it’d be cool for all of us to properly dress up. You remember how we used to do, in our short skirts and tiny tops? We thought we were so cool back then.”

“Yeah, we were all of fourteen years old then. It was a lot of fun and I suppose It’d be nice to do the party properly old school. But anyway, I’d be cross dressing as Freddy Krueger, and cross dressing’s sexy.” Daisy aimed a cushion at her and missed.

“Don’t be daft!” she said, “you know what I mean.” Fran giggled.

“Okay, okay,” she said, “I’ll be serious. I’ll probably use

that old ‘witch’ fancy dress kit from a couple of years ago. The witches hat, the cloak, the toy broomstick...”

“That could work,” said Daisy, “but how are you going to make it look sexy?”

“I’ve got a few ideas,” said Fran, “but you’ll just have to wait to see them.” A wicked smile spread across her face.

“That look on your face tells a thousand stories,” said Daisy, “I’m sure you’ll end up looking good.”

“Well I’ll do my best. But how about you? Have you got anything planned?”

“Oh yes, oh yes indeed,” said Daisy with a grin.

“Well do tell,” said Fran, “I want to know what I’m going to have to compete with. How sexy are you going to be?” Daisy looked very enigmatic for a moment.

“I’ve got my costume all sorted out, don’t you worry,” she said, “and though I say so myself it’ll definitely be sexy enough.”

“I’m intrigued,” said Fran. Daisy just smiled and the two turned back to watching the film.

A couple of days later Daisy was once again gazing out of the window and once again the weather reflected her mood. The sky was overcast, a slate grey slab seemed to be hanging above the whole town, not doom laden, but merely casting a slight pall over the day. She had a problem, one that had been nagging at her for a while now, but one that she just couldn’t think of a way to solve. What if she? no, no, that wouldn’t work at all. How about? No, that was just stupid.

Daisy sighed and rested her chin on her head as she descended deeper into her gloom. Suddenly she was startled out of her reverie by the sharp chirruping of the telephone. Who

could this be, she wondered. She ran to the hallway and answered the call.

“Hello?” she said.

“Hi, is that Daisy?” a voice replied.

“Alice!” said Daisy, “I was just thinking about you.”

“I’m not sure if that’s a good thing or not!” Alice said jokingly.

“So what can I do for you?” asked Daisy.

“Well you know the Halloween party at Miss Blossom’s - sorry, Bess’ - house tomorrow?”

“Yes,” Daisy replied, her attention riveted on the conversation now.

“And you know it’s fancy dress?”

“Yes”, she said, her excitement building.

“Well I can’t think of a costume for the life of me. I downsized my wardrobe a couple of months ago and threw out all my old and wacky clothes so I don’t have much to work with.”

“Okay,” Daisy hoped that Alice was going to say what she thought she was.

“So if you’re not doing anything I was wondering if you’d like to come with me to a fancy dress shop and help me pick out a costume to wear.” Excellent! thought Daisy, but she concealed her joy from her friend.

“Of course I’ll come with you,” she said, “shall I meet you in half an hour?”

“Sounds good to me,” said Alice, “see you soon.”

“Bye.”

Daisy punched the air. The pieces of the jigsaw were falling in to place, and her problem seemed to have melted away. In-

deed the clouds seemed to sense her new found happiness, and began to slowly roll away to reveal the blue sky behind.

The fancy dress shop that was the venue for their assignation was large and well stocked, all the better for the girls' purpose. The two split up and hunted through the myriad rails of clothes, each searching for suitable outfits for the party. Alice meandered somewhat, picking up costumes that were clearly unsuitable just because she liked the look of them, whereas Daisy was a lot more focused, dispassionately sorting through clothes and ruthlessly discarding those that didn't meet with her approval.

Alice picked up an costume and held it up against her. Yes, this was a definite possibility, she thought, and put it to one side. A moment later she alighted on another outfit that she liked, and added that to the pile as well. After a few minutes she had found a third set of clothes and decided that it was time to start trying things on. She therefore summoned Daisy to act as a judge, who had apparently been a little more discerning and had only selected only one costume, and disappeared behind the curtain into the small changing room.

A good deal of rustling and struggling noises came from behind the screen for a couple of minutes before sweeping it aside and revealing herself.

"Ta dah!"

The first outfit was a bright scarlet devil costume, a calf length dress, a cape, a pair of short curved horns on a hairband and a small red plastic trident which she held in a gloved hand.

"Wicked!" said Daisy.

"Wicked!?" exclaimed Alice, "have we suddenly been transported back to 1988? You can't say wicked!"

“Sorry,” said Daisy, “but seriously, it does look alright.”

“Mmmm...,” said Alice, “it’s not bad, but the dress doesn’t fit all that well.”

“Would a belt help?”

“No, probably not, it’s just not at all the right size.”

“Oh well, maybe the next one will be better.”

“Let’s hope so,” said Alice, as she prepared to disappear again, “see you in a moment.” The transitionary time was much shorter and there didn’t seem to be nearly as much of a struggle. Before the curtain was drawn back however there started to emanate strange eerie noises from the cubicle.

“Wooh! Woohooo!” The curtain was thrust aside to reveal that Alice was now dressed as a ghost, an archetypal white sheet job, with holes for the eyes and few other distinguishing features.

“Wooh!” continued the tall girl, waving her arms about in a haunting fashion.

“Aaagh! Spoooooky!” said Daisy, getting into the spirit of things. The girls both laughed.

“So what do you think?” asked Alice, “I think it looks cool, kind of like an old school Halloween outfit, and it’s much more comfortable too.”

“It’s OK,” replied her friend, “definitely keeping within the theme of the party. But you look a bit like you’re wearing a sack to be honest, you could do with something a little more sexy. Besides, these days people might think that you’re dressed up as a member of the Ku Klux Klan rather than as a ghost.” Her critique seemed to persuade Alice to go off this costume somewhat.

“Yeah, maybe you’re right,” she said, “it is a bit shapeless.

And there are loads of other outfits in the shop to choose from. Right, if it's sexy you want then it's sexy you've got, just wait till you see this next one!" So saying she retreated back into the dressing room once more. Another period of waiting was observed, and yet more struggling sounds came from behind the barrier of dark blue material, perhaps signifying a greater degree of difficulty this time around.

"Right, I think this is on properly," called out Alice.

"Come on, I'm dying to see what you look like," said Daisy.

"Okay here we go." She stepped out of the cubicle and showed off her latest choice of apparel with a few provocative poses. Daisy stood back and examined her. The bright neon orange lycra shorts, the skimpy white cotton tshirt with the prominent logo and the knee length white socks.

"A Hooters girl?"

"Oh yeah baby," said Alice, "told you I was going to be sexy." She pulled a few more poses, but they both knew that something wasn't quite right.

"I suppose the costume's alright," said Daisy, "but it doesn't seem to fit that well."

"You're right," said Alice, "the shorts are a little baggy and the tshirt looks like it's been washed with some bright colours, it's got a hint of grey to it."

"Yeah, it looks a bit manky," Daisy agreed.

"The whole ensemble just isn't that nice," said Alice, "I think that this is destined for the reject pile I'm afraid."

"Good idea," said Daisy, "and next I suggest you try on what I've got here, I think it'll be just perfect for you."

"What is it?"

"It's this," said Daisy as she handed over a bundle of material, "but it needs some accessories first to make it perfect." She strode over to a shelf on the right, rummaged about for a second, then grabbed a packet of fishnet tights which she tossed over to her companion.

"Here you go, these are a must."

"Okay, if you say so." Daisy wasn't finished there though, she went up to a rack of generally outlandish shoes and boots, scanned it whilst making a clucking sound, then found what she was looking for.

"No, this isn't quite right," she buttonholed a shop assistant and demanded:

"Have you got these in a bigger size?" The assistant nodded and wandered into the cavernous bowels of the back of the shop.

"Daisy...", said Alice in an extremely uncertain tone of voice.

"Don't worry, these are just what you need," said her friend dismissively, "You wear flats far too much anyway." The assistant returned with the requested items and gave them to Daisy, who in turn passed them on to Alice before shepherding her into the confines of the changing room. It took some time for the transformation to be effected this time, suggesting that both that the outfit was difficult to get in to and that she was taking her time getting it right.

At last the blue curtain was slowly drawn back to reveal what the girl inside looked like.

"Wow," breathed Daisy, "I knew that dress would look good on you, but I'd no idea it would look that good."

Alice was clad in a tight fitting dress, black as night in colour to match her raven hair, and reaching right down to her ankles

and with a slight train round the back. She was wearing the fishnet tights and simple elegant four inch high heels made of shiny black patent leather. They flashed dazzlingly and raised her already considerable height to an imposing level. The long sleeves of her dress came right down to her wrists and long swathes of material draped down from the ends. The front of the dress was low cut and exposed Alice's ample cleavage to devastating effect and a shapely stockinged leg was revealed by the long slit that reached right up almost to her waist.

"You like?" she asked.

"I like very much," said Daisy, "does it feel alright?"

"Yeah, the dress is surprisingly comfortable actually," said Alice, "and the shoes fit well enough. I look like Morticia Adams!"

"You're the vamp's vamp, very sexy indeed."

"I think we have a winner in the fancy dress stakes for me. Do you want to try anything on or have you got your outfit sorted already?"

"Oh I've got my costume all ready, don't you worry," said Daisy.

"What are you going as?" asked Alice.

"It's a secret. But rest assured that I'll be looking good!" she said with glee.

"Oh I can't wait!" cried Alice.

"Something tells me," said Daisy, "that this is going to be a very memorable party indeed..."

III

It was the night of the party, four girls were getting dressed up, four girls getting ready, making themselves look beautiful, but only one had any real idea about what was going to take place. They had arranged to meet together at the same pub as last time before going round to the house, and once again Daisy was the first to arrive. She sat down at the same table, and was, if it were possible, even more nervous than the previous time. She scanned the crowd in the pub anxiously just as before, and her hands busied themselves by tearing a bar mat into small strips. Her face indicated that she was probably a little hot, no surprise given the warmth of the evening, but despite this she decided to keep her long, ankle length coat on and fully buttoned up.

Alice was the first one to arrive, without any coat, and proudly displaying her costume to the admiration of everyone who saw her passing by. She had really warmed to the outfit that Daisy had picked out for her, and with good reason. The black dress fitted her like a glove and was a contrast to her pale ivory skin. Her jet black hair was dead straight and hung down her back, her full, pouty lips were blood red and the heavy application of mascara fitted the ensemble perfectly. The long split exposed almost all of her fishnetted left leg and it flashed seductively as the cotton skirt of the dress swished over it. Her shiny patent shoes sparkled in the light and she seemed to have no problem in walking in the four inch heels.

She had added a toy cigarette holder and it topped off the whole dramatic and sexy outfit, Alice was dressed up as the absolute archetypal image of the vampy femme fatale and was

looking very good indeed.

“Hey Daisy!” she shouted in salutation.

“Hey there Morticia!” replied Daisy.

“Woah, you’re wrapped up warm,” said Alice in reference to her woollen coat. Daisy seemed not to hear this remark and instead said:

“Take a seat, I’ll go and get us a drink,” with which she strode off to the bar. By the time she had managed to get served another of the quartet had arrived. Laura was in the middle of hugging Alice, Her denim miniskirt was rather short and her wonderfully tanned legs were totally bare, her new boots were lovely and cute at the end of them. Her red checked shirt was short sleeved and tied up in a knot, revealing a good few inches of nicely browned and impressively flat stomach. The specific item she had bought for the costume on her and Daisy’s shopping trip was a baby pink cowboy hat and underneath it her brown hair was done in twin pigtails.

Laura exchanged greetings with the other two, she and Alice admired each other’s costume for a moment, then she said:

“Hey Daisy, aren’t you hot under there?” Daisy gave a little smile but didn’t deign to reply.

“I think,” said Alice, “that she’s still wanting to hide whatever her amazing costume is for a little while longer.”

“Oh I see,” said Laura, “ratcheting up the tension levels I see.” The three laughed, and Laura peeked below the table for a second.

“I think I recognise those, though,” she said, and indeed poking out from underneath her coat could be seen the tall heels of the black leather boots that she had purchased whilst on the

shopping trip with Laura. They were intriguing, a tantalising promise of what was to come.

“Ooo, very nice,” said Alice, “even higher heels than mine, are they new?”

“They’re five inches,” said Daisy, “and they are indeed new, only got them on Monday.”

The girls were interrupted by the arrival of the final member of the group. Fran was, like Daisy wearing a long coat, the only clue to her choice of costume the tall plastic witches’ hat perched above her straight brown hair. Once she had exchanged pleasantries with her friends she whipped off the coat to reveal the rest of her outfit.

It certainly lived up to Fran’s promise to Daisy to dress up sexily for the party. The black top was tight fitting and exposed her quite amazing cleavage, pushed up by a very flattering bra. She was wearing short shorts that emphasised the gorgeous curves of her ample, but still shapely behind, and her legs were exposed in all their glory. Her choice of footwear was a pair of knee high leather boots with rounded toes, a chunky heel and an inch platform. They weren’t nearly as devastating as Daisy’s boots, but they went well with the costume and with Fran’s bubbly personality. From her bag she pulled out a short black cloak and tied it round her neck, finishing off the witch costume. Fran looked like a wonderful, bouncy, cuddly bundle of fun.

The girls admired her outfit, and Fran admired Alice and Laura’s, then looked at Daisy.

“Is Daisy still being secretive?” she asked.

“She certainly is!” confirmed Alice. The blonde looked down

at the floor a little embarrassed.

"Very mysterious indeed," said Laura. Daisy decided to change the subject to deflect attention away from her.

"Hey, what time is it that we're due at Bess' house?" she asked.

"She said to come round about nine," said Laura.

"So that leaves us with about forty minutes," Daisy said, "and we're far too sober for girls that are supposed to be going to a party. So you know what I think we need?"

"what?" chorused the other three.

"Shooters!" she cried, and pointed suddenly with an out-stretched arm.

"To the bar!" Alice, Fran and Laura cheered and followed Daisy as she marched resolutely forth in search of alcohol.

The not inconsiderable amount of booze they managed to squeeze in before setting out had a loosening effect on the crowd. As they walked down the road leading to the home of Bess three of them were babbling away, talking excitedly about everything and nothing. Daisy, however, remained taciturn, keeping herself to herself and persisted in looking down at the toes of her pointed boots, dragging behind somewhat.

When they were finally approaching the house itself she picked up her pace though, stepping ahead of the others, leading the way down the garden path almost as if she was familiar with the route. She strode up to the dark brown and rather large and imposing front door and came to an abrupt halt in front of it, pausing with her hands on her hips. The other three caught up with her and she pointed wordlessly at a clean white piece of paper pinned to the door. In blue biro and in a nice

clear rounded teacher's script it said:

"Hey Girls!

"I'm running a little late unfortunately. Go round the side of the house to the back door. The key is under the third plant pot to the right. Head down the stairs to the basement and help yourselves to a drink (or three!) and I'll be with you very soon.

"Hugs and kisses, Bess."

The quartet digested this news.

"Here's the key," said Alice, holding up the relevant object.

"Well let's go," said Daisy.

"Okay," said Laura.

"Lead on Mac Duff," said Fran. They dutifully trooped round to the back, entered the door, then started down a long flight of dimly lit stairs.

Daisy was still leading the way. As she walked down those narrow stairs she felt her mood lifting, her spirit soaring. The nervous energy that had been causing her to be a little sullen was still there, in fact her anticipation was building exponentially, but now it was working in a positive way. At each footfall, as the darkness increased she felt as if she was descending into another world, a world with different rules, with different priorities. It was a world she thought she was going to like very much indeed.

She reached the heavy dark door at the bottom and pushed it open, revealing a crack of harsh fluorescent lighting. She continued pushing, the door opening fully with a low creaking noise, like she was throwing open the gate into Hades. The girls entered the basement slowly, hesitantly. They all four of them gasped in amazement as they looked around at the spacious room, shielding their eyes from the sudden brightness of the

overhead lights.

A huge plastic tarpaulin in a vibrant electric blue covered the entire concrete floor. There were only four chairs in the room, and they were of the garden variety, white plastic and without cushions or any other adornments. The only other items of conventional furniture present were three tables. The largest of these had the chairs pulled up to it and was covered with a cloth of baize. It would have looked more appropriate in a snooker club or a casino.

A second table was extremely appropriate for the occasion of a party, being as it was groaning under the weight of a staggeringly impressive amount of bottles: Beer, whiskey, vodka, tequila, it was a collection that would probably have satisfied the needs of even the late George Best.

The final table was perhaps the most mysterious. It could be told from its legs that it was a garden table, most likely belonging to the same set of outdoor furniture as the chairs. However, that was all that could be seen of it since the rest was covered in a voluminous white sheet, dirty and spotted with a myriad of multicolored paint spots, signifying its obvious previous use in decorating. Underneath it a large number of lumpy objects were concealed, though nothing of their provenance could be told at the moment.

So far the choice of furnishings in the basement was a little eccentric, but nothing too out of the ordinary, but the thing that was placed squarely in the middle of the room, dominating it in fact, was highly unusual. The four girls all recognised it; the tall dark structure, the black sheeting, the ominous large covered box at the top, the seat with the portentous red 'x' on it. It

was the dunktank from the summer fete! It had been modified somewhat since last it had been in evidence. The wide intake pipe that formerly was sunk into Kirsty's swimming pool was now connected to an enormous barrel on wheels positioned out of sight (or as out of sight as it could be) behind the structure. Also the controls that once featured both a red lever and a yellow lever, now only boasted one grey lever. The tank stood there and brooded, sitting in the middle of a small paddling pool, a sign of possible bad things to come for the four girls.

Laura put her hand to her mouth.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in dismay. Alice and Fran were also looking very apprehensively at the centrepiece of the room, wondering what it could be there for, wondering who the intended victims were, and hoping fervently that it wasn't going to be them seated on the red 'X' in a little while.

"This doesn't look good," said Fran.

"No indeed," said Alice, "this whole revenge thing looks like it may get out of hand."

"Hey!" cried Daisy brightly, and changing the subject entirely, "now we're here I think it's time to show you my costume. Don't you want to see?" The other three tore their gaze away from the dunktank.

"Yeah, okay," said Fran rather distractedly. They all focused their attention on the blonde, though their faces showed that their minds were not entirely focused yet.

"Just need to add the finishing touch," she said, then pulled a hairband out of her pocket and carefully put it in place on her head. It was decorated with a pair of black stylised cat ears. Daisy whipped off her enveloping cloak in one smooth

movement, displaying what she wore beneath. She placed her hands on her hips and pulled a pouting, provocative pose.

The other girls' mouths dropped open.

"Wow," breathed Alice in astonishment. Despite the strangeness of the last few minutes this sight put all of that out of their minds.

Daisy's costume was as black as night. It covered her entirely, all in one, clinging ever so tightly to her legs, to her curvy behind, to her body, to her ample breasts. It was shiny too, reflecting the light as the girl shifted about, every little move accompanied by plastic squeaky, sexy little noises.

"Daisy!" exclaimed a shocked and scandalised Laura, "you are wearing a pvc catsuit!"

"Miaow," she purred seductively by way of reply, and gave a little pretend clawing motion.

"Very sexy, Daiz!" said Fran.

"Thank you, I do try," she said.

"It's so tight," said Alice with incredulity.

"Mmm," said Daisy, "wonderfully tight." She turned round, giving her friends a view of her rear with the pvc clinging closely to it. "So you see why I didn't want to take off my coat in the pub."

"Of course," said Fran with a giggle, "I think you certainly lived up to expectations with that outfit Daiz!"

"Oh yes indeed," agreed Laura.

"The costume to end all costumes," said Fran, "Halle Berry and Michelle Pfeiffer have nothing on your catwoman!"

"Anyway," said Daisy, "now you've picked up your jaws from the floor, how about a drink?" She sashayed over to the drinks

table, picked up a bottle of spirits, cocked her head to one side and asked:

“More shots anyone?”

“Yes please!” came the fervent answer from the other three.

“The way this part looks like it’s headed, I think we may need them,” said Fran.

The drinks table was hit hard, very hard, and the alcohol worked its magic as it flowed through the girls’ systems. When they’d entered the basement they were all pretty tense, but now they were feeling a lot more relaxed, the long icy silences had given way to friendly, easy conversation, much like when they were on their way there. Daisy was joining in too now, she was completely changed from the quiet, on edge girl that she had been earlier in the day, in fact she was well on her way to being the life of the party.

“well girls,” she said, taking a large swig from her glass and jabbing a finger towards the dunktank in the centre of the room, “looks like we may well end up getting a little bit messy tonight.” Quietness ensued. The other three looked a little dismayed at this reminder, they’d managed to put the thoughts of the slimy sword of Damocles hanging over them. Alice was the first to speak.

“Well you’ll be alright,” she said in a dark accusatory tone, “any gunge will just wipe off you!” There was a moment’s pause. Then a smile slowly spread over Daisy’s face. She started sniggering and the others joined in, the sniggers escalated into full grown laughs, and eventually all four of them were rolling about on the floor, helpless with hilarity, paralysed with mirth for a good few minutes. The tension was certainly released now,

thanks in no small measure to the effects of the booze, and the quartet were feeling a lot more at home, and a lot more optimistic that, come what may, the evening would be enjoyable.

“Okay,” said Fran through her giggles, “there might be some mess. But we don’t know what Bess has planned, that thing may just be down here because it needs storing and there isn’t any room at the school.”

“Yeah, that’s true,” said Laura, “I think we’re all jumping to conclusions here. Let’s not be too hasty.”

“And in any case,” said Alice, “maybe she does deserve to get revenge. After all, the sliming that we arranged for her was absolutely epic, remember the swimming pool?”

“Yeah,” said Fran, “and the T.V. crew made her get gunged loads of times too.”

“Besides,” broke in Daisy, “I’ve got a feeling that this revenge thing is going to be a whole lot of fun.” The others looked at her a little oddly for a second.

“I think Daisy’s right,” said Fran suddenly, “the evening will be fun. After all, Bess won’t be doing anything to hurt us or anything, she isn’t like that. And I’m sure we can trust her, she is a teacher after all.” The rest of the group appreciated her logic and nodded in agreement.

“Yeah,” said Alice, “let’s just sit back, let events take their course and enjoy the night.”

“I agree,” said Laura. Daisy smiled a secret little smile to herself. Things were turning out better than she could ever have hoped for.

A crash rang out in the room as the door was suddenly flung open, a tall figure stood framed in the doorway.

“You have the right,” said the figure clearly and slowly in a loud, domineering voice, “to remain amazed!” It was Bess. She stood there, legs planted firmly apart, hands on hips, defiantly looking at the girls with a stern expression on her face in an amazingly sexy, dominant cop uniform.

Her hair was flaxen, glowing in the light and falling dead straight down her back. Her beautiful face was adorned by a large pair of oh so cool aviator sunglasses with black reflective lenses, and her scarlet lips were pursed together in a most provocative pout. Her royal blue long sleeved shirt was immaculate, ironed smooth and clinging to her tightly, accentuating the curves of her large ripe, rounded breasts. It was plain and severe, the only ornamentation was the toy badge in the American style pinned to her front.

Bess was wearing a black leather miniskirt, but this was different in style and cut from the one she’d worn whilst dressing up as a schoolgirl some months before. It really was very short indeed, covering her quite spectacular posterior ever so closely, fitting ever so tightly, and barely managing to do its job and be anything more than just a belt, exposing delicious inches of smooth golden upper thigh. Despite its stunning appearance, just as with the schoolgirl costume, the skirt was upstaged by Bess’ choice of footwear.

The boots were high, even higher than before. The tapering, towering heels were probably at least seven inches high, and it would have been completely impossible to walk in them had there not been an inch and a half of platform on the rounded toes. The material of the boots shined and glistened in the strong light of the basement, in much the same way as Daisy’s

pvc catsuit. These weren't pvc though, they were genuine, highly polished patent leather. The shafts were stiff, they buckled beautifully with any slight movement of the legs, flashing brightly. The boots were huge. The tops of the boots were probably not more than about six inches away from the bottom of the skirt.

She was the very image of the sexy in charge cop. The sunglasses, the tiny black leather miniskirt, the towering thigh high boots. To top it all off she had on close fitting black leather gloves, and in one hand was carrying a toy truncheon. The guests were amazed at the sight before them. They hadn't been sure to expect from Bess' costume, but they certainly hadn't been expecting this. Despite being a young and relatively inexperienced teacher, she had never once been known to have been unable to keep order in the classroom. Seeing her like this, in this outfit with those boots on, the four girls could understand why.

"Oh please," said Bess, "pick your jaws up from the floor. You'd almost think you'd never seen a costume before." The girls laughed and stopped staring, but they could tell that secretly she was very pleased by their reaction. She walked over to the drinks table, picked a stereo that none of the others had noticed until this point up from off the floor and switched it on. The strains of some eighties soft rock began to blare out.

"Dire straits?" said Alice incredulously and pulled a face.

"Yes," replied Bess, turning towards her and gave her a defiant stare, "do you want to argue with my musical taste?" she said in a faux menacing voice.

"Er, no," said Alice quietly, backing down, biting her tongue

and choosing not to deliver the rant she had prepared on the corporate yuppie crap that they were being subjected to.

Bess poured herself a stiff drink, took a large gulp, then stood and regarded the four girls in front of her. She took her truncheon in one leather gloved hand and began to bounce up and down in the other producing a dull intimidating smacking sound, the rhythm punctuating her words.

“Let’s get started. Welcome, Alice, welcome Fran, welcome Laura and welcome Daisy. Welcome all of you to my little party tonight.” She began to slowly pace up and down, the clicking of her high heels providing a counterpoint to the tapping of the truncheon.

“You know why you’re all here tonight. You’re here to have fun, to have a good time. But you’re also here for me to have my revenge. Are you girls ready?” The quartet nodded dumbly, mesmerised by the performance of this masterful goddess in front of them.

“A few months ago it was the Splashington School Grand Summer Fete, and at it I was gunged, totally messed up thanks to your plans. And now it’s payback time. But don’t worry. I’m not going to mess you up.” There was a sigh of relief, but it was short lived. “Instead, you girls are going to mess yourselves up. Do you like to play games?”

The atmosphere, which had been building up nicely with this dramatic speech from Bess, was immediately shattered at this point by a peal of laughter from Daisy. The rest of the girls looked at her askance.

“For goodness sake Bess,” cried Daisy, “stop sounding like a cliched character from a bad B-movie.” The blonde teacher

looked crestfallen for a moment, but then brightened up and said:

“Okay, I suppose you’re right, I was getting a bit carried away there.”

“That’s alright,” said Daisy sweetly, “why don’t you get to the point and explain what you’ve got planned for us.”

“That sounds like a good idea,” said Bess, “so anyway, as you may have guessed we are going to play a game tonight.” She strode over to the baize covered table and took out a deck of cards. She performed a quick, professional looking riffle shuffle.

“Are you all familiar with the game of blackjack?” she asked.

“Er, I’m not sure I am,” said a doubtful looking Fran.

“It’s just a cooler sounding name for pontoon,” said Daisy, dismissively.

“Ah, I see,” said Fran, evidently satisfied.

“Good,” said Bess, “well we’re going to play a game of blackjack tonight. Or more precisely, I am going to be the dealer and you will be playing against me.” She walked behind the game table and spread the cards out on the green baize.

“It should be a lot of fun. But there are going to be stakes to be played for.”

“Ooo,” said Daisy, in a mocking tone.

“Shush!” said Bess sharply, a leather covered finger pressed to her lips.

“Sorry,” said Daisy, “do carry on.”

“Yes,” said the pretend cop, “as I was saying, there will be stakes to be won. Or more accurately, there are forfeits to be avoided.” She walked over to the third table, the large one with its contents covered by the sheet.

“You are going to be making up forfeit and performing them using - this!” And with that final word she pulled the sheet off the table in one smooth, quick fluid movement, revealing the table’s contents to the shocked audience.

The tabletop was filled with containers of every shape and size, buckets, bowls, tins, all full of sloppy, messy substances of every conceivable variety. It was absolutely groaning, there was beans, custard, porridge, gunge of several different hues, pies, cakes, even a bucket of what looked very much like thick, oozing brown mud. Every single inch of the table was covered, every little bit of room was filled. It was a truly impressive display of mess.

The girls reaction to this sight was varied. Laura visibly blanched, despite her brown tan. Fran’s eyes grew wide and her mouth opened a little. Alice’s face was fixed in a mask of horrified surprise. Daisy, meanwhile, just smiled to herself as she gazed at the smorgasbord set before her.

“Before you,” declaimed Bess, “lies the Table of Sploshy Delights. Every one of you will have to think of ways to dispose of some of the materials you see here on your person. And when you have decided on your own particular forfeit you will play a single hand of blackjack against me. If you win, you will remain unscathed. If you lose, you will be compelled to perform the forfeit.”

“Cool,” said Fran, looking like she was warming to the situation somewhat. At this point Alice broke in with some nervous laughter.

“You’re joking, right?” she enquired of Bess. Bess simply looked over the top of her sunglasses and fixed her in the eyes.

“Do I look like I’m joking?” she asked. Alice didn’t answer.

“I think this game’s going to be very enjoyable,” said Daisy, looking at the others as if trying to get them to agree with her. Laura wanted some more details about the practicalities.

“How long are we going to play for?” she asked, mindful of the extremely large quantities that had been provided.

“There will be five rounds,” said Bess, “and I’ll be keeping score.”

“What happens at the end?” said Laura.

“There is,” said Bess, “an extra special big forfeit reserved for the loser. They will take a trip to my newly refurbished, primed and better than ever Dunktank of Doom!” They could have no doubts about what she was referring to, but just in case she pointed straight to the centre of the room and at the apparatus standing in the paddling pool. The quartet gasped.

“Excellent!” cried Daisy in an exuberant manner. Fran giggled at this and said:

“Hee! Hee! be careful what you wish for Daisy!” Alice and Laura looked a lot less enthusiastic.

“I’m not sure about this,” said Alice.

“Yeah,” said Laura, “I’m not sure this qualifies as a ‘little’ revenge.”

“Oh come on you guys!” said Daisy, “relax a little will you.”

“I agree with her,” said Fran, “look at what we did to Bess, this is still little compared to the sliming we gave her in front of the whole school. Loosen up a bit and let’s have some fun.” The two doubters considered these words for a minute. Bess spoke up.

“Look,” she said, “I want tonight to be a bit of fun. I want revenge, sure, but I don’t want you to do anything that you really don’t want to do. I think you know where the door is. You’re free to use it at any time if you should wish.”

“Come on,” implored Daisy.

“Yeah,” added Fran, “please stay, it’ll be much better with four of us.” Laura looked at Alice. She took a long swig at her drink. Alice did the same.

“Well,” said Laura, “I’m in if you’re in.”

“What the hell,” said Alice, “let’s all get messy!” Fran and Daisy cheered.

“That’s the spirit!” cried Bess, and the four friends began to prepare themselves for their messy, slimy, gungy fate.

Daisy had, predictably, volunteered to go first and stepped up to the green covered table with alacrity. She had absolutely no hesitation in naming her first forfeit.

“If I lose this I’ll tip a bucket of beans over my head,” she said, using a matter of fact tone of voice that surprised the others by its casualness.

“Very well,” said Bess, standing on the other side of the table busily and neatly shuffling the cards, “so be it.” She dealt two cards face down to herself. “So this is the hand you have to beat to avoid getting beaned.” Daisy nodded. She dealt one card face up. It was a king. Then another card. It was a seven.

“You have seventeen,” said Bess, “so do you want to stick with that or get another card?”

“I think I’m happy with seventeen,” said Daisy. The others held their breath, this was a low score, things were not looking good for her, though Daisy herself seemed serene and unruffled.

"The dealer has fourteen," said Bess, dispassionately, "and the next card is... a queen." There was a perceptible collective letting out of breath at the sight of the dealer going bust.

"Okay," said Bess, wishing to move things along, "who's up next?" There was a brief silence. The cowgirl was the first to step forward.

"I'll go next," she said, "best get it over with."

"Sensible girl," said Bess, "but what's your forfeit going to be?"

"If I lose I'll, er, I'll, er..." she faltered, paused for a moment, then an idea came to her. "If I lose I'll pour a glass of water over my head." Bess shook her head slowly and sadly.

"No, no, no," she said, "that won't do at all. Pick something more messy." A look of anguish passed over Laura's face, as she deliberated.

"Okay," she said at last, finally having thought of something she could bear, "if I lose I'll push a pie into my face."

"Much better!" said Bess, "that's what I call a forfeit, classic slapstick. Right, let's play." She swiftly dealt out her cards, then Laura's. Her total was thirteen. The dealer looked at her expectantly.

"Well?" she said.

"I'll take another card," said Laura, on edge, desperate to discover what her luck was like that evening. It was good, the card was a seven.

"I'll stick with that I think," she said confidently, knowing that she was in a very good position. Sure enough her hand bettered the dealers and Laura was off the hook for now.

"I'll go next," volunteered Alice hastily, her initial reservations having dissipated somewhat now that they were actually playing the game.

"Okay, what's your forfeit?" asked Bess.

"Erm, I don't know," said Alice, suddenly a little unsure of herself. "I know, why don't you suggest something?" Bess looked amused, but decided to go along with it.

"Okay," she said, "how about if you lose then you take that big cake over there," she indicated one of the more impressive looking confectionary creations on the mess table, "and you put it down on this chair here and sit right down in it. How does that sound?"

"Er, alright," said Alice, eyeing up the cake with interest, "that can be my forfeit." She gazed at the table intently studying the cards closely as they fell. She was given a hand of twelve. She took another card. She stared at in horror. This couldn't be so!

"A jack," said Bess with ill concealed glee, "which gives you twenty-two. And that means you're bust, Alice."

"Oh no!" she wailed in disbelief, as Fran had already obligingly pulled up one of the plastic garden chairs, and Daisy was even now picking up the huge cake and carrying it across.

"In your own time then," said Bess.

Alice stared at the cake. It did not look exactly as if it had been made for eating. The sponge sections were minimal, merely acting as structure for the vast amount of cream, sticky jam and delicious chocolate sauce. The cake was massive, probably nearly a foot in diameter, it sat there glistening. Look at me, it seemed to say, look at me, the first item of mess to be used

tonight. But I certainly wont be the last.

Alice pondered. Should she just plonk herself down quickly or lower herself down slowly? She chose the later option, she didn't think she had the nerve to do it quickly. She positioned herself in front of the chair. Slowly, inch by inch she bent her knees and lowered her beautiful behind down. The worst thing was that she couldn't see where the cake was, but the rest of the girls, looking on avidly, could see everything. Suddenly she touched the top of the slimy mound, she could feel the cream soaking though her skirt. It was cold, very cold. Alice stood up sharply and took a couple of paces forward.

"What's the matter?" asked Bess in a mocking tone, "scared of a little old cake?"

"Yeah," said Fran, "get on with it, I want to see your arse in that cake now!"

Indignant, Alice made her mind up to show them. She positioned herself behind the chair once more, screwed up her eyes tightly, and sat down with alacrity. There was a deep, prolonged damp splatting sound as her posterior sank deeper and deeper into the immense pile of cream, the sticky jam clinging to her skirt along with the chocolate sauce. Alice screamed as the cream soaked through the thin material of the skirt and began to seep into her underwear. She continued squealing as the mess completely obliterated her behind. The sponges were completely crushed under her, blobs of cream that had been forced out by the impact lay on the plastic covered floor all around her.

"How does it feel?" asked Daisy.

"Gooley", came the answer from Alice as she shifted her

position on the chair to the accompaniment of more squishing sounds.

“Well you can stay there until your next go,” said Bess, “I think that’s within the spirit of the forfeit.”

“Oh goody,” came the dry response from Alice.

“Right,” said Bess, “that only leaves one person to go in this first round. Fran, you’re up.”

“Okay,” said Fran somewhat eagerly, “if I lose I think I’ll pour a carton of custard over my head.”

“Excellent choice,” replied Bess, “let’s see whether you’ll have to go through with it.” She dealt the cards. Fran was given a nine and a deuce. The next card she received was an eight, taking her score to nineteen, a total that she was evidently satisfied with. Her satisfaction was short lived, however, as when the dealer’s hand was exposed it was revealed that it contained a queen and a king. That was the royal marriage that condemned Fran, but she didn’t seem unduly concerned, merely rather excited.

She took off her tall witches’ hat and strode quickly over to the mess table and picked up a litre carton of custard. It didn’t seem such a lot while it was still cooped up in its box, but once it was released Fran was sure it would seem like a lot more. She opened the carton and looked inside at the viscous liquid that was soon to be adorning her body. Undaunted she hefted the box above her head. It was at this point that she began to get nervous. She paused for a few seconds, and was on the verge of chickening out, when she looked into the face of the woman in the cop uniform. It seemed to taunt her, the impassive, inscrutable glasses seemed to say; you don’t have the

bottle, you wont dare. Fran was galvanized, made up her mind and began to pour.

She had intended to remain stoic and silent, but as soon as the stream of custard impacted on her brown hair she gasped and began a high pitched squeal that quickly became punctuated by bursts of laughter. The yellow semi-liquid flowed like lava, oozing over her head, gradually covering her immaculate hair and eventually flowing down her locks and dripping on to the floor. It dripped off her head in huge dollops and splatted on to her black top, staining it. The custard was soft, almost comforting, it felt like her entire head was being encased in liquid silk.

Daisy languidly stretched out a pvc covered arm and dipped a finger into Fran's hair, then brought it to her lips and licked it.

"It tastes rather nice," she said, "but how does it feel?" Fran thought for a minute before answering her.

"This feels awesome!" she yelled joyously, then, "argh! It's running down my back!"

The other four laughed at this, and at Fran's obvious enjoyment of her torment. This was a much needed icebreaker, the contestants and the gamesmistress relaxed a lot more. They went over to the drinks table to recharge their glasses before preceding on to the next round, all except Alice, who was still confined to her chair. Her beverage needs were seen to, however, by an obliging Daisy.

Daisy began the second round of blackjack by saying that she would fill her new leather boots with the blood red gunge contained in one of the bowls on the mess table. Again she was

very matter of fact about it, as if there was nothing to the act she was proposing. This strategy of not thinking too hard about the deed was obviously helping her luck, as the cards were in her favour again. Daisy smiled at her second victory in succession and graciously stepped back leaving the way clear for the next player.

“Okay Alice, it’s your turn,” said Bess, “you can get up from your chair now.”

“Actually,” said Alice, “I think I might just stay sitting down for now. This seat’s rather comfy in fact.” The others smiled at this, the tall raven haired beauty was clearly getting in to the spirit of the mess.

“That’s fine by me,” said the dealer, “but what’s your forfeit for this round?”

“Well,” replied Alice, “I think while I’m sitting down I’ll pour that bowl of porridge over there over my lap.” Bess nodded in appreciation of this idea.

“That’s an awesome suggestion,” interjected Daisy.

“Yeah, I hope you lose,” said the custard drenched Fran.

“Thank you very much!” cried Alice indignantly, “I hope that you lose all of your forfeits and have to go in the dunktank!”

“The feeling’s mutual, I’m sure,” said Fran.

“If I could bring you girls back to the business in hand,” interrupted Bess. The two forgot their little feud and watched the cards as they were dealt. Unfortunately for Daisy and Fran the two cards given to Alice were a king and an ace.

“Blackjack!” cried Bess, one girl smiled in satisfaction and two hung their heads in disappointment. It was however noticeable that despite winning, Alice made absolutely no effort

to remove her behind from the gooey cake it was still firmly planted in.

Fran made it clear that she desperately wanted to go next, and named her forfeit immediately and without the merest vestige of hesitation.

"If I lose this hand then I'll pour that jug over there full of gravy all over my top," she said determined.

"Are you sure?" asked Bess, "that gravy's very lumpy you know."

"Yes, I know," replied Fran, "and it's all the better for it. I wouldn't want to eat that stuff but it'll be great for a forfeit."

"Go Fran!" yelled Daisy, apropos of nothing.

"Well I can't deny that it'll look good on you," said Bess as the custard covered Fran made comedic pretend preening poses, "so let's play." Clearly the curvy brunette was really getting in to the game in a big way, and Bess and Daisy were extremely happy about that.

The contestant for the hand watched closely as initially two cards were given to the dealer, then her cards came, first a queen, then a three.

"You have a gay waiter!" cried Alice from her creamy throne.

"What?" asked Fran in puzzlement, wondering if this was some obscure rule that had been hitherto unknown to her.

"Sorry," said Alice, "it's just a silly nickname for the hand you have. You see a three is also known as a trey, which means you have a queen with a trey, and a queen with a trey is..."

"A gay waiter!" chorused the entire room with one or two laughs.

“Really Alice,” said Laura, remonstrating with her, “that is a very, very bad joke.”

“Hey, I didn’t make it up!” she protested.

“Excuse me,” said Bess, “but we are in the middle of a game here.”

“Of course, sorry,” said Laura.

“Right,” said the dealer with authority, “time to find out if Fran here is going to take any more pun-ishment.” The girls collectively groaned, but noone interrupted further. Fran took another card. It was a four. The witch tapped the table to indicate that she wanted a further card. The cop looked over her to of her aviator sunglasses questioningly. The rest of the party was dead silent now, enthralled by the almost suicidal move that Fran was about to make. Almost imperceptibly she nodded her yellow stained head to the dealer. Bess shrugged as if to say, it’s your funeral, and dealt out another card to Fran’s hand. It was a five, giving her a total of twenty-two. There were loud ‘ooos’ of disappointment from her companions at this near miss, but she herself didn’t seem disappointed at all, quite the opposite in fact.

“Oh dear,” cried Fran insincerely, “looks like I’m doing another forfeit!” She bounded over to the mess table with alacrity and seized the huge jug in her hand. The contents of the vessel were truly foul, the gravy was a foetid dark brown, it was thick and disgusting looking and there were quite sizable lumps to be found in it everywhere. She didn’t seem to mind this at all, however, and gazed into the gloop with an expression bordering on affection.

Unhurriedly she raised the jug up high, then slowly, ever so

slowly started to tip it. A thin but steady stream trickled out and splashed onto her front, glug glug gluging over her chest, washing the few remaining blobs of custard away and dampening the material. She shifted the jug from side to side, making sure her entire front got a good covering. The black top began to glisten with wetness and it began to cling most fantastically to her large breasts, it was staining brown.

"This is so much fun!" she cried as she was still pouring, then shivered as a particularly big lump slipped inside her top. The others stood admiringly at the sight of Fran so willingly participating in the destruction of her outfit. By the time the large jug was finally empty her entire front was soaked through totally with the horrible gravy, and Fran had a great big grin on her face. The others smiled along with her, but didn't say anything for a moment.

"What a turkey!" exclaimed Daisy, breaking the silence. The group dissolved in to laughter.

"Oh no!" cried Laura, "that's the worst joke yet!"

"You're less funny than Ben Elton!" said Alice, whilst Fran flicked blobs of slimy gravy in her direction. Daisy merely grinned and wiped a couple of spots off her shiny pvc catsuit with her hands and licked her finger.

"Bleugh!" she said in disgust and pulled a face, "I like it more when you're pouring custard over yourself."

"Humph!" replied Fran, "I can't wait until it's you doing a forfeit." Daisy merely smiled to herself and did not deign to give a retort.

"Be that as it may," said Bess, "but it's Laura's turn next. What do you want as your forfeit, honey?" The petite brunette

looked down at the floor and spoke quietly and a little shyly.

“When I was in primary school,” she said softly, “I was involved with a charity event. It was a sponsored walk, we raised a lot of money.” The others were listening with great interest to this story, wondering where it was going. “And the reason we raised so much was that it wasn’t just a normal walk. We had to wear our wellies, and the wellies were full of jelly.” Laura had been growing more confident all the time that she was giving this monologue.

“Yes, I remember that,” said Alice, “you were the only one of us that did that.”

“Yes I was,” continued Laura, “and it was so much fun, everyone really enjoyed it, it was just the sort of thing that kids love. And I was thinking that filling my boots with jelly might be a good forfeit, but the only thing is...”

“Yes?” said Bess.

“The boots are new, and I don’t want to spoil them. Would putting jelly in them spoil them?”

“No,” said both Daisy and Bess in unison. The two looked at each other sheepishly.

“Jinx!” cried Daisy. Bess ignored this and addressed Laura.

“No, the boots will clean up just fine,” she said, “and that will do just fine as a forfeit.” Laura beamed with relief, looking down at her boot and imagining what it would feel like with them full of slime.

“Right, are we ready to play?” asked Bess. The cowgirl nodded. The cards were dealt. Laura was given eighteen and for a moment she considered asking for a further card in the same way that Fran had, but in the end decided to stick with

what she had. It did her no good though, as the dealers' hand was soon uncovered and it bested hers by one.

"Yay!" she cried as her loss was revealed and did a little jump for joy. Then suddenly she looked around at the rest of the girls and felt embarrassed and covered her mouth with her hand and gave a little giggle.

"Looks like you'll be reliving some childhood memories then," said Bess, "you can get the jelly over there." She indicated a yellow bucket full of red, sloppy slime.

Laura walked over to the mess table, slipped off her boots and stood in her bare feet on the plastic covered floor. She picked up the bucket, looked at its contents, then transferred her gaze to the boots. They sat there, all nice and pink and clean, new and cute as a button. But not for much longer. She began to pour, the jelly slopping out of the bucket and in to the right boot with a horribly deliciously glugglung sound. There wasn't a great deal of room in there, so it was only a few seconds until she transferred to pouring into the left boot. Soon enough the cowgirl boots were full to the brim, a single globule of jelly sliding down the outside of one of the shafts. Laura eyed them nervously.

"Well, here goes," she said, and held her breath. She angled her left foot, pointed a red painted toenail and dipped it slowly into the jelly filled boot, a very wet squelching sound accompanying the action. Her face was a picture as she plunged her other foot into its boot as well. The pink outsides of the boots were being stained red by the torrents of overflowing jelly running down them. At last she was finished, she was standing there with a huge smile on her face, her brand new cowgirl boots

full of gunge.

“How does it feel?” asked Daisy. Laura didn’t answer straight away, but instead went on a little walk, all the way across the huge basement room, a regular slurp, slurp, squelch, squelch sounding with every footfall. Eventually she returned to the rest of the girls, having left a trail of red blobs in her wake.

“This is sooooo cool!” she said, “it’s just how I remember it.”

“I’m glad you all seem to be having fun,” said Bess. The girls responded with various expressions of agreement.

“I hope all my forfeits are like this,” said Laura, “I might even just walk around with jelly in my boots every day.”

“Oh really?” enquired Daisy with much interest. Laura laughed.

“Maybe,” she said.

“Might I suggest,” said Bess, “that as we’re at the end of the second round that we take the opportunity to have another drinks break?” This idea was readily assented to and the party retired to recharge their glasses, Alice’s once more being taken care of by Daisy as she still insisted in remaining sitting in the remains of the cake.

Another round of drinking inevitably gave way to another round of forfeits, Daisy again being first up.

“If I lose this round,” she said unconcernedly, “I’ll fill my catsuit with custard.”

“Eww, that’s a bit extreme Daiz,” said Alice, but she merely shrugged her shoulders and indicated to Bess to go ahead and deal out the cards. She did so with her customary professionalism. Daisy’s cool demeanour was justified, as the cards were

once again in her favour, her hand of twenty easily beating the dealer's hand of seventeen. This continued success raised some suspicions in the others.

"Hey Daisy," said Fran, "you're being awfully lucky tonight."

"Yeah," agreed Alice, "that's the third hand in a row you've somehow managed to win, are you cardcounting or something?" The pvc catsuited girl tried to laugh this off.

"I wouldn't know how," she said, "I guess I've just got the magic touch."

"She definitely isn't counting cards," said Laura the mathematician, "you have to observe a lot more hands before it starts working in your favour. And it's not a fullproof method anyway."

"I told you," said Daisy, "it's just that Lady Luck happens to be smiling upon me tonight."

"Whatever," said Alice, "I'm sure you'll get what's coming to you soon enough. It's my go now anyway. If I lose this I think I'll..." The sedentary girl pondered for a minute, then an idea hit her. "I know, if I lose this I'll pour that jug of cream down my cleavage." She sat back in her chair, well satisfied.

"Copycat!" said Fran, in an accusatory tone, "that's just the same as my last forfeit."

"Well...maybe," conceded Alice, "but the difference is that I've chosen to use that nice cream, rather than that horrible stinky old gravy."

"Humph!" said Fran in a huff, "there was nothing wrong with that gravy. Well not as something for a forfeit anyway, I think Daisy quite adequately showed up its deficiencies as a foodstuff. Anyway, I hope you lose."

Fran got her wish. Although Alice improved her initially low hand and got it up to twenty, the dealer had been dealt blackjack.

“Hah!” said her victorious enemy, “who’s laughing now?” The tall girl didn’t bother to make a reply, instead getting up out of her chair for the first time in a long while. At last the extent of the devastation of her behind could be seen, there was masses of mess plastered to it and bits of sponge flaking off it.

“Look at your arse!” laughed Daisy, “it’s a complete mess!”

“Oh really?” said Alice in a very sarcastic voice, “perhaps that might just be related to the fact that I’ve been sitting on a huge gooeey cake for the past half hour!”

“Point taken,” said Daisy, and let her get on with performing her latest forfeit.

Alice picked up the jug lifted it high and began to pour, her actions being performed without delay and with supreme confidence. It was a different story, however soon as the white cream impacted on her breasts. She cried out in shock.

“Argh!” she yelled, “This. Is. So. Coooooold!” Despite her protestations she kept on pouring, the steady stream of cream flowing over her impressive cleavage where it matched the ivory whiteness of her beautiful skin and staining her previously night-black dress to match. The others could observe the gradual but inevitable progress of the cream as it oozed down her front under her vampy dress, more and more of Alice’s body coming into contact with the icy substance. The jug was empty by now, but the waves of mess continued to flow downwards. She screamed earpiercingly as it started to touch her more intimate places, she flapped her hands and bounced up and down. Eventually

she plunged herself back down into the messy seat just to stop the downward movement of the cream.

“Eeek!” she cried, “you were right Fran. Gravy is much better than cream for pouring down your top. At least gravy’s warm.” The others laughed somewhat sympathetically at her predicament, and eventually the cream trapped next to her body began to warm up a little, leaving Alice a lot more comfortable.

In the meantime it was Fran who was next in line to play, and she named her next forfeit without hesitation.

“Seen as some of us,” she said with a sly glance at Alice, “have started copying, I think that should I happen to lose this hand I shall sit down in a cake. Seen as it seems to be so comfy.”

“It is indeed,” said Alice with a grin.

“That’s fine by me,” said tech cop costumed mistress of ceremonies.

“Good,” said Fran, “now let’s see some cards.” She got her wish, seeing two cards with the total value of twelve. She was in a bit of a quandary now. She was quite looking forward to performing the forfeit, and indeed all the other forfeits, but she was not at all looking forward to what consistently losing would bring. She stole a glance at the dunktank, sitting in the middle of the room, its brooding presence overseeing all the games and all the little forfeit. No, she didn’t really want to go in there. So what was she to do? She could try to deliberately lose the hand like she had done before, but that would not be advisable in the long term. So she decided to play it straight and called for one more card. It came down as a nine, bringing her total to an unassailable twenty-one.

“You win!” said Bess.

“Well good for me,” said Fran unenthusiastically, and looked ambivalently at the cake which she would no longer be forced to sit in.

“My turn now,” said the jelly-booted cowgirl.

“okay, so what’s your forfeit going to be?” asked Bess.

“Hmm...,” said Laura as she bit her lip and furrowed her brow. She thought deeply for a while, then slowly raised her eyes upwards as a smile spread across her face.

“I know!” she exclaimed, “if I lose this hand I’ll fill my hat with gunge and put it on.” She beamed at the rest of the girls, pleased as Punch, if not at the prospect of performing the task then at her ingenuity at thinking it up.

“That’s a nice idea,” said Bess, “well thought up. But let’s see if you’ll have to go through with it.” Laura’s cards came down totaling nineteen. This put her in a quandary, just like Fran previously. Should she commit suicide by taking another card? Did she really want to have to perform the forfeit? It was a nice idea, sure, but it might not be so nice to actually do. Eventually she decided to stick with what she had and let events take their natural course.

Bess turned over her two cards. A jack. A king. Twenty. Laura was not as shocked as she would have been at the start of the game, in fact she found that she was curious more than anything else, curious as to what this new experience would feel like. She took her hat off as if in a trance and filled it dispassionately with the slime. The gunge was bright green, almost luminous and it was thick and gooey, the hat held a lot. She held the pink hat out in front of her, balancing it in her hand for a moment. Then in one quick, sharp movement she

flung her arm up and rammed the hat right down on top of her pretty little head. No effects were seen for an instant, then all of a sudden bright green streams of slime rushed over her brown hair, soaking in to it, running down her cute pigtailed and down her back inside her shirt. It ran down her front as well, the gunge giving a shimmering green veneer to the red check. The gunge wasn't nearly as cold as the cream that Alice had used, in fact it was quite warm and soothing really. Nevertheless, as it oozed round her, underneath her clothing and against her bare skin, there was something about the viscous quality of it that made a shiver run all the way up and down her spine.

Laura reached up to her head again and pulled off the hat, releasing a further reservoir of gunge to tumble over her head. It glooped all over her, soaking all the way through her shirt, seeping into her bra and running down over her flat, exposed tummy, turning the golden brown of her tan green. She had been well and truly slimed. She plonked the hat back one more, put her slightly slimy hands on her hips and stood there looking at the others with an idiot grin on her mess covered face. The girls laughed.

"Classic comedy!" said Fran, "that was awesome."

"Yes, it was," agreed Laura, "and it felt cool too."

"That was probably the best forfeit yet," chipped in Alice. Laura felt proud of herself, she was glad that she had lost now, she was really getting into the swing of the game, with her slapstick sliming having thusly brought its third round to a close.

There was a general feeling that they should move the game on a bit, so there was no stop for drinks at this point and instead everyone moved straight on to the fourth round. Daisy, still

completely spotless in her shiny pvc catsuit was as always the first one to play, and as always she named her forfeit in a clear and concise manner and with no hint of fear or nervousness. She had won so far and she didn't see any reason why her streak should end now.

"If I lose this," she said, placing a big emphasis on the if, "I will pour a bowl of golden syrup over my head." Bess deemed this to be an acceptable enough forfeit, and began to deal down the cards. The others watched closely, eager to see a victory for the house this time. Daisy was given a five and a ten, a total of fifteen. Impassively she made a request for another card. It came. She stared at it in horror, her mouth agape. She was in shock, this couldn't be. The card was a ten, she was bust.

"Yesss!" shouted Fran and punched the air.

"At last!" crowed Alice, "the clean one is going to get messy."

"Looks like kitty is about to get a little sweeter," added Laura dryly, "way to make that pvc catsuit even shinier Daiz."

"Wait!" interrupted Bess, who had been as shocked as the contestant when the card that had sealed her fate had been revealed. She moved the ten aside to uncover a four lying beneath it.

"Huh?" enquired Fran.

"Looks like I dealt two cards by mistake," she said.

"So what does that mean?" asked Laura.

"The rules are that if the dealer makes a mistake the house automatically loses," replied Bess, "so I'm afraid that Daisy has won again." The huge relief was plainly visible on the face of the catsuited girl, and oddly enough on the cop's face as well, though she had no apparent vested interest in Daisy winning or

losing.

“Are you sure?” said Alice suspiciously.

“Yeah, can’t we just have the hand again?” said Laura.

“No, no can do,” said Bess hastily and with a good deal of bluster, “rules are rules after all. Right, on to the next player, Alice what are you going to have as your next forfeit?” The others remained highly suspicious of these goings on, but accepted that after all Daisy was going to be staying unscathed this round. Alice spoke up with her new idea:

“If I lose this hand,” she said, “then I will place my feet,” she waggled her feet, clad in her towering patent leather shoes, “into a bowl of chocolate sauce.”

“For how long?” asked Laura, “we need to know how long you’ll keep them in there for seen as we’re being strict on the rules lately.” Her voice lowered and she spoke more darkly as the sentence came to an end.

“Pft, I don’t know,” said Alice, refusing to join in the malice, “until the end of the round, until the end of the game, I don’t mind, it’s all the same to me.”

“Yes, well,” broke in Bess somewhat quickly and in an embarrassed tone, “I think until the end of the round should be quite sufficient. Let’s play.” She dealt down the cards with great care, eager to bring a line under the whole misdealing incident. The fates were obviously smiling on Alice at that moment.

“Blackjack!” cried Bess, “well done Alice, looks like you’re off the hook for now.” The raven haired one accepted the news without emotion, seemingly to be indifferent to whether she won or lost by this stage. “Yay, whatever,” she said languidly, “what have you got planned, Fran?” Fran had a great deal planned,

as she had been scheming and plotting ever since she had seen Daisy be let off on a technicality. She laid her design out before the others.

"I have an idea for a small side wager," she said carefully and deliberately.

"Oh really?" said Bess cautiously, "what have you got in mind?"

"Well," continued Fran, "seeing as Daisy is still so squeaky clean,"

"With the emphasis on the squeaky," broke in Alice, a reference to her pvc clothing.

"Yes, indeed," continued Fran, "so seeing as she's still clean and this is the fourth round, I thought that it might be nice to have a little bet with her."

"Go on," said Daisy, sounding extremely dubious.

"I reckon that if I win this hand then you have to do your syrup forfeit."

"Okay," said Daisy, distinctly unimpressed up to this point, "and what happens if you lose?"

"If I lose," said Fran, "I will perform not just one, but two forfeits. So how about it Daiz, are you up for it?" The blonde looked extremely uncertain for a while, then looked as if for guidance to Bess. She nodded almost imperceptibly. This seemed to fill Daisy with new found confidence.

"Sure," she said, "bring it on. You are so going down."

"Oh yeah?" said Fran.

"Yeah," said Daisy, talking tough.

"If you're both satisfied with this I so no reason not to let you go ahead with it," said Bess, "although it wont count towards

your final scores of course. So the only thing that remains is for Fran to declare what her double forfeit will be.”

“I’ve already thought of that,” said Fran looking smug, “firstly I will fill my short with porridge, and secondly I will fill my boots with that thick brown mud over there. You see, I’m choosing extra nasty forfeits because I’m so sure that I’m going to win and you’re going to lose!” All the others ‘ooed’ at this fighting talk and watched avidly to see which one of the two was going to come off worse.

The cards were dealt down, two cards to Bess first, then two to Fran. There was no doubt that she was playing this hand to win, there was no deliberate going bust here, she desperately wanted to see the so far immaculate pvc clad Daisy get messy. She called for another card, her total improved to eighteen.

“Mmmm,” she said critically, “that’s as good as I’m going to get I suppose. I’ll stick with this, what have you got?” Bess showed her what she had, it was a pair of fives. She took another card, it was a deuce. She took another card.

“Oh dear Fran,” she said, “I’ve got a six, that spells curtains for you!”

Fran hung her head. She couldn’t believe it. The prospect of performing her ‘nasty’ forfeits didn’t bother her at all, but she was so disappointed that her adversary Daisy was being let off once again.

“Ha ha!” crowed the blonde, “I am victorious once more! I hope you like your oats!” Fran could see the funny side now.

“Curses!” she cried and twiddled an imaginary moustache in the manner of dastardly screen villains of old, “you win again, catwoman!” The girls laughed at this and looked forward to

seeing Fran get her comeuppance.

She decided to do the second forfeit first and unzipped her boots. She unceremoniously dumped them into the large bucket of mud and rinsed them thoroughly.

“Mmmm, lovely!” she said as she squished the muck between her fingers. She pulled the boots out and they were almost unrecognisable. There wasn’t a hint of the black leather visible, they were twin lumps of brown ooze, huge clods clinging to them.

“Whoopee, I’m going to enjoy this I can tell,” she said sarcastically. She placed her left foot into the boot, a sharp intake of breath accompanying the action as the mug was rather cold. She gave a small yelp as her left foot also descended into its mucky home. Ever so slowly she took hold of the left shaft and began to zip it up, grimacing as the soaked leather was pressed against the skin of her calves. At last she was done, the cold mud squeezed up against her body, but the second boot was still left to do. Sighing she zipped up the right boot, shivering at the damp wetness now encasing both of her legs.

“Brr, it’s a bit cold,” Fran said.

“Walk up and down a bit,” said Laura, who had of course undergone a similar trial.

“Yeah, it’ll probably help you warm up a little as well,” added Daisy. Fran did as she was bade, the squishing noises resulting from her promenade not being nearly as amplified as Laura’s jelly accompanied walk due to the increased gloopiness of the mud and the closer fitting of the boots. She turned her chunky heel and made her way back to the rest of the party.

“You were right, the mud is starting to warm up now,” she

said, “and it feels lovely and gooey between my toes!” She did a little dance, half remembered from tap lessons many moons ago and enjoyed the feeling of the muck oozing around her legs.

“Right,” Fran said, breaking off from her reverie, “time for my second forfeit. What have I got myself in for!” She went over to the mess table and selected a great big bowl full of thick, grey porridge. She took it over to Bess and presented it too her as if it was a sacrificial offering.

“Will you do the honours; since you’re the mistress of ceremonies it seems appropriate.” The blonde cop accented and took the bowl from her. Silently Fran stood still, raised her arms, shut her eyes and prepared for Bess to do her worst. The cop held the bowl in one hand while the other pulled away Fran’s shorts. Fran angled the bowl, but increased her torment by waiting an age before she started to pour, teasing her endlessly. At last the first drop of porridge fell into her shorts and she began to squeal and wiggle her legs back and forth. The mess slopped in in increasingly large amounts, some of it down the front of her shorts and some in the back. It touched all her intimate parts, some falling out of the bottom and splatting onto the plastic of the floor, but most of the gunk stayed trapped firmly inside. There were mounds and mounds of the lukewarm porridge, but eventually Bess was done and she took the now empty bowl away.

“Argh!” cried Fran, half screaming, half laughing, “I’ve got oats in my knickers!” The others fell about laughing at her self-inflicted predicament.

“I am never,” she continued, “never ever going to play a game against you again, Daisy.”

"Very wise," said Bess in her best teacherly voice, "and talking of the playing of games, there's one person left to go this round. Laura, it's your turn."

The cowgirls nodded in agreement, and laid out her plans for her latest forfeit, which she had obviously been formulating for a while.

"If I lose this hand," she said calmly, "I will take off my skirt and rinse it in rice pudding, then I will put it back on."

"Wow," said Bess, "that's a good idea for a forfeit."

"Do you always do your washing like that?" asked Alice. Laura merely stuck her tongue out by way of reply, and prepared to see what the cards dealt to her. They were not kind to her, she ended up with a total of sixteen.

"Hmmm," pondered Laura, "do I take another card or not?"

"You're damned if you do and damned if you don't," said Daisy.

"What the hell," said Laura with a devil may care voice, "it's better to go down fighting. Hit me." The dealer hit her, albeit not literally.

"Here it comes," said Bess.

"Bah!" said Laura upon realising that she had been given a king.

"Tough break," said Alice sympathetically.

"Oh well," replied Laura philosophically, "looks like I'm doing some laundry then." She stood up and unselfconsciously wiggled out of her denim miniskirt. Daisy wolfwhistled at the sight of her underwear. She had on a simple black cotton thong, with no adornments, and on that tanned, slim beauty it looked absolutely fantastic.

“Oh stop it Daiz,” she said dismissively and walked up to the mess table. She dunked the skirt in and gave it a thorough coating in the messy substance, performing her actions almost absent mindedly. Once it was soaked through to her satisfaction she took it out and held it up in the air, displaying it to the rest of the girls.

“Lovely,” said Daisy.

“I’m sure a look that will take the catwalks by storm next season,” said Alice. Laura didn’t say anything, she just smiled and unceremoniously and unhesitatingly slid the miniskirt back on.

“Hee hee!” she giggled, “this feels funny.” She walked up and down a bit, doing a little pretend parade for her friends, the rice pudding slime slapping and flapping wetly against her tanned, shapely legs.

“Excellent,” said Bess, “that brings the penultimate round to a close. Let’s retire to the booze table for a bit before embarking on the very last round.” The others concurred and beat a hasty retreat.

There was very little small talk amongst the party as they supped their drinks before the final round. The elephant in the room was the trip to the dunktank that would be handed out at the imminent conclusion of the game. Everyone was on edge, glasses were drained with alacrity and they were all back clustered around the card table within ten minutes.

“Okay,” began Bess, “time for a review of the situation as it stands before we embark on the final round. As I said before, the loser of the entire game must go to the dunktank. There are still three of you in contention for that booby prize. Alice, you

are on two forfeits, Fran, you are on three forfeits and Laura, you are also on three.” The girls nodded, well aware of their individual scores, and anxious to get started and get the game over with.

“Come on,” said Alice, “let’s get going.” An atmosphere of anxiety had descended over the party, and everyone was concentrating on the ultimate fate of one of them.

“Right then, Daisy’s up first,” said Bess. Daisy quickly responded by saying:

“My forfeit is to fill my catsuit with spaghetti.” When she had previously proposed a similar punishment there had been some remarks from her companions, but this time there was no response whatsoever. Indeed, when the cards came down in her favour once more, taking her winning streak to five there was barely an eyebrow raised, they were all too wrapped up in their own situations.

“Alice,” said Bess, “now it’s your turn. Remember, if you avoid doing a forfeit here, you also avoid the trip to the tank.” Alice nodded, well aware of this fact. She was in the best position of the three still in the race, and had evidently decided to go out with a bang.

“Okay, if I lose this,” she said firmly, confident that this wouldn’t happen, “I will give myself a butter shampoo.” There were gasps around her.

“Are you sure about that?” asked Bess. Alice fixed the dealer with a steely gaze.

“Absolutely,” she said decisively.

“Okay, whatever you say,” replied Bess, and dished out the cards.

“Hah!” cried Alice as she was given a jack and a ten, “twenty! I knew I’d win!” Bess merely gave a knowing little smile.

“Don’t count your chickens,” she said softly, “before they’re hatched.” and turned over her own hand. If it were possible Alice’s already pale face paled even further. She couldn’t believe it, the cards that the dealer had just revealed were an ace and a king, the only combination of cards that could have beaten her hand straight off.

“Oh nooooo!” she wailed, she really hadn’t expected to lose that hand. Once she got over the initial shock however, she managed to pull herself together and steeled herself. She had made her bed and now she had to lie on it, she knew the risks when she’d stated her forfeit and there was no point crying now that she’d lost. In fact she might as well make the best of it, revel in it and gross out her friends.

“In the words of Marlon Brando,” she said, “it’s time to ‘get the butter!’” Alice went over to the mess table and resolutely grabbed a big block of butter in both hands. She squeezed them a little between her fingers, turned so that she was facing the others and grinned. Then in one forceful movement she smacked her hands into her head, mashing the blocks of butter into her hair with a dull splat. She began rubbing the fat in, massaging her scalp and making sure that her entire head of hair was coated. The others ewwed at her actions, but Alice just kept on grinning and kept on rubbing in the greasy mess. She took hold of a third block and splatted it on to the top of her head with another horrible splat. There was so much grease, so much awful mess and she rubbed it in thoroughly, she shampooed her jet black hair with butter more carefully than she shampooed it

normally, taking a good deal of time over it.

When she was eventually finished her hair was covered all over, from the roots to the tips. She flicked her hair back, sending little globules of butter flying out in all directions.

“What do you reckon?” she asked.

“I think you’re absolutely bonkers,” said Laura, “why on earth did you do that?”

“Why do you think?” she replied, “because I’m worth it!” The girls collapsed with laughter, for a time forgetting that the game was still being played and three of them were still in line for the ultimate fate.

After a great deal of hilarity the contestants were brought down to earth with a bump.

“Right,” began Bess determinedly, “time to move on. Fran is up next and the game situation is very interesting indeed. Fran, you need to win this hand in order to retain any chance of you staying out of the tank.” Fran immediately sobered up and stopped laughing. A silence fell onto the room. She had had fun playing the game so far, the forfeits that she’d done had been enjoyable, but she was certain that she didn’t want to go into the dunktank. She bit her lip nervously.

“Okay,” she said, “I’m ready, let’s see some cards.”

“Aren’t you forgetting something?” said Bess.

“What?”

“The forfeit, you need to pick a forfeit.”

“Oh, oh yes of course,” said Fran, flustered, “if I lose this hand then I’ll, er, I’ll wash my top in, er, I don’t know, ice cream.” She barely knew what she was saying and seemed to be oblivious of the fact that she’d selected such a nasty task to

perform. Luckily for her the cards were in her favour at that moment, she ended up with nineteen and the dealer busted out with the first extra card.

“Phew!” Fran breathed a sigh of relief, clearly glad not to have lost the hand. Laura, however, buried her head in her hands, realising that the win for Fran had simultaneously sealed her fate, there was no way she could escape the tank now. What had she gotten herself in to? wondered the cute cowgirl.

“Wow,” said Bess, getting into the groove of a dominant mistress of ceremonies, “and it all comes down to Laura, the very last contestant in the very last round. She herself is already doomed, of course, there’s no getting out of it for her.” Laura nodded sadly. “But the big question is: Will she be going in alone, or will she have some company?” Alice and Fran were good friends with Laura, but at this moment they fervently wished that she would endure the trip to the dunktank alone. “Do you have a forfeit ready?”

“Yes, er, no, well, I think,” Laura stumbled distractedly, “that if I lose then you can cover me in... stuff, whatever stuff you want.” Bess accepted this rather vague statement, realising like the others that individual forfeits were almost an irrelevance now.

“Okay,” she said, “We’re all set. Let’s play.” Five pairs of eyes stared intently at the green baize, the atmosphere could be cut with a knife. Down came Laura’s cards. A six. A seven. Thirteen in total. Laura tapped the table to signify her request for another card. An ace. She called for another. A deuce. Fifteen. Laura called for a third extra card. A six. Twenty-one. Her hand was unassailable, she had won, she had bested Bess and

now her two friends were going down with her.

Alice and Fran threw up their hands in disappointment, the tension of the prolonged playing of Laura's hand had been killing them, and it had finished with the exact result that they didn't want. Laura cheered, happy to have company in her misery. The three condemned girls formed a huddle, showing solidarity now their collective fate had been sealed.

The game was over, the results were in. A lot of hands had been played, a lot won and a lot lost, and a lot of forfeits had been done besides. And Alice, Fran and Laura were headed for a trip in the dunktank.

IV

There had now developed two distinct groups within the girls in the basement room. On the one hand were three girls that had entered all dolled up in attractive costumes, the elegance of their clothes emphasising the underlying beauty of their young, nubile bodies. However the grand game of blackjack that had just taken place had laid waste to them, rendering the three figures almost unrecognisable and reducing them to messy heaps.

Here once stood a tall, angular gothic beauty with hair as black as night and a flowing dress to match. Now she was covered in cream, bits of sticky jam and chocolate sauce clinging to her rounded disguise. Her hair, once her crowning glory, was now just a horrible greasy mess that hung lankly down her back.

And here there once was a yee-hahing, rooting tooting cow-girl, her tanned, firm body shown off by her short skirt and skimpy skirt, her costume defined by the boots and hat, both in cute hot pink. Now these accessories had become repositories of slime, sloppy jelly in the boots and runny slime deposited on her pigtailed hair by the hat. Her shirt was stained green and her skirt was invisible under its coating of rice pudding.

Finally, the once pretty, bouncy vivacious witch was buried under any number of different kinds of mess, her top soaked in lumpy brown gravy, her shorts full of gloopy porridge, her boots caked in thick mud both inside and out. Her face and head were covered with a layer of thick yellow custard.

On the other hand, the second group was comprised of two similarly beautiful young women, similarly attired in fantastic outfits, but unlike the first group they were still pristine, com-

pletely clean, not a spot of mess on them. Daisy, clad in her so slinky, ever so shiny catsuit, fashioned from sexy pvc, smirking at her miraculous escape from all five rounds of forfeits. Bess, the prime orchestrator of the whole evening was standing legs akimbo in her dominating thigh high boots, a mocking expression on her face, her tight black leather miniskirt remaining totally unscathed.

The messy trio looked at each other, how on earth could this have happened, they thought to themselves., how could we have ended up covered in diverse types of slop whilst these two have managed to remain spotless. And it wasn't over yet either, there was still the trip to the dunktank to come, they were going to be obliterated still further while their tormentors got to stand by and watch. The evening had taken a decided turn for the worst.

The blondes looked at each other. Daisy let out a little giggle. It was mirrored by Bess. The giggle escalated into a full blown laugh, and then a bellow, the two falling about helpless with mirth.

"There's no need to rub it in!" said an indignant Alice.

"What, like you did with the butter?" said a guffawing Daisy.

"That's not funny!" cried Laura, stamping her foot. This action merely frustrated her further, producing as it did a damp squishing sound due to the jelly filling her boot.

"I'm sorry," said Bess, calming down somewhat, "I'm sorry, we're not laughing at you, well not totally anyway."

"Yes," agreed Daisy, "it's just that we can't keep our straight faces any more."

"Straight faces?" said Fran in puzzlement, "what are you on

about?”

“It’s time for me to come clean,” said Bess, “if you’ll pardon the pun.” She spoke no more, but picked up the pack of cards again. She turned over the top card demonstrating that it was the ace of spades. She stuck it back in the pack and shuffled it thoroughly. The top card flipped over. It was still the ace of spades. She buried it in the deck once again, shuffled, cut then dealt five cards face down. The next card was exposed and revealed to be, surprise surprise, to be the ace of spades.

Laura pointed a finger dramatically straight at the cop.

“You’ve been...!” she exclaimed in outrage.

“Yes,” said Bess calmly, “I’ve been cheating.” Daisy stalked languidly over to her, then snaked a pvc clad arm round the slim waist of the cop costumed blonde.

“In actual fact,” she purred, “we’ve been cheating.” She planted a kiss on to the cheek of Bess. The mess covered trio’s bafflement at this bizarre new turn of events could be seen plainly on their faces. A hush fell on the party, things had all of a sudden become quite serious. Fran piped up, her voice shrill with anger.

“You mean to say,” she yelled, “that you’ve colluded to get us all...” Daisy held up a hand.

“Shush!” she implored, “I understand your rage, but hear us out.”

“Yes,” continued Bess, “we have a big announcement to make. But it will probably be rather shocking to you, so just be quiet and listen.”

“Yes Miss,” chorused the three girls meekly.

“This dates back to when I was slimed at the fete, in that

magnificent apparatus that you girls constructed for me.” Her eyes grew misty with remembrance. Daisy picked up the tale.

“Right, but what you don’t know,” she said, “is that I was gunged too, after everyone had left.”

“I knew it!” cried Alice, unable to restrain herself, “I knew I saw you in the car park that afternoon all covered in slime! I just thought I must have imagined it because you ran past so quickly and it was such a strange sight.”

“What do you mean, ‘you were slimed’?” demanded Laura.

“Yeah,” chipped in Fran, “were you gunged by accident or was it Bess here or what?”

“I gunged myself,” replied Daisy very definitely, “and I discovered something that day. That gunging can be fun, very fun indeed. In fact,” and here she lowered her voice to a seductive whisper, “I found out that slime can be sexy.” Daisy wrapped her other arm round Bess, removed her sunglasses and leaned in. They kissed for a long time, their tongues entangling themselves, Bess moving her hands over Daisy’s pvc catsuit, finally coming to rest squeezing her pert behind. Eventually the pair broke their Sapphic embrace and regarded the three girls, standing open mouthed, eyes boggling at what they had just witnessed, this was beyond belief.

“So I guess that this is our big announcement,” said Bess smokily, “that Daisy and I are an item, and have been for several months.” There was a stunned silence. The facts slowly percolated through the brains of the shocked girls. Laura was the first one to speak.

“Good for you,” she said slowly in a clear, sincere voice, “I hope that you’re very happy together.” She turned round to her

companions and looked at them fiercely as if daring them to disagree with her.

"I agree," said, Fran.

"Me too," said, "that's a very weird turn up for the books, but it's alright with us."

"Yeah, we're still your friends," said Fran reassuring.

"Though you picked a hell of a way to come out," said Laura. The others concurred with this last statement and laughed about it. All of a sudden the tension in the atmosphere completely melted away and the five began talking excitedly. After a few minutes the clean couple started to gain control of the conversation again.

"You realise that the whole of this evening was set up by us, not just the game," said Bess.

"Yeah, we're criminal masterminds," said Daisy, "after all, you don't think it was by chance that we happened to meet in the pub do you?" The pair, arms still entwined, began to make gradual movements towards the centre of the room.

"And who was first to suggest the idea of a party, and who did such a sterling job of persuading you all to come when I offered to hold it at my place?" said Bess. They were making little steps all the time.

"And who took you to the shoe shop, Laura, and gave you the idea of dressing up as a cowgirl?" said Daisy, the petite brunette nodding in recognition.

"And who, Fran," continued Bess, "persuaded you to dress up sexily, rather than coming as a lame, ugly horror movie character?" The couple had by now arrived in the middle of the room and were standing adjacent to the dunktank.

“And finally,” said Daisy, “who was it that went with you, Alice, to the fancy dress shop and picked out that rather fetching ensemble you’re wearing now? Though it doesn’t look that fetching at the moment.” During the last statement they had slowly made their way inside the dunktank, Bess planting her leather clad bottom down on the seat with the red ‘X’, Daisy perching herself on her lap, crossing her long, pvc encased legs and pouting.

“Looking at you three I can see that I’ve clearly had my revenge,” said Bess, “and now you’ve heard our confessions it’s time for the sixty-four thousand dollar question: Do you want to take revenge on us?”

Alice, Fran and Laura looked at each other. They took in the ruination that they had been tricked in to inflicting on themselves and their outfits. They turned back to look at Bess and Daisy, the dominant cop in her thigh length boots, her leather skirt and gloves, the beautiful young blonde, her body covered from head to toe in tight pvc.

“Yes!” they shouted in unison, bringing smiles to the faces of the two lovers. All three of them walked over to the controls of the dunktank, each of them sticking out an arm to take hold of the big lever. Bess and Daisy surrendered themselves to their fate, relaxing in their seat, their lips meeting and their passionate embrace resuming.

The big lever was pulled.

There was a moment’s pause. Then a gigantic torrent of gunge erupted from the top of the tank. It engulfed the lovers, the multicolored slime obliterating their blonde hair, colouring Daisy’s red and Bess’ purple. The aviator sunglasses on the

cops' face were swept away, her shirt was drenched in goo. The pvc catsuit was not spared, wave after wave of gunge flowing over its shiny exterior and also pouring down the inside, soaking the warm, heaving body of Daisy. It ran down off her lap and onto the seat so that Bess was virtually sitting in a pool of gunk. It ran down her legs, down inside her towering patent leather boots to gather in gloopy reservoirs around her bare feet.

The dunktank's alterations had increased its capacity hugely, the gunging continued for at least thirty seconds, the girls inside kissing all the time, their hands busily exploring every crevice of their slimy, messy bodies. They continued their steamy relations even after the deluge had finished until Fran coughed rather pointedly:

"Ahem," she said, "don't mind us." The two finally disengaged themselves.

"Sorry," said Daisy, removing her hand from underneath her girlfriend's leather miniskirt. They disentangled themselves and exited the tank. The figures that had entered the dunktank were the very epitome of sexiness, but the ones that left were gungey in the extreme, Bess struggling to walk with her huge boots full to their brims with slime, and goo slipping and sliding all over Daisy's catsuit, bulges at several points indicating pockets of mess trapped inside.

Daisy ran forward and preceded to throw her arms around each of her friends in turn, giving each of them a long, slimy hug. Meanwhile Bess had managed to pour some of the gunge out of her boots and sauntered over to the mess table. She picked up a custard pie, deep and creamy, and hefted it in one hand with a thoughtful expression on her face. Then in one smooth,

easy movement she turned and flung it just like the very best baseball pitchers. The pie possessed good aerodynamic qualities, it described an elegant arc in the air before splatting with a satisfactory sounding noise right into the middle of Laura's face.

It covered her face completely, the round paper plate framed by her green tinged hair and its pigtails. She stood stiffly, then slowly and carefully reached up a hand and scraped it off to reveal an expression of shock. It soon dissolved in to a look of devilish mischief. She swiftly ran over to the mess table, picked up a pie of her own and hurled it at Bess, who in the meantime had beat a hasty retreat. Her aim was good, the pie flew well, but its target decided to take swift evasive action and ducked her head. This meant that the creamy missile instead landed straight on to the side of Daisy's head, she having just disentangle herself from a hug with Fran. She put her hands on her hips and pulled an expression of mock umbrage. She strode over to the mess table looking like she meant business. She eschewed mere pies, and instead grabbed hold of a large bucket full of baked beans. She swung it lustily, but her aim was less than stellar and she rather unfortunately deposited its messy contents all over Alice, the orangey, beany gunk splatting over her entire front, beans running down her impressive cleavage.

Alice was outraged to be caught up in this, and decided to target the original instigator, so she selected two pies, crept up behind Bess and sandwiched her head expertly. No sooner had she done this than her world went dark due to the bucked placed over her head. It head was totally enveloped in cold custard, it started streaming down over her shoulders and dress where

it mingled with the beans and the remains of the cream from the blackjack game. She gingerly lifted the plastic receptacle and turned round to see that it had been placed there by Fran, evidently having felt a bit left out up until then.

It was at this point that the entire room descended into an absolutely enormous free for all food fight.

Daisy was lying prostrate on the floor with Bess straddling her, her leather skirt rucked up around her hips. She had unzipped her lover's pvc catsuit half way and was furiously stuffing it with half melted ice cream. Daisy was writhing about sensually, screaming, presumably in pleasure. Eventually she managed to reach out an arm to grab hold of a pie which she smashed into her tormentor's face. Bess responded in kind, absolutely nailing her girlfriend's pretty face. She leaned closer, licking cream off her face with a long, snaking tongue, then they kissed with abandon, a custardy clinch.

Alice's dress had been torn from her, exposing her lacy black underwear, her suspenders and fishnet stockings, and her lithe, porcelain body. She was suffering from a two pronged attack. From the front she had Fran massaging red jelly into her breasts, taking great delight in thoroughly messing up her shining orbs, and from the back her knickers had been pulled out and Laura was tipping can after can of tomato soup inside with great glee. Alice was not struggling too much either, in fact she seemed to be enjoying it a lot.

She couldn't let herself be abused like this without taking some retaliatory action however, and to this end she took hold of a vast cake, not dissimilar to the one she had been sat down in for a large part of the evening. She grabbed Fran's top and

ripped it clean off revealing her enormous, heaving bare breasts. Fran screamed in horror at this exposure, but her modesty was swiftly restored by the impact of the cake into her chest, the cream, jam and other sloppy materials being rubbed in with gusto, her expression changing from shock to surprised pleasure.

Laura switched her attentions to the couple squirming on the floor. She pulled back the leather skirt of Bess', exposing two perfect round cheeks and a tiny slimy thong. She smashed a block of butter into her behind, let the skirt fall back and started vigorously mashing the greasy muck in, Daisy still struggling beneath both of them.

The bare breasted Fran grabbed hold of the semi-clothed Alice in a bear hug, then manhandled her into the dunktank. As soon as the two had fallen on to the seat she reached out an arm to the lever and had no hesitation in pulling it. It was difficult to tell as the thick slime descended on them, but it looked as if their lips may have met tenderly as the friends were enveloped in the downpour of gunge.

The rest of the night descended into even deeper anarchy, and a veil at this point must be brought down over proceedings in order to protect the not so innocent...

The harsh rays of the early morning Sun washed over Splashington, gradually illuminating the town. In every street there were people were waking from the sleep of the good, munching their toast and cornflakes, cooking their bacon and eggs, preparing for the day ahead.

The sunlight did not of course percolate down into the depths of the rather spacious basement of one particular house, but nevertheless five people within it were rousing themselves, bleary

eyed for they did not have restful night by any means.

Alice was wearing her dress, but she didn't appear to be wearing anything at all underneath. The dress was no longer its natural colour of black either, being coated thoroughly in custard. Laura was down to her once bright white underwear, now stained red with sticky, strawberry jam. Her trim young body not only had a tan now, but also a thin layer of translucent gunge, and her boots were caked in thick brown mud.

Fran was not in a state of undress, in fact she had acquired and donned every single discarded garment, and there were a lot of them. The layers of clothing were sandwiched by layers of slime. Daisy still had on her black leather five inch heeled boots, but apart from these she was totally naked, her taut, nubile body covered by a veneer of undeterminable, disgusting brown gunk.

The girls were barely awake, they had fallen asleep in whatever pools of mess they had finished up in. They eyed up the state of the room, which looked like it had been hit by an explosion of food, and themselves, conjuring up vague memories of a very wild, very extreme party the night before, the type of party that the word 'hedonistic' might have been invented for.

The fifth member of the quintet had been unseen thus far, but at this point she strode through the door and into the room, her tall boot heels alternately clicking and squelching depending on whether she stepped into a clean or a messy spot. A good deal of squishing also came from the thigh high boots themselves. She was clad in Daisy's pvc catsuit and it like the boots had been given a thorough clean as it was now spotless, shiny and good as new. Or at least it was on the outside. The diverse bulges

that could be seen and the damp squelches that accompanied even the slightest move showed that it was not so clean on the inside. In fact it was stuffed full of every sort of sloppy mess imaginable, as were the boots.

"Wakey wakey campers," she said, "is everyone recovered from last night? I think we all got a little bit carried away."

"What happened?" said Laura in a dopey manner.

"What am I wearing?" said a befuddled Fran, "is this your leather skirt Bess?" Alice yawned hugely.

"Well that was an interesting experience," she said sleepily.

"You can say that again," said Laura.

"Well that was an inter - mmph!" She was silenced by a well aimed handful of muck thrown at her face by Laura.

"It's way, way too early for jokes like that," she said.

"Did you girls all have a good time?" interjected Bess. They pondered this question for a good long while, reflecting on events, on the game, on the forfeits, on the food fight, and on what happened afterwards between them.

"Did we have a good time?" asked Laura in a slow, careful voice.

"I certainly did," said Fran in a firm, clear tone.

"I think I did as well," said Alice.

"Yeah, me too," said Laura, "though it's not exactly something I'd make a habit of."

"No," agreed Alice and Fran hastily.

"Well I'm glad to hear that you enjoyed yourself," broke in Bess. "There are showers available upstairs, it's the third door on the left. And there are three sets of spare clothes waiting for you as well."

The three eventually managed to sort out what items of clothing belonged to each of them, scraped off the absolute worst of the muck and trooped upstairs for the much needed application of soap, shampoo and hot water. There were no regrets between there was possibly a little bit of awkwardness, but that was only to be expected. The whole night had been so surreal that it could not possibly affect their friendship; it had been a pleasurable experience, not one to show any remorse over, but not one to be repeated either.

Daisy walked over to her lover.

"That was a success," she said.

"It was indeed," said Bess, wrapping her arms around her girlfriend's waist, "when you suggested a coming out party I had no idea it would turn out to be so outrageous."

"Neither did I."

"Do think that they're alright with us? I know how important what your friends think is to you."

"Yeah, they'll be fine. And I think after what we did last night they'd better be your friends too."

"That's true."

"There's just one think left to do," said Daisy.

"What's that?" asked the pvc clad Bess.

"I have to help you out of that catsuit..."

Daisy slowly and seductively started to pull down the zip.

Chapter 3

The Fates Conspire

Chapter 4

A Fete Worse than Before

Chapter 5

One Fateful Day