**Wrestling With Embarrassment**

by anonenffan

“April, I think there’s more to you than what I’m seeing out there,” said a well dressed man in a suit. “I’m willing to give you more time in the spotlight, but I think you should be repackaged with a new gimmick, see if you can’t get a new character over with the crowd.”

Directly across from the well dressed man’s desk, sat April. April was a tall, rather imposing girl, with long black hair with some bright green streaks. She worked out often to stay fit enough to be a professional wrestler.

“A new gimmick? Mister Howard, what’s wrong with my gymnast gimmick?” April asked, feeling a little offended. “It’s hard doing some of those flips all the time and the crowd likes flips.”

“It’s been done. You’re not getting much of a reaction,” stated Howard, waving his hands. “I want you to try coming up with something new. We’ve got a show tomorrow, so try to come up with a new gimmick. I’ll feed you a jobber, and if you can excite the crowd, you can have a run with the belt!”

This caught April’s attention. A character change would be worth it if she got to be Women’s Champion. In Extreme Night Fire Wrestling, otherwise known as ENFW, April really did have some trouble exciting the audience. She was technically sound as a wrestler, but character work was every bit as important. In some cases, it was actually more important.

“Alright… I’ll try to think of something!” April said. “See you tomorrow Mister Howard!” She left, heading home. There was just one day to think of a new character for her to wrestle as. Something impressive was needed.

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Janet stared at her computer screen bouncing a pencil off of her lip with a notebook in her lap. She was an aspiring costume designer, looking to break into the film industry. In particular, she wanted to work in horror movies. The dreary films didn’t actually scare her, partially because she was always fascinated with the costume work that went into these movies. So much so, she wanted to make costumes herself.

“What to make… what to make…” the red haired girl mumbled to herself. Janet needed a big project to have on her resume for when she would apply to film studios. She had to come up with something that grabbed people’s attention. The problem was, she couldn’t find anyone that needed her, or was willing to work with someone who didn’t have a lot of experience. She believed she could make a good monster, all she needed was a chance.

The locks to the apartment door began to clack around, and soon after, the door opened. April entered carrying her gym bag. “Hey Janet, I’m back!” she said, cheerfully.

“Hey April,” Janet said, turning her head from where she was sitting to greet her room mate. “How’d your match go? Did you win?”

April giggled. The two girls, currently roommates, had been friends for a long time, ever since elementary school. However, common interests between the two had split over the years. Janet never watched wrestling, having written it off as more of a hobby for men and boys, and couldn’t wrap her head around April’s love of the fake sport. Meanwhile, April simply never understood Jane’s fascination with horror movies. If she didn’t even find those movies scary, what was the point?

“It was a pretty light day. I didn’t have a match.” April said, setting her gym bag aside, and taking a bottle of water out of it. “I got a chance at getting a push though.”

“Why do you want to be pushed?” Janet raised an eyebrow. “What’s so fun about getting pushed around? I thought you had to try to avoid that.”

April giggled again. Despite being roommates, Janet had absolutely no grip on even the simplest wrestling terminology. Sometimes April wondered if Janet even knew the whole event was a work. In its own way, April found this kind of cute, it made Janet seem naive.

“Not a literal push, I mean like, promoted more. Like, I might be in the main event matches more.” April sat down on the couch. “I’ve gotta come up with a new gimmick…” she paused, remembering Janet’s lack of knowledge. “…Sorry, a new character, to get that push.”

Janet blinked twice. “Character? What do you mean by character? I thought everyone in wrestling was just athletic people beating up other athletic people.” It was peculiar idea to Janet. That’s what it was, wasn’t it? If it’s supposed to be passed off as a sport, why would anyone need to be in character?

“We’re not ALL ‘just athletic people,’” April said, throwing up air quotes. “One of them’s a dancer, another is a singer, another is an… athletic… person…” The black haired girl paused, and put a hand to her chin. “I guess some things feel kind of samey when you really boil us down to what we really do. We all end up getting in the ring with skimpy clothes. It’s the guys who usually go all out with face paint and costumes.”

Janet was twirling the pen around in her hand, looking at April. Upon mention of face paint and costumes, Janet paused, and gripped the pen in her hand. “Wait… there’s costumes in wrestling?” There was a sudden sense of interest in her voice.

“Well… to a certain extent.” April explained. “I mean, it still has to be something easy to move in, but sometimes costumes and interesting characters help excite the crowd. The stories can get a little silly but that’s what makes it interesting.”

“Saaaay….” Janet held a finger up in realization. “I need to do some costume designing for an actor or actress so there’s something on my resume. What if I made your costume? I could make you monster! You’ll have your new character, and I’ll have something to show to the big time movie guys!” Janet suggested, seeming pushy.

“You make my costume? Hmm… you know women wrestlers don’t do monster gimmicks very often… but that would make me unique… that just might get over!” April smiled brightly. “Alright Janet, you scratch my back and I’ll scratch yours! Let’s make me into a monster! I am getting that push!”

“I still don’t know what you mean by push, but let’s do it!” Janet cheered.

And so the two went to work, with barely a day to come up with the concept for April’s new monster character. Janet quickly sketched out some ideas, being mindful to include April’s ring gear, including things like boots and kneepads.

“I’m thinking bodypaint.” Janet nodded. “You’re going to be a succubus. Sexy, evil, and unstoppable!” She bounced her pen against her lip. “The paint will be going over most of your body though. You’re real ring gear needs to be as minimal as possible. Just the sports bra, the shorts, the boots and the knee pads, and they all need to be black. Like the blackest black you can get your hands on.”

Hearing Janet suggest she dressed in as little as she could sounded a little weird to April. Even when they shared an apartment, they were respectful of each other’s privacy. They hadn’t even accidentally seen each other in their underwear. April shook off that little bit of awkwardness. On that sketch book, was a version of April that looked like she had just escaped Hell. Janet was really going all out!

“Wow, I really am going to look like a monster, aren’t I?” April said, surprised at Janet’s drawing speed.

The proposed outfit was on the perverted side of how April could dress, but it wouldn’t be a big deal. She had wrestled that way before. The body paint was going to be most of what made her look like a monster.

“Alright, I’m gonna make a quick call to my boss, tell him what we’re planning. Then I’ll have to do some shopping for the gear tomorrow morning.” April said, reaching for her phone.

“I’ll go with you. I’m going to need to go to the art supplies store!” Janet said in a jubilant voice.

The next day, the girls went shopping, being mindful of the clock. April needed new ring gear, while Janet need her paint. Both girls were really excited to get things together. Luckily, both stores they needed were at the same mall.

Janet had finished her shopping second, and soon found April, who looked more excited than usual as she talked on her phone.

“Thank you sir, I didn’t expect that! … yes sir! You can bet on it! I’m going to draw dimes! See you soon!” April hung up and turned around, seeing Janet approaching. “Janet! My entrance is going to have pyro!”

“Pyro?” Janet tilted her head quizzically.

“Yeah, fireworks! They don’t just give ANYBODY fireworks for their entrance! ENFW has NEVER had pyro before either!” said April. “Mister Howard expects me to draw dimes!”

Janet raised an eyebrow. “I thought you were supposed to be wrestling, not drawing. Why does he want pictures of dimes? Shouldn’t he want like… actual dimes?”

April couldn’t help but giggle. Janet’s interpretation of wrestling lingo was just adorable. “It means I’ll be popular, people will be drawn to come to the show, and pay money to see me. I’ll be considered a draw.”

“Oh… that’s a weird way to say it,” Janet said, looking a little confused. “Well anyway, I got all the stuff I need. Painting you is going to take a while so we should try to get to the show early.”

And so they did, arriving at the venue about an hour before the show started, and about two hours before April’s match was scheduled to happen. ENFW was a big enough promotion to rent out a small hockey arena for their wrestling shows. April knew the building’s layout well, Janet on the other hand, was a stranger to sporting events, much less, the backstage areas.

“Where are we supposed to go, am I supposed to paint you in the bathroom?” Janet asked, carrying her bag of art supplies.

“No, we’re going to do that in the locker room,” April said. “We’re almost there.”

“April!” Both April and Janet turned around to see Mister Howard. “There you are, come over here for a moment, I wanna discuss things!” He gestured towards a small room.

“Yes sir Mister Howard!” April said, turning to Janet. “Wait here, I’ll be right back.”

“Okay,” Janet said with a smile, and leaned against a wall near the door. She patiently waited, and heard the sound of someone walking closer. The redhead looked toward the source.

Down the hall, stood a blonde girl, a little taller than April, if Janet had to guess. She was already in her ring gear, a dark red sports bra and wrestling shorts with matching boots. Sitting over one shoulder was a golden title belt, with the name plate that read “ENFW Women’s Champion : Tiffany.”

There was also a very bitter look on her face.

“I don’t believe this! It’s ridiculous!” Tiffany said in a frustrated voice.

“What’s wrong?” Janet asked.

“I work hard busting my ass in the ring, getting myself over as a believable champion, and that bitch gets a heel turn and a rocket strapped to her!?” Tiffany ranted. “They’re about to start feeding her jobbers and then they’ll feed me to her!”

Janet was completely dumbfounded. “Um… what?”

Tiffany got right up in Janet’s face. “You better watch out, I’m at nuclear heat right now! I’m ready to shoot!”

Janet had no idea what Tiffany was talking about. Was she literally ready to shoot or did that mean something else? Tiffany’s tone, however, was intimidating enough without translation. She simply backed up and waved her hands. “Sorrrry!”

“You better be!” Tiffany said.

The door opened, and April walked out.

“Wow… I can’t thank you enough!” She turned her head toward her friend. “Janet, we get the other locker room all to ourselves to prep!” She paused, noticing Tiffany. “Oh, hey Tiffany, how are you?”

“Did you just say you get the other locker room to yourself!? I’m the champion, I’m supposed to get that!” Tiffany shouted while stomping her foot.

“Don’t work yourself into a shoot, everyone should get to enjoy the perks at least once.” April said, looking a little irritated. “Let’s go, Janet!”

Both girls quickly walked off, Janet glancing behind her as she followed April, seeing Tiffany seething and swearing revenge. Clearly, she was spoiled, or jealous, or both. Whatever the case, it was better to steer clear of her.

“April, does shooting mean something else in wrestlingese?” Janet said, walking a bit quicker and staying close to April.

“It basically just means fighting for real, that’s all. Don’t worry about Tiffany.” April explained. She couldn’t help but smirk at the term “wrestlingese.” Though she did hope that Janet would limit her questions until they were in a more private place.

After a short walk, they were in the locker room. Janet was sorting through her bag looking at her painting supplies, as April did a quick inspection of her ring gear. April looked through her gym bag, and found something that brought a smile to her face.

“Hey Janet, I got you a little something, while I was shopping” April said, digging through her bags. “Me and Mister Howard had a little talk, feel free to say no, but you could come to ringside and watch the match.”

“Oh?” Janet smiled. An up close look at her handywork in action? How could she resist? “That sounds fun! I don’t know much about wrestling but I’d love to see everyone’s reaction to my painting!”

“Okay, there’s just a little catch,” April added, holding up a black sports bra and set of wrestling shorts that matched what she would be wearing. “You have to be in character too. Sort of like my…’handler,’ that lets me loose.”

“Awww, I get a costume too?” Janet smiled, taking the clothes from April and looking them over. “What else would I have to do?”

“It’s a small show, so not a whole lot. I’ll do the actual wrestling. Just play up being evil, cheer me on, and get mad if I get hit. And no matter what happens, protect kayfabe.” April said.

“Kayfabe?” Janet blinked twice. “Who’s Kayfabe?”

April paused, closed her eyes, fighting the urge to laugh. She was glad she and Janet had the locker room to themselves. If any other wrestlers heard that question, they’d get laughed out of the building.

“It means… preserve your character. Pretend things are real.” April explained, in a forced calm.

“Ooooh! You wrestlers and your own lingo, I swear!” Janet giggled. Then she clapped her hands together. “Alright, let’s get focused. You should wash up real quick, you need to be nice and clean for the paint to apply right!”

“Okay!” April said, standing by her gym bag and gripping the hemline of her shirt. She hesitated, as Janet sat there. “Um… do you mind?” The black haired girl said with a blush.

“Oh!” Janet’s eyes widened slightly as she realized April would be needing privacy. “I guess I can, but um… keep in mind… I AM going to be close while I paint you.”

April’s blush grew a little redder. She hadn’t thought about how much time Janet would have to spend near her barely dressed body. As Janet turned around to look over her painting supplies, April resumed undressing.

She slowly slid the shirt off over her head, and set it on the bench. Her heart fluttered a little faster. Getting naked in the locker room normally wasn’t a big deal. April had done it dozens of times in front of the other wrestlers, and had seen more than her fair share of naked women for the same reason. So why was she feeling embarrassed now?

April kicked off her shoes and thought some more. Maybe it was because Janet was going to get a very up close look? That seemed hardly like it, some of the basic wrestling moves she had to perform would cause others to get to one another. Unless it was the fact that Janet would be the one getting close?

Soon after, April’s pants and panties fell to the ground, leaving her completely naked. She glanced at Janet, who was nose deep in her art bag. April grabbed a towel from her bag, and quickly made her way towards the locker room shower, blushing like a schoolgirl the whole time.

As April began her shower, Janet looked over the clothes she was given. She wasn’t sure if they were going to fit, but she still going to try them on! It was a little awkward for Janet to undress in the locker room, not being used to it like April was, but there was still a calm excitement that overpowered a bit of fear. Costumes were always interesting.

It took Janet a little longer to undress than April did, as she looked around ensuring they were alone. Eventually she slid her dress off over her head, leaving her in just her bra and panties. Janet carefully unclasped her bra, letting the cups get away from her breasts, stripping herself toppless. She hadn’t done this in a locker room since high school, and that gave Janet reason to blush. What if someone saw her doing this?

She lacked the physique to fool other wrestlers into thinking she was one of them. Hell, she barely knew how to even talk to them. They’d probably push her around and kick her out of the building, not even bothering to let her redress. Just thinking about that made her a little more nervous.

Janet glanced around again, gathered the costume she would be changing into, and quickly made a move to a more secluded corner. It shouldn’t be odd to change in a locker room, though it had been so long since she had done this, she wanted to feel more secure. She was out of direct view of the entrance, and the shower area. It looked safe enough, so down her panties went. Janet slowly snuck around the corner and threw her panties over to her dress, already feeling her heart racing from being naked.

As Janet put her new attire on and April showered, the door to enter the locker room was slowly pushed open. An intruder had carefully tiptoed in and looked around in search of something. From the doorway she couldn’t see either of the occupants, but she could hear the shower running.

More importantly, she spotted her target. The gym bag with some clothes nearby. A wicked grin appeared on the intruder’s face. With a quick look inside the bag, April’s ring gear was discovered. “Let’s see how your push goes without your costume,” she muttered under her breath. She grabbed up all the discarded clothes, belonging to both April and Janet, and stuffed them in the gym bag. She then picked it up, and saw another bag further away.

“Hey April,” came Janet’s voice.

The intruder was startled, and clutched the bag to her chest.

“Is this supposed to be so tight up top?” Janet said, walking towards the shower area.

No sign that she had been detected yet. Good. However, if the thief made a move for that other bag, she might get caught. At the same time, her plan would be for nothing if the other bag had clothes in it. With slow, cautious steps, she moved closer to the extra bag.

“Alright, dry off really thoroughly. I have to get my brushes ready!” came Janet’s voice again. The redhead walked up, wearing a black sports bra and wrestling shorts, both of which looked a little tight on her, squeezing her assets. Janet quickly closed in on the other bag.

The intruder backed off and retreated around a corner. There was no choice, she had to bail out. As Janet hummed to herself sorting through the bag, the thief snuck out the locker room door, closing it as silently as she could.

Janet sorted through her bag of various body paints and set aside a few black cans. She looked at it closely to make sure it was the right shade of black. However, something caught her attention. “Ah crud, water soluble.” She turned her head towards the showers. “April, there’s a little problem, this paint might not hold up if you get sweaty!”

April stepped out of the shower area, with a towel wrapped around her torso, and another in her hair, as she worked to dry it off. “Really? It might like, fall apart?”

“It could get smeared and slowly break off.” Janet smacked herself in frustration. “Agh, I should have been more careful. This might ruin everything!”

“Don’t worry about it, when the guys do body paint it tends to smear too,” April said, continuing to dry herself off. “It’s just gonna be a quick squash match anyway, it should be fine.”

“Really? You think you can really just beat Tiffany that fast?” Janet asked, getting various cans ready.

April rolled her eyes again. “Okay, two things. One, I’m not wrestling Tiffany, I’m getting fed a jobber. Meaning, I’m wrestling someone else, they’re going to look helpless against me and make me look strong. I’m also going to beat whoever my opponent is quick. That’s what a squash match is. Two, you know this stuff is staged, right?”

Janet blushed and giggled. “I guess I forgot that part. Well, if you’re sure, get dried off and I’ll get painting!” That was a relief, if she couldn’t win quickly, the shoddy choice of paint would quickly become apparent to the audience.

April had thoroughly dried herself off, trying to get every single bead of water off her body she could. This of course, lead to a moment that was very awkward for both of them, when April had to drop the towels and be completely naked in front of Janet.

April had a well toned and fit body, though still had above average breasts. She was proud of what she achieved in the gym, however felt more shy about baring herself in front of her long time best friend.

To Janet, this was just as unusual, seeing her friend in her most pure form. Even as roommates, this was a rare sight. Janet sat awkwardly with her air brush prepared, taking in the sight of the naked girl before her, forgetting for a moment that April was a canvas.

“Um… Janet? Should I put on my gear first… or…” April stammered.

“Oh, n-no! I’m going to do the base, then you can put that stuff on, and then I’ll do the detailing.” Janet said with a bright blush of her own. As she began to painting the hard black base of paint into April’s legs, Janet started to think about her own attire. It barely covered more than underwear would. Did April really go out in front of people dressed like this? She admired her friends confidence, wondering if she could do the same.

Before long, Janet managed to paint the entire black base onto April. Everywhere but some of her legs below the knees, her breasts, and her bathing suit area, was evenly coated in black paint. Those were the areas her ring gear would be covering. She was also careful around April’s eyes.

“Alright, put your ring gear on, and I’ll get ready for the detail work.” Janet explained, still feeling like her own face was a bit warm. “Your face can be detailed with more traditional makeup.” She quickly turned away and looked in her bag.

“Okay,” April said, sighing with relief. She turned and quickly walked to where she left her bag. Only, the bag wasn’t there. “Hmm… where did I leave it?” April said out loud. She glanced around each row of lockers, but her gym bag was nowhere to be found. “Hey Janet did you see my bag?”

“Did you leave it over by the first row of lockers?” Janet replied, getting her brushes ready.

“That’s what I thought but I can’t find it,” April said. She looked up at the clock. “Oh shit, there’s twenty minutes left until my match!”

This had gotten Janet’s attention. She got up and walked towards April. “I’ll help you look… hey wait a second, I left my clothes right here.” Janet said, pointing to an empty spot on the bench. “I didn’t hear anybody come in, did you?”

“Not while I was in the showering… unless….” April gritted her teeth. “Tiffany! She was pretty mad about my push, she probably snuck in and stole my stuff! If I no show my match, I might get fired!” She looked at Janet awkwardly. “Janet, can I maybe borrow some of your outfit for the match?”

“What? My clothes got stolen too! If I give you mine, then I’ll be the one who’s… who’s…”

April could read her friends worry. She could handle a little embarrassment, but Janet might be a little more terrified. “Okay okay, forget it, we need a new plan then. Think… think… I can do it without the boots but I can’t go out naked…”

Janet quickly glanced around, also trying to come up with something. Her eyes settled on the air brush on top of her own bag. She then realized something. “Maybe you can.”

“What? Are you crazy!? I’ll get fired for sure if I do that, not to mention all those people are going to see me naked!” The heavily painted girl said.

“April, I have an idea. You said it was a short match, what if I painted the rest of you? If it looks like you aren’t naked, you’ll be out of there before anyone knows!” Janet said, in the back of her mind, knowing the plan was ridiculous.

Wrestling in nothing but body paint? April couldn’t believe what Janet just suggested. But then again, she glanced up at the clock, and saw the time for her match was rapidly approaching. It was difficult to see due to the paint, but April was blushing. “…There isn’t much choice, let’s go for it. I’ll show Tiffany she can’t stop me!”

“Okay, I’ll do my best.” Janet said with a smile and a nod. She picked up her air brush to do the rest of the base. The redhead got on her knees, which brought her to eye level with April’s womanhood. Janet’s face quickly reddened. “Um… this might tickle.”

April bit her lip, feeling the rush of air against her most intimate areas, coating them with the body paint. This had to be the craziest thing she had ever done in her wrestling career. She did her best not to think about Janet being that close to a very personal part of her body, instead trying mentally prepare herself to face that crowd.

Naked, except for a layer of paint.

When Janet had finished, it was almost time for the match. April’s body was evenly coated with the black base, and there were some carefully drawn veins going all over her figure. The veins were done in a bright green that matched the streak in April’s hair, while there were also some sharp, red lines on her hands, elbows, knees and feet. In truth, she really did look like she had just walked out of Hell.

“You know, it actually looks better without the ring gear.” Janet noted. “Better than I imagined it too.”

“Even if it is, this isn’t ideal.” April said. The painted girl looked at herself in the mirror, and couldn’t argue with the fact that she looked amazing. However, that concern about paint smudging briefly popped in her head. If the paint smeared, nothing else would be hiding her body. “I’ve got a bad feeling about this. I’m gonna try to make this the quickest squash match ever.”

“Alright, we just need to do you face.” Janet said, working as quickly as she could, going through the art supplies bag to get the facial makeup and brushes.

The locker room door opened. “April, it’s time for your match!” came Mister Howard’s voice. He hadn’t actually entered the room, instead was simply yelling into it.

“Crap! Um, I need a few more minutes Mister Howard!” April said.

“The clock’s ticking, unless you got something planned, I want you in that ring soon!” Mister Howard said. “Actually, I have an idea, what’s you’re friends name again?”

“Um, I’m Janet, sir!” Janet answered, the two girls exchanging confused looks..

“How about you cut a promo while April finishes getting ready?” Mister Howard suggested.

“A promo?” Janet was stunned. “I don’t know anything about that,” she said, whispering to April. “What does promo mean in wrestlingese?”

April looked at the makeup bag.. “I can finish my face myself. All you have to do is introduce me, and give a little speech about a monster coming to take over. Something like that. You’re like… the evil lady that unleashed me and controls me or something. Protect kayfabe. You can do it!”

Janet looked over her outfit. She was far better dressed than April was, though she was still showing a lot of skin. There was a problem though, Janet wasn’t good as a public speaker, even a small speech class was troublesome. Janet wasn’t sure if she could handle a crowd, but she had to try. “Okay… I think I have an idea,” she gulped. “I hope the paint holds.”

She took one more look over April, and more importantly, her painting work. Did April still look naked? The illusion was broken by the fact that Janet knew, but would others be able to tell? There was no way for Janet to answer.

The redhead began a slow walk towards the locker room door and exited. Janet began picking her brain for ideas for her promo. She tried to cycle through famous movie quotes to borrow from in her mind, but things were proving difficult. All she could think about was the speech trick of imagining everyone in their underwear. Only, she was in the reverse situation. She was wearing what covered little more than underwear.

At the backstage area near a curtain, Mister Howard picked up a microphone. “Alright Janet, just take this microphone, head out there, and tell the crowd about April’s monster.” said Mister Howard, offering Janet the mic.

“O-okay, I’ll try.” Janet said, taking a deep breath. Just passed the nearby curtain was the entrance ramp, where the crowd of hundreds were gathered. She thought of a few movie lines, and how to work a character of her own. The thought of being in front of a crowd by itself put her on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and that was before she even considered her state of dress. She wanted to cover but knew she would look silly.

“Protect kayfabe… protect kayfabe…” Janet said, slowly walking passed the curtain.

Janet stood atop the stage with bright lights shining down on her. She looked down at the entrance ramp which lead to the ring. Standing in the middle of it was a woman wearing a luchadora mask, dark red ring gear, and a referee.

There was also a crowd.

People had filled the arena, and they were everywhere. Hundreds of wrestling fans of all ages and walks of life filled the seats surrounding the ring. And all of them were looking in her direction.

Janet looked like a deer caught in headlights until she remembered the microphone in her hand. There was a promo to give. Somehow, she had to introduce April. A shaking hand brought the microphone towards her face.

“H-hello… l-ladies and gentlemen….” Despite her meek voice, it was still quite loud over the PA system. “M-my name is… J-janet…” Her voice shook as her eyes widened. She was supposed to be in character too, wasn’t she? Janet wasn’t a good monster handler name.

‘OH CRAP, A NAME!!!’ Janet thought. The two hadn’t thought of a name for April’s character at all! That was far worse than a name for herself! A monster simply couldn’t have a normal person’s name. And now she needed to come up with something on the spot!

“T-there’s um… something uh… coming tomorrow… I mean today!” Janet blushed, having messed up a line in her head. “Something…bad!”

“What?” replied a small section of the crowd in unison.

Did they not hear her? Maybe if she spoke a little more clearly. “Y-yeah! Something bad is coming!”

“What?” This time more voices joined in, being louder.

Janet blinked twice, she could have swore this PA system was working. Maybe if she went through her speech slower?

“Something,”

“What?”

“Bad,”

“What?”

“Is.”

“WHAT?”

“COMING!”

“WHAT?”

Backstage, a nervous April approached the entrance curtain. Her body paint was finished, it just needed to hold out long enough for a short match. Her trip there turned heads of her fellow wrestlers. She fought the urge to cover up, knowing that would tip off her secret. If they figured it out, the other wrestlers would never let her live it down. Even still, she could feel her heart thumping away, knowing she didn’t have proper clothing on.

“What’s going on?” April said to Mister Howard.

“Janet had a small botch, now they’re getting her with that stupid ‘what’ chant.” Mister Howard rolled his eyes. “I’m sorry, I should have asked about this first. This is my fault. Just get ready to head out there.” He looked over April’s body paint. “Amazing costume by the way. Your entrance is going to great. Stand in the middle of the ramp, and you’ll be safe from the pyro.”

“Thanks!” April said. The paint and makeup hid her blush. Her heart was racing. She was used to facing the crowd, but she couldn’t even imagine doing this naked, but she had to.

On the main stage, Janet was beginning to pick up on the fact that the crowd was messing with her. Still very nervous, but irritation was beginning to build. “Oh… y-you all think this is funny don’t you?”

“WHAT?”

Janet clenched her free hand into a fist. She could do this. “That… that the monster I unleashed… it’s a laughing matter?”

There was a sharp whistle from the crowd. “Nice outfit babe!”

“Show us your cute ass!”

“Who booked this botch fest?”

Janet felt conscious of her attire again. How much of her legs were showing, how tight the sports bra was. An arm wrapped around her covered chest, and her knees buckled inwards. She shook her head and gritted her teeth, despite the embarrassment. The spirit of some of her favorite movie monsters started to come to her.

“You will learn… fear!” That might work. “You will be weak from lust!” That fit, April was a succubus after all. “Beware the power… of…. of…“

‘I need a name I need a name I need a name I need a name,’ Janet’s mind panicked as she felt a sweat drop roll down her head. Turning the promo around was going well until this point.

Just. A. Name.

“My monster…. Black… Eyes!” Janet said, standing at the center of the entrance ramp. The name was lame, incredibly lame, but it was all she could think of in a pinch. She got on her knees and raised her hands up. The redhead couldn’t explain why she did it, other than she thought it would look cool. It seemed like it was working.

“Good luck Black Eyes!” Mister Howard said. He waved to some technicians who started pushing buttons.

April nodded, and prepared to step through the curtain.

The lights went out, and the crowd began to scream.

April quickly made her way to the center of the ramp and struck a pose with her arms stretched out. Normally an adrenaline rush came with doing her entrance. This was already fueled by the fact that the body paint was the only thing arguing with the idea that she was naked.

The entrance music began to play with some sinister sounding pipe organs. Black lights turned on, causing the bright red and green paints to light up, looking vibrant against the black paint. The crowd began to cheer as Black Eyes made her debute.

April slowly got behind Janet, who was still on her knees, with her hands raised up. The demon girl stuck a pose that matched her handler, and spread her arms wide as she leaned backwards. Music was playing, giving an eerie feel to the arena, and the crowd seemed to appreciate it. There were a few whistles, probably for her figure.

‘They’re all looking at me, can they tell I’m naked?’ April thought. She wanted to cover badly, but she knew that could give her away. It was everything April could do to not think about her nudity, she had to preserve her character.

There was a sudden explosion, as fireworks went off at both sides of the stage, creating huge purple flames. Both April and Janet immediately felt the heat from the fireworks, but were a safe distance them.

Then something unexpected happened. There was a shrill buzzing noise. It was almost unnoticed because it was beeping in time with the entrance music, but it didn’t sound like it fit with the instrumentation. Was that the fire alarm? During this big moment?

Droplets of water began to fall. April immediately noticed them, as things sprayed from above. Were they simulating rain for her entrance? They couldn’t be, this wasn’t THAT big of a wrestling company. April quickly glanced up and saw the water was coming from the building’s fire sprinklers. The pryo must have set them off. It made sense, Mister Howard had told her ENFW had never used pyro before, they probably just forgot to disable the sprinklers for her entrance.

All things considered, with the poses the girls were striking, the purple fire, the body paint lighting up under the blacklight, and the fake rain, the entrance looked awesome. The crowd was going nuts for it too.

April and Janet broke their poses and nodded at each other, and approached the ring.

Janet’s heart was racing, and her legs felt like jello. She was about to crumble, but she was also relieved that her part of this was pretty much over. All eyes were off of her barely clothed body, and April was going to do all the hard work now. The crowd was going crazy for that amazing body paint job, too. The redhead couldn’t help but look it over again, loving how the red and green lines looked under the blacklight. Only… something was amiss. The lines were looking smeared.

Her eyes widened. The paint was water soluble!

“A-april!” Janet whispered.

“Shh! Kayfabe! Save it until we’re in the locker room!” April hissed.

“But… but…”

“Things are going great, just watch, and cheer me on like a witch would or something.” April whispered, climbing into the ring.

“But April!” Janet protested, but April was ignoring her. It seemed she had to just hope the moistened paint would hold through the match. If it fell apart faster, April was going to have a real problem in a hurry!

April looked forward to her opponent, who was the woman dressed as a Mexican luchadora. She wore a colorful mask and was a little bit taller than April. This was odd, she couldn’t remember any luchadoras in this company. Still, a jobber was a jobber.

The bell rang, and the two got into their stances. April just had to get through an easy squash match and she could go right back to the locker room. She’d have to figure out what she could wear later, but first there was this match.

April and the luchadora first approached each other in the center of the ring, locking their hands against each other in a test of strength. It should have been easy for April to overpower her and push the luchadora into the corner, but instead her opponent didn’t budge. Soon after, the luchadora began to April back towards the ropes, near the corner where Janet was standing.

Janet felt very nervous for April, knowing very well that the paint wouldn’t hold together well for long. All the detail in the lines was quickly blurring into each other. They almost looked more like multi colored blood. If it weren’t for the fact that the paint was April’s only cover, it would have looked amazing.

April was pushed against the ropes, and the luchadora got close to April’s face.

“What are you doing? I’m supposed to squash you!” April whispered angrily.

“I’m no jobber… YOU’RE the jobber!” said the luchadora. Her voice was instantly recognizable. It was Tiffany in disguise.

“Come on Black Eyes! Umm… uhh…” Janet tried to think of a line. “Use your power!”

April gritted her teeth. “Get over yourself, Tiffany!” She shoved Tiffany backwards, but the luchadora was quick to show her agility, as she rolled and jumped up to her feet. April stepped closer, trying to make her walk look menacing.

Janet watched from ringside, and immediately noticed something was wrong. A faint peachy skin color was showing in three lines across April’s backside. One over her shoulders, one on her lower back just above her hips, and on more on the back of her left thigh. Her body had touched the ropes, and left some of the paint behind. It was going to smear against anything it came in contact with!

April knew that Tiffany was probably going to try and make her offence look weak. So she was going to have to let her know who’s boss. So, she quickly approached Tiffany and threw her forearm strike at her and hit her in the upper chest. Not so hard it would seriously hurt the other girl, but hard enough to send a message.

To April’s surprise, Tiffany jumped backwards and fell to the ground. As far as the crowd was concerned, it was a hard hit. April smirked, and decided on a little character work. A succubus wasn’t a brute, after all.

April had a little swag in her step, as she put a foot on top of Tiffany’s stomach, and did a light hop over Tiffany so it would look like she walked on her. Then April raised her hands and waved to the crowd.

Janet watched, carefully, seeing everything April touched got a little paint on it. There was a small multicolored smear on to of Tiffany’s chest, and a peachy spot on April’s forearm. All Janet could do was blush, knowing her friend was naked, and slowly getting more naked with every move she made. To make matters worse, in Janet’s own state of dress, she was more susceptible to the lewd looks of the succubus, feeling her own body temperature raise.

“Dude, look, the cute one’s ass is hanging out!” said a voice.

Janet heard this, and was surprised, turning her head to look behind her. The wrestling shorts were indeed a tight fit, hinting at the curvature of her bottom. She tried to tug the leg holes so they would cover more skin, but the outfit was meant to be athletic and skimpy. All she could do was hope April would win quickly as she continued watching.

Tiffany got back up, and gave a low kick to the back of April’s leg. It didn’t hurt very much, but April had to make it look like it did, so she fell to her knee and faked a scream. The luchadora, took a stance ready to deliver more kicks, when she began to look over April’s body.

Even though Tiffany had a mask, Janet could almost sense her grin. It looked like Tiffany figured out how April was naked aside from the paint. If this kept up, the crowd was going to be aware of it too.

“Black Eyes! You should be destroying her! Stop wasting time!” Janet said, trying to cheer her friend on while maintaining character. It was difficult to keep her own character believable, as she was blushing due to the fact she was wearing almost nothing.

Tiffany, however, was quick. She leaned back and ducked another forearm strike, and this time, grabbed April’s arm, and pulled. This caused April fall forward. The demon painted girl knew to tuck her head in and roll, so it was mostly her back that hit the mat with a loud slam, echoing through the arena.

With April lying on her back, Tiffany quickly crawled over her and lifted one of her legs for a pin. She took a moment to get a close look, and confirmed her suspicions.

“Oh, you didn’t want to give up on your little push, did you?” Tiffany said.

“S-shut up!” April said.

The referee got on the ground and slapped his hand to the matt. “One… Two…”

April raised her shoulder of the matt and kicked with the leg that Tiffany was holding. She then rolled away. This revealed a big black smear in the center of the ring. The demon girl stood up, with her backside facing Janet.

Her friend had a first hand look at just how bad the damage to the body paint was. A lot of the paint had smeared off, highlighting April’s smooth uncovered skin. From her shoulders to the top of her butt, most of the paint was wiped away, with more of it seeming to melt off her body by the second. The crowd took notice too, as the cheering slowly began to increase in volume.

“Ap-err… Black Eyes!” Janet hissed. “Look!” she pointed to the smear in the center of the ring.

With a annoyed look, April finally glanced to where Janet was pointing, seeing the smear. April was surprised by the sight, and looked at her back and seeing the damage. Realization hit, the body paint was failing! For now, the face paint and makeup still hid April’s blush, but she had to end this match quick!

Before she could say anything to Tiffany, the luchadora grabbed April’s hand, and pulled her, forcing April to run and be thrown into the corner. April turned around, and felt the cushioned turnbuckle of the middle rope against her naked butt. An unusual feeling, as normally there were shorts between her skin and the turnbuckle. It was a stark reminder of her state of dress.

Then, Tiffany ran forward, and put her hands on the middle ropes on each side of April, and began ramming her shoulder into April’s stomach. It didn’t hurt, but it was doing something alarming. Not only was Tiffany’s shoulder shoving against April’s abdomen, rubbing away more and more paint from her body, but her butt was also rubbing against the soft turnbuckle, pressing it firmly against her. It was comfortable, but with how it was pushing, all the paint of her butt was going to be removed.

“Tiffany, stop it!” April said.

“Make me!” said the luchadoraa.

Alright, she asked for it. The demon wasn’t going to take this. As Tiffany pulled back for another shoulder thrust, April shoved her hip into Tiffany’s face, forcing her to let go of the ropes and tumble backwards.

As April stepped away from the ropes, most of her backside was uncovered. The crowd began to make more noise, though it was mostly woos and whistles rather than “yay!” April looked to inspect the damage, and sure enough, her butt had lost most of the paint.

April fought the urge to cover it. She couldn’t do that and wrestle at the same time, and it would be breaking character. Instead the girl had to focus. This match needed to end and quick.

She took an aggressive stance, looked Tiffany in the eye, and began to charge at her, planning on doing a running knee strike. It would look flashy enough to be a finisher, and she could hurry back to the backstage area.

However, Tiffanny had other plans. She side stepped April’s attack, and got behind her. Showing athleticism fitting of the luchadora mask, she jumped up, and got her legs to slide over April’s shoulders, so Tiffany was now sitting on top of April. The luchadora shifted her momentum to bring both of them down so they were face up on the matt. Tiffany’s lower abdomen cushioned April’s head from the impact, but to the crowd, it looked like a hard slam.

Tiffany then got up, brought her face towards April’s. “If you keep going after this, the push is all yours.” She winked.

April had no idea what that meant, but she didn’t trust it. Her body paint was quickly failing, showing more and more skin. That last maneuver had smeared a lot of paint off of April’s now bare shoulders, much to the delight of the crowd. How much longer could this last?

Immediately after, Tiffany stood over April, and grabbed both her legs and hoisted them up. Tiffany licked her lips in delight, she got a clear look at April’s womanhood, the paint showing signs of weakness from April sweating and the water from earlier. It was a smeared mess now, but it was still covering her.

Tiffany held April’s legs up in a v shape, and stuck one of her own legs through the middle, and put her foot on the matt to the right of April’s hip. Then, she pulled April’s right leg over, and wrapped it around the left leg and her own.

April’s eyes widened. Tiffany was setting up a submission hold. Specifically, the Sharp Shooter. “Tiffany, don’t!”

“I said I was going to shoot! And I’m doing it right now!” Tiffany gave an evil laugh. She began to turn, and this action forced April to turn over on her stomach. Tiffany maintained the hold on April’s legs as the submission was set in.

April’s bare backside was now face up, showing that the body paint was failing badly. Everything from her shoulders to the back of her thighs had it’s paint smeared away. Her nudity was rapidly becoming apparent.

It was clear to April that Tiffany hadn’t regularly used the Sharp Shooter. She knew when applied correctly, it actually did hurt. This hold felt more like a back massage or a stretch. What was making April really worry, was that her chest, and stomach were pressed against the ring.

This caused a problem. The only way for her to get out of this hold, salvage the remaining body paint, and escape with modesty in tact, would be to give up. She could tap out right here, and the match would be over. But it wasn’t the planned finish, and that would ruin the push she and Janet had worked so hard for.

At ringside, Janet was cheering her on. “Come on, show her your REAL power!” the redhead called out. She at least knew things were wrong, but Janet was helpless. The only relief she had was that the crowd was more interested in April’s failing body paint than Janet’s ring gear that barely covered her.

“Janet,” April whispered. “Find something I can cover with, I don’t care what it is!” She gritted her teeth. April refused to give up. With the body paint failing, April figured if Tiffany was going to try and ruin her push, April was going ruin her.

Instead of reacting in pain, April growled, and clawed her way across the ring, acting like the submission hold was doing nothing. Tiffany moved back with her, closer to the ropes in the corner. All along the way, one big black, red, and green smear mark was made on the matt. The paint leaving her front side, making it more and more obvious that she was naked, much to the crowd’s growing delight.

Finally, April reached the bottom rope at the side of the ring. Tiffany released the hold, and stepped away, waving her arms about. The luchadora began to give an evil laugh, waving around to the crowd.

April stood up, inspecting the damage to her paint. That submission had caused nearly the entire front side to fail. Her breasts were uncovered, and most of the body paint had smeared away. Everything from her chest, to just above the area between her legs, had been reduced to smudges. It was clear she was naked.

“That does it!” April said, deciding it was time for a flashy finisher. She took a more demonic glare at the celebrating Tiffany. April took an aggressive stance, and waited for Tiffany to turn around. When she did, April charged as fast as she could. She leaped up, and spread her legs, sliding over the front of Tiffany’s shoulders, bringing her crotch right up in Tiffany’s face.

The luchadora lost balance and fell backwards, resulting in April sitting on her chest. April had a hot blush on her face as she realized there was a black smear on the front of Tiffany’s mask. That was probably the last of her body paint that covered anything that needed covering. She reached back and grabbed one of Tiffany’s legs.

The referee brought his hand down. “One… Two… Three!”

The bell rang.

“Here’s your winner… Black Eyes!” said the ring announcer.

The crowd cheered in delight, thought not just for April’s win. They had seen a succubus slowly turn into a naked girl covered in paint. April stood up as the ref raised her hand, and she looked over her body. She had went from fully painted, to scattered smudges. Her nudity was clear and obvious to a very cheerful crowd.

April tried not to smile, thinking it would break her character. Instead, she looked down at Tiffany, still wearing a paint smudged mask. She reached down and grabbed the front of it to pull the mask off.

Tiffany briefly fought it, but she was too late to stop April from removing her mask. Soon, her identity was revealed to the crowd. Both girls heard a clear reaction from the crowd..

“Whoa! That’s Tiffany!”

“Isn’t she women’s champion? She just lost to some naked chick!”

“Ha ha ha ha! Oh man that’s priceless!”

“Ap- err, Black Eyes!” Janet said, trying not to break character. “I found this under the ring!” She held up the golden title belt. The redhead tossed it to April.

“H-hey! What are you doing!? That’s my title!” Tiffany shouted.

April looked over the belt, then at Tiffany and smiled. “You’ll get this back, when you bring back my gear!”

Tiffany could only watch, sitting there in a furious mess, as April put the belt over her shoulder, looking about as smug as she could possibly be. The demon girl slowly exited the ring as the crowd began to chant “Black Eyes! Black Eyes! Black Eyes!”

As soon as April was out of the ring, she quickly fastened the belt over her hips, so the main gold plate could cover her intimates, and the back of the belt could cover some of her butt. With an arm wrapped over her breasts, and the other holding the belt in place, April began a quick walk alongside Janet back up the ramp and passed the curtain to the backstage area, where they were greeted by the other wrestlers.

“Woo!”

“Great match, April!”

“Did you hear that crowd?”

“What the HELL were you doing!?” Shouted Mister Howard, red faced and furious.

April was in full panic mode. She quickly blurted out “Tiffany stole my ring gear and tried to ruin my debut BE BACK IN A BIT!!!” The demon girl began to run for the locker room.

“April, wait up!” Janet said, chasing her friend as best she could.

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The locker room shower washed away all of the remaining body paint from April’s body, making her properly naked. Her heart was still racing, thinking she was going to get fired for letting herself get exposed like that.

Janet, meanwhile, felt her own twinge of guilt. She hadn’t been careful enough with her choice of body paint. If she had chosen something more resistant to water, April wouldn’t have had her naked body exposed like that.

April stepped out of the shower, with a towel wrapped tightly around her. “Well, at least that’s over with. Problem is my career probably is too.” April said.

“April, I’m so sorry! I didn’t think it was going to fail like it did!” Janet said.

“It’s not your fault, don’t worry about it.” April said. “At least I have a pinfall victory over the champ. She lost to a na-ked girrrrrl,” she giggled in a taunting voice.

“April!” came Mister Howard’s voice. “You don’t have to come out, I’m guessing you’re not decent. But it turns out you were right about Tiffany. She’s going to be dealt with. I’m putting your bag by the door.”

“Oh, thank you Mister Howard!” April sighed with relief. “Janet, give the belt to Mister Howard,” gesturing towards the title belt on the bench.

“No, you hang onto that. We’ll work that into an angle. Since you have a clean win over Tiffany, you can act like you won it already. We’ll do a proper title match for it and make it official.” Mister Howard explained.

“Make what official, sir?” April asked.

“You being champion of course!” Mister Howard answered. “I want you two to keep this gimmick going exactly as is. It got the crowd fired up like you wouldn’t believe! Just um…” He awkwardly cleared his throat. “You don’t have to risk showing yourself THAT much. At least put some pasties on or something. Make it look like you’re naked, but you don’t have to actually do it.”

At this, April and Janet shared a blush.

“Yes sir, we’ll keep this going!” April said, keeping the towel wrapped around her tight. “And thank you for having faith in me,” she managed to say.

“See you next week!” Mister Howard said, shutting the locker room door.

Janet returned with April’s gym bag. “You know, I was kind of scared up there introducing you, but you’re the one who’s really brave!” Exclaimed the redhead. “And even though things went kind of bad, this was actually kind of fun!”

April blushed but laughed. “Yeah… the look on Tiffany’s face was worth it. Hundreds of people saw me naked, but… you’re right, it was sort of fun.”

“Maybe next time we’ll go more into my hobby, see if we can’t get you in a monster movie.” Janet giggled.

With April’s gym bag returned, the two were able to put their normal clothes back on. Janet was happy to change out of that skimpy athletic wear to return to her normal dress. Then she watched April happily put her clothes back on. In the back of Janet’s mind, there was a slight hint of disappointment that April was getting dressed normally.

Janet tried to tell herself it was because she liked seeing her artwork come to life on April’s body, but there was something deeper. She liked seeing April try to keep her cool despite failing cover.

April on the other hand, found Janet’s overall naivety cute. She seemed helpless in some ways when in this arena. She’d have to stay close to her friend in case any of the other wrestlers picked on her.

Once the two were dressed properly, they packed up their things and left the arena. They had to prepare Black Eyes for next week’s show.