

Gwen's Dream

Zoniverse, 2025

The deer boys appear thanks to Susi

"Do we have a Gwen Sorwen in the house tonight?"

Gwen looked up as the monitors above the audience all switched to show her seated on the end of one of the rows, and gasped as she saw the look of surprise across her own face. As the audience applauded and cheered around her, she looked back down and watched as one of the show's stagehands darted up the shallow steps towards her seat.

"We've got something special lined up for this dragon girl - please let Alpha deliver you down here...!"

Gwen gasped as the huge deer male approached her seat - a muscle bound figure standing at least six and a half feet tall even without his large antlers. He was wearing only a red pouch, a black collar and cuffs, showing off the beautiful sheen on his short brown and cream fur. A letter alpha was tattooed in black above his left nipple.

"Come on up..." his deep voice rumbled with a gentle smile. As she began to stand up, she gasped as he swung his arm down to catch the back of her knees, hoisting her heavy voluptuous figure up effortlessly. She smiled, blushing as she hugged one hand around his back and put the other on his solid chest to cling on as he walked her through the applauding audience towards the set - it was made up to look like a study in a stately home, all dark wood panelling lined with bookcases and carved columns.

They reached the bottom of the steps and Alpha stooped to put her feet gently on to the studio floor. As he stepped away Gwen turned to look at the beckoning host, the rabbit Shane who she'd seen putting so many girls her age through messy games. His fur was a mesmerizing dark purple, with blue hair styled into a mohawk and sets of rings in his tall ears. Very unlike his normal outfits, he was dressed as scantily as the deer was, and Gwen's eyes widened at the sight of the bulge in his small black pouch, hovering right in front of her face before she stepped up on to the stage.

"Welcome to the show, Gwen!" he started, putting a hand on her shoulder and turning her around, and Gwen flinched as she faced the darkened audience seating area. "Gotta say, I've been waiting so long for the chance to gunge you..."

Gwen whimpered under her breath as the audience cheered, feeling her heart pounding as she returned the rabbit's sideways hug. Her smooth skin tingled under his soft short-furred palm as he rubbed her shoulder.

"But we'll come to that soon - for now, our friends here will get you sorted..." Shane continued, and put a gentle hand on her back to nudge her towards two of the other cervine stagehands -

still standing taller than her but only a little larger than average for males. The more muscular one had a letter beta tattooed on to his fur, and the sleeker of the two was marked with a gamma. With a grin she let them take her under both arms and walk her towards the other side of the stage.

Quickly, Beta crouched down to untie her shoes, and she lifted her feet to allow him to pull them and her socks off as Gamma unbolted a pair of shackles fixed to the floor. With a nervous flex of her toes, she stepped into them and watched as Gamma fastened them again, forcing her to stand with her legs a couple of feet apart facing the audience.

“Okay, here’s how things are gonna work...” the rabbit started as the deer boys drifted away to leave Gwen standing alone. She twisted around to look as a fourth buck emerged onto the stage, pushing a wheeled bench with four flashing buzzers on the top - unlike the others, he was sleek and petite, a little shorter than her, his antlers little more than stubs peeking out of the fur on his head. As he got the bench into place at the back of the stage, she smirked at the sight of the black letter omega tattooed on his pale bottom.

Shane spoke again as the four bucks arranged themselves behind the buzzers. “We’re gonna have a quiz among our beautifully sculpted stage crew, and Gwen’s the prize! Each time you get a question right, you get to go over there and take off a piece of that luscious dragoness’s clothing...”

Gwen twitched in nervous excitement at the whoops and cheers from the audience, and looked back at the row of bucks as they eyed her. She giggled as she caught Omega’s gaze, returning his eager smile, then clasped her hands behind her back, squeezing them tightly as she listened to the voices behind her.

“Get ready, bucks - here we go...” Shane paused, and read out the question carefully. “In what city is Gwen’s parents’ house?”

There was a chorus of thumps, and an electronic bell noise. “Orlonthorn”, replied Alpha’s bassy voice.

“It isn’t - it’s Ryrin, right next door!” Shane shook his head. “So let’s have you demonstrate what happens when you answer wrongly...”

Gwen twisted around to look again as the huge deer boy smirked and stepped out from behind the bench. As the others watched with eager smiles and whispers, he faced the audience and hooked his thumbs into his tiny red underwear. He paused, turned around and bent over as he wriggled them down, and Gwen’s mouth dropped open in a smile at the sight of his bare muscular dappled bottom before he straightened up again.

“Okay, you show-off - get back behind there,” Shane gestured as the audience whooped their appreciation. Alpha smiled and casually walked back to his place behind the bench, with Gwen turning to steal a glance at his impressive penis as he passed behind her.

“One more wrong answer like that and you’re out of the game - don’t lose your chance at getting your hands on Gwen!” Shane continued. “Here’s another - when she was younger, Gwen was caught pretending to take part in a gungy game from which...”

The sound of another buzzer interrupted him. “Spymaster,” came the reply over its noise.

“Absolutely right, the one at the end where they had to choose a phone box gunge booth - you loved that one, didn’t you, Gwen?” Gwen’s cheeks glowed as she grinned and nodded in confession. “Beta - go over there and take something off her!”

Gwen’s smile stayed fixed on her face as she turned around, seeing the next most muscular deer boy stepping out from his position. He bounded over to her eagerly, and she faced the front with a blush as he put his head over her shoulder and reached his hands around to the clasp of her jean shorts. Suddenly he jerked his hands outwards, and the noise of tearing denim rang around the stage as he ripped them in half off her.

She gasped as Beta stepped away, twirling the remains of the shorts around before throwing them into the audience, and took in their whistles and cheers as she glanced down at her bare pink legs. The deer boy turned to face her again and grinned before joining his applauding team mates again.

“Now we’re getting somewhere!” the rabbit smiled. “Let’s keep it going and talk about one of Gwen’s biggest fantasies...”

“Oh no...” Gwen cringed, her cheeks burning as she waited for the question.

“This lovely dragoness likes to imagine herself in the place of another dragon girl who was spectacularly gunged by our team on Massive - what was her name?”

There was another round of thumps from the buzzers, and Gwen turned to see the smallest deer’s light was on. “Cindy,” he replied.

“Yes!” Shane confirmed as Gwen nodded, smiling but shuddering as she pictured the other dragoness being engulfed by green gunge under the show’s giant nose prop. “Go over there and take your pick...”

Omega eagerly scampered out from behind the bench, and Gwen turned herself to watch as he dashed over to her. With a naughty smile he grasped the hem of her T-shirt, and she crouched a little and raised her arms to help him as he pulled it inside-out off her.

“Oh, that’s a beautiful sight...” Shane’s voice came again as Gwen stood upright again, facing the darkened area where the audience were whooping and cheering for her. She glanced down at her remaining outfit - a black bikini that covered barely any of her smooth pink skin, held together by long elegant knots on her hips and shoulders. Bunching and unbunching her toes, she looked back at the smiling deer boy as he dropped her shirt to the floor.

“Ready for another?” the rabbit continued as Omega returned to his spot behind the desk, and paused until he had his hands on his buzzer again. “Name one of the gunge game presenters that Gwen has a crush on...”

Gwen twitched at the ring of another buzzer. “You,” Alpha’s voice came again.

“Oh, you know he’s right!” Shane crowed, and Gwen gasped, biting her lip as she felt her cheeks redden. “And Gwen knows what that means, she’s about to lose a pivotal layer - please do the honors for us...”

“Oh, yeah...” Alpha grinned and stepped up behind Gwen again, his deep voice making the back of her neck tingle. He laced his fingers together, pushing them outwards as he cracked his knuckles, and she eeped under her breath with a smile as his strong hands gently gripped her shoulders.

“What should we take off first?” he called out to the watching crowd. “Top?” His hands moved to point to her outsize black bra, and she grinned as the watchers cheered in approval, watching him bring his fingers in to poke her soft breasts.

“Or bottoms?” He moved his hands downwards and the crowd erupted in much louder whoops of encouragement. With her heart thumping, Gwen closed her eyes, feeling the buck’s hands press on the knots holding her underwear together, his thumbs wriggling next to her hips to grip them. Suddenly he pulled them both away, and as he whipped the loose thong aside, Gwen felt a surge of exhilaration as she became very aware of her nude vulva exposed to the roaring audience. Resisting the urge to cover herself, she closed her eyes and slowly raised her hands to clasp them behind her head, striking a pose as she closed her eyes with a cringing grin at the whoops and whistles in front of her.

With her face glowing, she glanced over at Shane, who was politely clapping in encouragement. Following his gaze, she twisted to look over her shoulder, seeing the buck staring down at her behind with a lustful glint in his eye.

“You getting a good view from there, Alpha?” the rabbit grinned.

“Oh... yeah,” the buck nodded. “I mean, just... look at this ass!” Gwen shuddered again as he placed his hands on her hips, brushed them around to feel their curve and then squeezed firmly, squeaking as he pressed his groin up against her from behind. She returned the movement, feeling his dick harden quickly as it slipped between her thighs.

The dark rabbit smirked, watching the two of them wriggle together for a moment. "Yeah, her butt's good but from here I've got my eye on that gorgeous totally bare dragon pussy... doesn't she look lickable?"

Another round of whoops rose up from the audience, and Gwen yipped as the buck's erect length flexed between her legs, her clit pulsing as its top side slid along her soaked labia.

"Okay, okay - get back there and let someone else have a turn!" The rabbit smirked as Alpha reluctantly withdrew, and Gwen shuddered as he stepped back to the group.

"We'll do this last one a little differently to decide who gets Gwen completely naked..." Shane started as Alpha got into place again. Gwen squirmed as he paused, feeling her heart thumping in her chest harder than ever. "Pick up the slate in front of you - we want your best guess at the cup size of those huge boobs we're about to enjoy!"

Gwen glanced down at her straining bikini top, then twisted round to look at the four deer boys writing on the small oval boards in front of each of them. At Shane's signal, they all held them up and turned them over in unison.

"Interesting guesses!" The rabbit nodded as he looked around at them all. "Alpha went for DD - no, Alpha, they're far bigger than that!"

The biggest buck smirked. "They all seem kinda small in these hands," he indicated.

"And the guesses keep getting bigger down the line - Beta went with F, Gamma with G..." Shane pointed as he read them off. "And Omega jumped ahead and went all the way to a colossal L... which is exactly right!"

Gwen nodded as the youngest deer boy gasped, a delighted smile coming across his face. He put his slate down and squirmed out from behind the board, heading towards her again.

"The rest of you had better help - by the look of him he's never taken a girl's bra off before..."

"Peh!" the young buck snorted, sticking his tongue out at Shane as he approached Gwen again. Exchanging grins, the other deer came out from behind the bench as well, arranging themselves around her, and she glanced between them with nervous excitement as they each took hold of a string coming off the knots on her swimsuit top.

"Count down from three?" Gamma asked, wrapping the string coming off her left shoulder around his hand.

"Nah, just pull 'em!" crowed Beta, pausing for just a second before raising his clasped hand and jerking it back along with the others.

Gwen shrieked and closed her eyes as she felt the scant material of the top being whipped away from her breasts, and twitched as they thumped down against the top of her tummy to deafening roars from the audience. Swallowing nervously as she took in the incredible noise of their appreciation for her naked body, she gave a blushing smile and turned herself from side to side, making them slowly bounce and sway.

She yelped again as she felt a touch sliding over her, and opened her eyes to look down at the deer boys' hands as they explored and massaged her breasts. Gamma knelt down in front of her and undid her shackles, tilting his face up to her nipple and giving it a long slow kiss, and she squeaked as he flicked his tongue against it. She felt Omega's small body hugging against her from behind and giggled ticklishly as she watched his hands snaking around her waist. He turned his palms up to press against the underside of her breasts, and she snorted in a laugh as she felt his small hands quaking with the effort of lifting them.

"Okay, all of you - step away, we've got one more thing to take care of..." Shane's voice came and the bucks reluctantly withdrew, taking a step away and leaving Gwen exposed to the audience again. Avoiding their gaze, she looked down and shook out one foot then the other to clear the feeling of the shackles that were around her ankles. "She's run out of clothes, so Gwen - you know what happens now!"

Gwen nodded as the audience roared again, a grin frozen on her embarrassed face, and she took Alpha's lead as he turned her around to face the back of the stage. Shane had his hand on a globe on the desk, pulling the hidden catch beneath, and her heart thumped in her ears as she saw the large central bookcase in mid-spin bringing the show's infamous gunge tank into view. It was a tall booth that looked like it had been modelled after a confessional from a particularly ostentatious cathedral, with carved faux wood arches framing the plexiglass walls. Above the main chamber, a large plastic tank of bright yellow gunge was visible nestled among the elaborate spires, its contents sloshing lazily as the turntable came to a halt.

Distractedly, Gwen glanced at Beta and Gamma as they flanked her, and allowed them to link arms with her and walk her towards the contraption. Still very aware of her nudity, she felt the audience's eyes on her backside, and a pulse from between her legs as she listened to them clamoring for her gunging.

Alpha walked ahead of them, grasped the handle on the booth's door and swung it open as Gwen and the deer boys stepped up towards it. As the bucks let her arms go, she glanced down at the soft seat inside - a divot moulded to fit her bottom, with a protruding small silver egg-shaped device nestled in its front. She yelped at another swat on her backside, and half turned to see the smallest of the deer boys giving her a blushing grin. Returning his smile, she stepped into the booth and turned to sit down, wriggling and reaching between her legs to make sure she was right up against the silver bead.

As she looked out the front of the booth, Alpha closed the door in front of her with a solid clunk, and she blinked as she looked around at the plexiglass walls trapping her. Turning to face the ceiling, she wriggled against the bead, breathing heavily as she caught a glimpse of the yellow underside of the slime reservoir, with a large round black valve poking down between two struts.

“Oh my god oh my god oh my god...” Gwen repeated under her breath, curling her toes as the studio lights dimmed to leave the booth spotlight, and she became aware of her rapid heartbeat again as she looked back at the deer boys, who were watching her eagerly from the side of the stage.

“Gwen, thanks for showing yourself off for us tonight...” The purple rabbit began, and she turned her gaze to him as he approached, holding his hand out towards her. “But you know the rules, girls who lose their clothes get covered in gunge - are you ready?”

“Uh...” Gwen started, her eyes on the smallest deer as he made his way to a large lever sticking out of one of the elegant wooden columns on the wall. He turned to smirk back at her as he reached up to it, wrapping his fingers around the handle one by one.

“Doesn’t matter, she’s got to take her punishment - gunge her!” With a grin at Shane’s order, Omega jumped off the ground, putting his full weight behind slamming the lever down.

“Waaugh!” Gwen yelled at the ringing of an alarm bell, her legs twitching as the bead began purring subtly against her clit, then looked down as a wave of green foam began pouring into the tank from under her seat. The noise from the audience intensified as the bubbly mixture crept upwards, her bare feet disappearing below the surface as she felt the vibrator speeding up. A dirty industrial klaxon blared and she humped forward against the shuddering bead, its already slick surface getting even more slippery as the foam spilled into the seat. With a second blast from the hooter, she whimpered and bit her lip, her eyes going up to the gunge valve again as the foam reached her waist, leaving goosebumps on her skin below it. Finally, the klaxon sounded a third longer blare, and she just caught a glimpse of the valve snapping open and a yellow wave spewing down towards her before she closed her eyes and faced the front, a gleeful grin appearing on her face just as the downpour of gunge smacked on to her head.

Gwen shrieked out loud as the thick gloopy flood spewed down on to her, the first cool splash turning into a heavy, relentless slithering sensation as the gunge flowed around her head on to her shoulders then down her back and the curve of her nude breasts. As she gasped under the slimy onslaught, the vibrator began pulsing faster underneath her, and she squirmed her hips, parting her legs as far as she could to rub up against it. Her hard nipples twitched at the sensation of the glop sliding over them and she pawed at her own breasts, slithering her fingers around before pinching them both between her thumb and forefinger. Only dimly aware of the roar from the audience, she clapped her hands on to her gunged boobs and squeezed them together, her thumbs tracing circles around her nipples and sending electric pulses down into her clit.

Whimpering as she ground her hips downward on to the vibe, she opened her gluey eyes halfway and caught a glimpse of herself on a camera monitor - the bright yellow slime coating her skin and sliding down in slow thick drops, gloopy ropes of it still pouring down on to her head and breasts and slithering down into the green foam as it spilled out the front of the tank. The sight of herself completely gunged sent her over the edge and she stuttered out a series of gasps and whimpers as her whole body shuddered and twitched, the vibrating pulse between her legs bursting all over her. The wave of orgasm thrummed through her and she screamed out loud as the thick downpour of gunge eased back to flutter over her head, slithering down to her shoulders and back and crawling down her face and muzzle.

Gwen gasped and shuddered, her hips still twitching as the pulse of the vibrator slowly ebbed away. As the intense orgasm faded, she twitched and smiled at the feeling of the thick slime clinging and creeping down her smooth skin, blanketing her in a wet slithering embrace as even more of the glop continued spluttering on to her head. Slowly she raised her arms out of the bubbling foam, flexing her fingers and feeling the glop ooze and stretch between them before she shook them and attempted to wipe at her eyes.

"Please give it up for a very slimy dragon girl, everyone..." she heard Shane's voice, and opened her eyes just enough to glance at him approaching the side of the gunge tank before a wave of yellow slime slumped over her eyes from her head. She waved exhilaratedly out in the direction of the audience as she heard more cheers and applause, her heart still hammering loudly as she felt thick globs of the stuff sliding down her face, over her muzzle and glopping down onto her chest.

"It's been a great time for us - and you loved getting gunged, didn't you?" he continued, leaning on the tank's frame and looking down at her. Gwen could only give a choked half-laugh in response, the movement of her shaking shoulders making even more of the gunge slide down her skin. "But we're saying goodbye to Gwen now, and to our deer crew as well, 'cause they're going to have to give her a good soaping up backstage - that sound good to you?"

Gwen blinked as Shane addressed her again, laughing weakly as another splat of the yellow glop dribbled on to her head. She nodded as the ooze slithered around her snout, flicking her eyes up at the four handsome bucks arranging themselves around the spent gunge tank.

"Have fun together - we'll be seeing you..."

With a last round of applause from the audience, the turntable started moving again and the deer boys put their hands up to wave as they were moved out of the spotlight. Panting and giggling, Gwen joined in, feeling the gloop slithering and dripping from her outstretched arm as she was carried off stage.