

Splatstream - Rachel and Uma

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Illustration by Fluffball

“Hi and welcome again to Splatstream, the place that’s number one for fun with girls and gunge!”

Auren, a short brown otter girl with fiery red hair, spoke over her shoulder to the camera as she moved through the studio, contraptions for various messy games visible against the walls of the factory room around her. She stopped at the corner of a large mass of polystyrene on casters, spray painted to look like a boulder. “We’ve got a visitor today who came to us with a request we couldn’t turn down... say hello to the gorgeous Rachel!”

She took hold of a handle on the corner of the rock, turning it to reveal a curvaceous nude jaguar chained to the surface in a standing position with her body forming an X shape. Her ankles were in manacles a couple of feet apart, with her wrists in cuffs linked by a chain through a metal loop fixed to the rock surface above her head.

“Hiya!” she answered brightly. She shook her large mane of fluffy blonde hair as she was brought into view, an excited grin on her face even as she blushed in view of the camera.

“Rachel’s an office experience specialist from Issix, and... my god, she has a body that should be illegal - can we just get a nice long closeup, please...”

Auren beckoned the fox with the handheld camera forwards and looked on appreciatively as she took a shot beginning from the jaguar girl’s feet on the plank fixed to the base of the polystyrene rock, her toes curled to grip its edge. The camera panned over the silvery manacles around Rachel’s ankles with the tip of her tail swishing behind them, then up to her thighs where the rosettes on her orange fur began to fade to cream-white. It lingered for a moment on the slot between her legs highlighted by a thin, neat black landing strip, then moved over the gentle curve of her tummy and her outsize cream-furred breasts tipped with soft pink nipples. The jaguar girl grinned awkwardly as the camera was tilted up to her face, and opened one hand to wave at it, sliding the chain connecting her wrists through the hook above her.



“So. Let’s put this delicately - get a load of these honkers, can you believe these?!” Auren marvelled, using the back of her hand to nudge one of the feline’s breasts. Rachel eeped and squirmed to the side with a grin as the otter girl stroked her hand around its underside, bouncing it slightly to feel its heft. “Did you not think ‘Better exchange these, they’re four sizes too big’...!”

Rachel giggled, smiling down at Auren's hand. "Yeah, they can kinda get in the way, but... they get a lot of good attention too!"

"Well, we definitely appreciate you," the otter replied as she took her hand away, letting the jaguar's breast drop back into place. "Maybe you can tell me, though - what's an office experience specialist?"

"Oh, it means... keeping things running, you know?" the chained jaguar girl replied. "Manage the front desk, order supplies, make sure we don't run out of coffee pods, plan the summer party..."

Auren nodded, her eyes slipping to the feline's breasts again. "And I bet these have improved the office experience for people, too..."

"Uh, they definitely have a couple of times," Rachel smiled awkwardly.

"A couple of times!" Auren repeated with a grin as a glow came to Rachel's cheeks. "Oh, that sounds like a story..." The otter girl shook her head and raised a finger to point to the camera. "But for now, let's tell our viewers what we're here for - can you tell them what you asked us to do today?"

Rachel followed her pointing finger and looked towards the lens. "Yeah, gunge my sister Uma," she grinned.

"Yes!" Auren replied, taking hold of the handle on the side of the boulder again and beginning to walk around it as she rotated it. "As if one gorgeous naked jaguar girl wasn't enough, we've got another one up here - please welcome Uma!"

The camera followed Auren and Rachel, turning to reveal the side of the studio they were now facing. Against the wall stood a carnival style dunk tank, with a large blue tub and a window on the front which was entirely black. Another blonde jaguar was perched above it on a seat made out of a garish green and black gaming chair, swinging her dangling legs back and forth - she was nude as well, with her hair in a short bob cut, lighter tummy fur and a less curvaceous build than her older sister. As the camera operator stepped towards her she pursed her lips and blew a stray strand of hair away from her face.

"Look at her, trying to seem like she's not bothered!" Auren grinned up at the younger feline. "Come on Uma, you're on Splatstream - get those legs open!"

The jaguar glanced down at her dangling legs, her ankles hooked nervously around each other. After a moment, she gave a mischievous grin and shuffled herself back, parting her knees and straddling the seat as she posed with her hands behind her head. "This what you wanna see?" she asked with a cocky smile.

“Oh, yeah - now you’re showing off the goods!” Auren nodded appreciatively. “It’s almost a shame to gunk-dunk that gorgeous body of yours, isn’t it...”

Uma snorted, glancing around at her situation again - her toes were dangling a couple of inches above the five foot high vat of muddy black gunge, with a metal arm stretching out from under her seat and ending at a large red and white target on the side of the contraption. Above the vat, a metallic hopper was suspended from the ceiling with a set of thick cables, its long square spout pointing down at the centre of the gloopy surface.

“So here’s why these ladies are here!” Auren announced, pointing up to a projector screen at the back of the studio between the two contestants. “To tell you the truth I’m jealous of them, because ever since they were in their teens they’ve been in an escalating gunge fight - it started when Rachel appeared on the mighty Industrial Zone when she was 18...”

The screen flickered to life and showed a closeup of a younger Rachel’s face, her mouth slightly open in nervous anticipation before shrieking and giggling as bursts of green gunge rained down on her. The older feline chained to the boulder blushed and grinned as the camera pulled back, showing the cylindrical tube surrounding her younger self as she continued to duck and wriggle under the spurts of slime from the nozzles on its ceiling.

Auren grinned as Uma clapped her hands in the air. “A couple of years later, you appeared on a college special of Cleanup Crew, where this happened to Uma...”

The screen switched to a shot of an already gunge-covered Uma sitting in a plastic booth, a squeamish grin on her face as thick dark green goo slithered from her hair and muzzle. She brought her hands to her messy hair and flicked it back as she watched an orange canine contestant pass in front of her, then she hunched her shoulders as he grabbed the lever on the side of the cubicle. He yanked it downwards with a clunk, and a klaxon hooted as the young jaguaress was enveloped by a downpour of thick green and brown gunge, the colours folding into each other as the avalanche of slime poured over her.

This time, Rachel cheered at the sight of her sister being slimed in the gunge tank, laughing as a spray of thick foam from below joined the messy onslaught. Uma watched herself with a smile, leaning forward with her hands on her knees as the glop slowly subsided.

“But at the end of that show, Rachel got hers again too!” Auren continued as the screen dissolved to show Rachel slithering down a slick inflatable surface, bursting through a curtain of green slime dropped from the ceiling and then falling bodily into a pool of orange and green gunge which heaved and rippled as she disappeared under the surface. A few moments later, the on-screen Rachel struggled to her feet and pulled herself up through the gunge, her long hair spraying an arc of paint-like slime through the air as she flicked her head back.

"Oh, very artistic," Auren admired, waving a hand to follow the gunge spray, before turning back to address the jaguar sisters.

"And now we're glad you're here for the latest round!" she grinned impishly. "This time it's Uma's turn to face the dunk tank, and we're pitting you against each other in a battle of intellect!" She indicated the projection screen with both hands. "Cause our sophisticated audience demands more than just gungy boobs all the time..."

Uma snorted, gripping the front of the precarious seat between her legs. She looked up as the screen changed to show a chessboard laid out in a position with eight pieces surrounding a King on the black side, and a much larger army of white pieces across from them.

"A chess challenge!" Auren enthused. "Or sort of one, anyway... there are no checks in this game, Rachel on white just has to land a piece on that black king before three of her own pieces get captured, and Uma gets dunked. Sound good, Rachel?"

"Yep, sure!" the older jaguar nodded.

"But... one of our house rules here is that we never let any hot girls get a free shot - so every time one of your own pieces gets captured you're going to feel the force of Sunny Scales and me as the bucket crew! Come over here, Sunny - you got the gunge ready?"

"You bet!" A short yellow lizard girl with a mohawk of red frills walked from behind the dunk tank to join Auren, a bucket of blue gunge clasped in front of her with her bare breasts very deliberately sitting on the rim. She smiled at the camera, gently sloshing the glutinous contents of the bucket back and forth as the fox girl with the handheld camera leaned in to get a shot of its movement.

"Yes, that's looking good," the otter marvelled, looking into the bucket as the camera drew back. "Just put it with the rest, we'll be needing those soon..."

Sunny stooped over to put the bucket among a cluster on the floor between the two of them and Rachel, each filled with different bright colours of slime. As she straightened up, Auren produced a large pair of lab goggles and walked over to the jaguar tied to the boulder prop.

"You might be needing these..." The short otter girl stepped over the rim of the small inflatable pool that the boulder prop was standing in, and stood on her tiptoes to reach up and loop the strap of the goggles over Rachel's head. Gently, she positioned them on her muzzle then pulled the strap taut.

"How do I look?" Rachel asked as Auren stepped back.

"Like a nekkid girl who's about to get a ton of gunge!" Uma crowed from her perch. She swung her legs back and forward as Auren moved back to the cluster of buckets.

"Let's find out how much!" she announced. "We've got Angela at the computer to run the game - what's your opening move, Rachel?"

"Uh..." Rachel looked at the grey wolf at the laptop underneath the projection screen, then up at the board. "Move the horse up to, uh..."

"It can jump to here, or here," Angela filled in as the jaguar hesitated, waving the piece around between two squares.

"Yeah, the left one," Rachel said. Angela dropped the knight in the square she'd indicated, and Auren turned to call up to the younger sister.

"Uma?"

"Hmm..." Uma tapped her fingers on the front of the seat, leaning forward and swinging her dangling legs alternately back and forth. "Can that castle get the knight from there?"

"No, but it can go right next to it," Angela moved the pointer up and moved the rook across the board, holding the mouse button down. With a nod from Uma, she let it go and it clicked into position.

"Okay, maybe we should have asked - do either of you know how this game works?" Auren interrupted, her hands on her hips. She looked up at Uma, who shrugged, then turned to Rachel who was shaking her head with a laugh.

"Well, that's gonna make things interesting..." Auren rolled her eyes and gestured at Rachel again as Angela flicked through the options menu. Rachel watched as the board lit up with red highlights showing the squares that were threatened.

"Oh, thanks!" She pointed awkwardly with one cuffed hand. "Okay, which one can get the piece on the bottom left of her square?"

"The rook or bishop," Angela replied.

"Okay, move the... rook," Rachel confirmed, and grinned at the deeper wooden click sound indicating a piece had been captured. All eyes turned to Uma again, who called out without waiting for confirmation.

"Get her horse with the rook!"

Angela grinned and nodded, making the requested move. Rachel let out a squeak as she saw her own piece being knocked off the board, then grinned nervously at Auren and Sunny as they grabbed a bucket each.

“She knows what that means!” Auren crowed as she planted her feet a couple of meters from Rachel, meeting eyes with her as the jaguar gave a gaping open-mouthed smile. She quickly closed her mouth and screwed up her eyes, a squeamish smile on her face and her hands balling into tense fists as Auren and Sunny heaved their buckets forward.

Uma whooped as the bucketfuls of gunge splatted against her older sister, one payload barely slapping against the side of her tummy and painting the boulder behind it dark purple, the other slopping a light blue stripe down the length of her left leg. As Rachel squawked in ticklish laughter, Auren spun round and grabbed a second bucket, taking a bigger swing to make the gunge fly out of it in a green ribbon which splattered fully across Rachel's large bare breasts. Rachel's tied arms twitched and she yelped and quaked in laughter, then opened her eyes then watched the thick ooze sliding down her curves. The green goo dripped slowly to the floor in thick splats from the underside of her breasts and the tips of her stiffened nipples.

As Sunny wound up another bucket, the jaguar looked up with an exhilarated smile. “Th...” she started just before vanishing behind a deep blue bucketful of gunge flung directly at her face, the stuff flowering out in a thick wave. Rachel spluttered a spray of thick slime out of her nose and mouth and wriggled wildly against the chains as she flinched away, the blue gunge framing her head in a splatter mark on the surface of the rock behind her.

“Hey, are you okay?” Auren called as Rachel coughed, her face screwed up as she twisted to the side with blue slime slithering from all over her face. Sunny looked on, her hands over her mouth as the otter grabbed a towel from a nearby chair. She dashed up to the chained-up feline and cupped part of the towel in her hand, dabbing at her nose pad.

“Yeah, I...” The blue-faced jaguar coughed again, spitting gunge away from her lips. “Can you get my eyes?”

“Sure.” Auren slung the towel over her shoulder and reached out to pull Rachel's goggles up, her watering eyes in circular islands of fur where the goggles had shielded her from the gunge. She smiled appreciatively as Auren wiped the towel gently over them, and blinked as her goggles were replaced.

“Oh my god, sorry, Rachel...” The yellow lizard girl called in a concerned tone as the otter wiped across the surface of Rachel's goggles. The jaguar girl smiled and waved her hand in reply.

“We'll tell you when the next splatting's over,” Auren said. “Want to make your next move?”

Rachel cleared her throat again, looking up to the board through the blue streaks across her goggles, and shuddered with a grin as the thick gloop dripped slowly in long strings from her face. “Move the crown - yeah, that one...” she confirmed as the wolf at the laptop glanced up at the screen again to see where she was pointing. “And take the, uh...”

"Bishop," Auren finished for her, leaning casually on the blue tub of the dunk tank as she watched the game's fumbling progress.

"Yep," Rachel confirmed. Another deep wooden click sounded as Angela moved the white queen and the black bishop underneath it arced off the bottom of the screen.

"Okay, move my rook back to where it came from," Uma responded.

"Why are you - oh, never mind..." Auren watched Angela make the requested move, then waved her hand and turned away from the tank. "Your move, Rachel..."

"Move the... yeah, that one up a square," she pointed with her cuffed hand as she watched Angela hover the mouse pointer around her pieces, then looked across to Uma.

"Can my king take it?" Uma asked.

"Yep," Auren nodded, and grinned as Angela carried out the move.

"Oh, what?!" Rachel gasped. "I thought..."

"You thought wrong - get ready for another splatting!"

Rachel gave out a laughing yelp and bowed her head, half-closing her eyes but watching Auren and Sunny go for the buckets again before tensing up and wrinkling her nose as they both wound back for their throws. Two waves of green and yellow heaved towards her together, making a thick slapping noise as they impacted against her face and the boulder surface behind her. She gave another helpless shuddering giggle as the glop fell away, sloughing down her face around her muzzle and dripping on to her shoulders from the painted surface behind her. She shook her head, sending strings of the goo flying, and twitched and yelped again as the next turquoise wave slapped into her tummy and another gooey ribbon splurged over her chest, tilting her face up as the deep blue spray splashed out and splatted against her chin.

Auren put her bucket down as Sunny flicked hers forward again, another small streak of blue slime flying forward and spluttering on to the feline's leg. "Finished wave two, Rachel - how was that?"

"Pthhtfft!" the jaguaress spluttered, gunge spraying from her lips as she shook in a laugh. A cascade of greens and yellows and blues slithered from her face, breasts and tummy, thick globs of the stuff splatting heavily down off her into the paddling pool as the shape of her features slowly became visible again under the coloured glop sliding over her.

"Your move again - try not to get any more pieces captured, I dunno if we can even make you any messier..."

"Then turn her around!" Auren and Sunny turned as Uma called from above them, and watched her circling her finger in the air.

"Oh, that's a great idea!" Angela was first to react. Her chair nearly fell over behind her as she slapped her hands on the desk, wriggled upright and dashed over to the boulder prop. Stooping over a little, she put her arms round the soggy feline's waist and helped her to shuffle around on the foot board, carefully guiding one manacled foot over the other. As she turned, Sunny whistled at the sight of the conspicuously clean heart shape of white fur on her bottom.

Angela straightened up, running a hand down her arm to slide some of the gunge off then wiping it on the edge of the boulder. Rachel tried to look back over her shoulder at her, her face now pressed up against her arms crossed in front of her, and shook her hips with a grin, then a yelp as Angela swatted her bottom with the back of her hand.

"Whose move is it?" the jaguar muffled into her crossed arms.

"Yours!" Auren responded. Rachel stretched her neck back and turned her head to look at the board as Angela sat down again, and there were a couple more moves back and forward before yet another white piece was knocked off the screen.

"Right, there's the target!" Auren pointed enthusiastically at Rachel's white bottom, and Angela got back up from the table as well, dashing over to join the lizard and otter as the jaguar girl twitched in nervous giggles. She pressed her face into her arms, her ears folding and her heels drumming on the stand as the three of them wound up for their throws.

"Waaaugh!" Rachel let out a laughing shriek, shuddering all over as huge flowers of purple, red and bright turquoise slime splurged over her back and bottom. The gloopy mixture flowed down her back, parting around the base of her twitching tail and sliding in slow thick waves down her cheeks. Angela threw one more bucketful of dark green that scored a direct hit on the back of her head, and Rachel shrieked again as the wave deflated the last small patch of fluffy blonde hair that was still visible and plastered it stickily to her back.

The drenched, gungy jaguaress sagged as the three girls behind her put their buckets down, and squirmed to half turn away from the boulder prop.

"Eugh..." she squirmed, her beautiful embarrassed smile still intact. "Can you still see any fur on me...?"

"A bit..." Auren stepped forward with another bucket, using her hand to take scoops of the olive gunge inside and splat it on to Rachel's thighs and flank, making her yip ticklishly with each smack of the slime against her. Stretching up, she poured the last dregs of it on to the jaguar's head, making her shriek as the goo flowed over her face and down the hair that was plastered to her back. Eventually Auren stepped away, looking the splatted jaguar girl up and down as she shook the gunge off her hand.

"That's a beautiful sight," she grinned as the drenched feline let her breath out and sagged her shoulders. With Angela and Sunny's help she turned unsteadily so her back was to the boulder again, revealing her face and the goggles completely covered in gunge. Wobbling fangs of the thick mixture clung on around her grinning mouth, slowly breaking off to splat on to her soaked and slippy breasts. "And just to save us all some time, Angela, let's make the last move while Rachel's recovering..."

"Sure thing," the grey wolf smiled as she strode back to the laptop on the table. Sunny wiped at Rachel's goggles with a towel, and the gungy jaguar girl squinted up at the board as Angela stooped over the laptop to drag one of the white pieces on top of the black King.

"And it's over!" Auren applauded. "You're a work of modern art, Rachel..."

"Oh, thanks..." The jaguar spluttered in laughter and raised a hand exhilaratedly as Uma clapped and cheered above them. Beneath the smooth coat of olive-green gunge covering her head, shoulders and chest, the fur on her tummy and legs was painted with a clinging rainbow of bright gunge stains forming stripes that dripped and mingled together. Auren came forward and lifted Rachel's goggles off, and she blinked and reached one arm up far enough to slacken the chain, bringing her other hand down to her face to wipe green slime away from her forehead and eyebrows.

"Okay, Rachel - you lost the game so you're not gonna get to do this yourself, but you've more than earned the sight of your sister being gunged after that!" Auren smiled. "Sunny, you want to set off the dunk tank?"

"Oh my god yes!" The yellow lizardess enthused, and Uma watched her closely, shifting her weight in the seat as the lizardess dashed over to the bright red target on the arm coming off the device. The clean jaguar girl's toes flexed and curled, her arms drifting up and hovering nervously in front of her chest despite her calm act.

"Three, two..." the lizardess said rapidly, then slammed her hand into the target. Uma yelped as the seat instantly dropped out from under her, and her arms flailed as she plunged fully into the vat of black stuff with an unearthly glooping noise.

As Rachel gaped, a stripe of black gunge followed her sister down from the hopper above, splurging on to the surface with a thick pouring sound and sending flecks of it splattering outwards around the tank. Sunny squeaked and retreated with a laugh as a heavy black wave heaved over the edge of the vat, splattering muddily to the floor in a circular stripe around its base.

Rachel's face was frozen in an awestruck smile as the gungy downpour slowed, and at the same moment the black surface bulged and then broke to reveal the vague shape of Uma. She shrieked as she bobbed up again, her shoulders hunched with her hands held in claw shapes in

front of her, then gave another high pitched scream as another payload of black gunge crashed on to her from the hopper above.

The older sister whooped, clapping her hands above her head as Uma thrashed in the gunge vat, the glop ballooning outwards from her head in a thick heavy bubble before it pushed her all the way under the surface again. The flow suddenly shut off, revealing her blackened hands and forearms flailing just above the mucky surface before she found her footing and hauled herself back up through the slime. The stuff glooped outwards in a slow ripple from where she'd bobbed to the surface, another smaller wave of it heaving over the edge and breaking away to splat on the floor.

Auren glanced at the grins of the other girls around her as thick curtains of the gunge sloughed away from the dunked feline, revealing the shape of her figure again in a completely black silhouette, then stepped forward away from Rachel.

"It looks like you went down as a jaguar and came back up as a panther, Uma!" she called, laughing out loud as the gunked jaguar blinked her eyes open, the whites of her eyes stark against the black gunge as she looked back at her. She brought her muck-covered hands to her face but twitched as the hopper on the ceiling opened yet again, this time a gentler downpour that twitched and fluttered over her head and shoulders. She hunched as it spluttered wetly into the vat around her then waded forward away from the centre, swivelling her hips to move in the thick chest-deep slime.

"You okay?" Auren called. The black mass with Uma underneath nodded, then pursed her lips to spit gunge away from them.

"And how about you - was that worth getting gunged again?" The otter glanced back at the splatted Rachel, who pumped her arms in the air, making the chain rattle as she put both her thumbs up.

"Totally worth it - she's never looked better!" she cheered.

"Well, what else can I say after that?" Auren shook her head and smiled. "Except, my god - you two are the sexiest, gungiest pair of sisters we've ever had on this show..."

She glanced back and forward between the gunge-covered jaguar sisters again - Rachel twitching her nose as another trickle of green slime crawled over her face, then the black shape of Uma hauling her arms out of the vat of muck and folding them on the rim of the dunk tank.

"Let's get you off to the showers," she smiled. "And have you still got some stamina in you for the afternoon shoot? I think you're gonna like this one..."