

Splatstream - The Spreader Chairs

Written in 2023

Kelly blinked as she stepped into the warm air of the Splatstream filming space, holding the door open for the blue raptor girl behind her. As the door swung closed, they shared a nervous smile at the setup in front of them. Along the opposite wall of the old factory building, past the camera and its plastic shield, a row of three hoppers were suspended on a metal frame. Their spouts were aimed down at three inflatable pool chairs positioned in a row beneath.

“Welcome back!” The short red-haired otter girl in front of them beamed. Like them, she was dressed in a white fluffy bathrobe, which she began to untie. “Or welcome for the first time, Berry - what do you think of our little game arena?”

The voluptuous raptor nodded slowly as she smiled distractedly over at the hoppers - large tapered square containers slotted into the overhead frame, coloured in scuffed blue, yellow and green paint. “You’ve sure got the industrial look down!” she answered approvingly.

“Good!” Auren shrugged the bathrobe off her shoulders to reveal her green spiderweb-patterned bikini, and slung it over a part of the camera tripod. “You two get yourselves ready - I’m gonna see when Angela can join us...”

The two lizard girls watched her step behind a plastic curtain that divided the room down the middle, then exchanged an excited glance. Kelly reached for the tie of her bathrobe, and her companion did the same.

“Oh - she’s calling me Berry Sundae, but I’m really just Isla,” the raptor introduced herself as she pulled her robe off - unlike Auren, she and Kelly were nude underneath. “I’m still workshopping the name...”

“It suits you!” Kelly smiled back, taking in the raptor’s striking skin colour - a deep blue, much darker than her bright greens and creams. “What agency are you with?”

“Heh...” The voluptuous raptor clasped her hands and stretched upwards, rising to her toes. “No one - I’m just an amateur, I guess...”

“What, seriously?” Kelly glanced over Isla’s formidable bare breasts and shook her head. “If you’d like, I could put you in touch with mine - they’d be flinging cash at you to sign up...”

Isla grinned back. “Thanks. We’ll see! For now I’m just trying this out...”

Kelly smiled, and began drifting over to the equipment that was set up at the end of the room. Her brows raised as she noticed the devices just in front of the chairs - each one was behind a horizontal floor rail about four feet long with a pair of padded shackles mounted in the middle. Facing them was a podium where she assumed Auren was going to be standing to host the

game - the slanted surface was adorned with a couple of handles and switches, as well as a holder that contained a stack of question cards.

“Hah. And I thought my boy Nyte was big...” Isla’s voice made Kelly look up from the panel and to the device protruding out of the front of the podium. Curiously, she stepped around and gasped, then broke into a laugh - its shape hadn’t been obvious from a distance, but aiming towards the row of chairs, decorated with a labyrinth of tubes and wires along its length, was a three foot long mechanical replica of an equine penis.

“That’s... a hell of a partner to work with on your first shoot!” she joked. The blue raptor grinned and reached forward to put her hand on the flared tip of the device, which housed a nozzle about two inches wide. She looked down and smirked at the moulded testicles hanging below it, a metallic-painted bag draped against the podium housing two lumps the size of basketballs.

Kelly glanced back over her shoulder at the row of chairs again, smiling through a shudder as she recalled her first time on the set. “So... what are you most nervous about? Your first naked scene, or getting covered in gunge?” she teased.

“Oh, I can take it,” Isla nodded confidently. “I was on Industrial Zone when I was nineteen...”

“Oh my god, really?!” Kelly grinned, a hand to her mouth. “Wow, so you’re the veteran here! My brother Zee used to be glued to that...”

“Uh-huh. I think a lot of boys were,” the raptor smirked. “But it looks like they’re pretty serious about mucking girls up here too...”

The two of them moved towards the giant frame against the back wall, with Kelly’s eyes on the tapered hoppers suspended above the seats. “How much gunge have they put in those things...” she wondered aloud.

“They’re surge bins,” Isla said. “I bet they rescued them from the junk pile from the old factory here! And these ones are kinda small - usually they can hold a couple thousand pounds of stuff...”

“Holy...” Kelly tapered off as Isla sat down on the chair beneath the green container, the chair bouncing as she wriggled to get comfortable. With another glance upwards, she moved to seat herself next to her.

She turned and flopped down into the inflatable, tilting her head back on the rest and smiling through a whimper as she stared into the wide square pipe of the scuffed yellow hopper ending a couple of feet above her. On its front, a miniature camera was visible, mounted on a small bracket pointing down at her head.

Wriggling to sit up in the soft air-cushioned seat, she turned her attention to the device with the shackles on the floor in front of her. For now, the rings were side by side in the middle of the rail, but she could already see that they would be able to separate and forcibly spread the wearer's legs. With her heart thumping, she glanced over to see Isla's reaction - the raptor girl slipped both her feet through the shackles and leaned forward with a naughty smile to click them closed. Grinning nervously, Kelly did the same, then sank back into the seat again just in time to see Auren emerge from behind the plastic curtaining, accompanied by the gray wolf girl that she had met on her previous visit to the studio.

"Oh, all locked in and ready - I like it!" the bubbly otter girl laughed, looking down at the lizard girls' feet in the shackles. She bounded forward and reached for a plastic bucket at the side of the room, and Kelly swallowed as she lifted it, the handle stretching with the weight of the liquid inside.

"Scuse me... I'm just gonna get you started here..." she grinned, and tipped the bucket gently as she walked forward to pour a stripe of green slime on the floor in front of the seats. Isla twitched as the gunge was poured over her bare feet, and Kelly looked at the thick dripping liquid with fascination just before she gasped at the cold slithery sensation as Auren passed in front of her as well. As the otter finished the stripe of gunge in front of the last unoccupied chair, Kelly flexed her toes, feeling the heavy slime oozing between them and making the floor slippery around her.

Putting the bucket aside, Auren returned to the podium opposite the naked girls, and Kelly bounced nervously against the blowup surface of the seat as she focused on the phallic nozzle now pointed in her direction.

"Okay, I'm just gonna show you how these feel..." From behind the podium, Auren looked down at the controls in front of her and held a button, and Kelly gave a start as the device around her ankles whirred and gently started pushing at her legs. Glancing down, she kept still for a moment and found she could resist it with only a little effort, but then let it gradually push her legs apart as the soles of her feet slithered over the thin layer of slime.

"You both feel okay with that?" the otter asked. Kelly glanced at the blue lizard girl beside her, who was looking fascinatedly down at the device doing the same thing to her, then nodded at Auren.

"Good! If it gets too much for you, it shouldn't be hard just to stop it yourself - otherwise just play along and let it happen!"

The wolf girl smirked and put her hand on the otter's shoulder. "I could've put more torque into it, but she wouldn't let me..." she grinned.

"Ready to join them, Angela?" Auren asked as she shifted her finger, making the spreaders close again.

“Yep!” Casually, the wolf grasped the bottom of her black T-shirt and lifted her bra along with it. Her fuzzy light grey breasts bounced slightly as they were exposed, revealing her nipples with gold-coloured bar piercings through them. Kelly’s brow raised in admiration as she undid her belt and dropped her shorts to the floor - unlike the wolf’s longish scruffy fur over most of her body, the fur between her legs was trimmed short, then dyed and parted to exaggerate the size and depth of her notch.

Naked, Angela shook her foot as she stepped out of her discarded clothing and moved to take the last seat on Kelly’s right - this one beneath the blue hopper. She budged herself back, looking up into the spout looming over her with a smile, then wriggled her toes before splatting her feet into the slime and fastening her ankles into the shackles.

“Okay, we’re all ready!” Auren announced, turning away from the nest of cameras behind her and back to the players. “You remember the rules we went through?”

“Uh, kind of...?” Kelly replied.

“Good! You’ll pick it up,” Auren waved her hand. “Have fun, everyone...”

Kelly exchanged glances with the two girls beside her as Auren stretched up and sang a rough octave to warm up her voice.

“Hope you’re both ready to get gunged...” Isla whispered across to them, tapping her fingers on the arm of her seat.

“Pff, as if you’re gonna beat me!” Angela grinned back, then quickly looked to Auren as she spoke again.

“Welcome, mess lovers, to game 17 of our second season!” she began, facing the array of cameras. “Today we’re bringing back a fan favorite - we’ve got three gorgeous ladies in the spreader chairs who are just aching for a gungy challenge... please welcome our own slime technician Angela Bowie!”

“Yeah!” As the recorded sound of a cheering audience played, Kelly turned her head as the wolf girl raised her fists in the air with a grin and clapped her hands above her head a couple of times.

“Kelly Nightshade!”

She turned quickly in the direction of the camera as the cheering swelled for her. “Hi...” she stumbled with a vague wave.

“And for her first time on Splatstream - the sumptuous Berry Sundae!”

Isla just inclined her head, smiling wordlessly at the whoops and whistles as Auren put her hand out towards her.

“Girls, here’s how it’s gonna work!” the otter continued. “The shackles around your legs have ten notches before they’re fully open. You’re going to take it in turns to bet 2 or 3 notches that you can answer one of my questions correctly - if you get it right, then the spreaders the other girls are trapped in will open a little further.” Kelly gave a start as Auren leaned on a button and all three devices whirred a fraction open, then closed again. “But if you get it wrong, your own spreader is gonna activate instead!”

She paused as the players shared glances with each other. “And of course, as you’re on Splatstream, being all exposed won’t be the only penalty! As soon as your legs are open all the way, you’re gonna overexcite Maximus here...” Auren reached out in front of her and stroked the protruding mechanical phallus. “And he’s gonna cum gunge all over you with an extra drenching from the tanks above!”

Kelly smiled through a shudder, remembering the outcome of the game the last time she had been in this studio. She looked at the tip of the imposing sprayer just a few feet away, then glanced up into the spout above her, seeing a couple of cables at the back connected to a sliding valve.

“Angela! You’re on the left so you get the first question...” Auren grabbed the handles of the podium and rotated it to aim at the wolf girl. “Want to go with two notches, or a harder question for three?”

“Three,” Angela grinned, leaning back with her hands behind her head.

“Straight in there - you asked for it!” Auren glanced down at her question cards. “Okay, sex question for you - what would you be attracted to if you were a stigmatophile?”

Kelly looked at Angela as she closed her eyes, dropping her hands to the top of her head as she paused for a few seconds. “Stig... holes... is it piercings?” she asked.

“It is!” Auren nodded. “And you have a lovely pair yourself - let’s ratchet Kelly and Berry open...”

Kelly looked down at the device between her legs again and parted her knees slightly as it pulled at her ankles, giggling under her breath at the ticklish feeling of her feet sliding over the slime on the floor. She glanced towards Isla as well, who had a sly smile on her face as their devices stopped with their legs just a few inches apart.

“Ooh, looks like we’re on the edge of seeing some bare notch already,” the otter smiled. Kelly swallowed as Auren rotated the imposing length towards her, and bit her lip as she stared right down the barrel of the gunge cannon. “Kelly, a two point question or three?”

“Um, just two,” she said.

“Here we go... what’s the proper name for the round dome on the end of a penis?”

Kelly thought for a moment, staring at the end of the exaggerated example in front of her. “Uh...” she started, and shook her head. “Is it, uh, a corona?”

“Oh, she’s wrong - you should know the tools of your trade, Kelly!” Auren cackled. “I was looking for ‘glans’ - what a shame, eh...”

Kelly shifted forward a little in the chair as the device whirred in front of her again. Its movement pushed her legs further open, and she suddenly became very aware of the air on her bare pubic area as it was exposed to the cameras.

“Oh, that’s a lovely sight,” the otter grinned. Kelly smiled nervously, feeling a blush coming to her face despite all the times she had been nude on camera before, and glanced up at the gunge machine above her as Auren swiveled towards the raptor girl next to her.

“Berry!” she announced. “Two or three?”

“Two,” she responded quickly.

“Okay, easy one for you - what’s the name given to the sex position where one partner is on all fours, penetrated from behind?”

Kelly looked to Isla again, who was looking up into the nozzle with an excited grin. She faced Auren as the question finished, and paused for a moment. “Uh, pegging,” she answered.

Kelly watched Auren’s face and giggled as her expression wrinkled into confusion. She checked the card in front of her again and looked up. “No...?” she hesitated then shook in confused laughter.

“Oh, the position!” Isla realized. “Doggyst...”

“No, I’m gonna take that as your answer!” Auren waved her down and swung the podium back toward Angela. “At least it means we know your preferences - and we get to see more of you...”

Isla drummed the fingers of one hand on the arm of her seat as her device parted her legs, relaxing back into the chair as she shifted her bottom forward. With a smirk toward the bank of cameras, she slid her other hand slowly down her tummy, stopping short of the folds visible between her splayed legs and replacing it on the chair.

“Angela.” Auren cleared her throat. “We’re moving on to science questions, and please get this right - I’m trying to prove that pornstars have brains as well as fantastic tits...”

“Three points, please,” the wolf girl smiled calmly, pointedly keeping her knees pressed together.

“Okay, here we go - what feature of a sound wave makes the pitch of its sound?”

“The... what?” Angela asked back, her brow furrowing.

“What part of a... what thing would you increase about a sound wave to get a higher pitch?” Auren stumbled as she repeated. She paused for a moment then sighed as the wolf girl just shrugged in response.

Auren shook her head and flicked the switch to start Angela’s spreader, then picked up her question cards as she stepped out from behind the podium. As the players laughed, she made a show of dropping to her knees, her head drooping forward.

“You’re ruining the classiness of my show!” she complained as the spreader clicked into place, Angela grinning and flexing her toes with her feet now several inches apart. “‘Frequency’ was what I was looking for...”

She got wearily to her feet, and Kelly watched her drift over to face her without returning to the podium. “Three, please,” she said before Auren could ask her.

“Okay. We’re going for confidence despite everything - come on, Kelly, give me this one...” she said, flipping to the next card. “Name one of the few elements that’s liquid at room temperature...”

Kelly straightened and nodded. “Water?” she began to respond, but snorted with laughter halfway through as she realized what she was saying.

“NO!” screamed Auren, flinging the card to the floor where it splatted into the stripe of gunge next to Kelly’s foot. “Wh... have you all just woken up from being frozen in space?! We’ve got past water, air and fire as elements...” Kelly hung her head forward, convulsing in laughter with her cheeks burning, and wriggled her hips forward as the device in front of her pushed her legs even further apart.

“We’ve got tons of the fuckers now!” Auren continued over the others’ laughter. “Hydrogen, oxygen... silicone! That’s a good one - wait until you hear about that...”

Angela cleared her throat as the otter stomped over to Isla. “Actually, silicone is...”

“Shut up!!” Auren yelled over her as she whirled around wide-eyed, and the wolf burst into a laugh as well. “Right, listen, I’m changing the game - if any of you get these wrong I’m just gonna gunge you all right now...”

She straightened up in front of the raptor girl, who was wiping the tears of mirth from her eyes with the back of her hand. “You! How long is the hundred and ten metre hurdles?!”

Isla returned her hand to the seat’s arm, and moved her lips silently as she repeated the question. “Oh - 110 metres,” she realized.

“Yes! Angela...” Kelly watched as she passed in front of her and approached the wolf, whose face was still twitching as she struggled to contain her laughter. “What time comes twelve hours after noon?”

“Midnight,” she struggled out with shaking shoulders. Kelly grinned, looking up at the otter confidently as she stepped back and faced her.

“Kelly, what kind of tree do acorns grow on?”

Kelly’s grin vanished. “Uh...” she started. As she looked at Auren’s grimacing face, her mind wandered to her exposedness again with her legs spread apart, the answer slipping further away from her the harder she thought about the obviousness of the question.

“Are you f... you’ve got to be kidding me...” Auren turned and stepped towards the podium again.

“Oak!” Kelly gasped and fumbled over her tongue. “Oak tree!” she repeated. Wordlessly, Auren stopped and threw her hands in the air.

“She’s right! She’s saved you all... for now!” Kelly sank back into the chair, laughing under her breath as she realized how tense she had been.

“So let’s look at where we are - Angela’s still looking kind of modest at three clicks open, Berry Sundae’s looking delicious at five, and Kelly’s very exposed on eight! Kelly, one right answer from either of these two and the gunge goes off...”

Kelly whimpered, glancing up into the scuffed yellow spout looming over her again, and barely heard the raptor girl answering the next question beside her as she stared at the gunge sprayer on the podium pointed in her direction. She gripped the arms of the seat as Auren gave a pause, then shook her head. Releasing her deep breath once again, she watched Isla’s smirk as her legs were pushed further apart.

"Well, Berry - it's a spectacular return to form after that tiny moment when you got a question right..." Auren sighed. "But at least we're getting some tension going! Angela - you only need to answer this 2-point question and you'll gunge them both..."

"Got it," the wolf girl replied. Kelly shifted herself in the seat as Angela drummed her toes on the ground, her pointed ears perked high.

"Okay, imagine this scene! I've got a hot naked wolf girl sitting under a tank of 30 gallons of slime. If I drop 40% of it on her... how much would be left?"

The wolf girl thought silently for a moment, and Kelly could feel her heart beating in her ears as she stared over at her, aware of Isla leaning forward to look as well.

"...Twelve gallons," Angela spoke up, and Kelly gasped out loud as she turned to Auren.

"She's wrong again!" Auren announced, throwing her hands up as the wolf slumped forwards, her hands gripping her ears. "Angela, what a tragic miscalculation..."

The wolf stared down at her feet with an embarrassed smile as the shackles pushed them further apart, then she thumped herself backward into the chair with a resigned grin, splaying her knees apart and pushing her hips unabashedly forward.

"My god... just look at that gorgeous row of bare cameltoes!" Auren crowed as she looked the three of them over, and the players glanced at each other with blushing smiles. "Lined up and just begging to be licked - if the three of you weren't so crap at these questions, I'd consider not covering 'em up with a coating of slime..."

Kelly took a breath as the otter swiveled the nozzle arrangement towards her. "But here's the most important question yet! We're finally gonna see some gunge - Kelly, if you get this wrong as well, it's gonna be you under the glop!" Kelly whimpered with a smile at the sound of the word, staring into the nozzle across from her. "But if, just if, a miracle happens... you can gunge Berry with a two-point right answer, or you can try to get Angela closer to being gunged as well with a three-pointer - what's it going to be?"

Kelly hesitated, trying to think even with the thrilling feel of vulnerability from being forcibly splayed in the seat. "Uh, let's... do three," she said, glancing at Isla.

"Okay - here's the big moment!" Auren sang as she looked down at her next card, and Kelly tensed, curling her toes and balling her hands into fists as the otter read it out slowly and carefully.

"What is the name of the condition where foreskin doesn't pull back over..."

Kelly grinned and her eyes lit up in recognition as Auren finished the question - it had only been a week since she had performed a shoot for that fetish. "Phimosis," she said delightedly, and glanced to the blue raptor girl next to her who cringed and nodded.

"Oh my god, she's right!" Auren announced. She grabbed the handle of the podium and slammed it to the side so that it was pointing directly at Isla. Kelly heard Angela's seat squeak as the wolf leaned past her to see, and as the device whirred to force the raptor's ankles just a couple of inches further open, a click sounded and an alarm rang.

"Berry, you're our first elimination!" the otter shouted over the noise, then jumped back as a jet of green slime erupted from the machine in front of her. Kelly's gaze followed it through the air, and she saw the blue raptor flinch and close her eyes just before it smacked into her tummy.

"Gyaah!" Isla spluttered as the huge splash of gunge flowered out over her, squelching as it smacked on to the back wall. Kelly watched with an anxious giggle as the reptilian's outstretched hands poked out of the splatter, the green slop dripping thickly off her palms from when she'd reflexively jerked them into the oncoming wave.

A second klaxon joined the cacophony and the hopper above Isla jolted as an actuator clicked aside, pouring a second load of darker green slime down on to her. The smooth gloop fell in a thick column and outlined Isla's head as it domed outwards, making Kelly dodge back as some of the glop licked towards her.

Awestruck, Kelly stared at the slime pouring down from the tank in a huge heavy ribbon, the deep green blanketing dome making a thick wet splattering noise as it crashed on to Isla's head and shoulders and the chair, walls and floor around her. After a few seconds the dome began getting slowly smaller, then collapsed into a chaotic mess as the spray from the front came up to splatter into Isla's face.

"Brrfmrml!" The lizard girl snorted, tossing her head to the side to dodge the jet of gunge and shaking ropes of it off her snout. As the onslaught of gunge moved again, she relaxed back into the chair - the impact of the ooze moved slowly down to splatter on her breasts and tummy, and Kelly felt a sympathetic twinge as Isla visibly gasped as the glop fluttered against her clit. As it continued to get weaker and splat on the floor between Isla's splayed legs, Kelly watched the thick beads of slime ooze down the coated raptor's skin, dribbles and drips of darker green still falling from the edges of the spout above her and cutting through the mess as they slithered down over her bald head.

"What a sight!" Auren beamed as the raptor girl raised her head again, blinking behind the thick curtain of dripping slime hanging from her forehead. "That's a ton of sauce for one berry sundae..."

Isla grinned, tossing her head to the side to shake some of the stuff away from her eyes. Forcibly splayed in the seat, she was painted in a complete coating of bright and dark greens,

her gungy breasts rising and falling with her breathing as dribbles of the glop kept raining down on her from the tank above.

“But if it helps at all, Berry, you’re not the only one who’s gonna leave looking like that - I’m gonna give both Angela and Kelly this last question, the closest answer wins...”

Kelly turned around to her other opponent, and the wolf girl’s grin only betrayed a hint of nervousness as the otter yanked the machine around again and swung its aim back and forth gently between them both. Tapping her fingers on the plastic of the seat’s arms, she took a breath as Auren read from her card.

“In what year did the long-running Friday evening show Friday Night Party begin?”

“Uh, 2084”, Kelly guessed quickly.

“208...6?” Angela offered, and leaned forward as Auren smirked.

“Oh, one of you got it dead on...” the otter girl said, drawing her sentence out as she rotated the gunge cannon back and forward between the two clean girls again. Silently, the gunged raptor watched from the side, grinning as she looked at their tense faces.

Auren finally broke the silence. “It was 2084 - Kelly got it!” she cackled, and swung the machine to the side as the wolf girl sagged and closed her eyes. As it clunked into place, she hopped up on to it, hooked her leg around the base of the giant nozzle and sat straddling it with a broad grin.

“So Angela, that means it’s your turn for the gunge - let’s fuck her up!” She twisted round to flick the switch behind her and then clung on, wrapping her hands around the shaft as another green wave splurged out of it.

Kelly flinched to the side as the wave of gunge splattered right into the wolf girl’s face, pushing her back into the seat just in time for a downpour of blue goop to smack on to her head from above. The stuff ballooned out over her and Kelly giggled to herself as she watched it splatter to the floor, recalling the effect she’d seen on the older messy television game shows as she watched Angela’s ears poking up through the smooth dome of slime.

Slowly, the downpour of slime above the wolf girl’s head glugged to a halt. Heavy blue drips of it rained down around her as the green gunge jet continued, Angela staying crumpled in the seat as it spluttered into her face and cascaded down around her muzzle to drip on to her chest and lap. After staying frozen in place for a few seconds she turned her face away, snorting gunge out of her nostrils and putting a hand instinctively into the spray to deflect it, just as the jet shut off.

“Holy hell, Angela - this thing shakes...!” Kelly looked at the podium again as Auren slipped down off the dripping machine, taking a few paces in a circle on shaking legs. “We’re gonna have to think up more games with this...”

With her face totally obscured by a mess of green and blue crawling slime, the wolf girl silently extended a slimy arm and put her thumb up. Her long scruffy fur was matted down by gunge, blue all over with a green stripe down her front, making her look uncannily smooth as the glop continued slithering down to coat every last inch of her.

“But for now, that’s the end of our game!” the otter girl announced, leaning on the giant metal phallus as she grinned at the scene in front of her - the wolf and raptor girls painted in huge blue and green splatters that coated them, their chairs and the walls and parts of the frame behind them. Feeling conspicuously clean, Kelly looked between them both, watching the remains of the gunge drip and splat on to them from the nozzles, feeling her skin tingling just by looking at them.

“Thanks to all our players for coming on to be gunged for us - you all did... fucking atrociously,” Auren grinned. “But Kelly, you were the... smallest loser today...”

“You’re flattering me...” Kelly smirked as Auren stepped forwards carefully along the clean path between the two streaks of slime on the floor, and stooped down to undo the shackles around Kelly’s ankles.

“No, really - I’m glad it was you, because there’s another game I wanted to play - come over here, you’re going to take a bonus challenge...”

“Uh, okay...” With a glance to her gunged fellow players to either side, Kelly accepted Auren’s outstretched hand to help pull herself up from the seat. She followed her around to the other side of the curtain of plastic sheets in the middle of the room, and laughed nervously at the sight of the booth that she’d seen Madison gunged in the first time she’d visited the studio.

“Step inside, please!” Auren invited, tugging the plastic door of the booth open. Kelly glanced around the metallic frame, then up to the huge box of yellow gunge visible on the top before she picked her feet up to step into it. There was no chair inside this time - shuffling around to stand awkwardly, she looked up to the tank’s ceiling just above as the door clunked closed behind her, seeing the small catch across the round valve in the middle preventing the slime from falling.

“Welcome to the bonus round, Kelly!” the otter announced. Behind her, Angela and Isla walked around the partition to watch as well, both of them streaked with green gunge and dragging large towels over themselves. “I’m going to give you a series of tasks to perform in there - if you fail any of them, then I’m going to throw the switch on you...” She looked around, and nodded gratefully at Angela as the wolf ducked aside to retrieve a floor lever prop from the side of the room.

“And you’ll let me go home clean if I win?” she smirked.

“Uh, yeah, sure,” Auren waved her hand as she scooted the lever around her and set it upright.
“You ready?”

“Let’s go,” Kelly nodded.

“Okay - task one!” Auren called, glancing down to the stack of cards in her hand. “Give us the sexiest pose you can *without* any nips or notch visible...”

“Hmm...” Kelly looked down at herself as she thought through the possibilities. She turned around to face away from the others, cocked her hip and put one hand on it, then brought the other up to her mop of blue hair, lifting it just enough so that she could peek back over her shoulder.

“Wow - yeah, you got that one,” Auren nodded, fanning herself with the card in her hand.
“Challenge two - the unsexiest pose you can think of!”

Kelly laughed, and turned around to face them again. After another pause for thought, she slouched against the wall of the booth, moving her arm across her body to scratch her armpit. With her other hand, she folded her finger down and brought it up to put her knuckle on her nostril, rotating it back and forward.

“I’d still go to bed with her,” Isla said from the back, running the towel over her head again as a glob of slime slipped over her eye.

“Yeah, she’s got a handicap for this one... but yeah, that’s good too,” Auren said. “Challenge three! Can you demonstrate your famous Kellystyle sex position for us?”

“What, in here?” Kelly smirked. At the nod from Auren, she looked down, twisting to the side to look at the width of the tank and trying to imagine how she would get into the extreme submissive pose that had fuelled so much of her popularity.

“It’s kinda cramped...” she said, wriggling her feet outwards to brace their outsides against the walls. She began to tilt herself forward but decided to turn around first, and set herself up again.

“You’re in for a hell of a view,” she smiled back over her shoulder with a little wriggle of her hips, then carefully leaned forward. She walked her hands down the back wall of the tank, stretching her neck to the side to avoid her head bumping against it, then grabbed her own ankles to pull herself into place. With her head positioned between her feet, she grinned upside-down at the watching girls.

“How’s th-” she began and then shrieked as Auren spun round and backhanded the lever down, her tone rising a whole octave as a huge cold thick splatter crashed right into her exposed bottom.

Kelly stayed frozen in position as the downpour spluttered on to her backside, gripping her ankles tighter as she felt the thick heavy liquid massage every intimate nerve. As it began to slide downwards she gasped at the bizarre feeling of the coating of gunge dripping around her tail and crawling up her back and tummy, breathing quickly as streaks of the bright yellow slime splurged against the tank’s walls and rained thick drops down on her. Eventually, she felt the downpour subsiding to a gentle pour, and shuddered as a stream of drips and splats continued to smack on to and between her cheeks.

“Oh my god - that’s a hell of a load!” Auren grinned, clapping her hands as Kelly began trying to straighten herself up. Walking her hands slowly back up the slippery back wall of the tank, she blinked and ducked her face away as she put her head underneath the still dripping spout. As she got upright again she shuddered at the feeling of the cool slime flowing from its impact site and slithering down her thighs, but gave a snort of laughter as she twisted to see her bottom painted in a thick layer of neon yellow gunge. With a look out at the girls, she splayed her fingers and smacked herself, then flinched as the impact sprayed streaks of gunge around the tank.

“Kelly, thank you so much for coming on and being gunged for us - nobody else could have done it like you!” the otter smiled. “Do you think you’ll come back for another game?”

“Heh...” Kelly raised her hands to hold her hair out of her face as drops of slime kept raining from above, and turned to give the camera another shot of her rear. “I could, but how are you going to top this?”

“I don’t know...” Auren replied, grinning as Kelly reached around with one hand and traced her finger across her gungy bottom to draw a heart in the layer of slime. “But I promise you we’re going to try...”