

Splatstream: Zamael's Challenge

Written by Iron-K, 2023

"Okay, you're all in frame - that looks good!"

Auren brushed a strand of her fiery red hair behind her ear and looked up from the video camera's viewfinder. She paused with a smile and marveled at the rainbow of species of nude girls arranged in three rows in front of her, letting out a whistle with a shake of her head.

"My god, we're gonna break the record for the most gorgeous titties per square foot on this continent just now as well..." the short otter girl marvelled. As the group shared some smiles and grins, she wriggled her white bathrobe off and walked naked out from behind the camera to join them, taking her place kneeling at the front centre.

"All ready to roll?" she asked the fox taking her place behind the camera.

"Yep," she confirmed. "Go whenever you're ready!"

"Okay, enjoy yourselves..." she smirked, then shook herself out and burst into her greeting.

"Hi, guys and girls and anyone else!" she enthused. "We're hoping to share a big moment with you this afternoon - fifteen of our favorite girls, both professional and amateur, have joined us in the studio! Say hi, everyone..." She looked up at the nods and waving hands. "Normally we're all about having sexy fun, but this time we're serious - today we're gonna put Rockhaven on the map for a world record..."

The red-haired otter paused for effect, looking to her left and right at the selection of bare fur and skin surrounding her, and smiling as her muzzle nearly poked into the breast of the voluptuous deep blue raptor girl sitting to her left.

"The record for getting the most girls to come in eight minutes!" she finished, showing her hands in front of her with splayed fingers. Some blushes and grins were visible on the girls' faces as she got up and came forward, following as the camera operator rolled back from the group.

"And here's the guy who's gonna do it - please welcome our professional girl-pleaser Zamael!"

From the middle of the group, Madison smiled and applauded with the rest of the girls as the only male in the room stepped away from the wall and into the view of the camera beside Auren with a gentle smile - a hooded snake with gleaming turquoise scales. He had been introduced to all of them a couple of hours ago, but she had seen many of his performances before - including one she'd revisited many times where he had been filmed from a first-person view, squeezing and licking a red squirrel girl like her.

The otter took his hand and encouraged him to stand close to her. "Zamael, you've met the girls - anyone you're particularly looking forward to getting that famous tongue on today?"

"Oh... uh, wow, everyone," he started, looking over his shoulder at the group of girls. "Smooth, furry, it's all good." Madison smiled at the charming lilt of his southern hemisphere accent, similar to Auren's own. As the otter continued to introduce him to the camera she looked the snake up and down - he was a head taller than the very short otter girl, but not large for a male, and had a softer build than most male sex stars strived for. He was wearing only a pair of loose boxers, letting her take in the beautiful turquoise-green shine on the scales on his back and his flared hood, which extended from his forehead to his shoulders. It was pierced on the left side with two silver rings.

"So we're relying on you today, and that tongue is gonna get a workout!" the otter was saying to him. "Let's see it - show us the goods..."

With a grin he unfurled his tongue, curling its forked end. Auren motioned for him to turn and he pivoted to show the girls - Madison's toes bunched as he vibrated the end of it rapidly back and forth, and she smiled nervously as there were a few blushes and shuffles of feet around her.

"Oh, that's gonna get some good use very soon," the otter grinned. "Here's how it's gonna work - our buffet of Splatstream stars will be seated on the pool chairs under the hoppers back there." She indicated to the group to move aside, and as they parted, the arrangement at the back of the room became visible - three inflatable armchairs in a row underneath the square spouts of tapered hoppers suspended on a frame above them.

"When we start the timer, your job is to get in there and cause some big Os - when a girl comes, we'll swap them out and give you a fresh pussy to work with," she continued. "To help you out, our stars are wearing wristbands indicating their favorite ways to be sucked and licked and teased... have you memorized the color code?"

"Yeah - I think so..." the snake smiled. He glanced down at his own forearm, where he had all the colored wristbands on with their meanings written on them in marker pen.

"Good! I'm sure you're gonna be good at this..." Auren put her arm around his waist and pointed to draw his attention to the angular containers mounted over the chairs against the back wall. "But there's a surprise for you here. You ever watch any of the gungy game shows?"

"Yeah, I know what you do to people here..." he nodded. Madison watched the snake's face as he looked up at the tanks, showing a mixture of nerves and fascination in his bright eyes and unsure smile.

"That's right - if you haven't got through all of us when our eight-minute timer runs out, the hopper of gunge above you and the girl you're with is gonna open up and splatter you both!"

The snake nodded, his smile fixed on his face. "Heh... got it," he said simply. He bounced on his heels, flexing his fingers.

"Okay, I'm sure with a resume like yours there won't be a problem..." Auren put her hand on Zamael's back and encouraged him towards the row of chairs. "Girls, open your envelopes, and if you have the lucky numbers one, two or three, come and take your seats!"

Madison glanced down at the small pink envelope she had in her left hand, and ran a claw underneath the fold. As she saw the number 10, the bright yellow lizard girl next to her let out a whoop, holding up her own envelope.

"Sunny's got our number one spot!" Auren called. "So get yourself over here and prepare for a tongue bath..."

Glancing around at the others with an enthused blush, the small yellow striped lizard walked to the seat under the hopper on the left, and was joined by an equine girl and a bright blue-eyed fox.

"There's your starting group, Zami..." the otter girl smiled slyly, then caught his arm as he began to step towards them. "One last thing... we're not gonna have all of us naked and let you get away with keeping your boxers, get those off!"

"Heh, sure..." Zamael grinned and hooked his thumbs under the band of his underwear, pushing down and letting them slide off his hips. As he shook them off his feet, the three girls in the seats glanced between him and each other, some smiles of appreciation at the sight of his already semi-erect length.

"Ready to rock these ladies' worlds?" Auren asked. She glanced between Zamael and the three girls, seeing enthusiastic nods all round.

"Then start the timer - go!"

Madison joined in the cheer as the snake dashed forward, heading for the yellow lizard girl as she smiled and wriggled her feet apart. Dropping to his knees in front of her, Zamael wrapped his hands around her bottom to encourage her to shift forwards, budged her thighs aside, and wriggled his snout between her legs.

The lizardess closed her eyes and moaned, and Madison whimpered under her breath at the sight as the snake's head bobbed gently in her lap, almost feeling the long slow licks of his tongue herself. Sunny jolted as the snake began flicking his tongue at the end of each stroke, and moved her hands down to grip his shoulders. She leaned back in the seat as Zamael slid his hands up her sides and reached for her breasts, planting his palms against them and

squeezing gently. A blush came to her face as she wriggled down against his tongue, and her breaths grew short and heavy before she finally let out a long groan of pleasure.

Zamael kissed between her legs one more time and hopped to his feet, leaving the dazed lizardess breathing heavily, lying crooked across the seat. As the snake began in the same way with the horse girl, Auren came forward with a smile and an outstretched hand, and Sunny breathlessly grabbed her wrist to accept the help to her feet. As Auren led the lizardess away, a tall pale tan lioness came forward to sit down in her place, flicking her long silver hair behind her shoulders as she watched the horse girl right next to her, her head tilted up with her eyes closed and her feet planted on Zamael's shoulders.

The equine and fox girls both reached climax quickly, and the feline looked down with a grin of anticipation as the snake came back to her side. Glancing to her blue wristband, this time he leaned in and pursed his lips around the lioness's left nipple, his hand moving up to gently pinch the one on the right in time with his sucking and licking motion.

"Okay, come on, numbers five and six..." Madison heard Auren call, mesmerized as the snake added his thumb on the lioness's clit, gently rubbing it in a slow circle. The horse and fox girls helped each other get to their feet, and staggered off to the side. "Rachel and Uma, you're up!"

Madison tore her gaze away from the panting lioness for a moment as a tail brushed her bare hip, and moved out of the way as two blonde jaguar girls squeezed past her. One had large breasts and hips and long hair worn in a voluminous permed style, and the other smaller one wore her hair neat and short, but there was still no mistaking they were sisters. Exchanging grins and whispers, they seated themselves, and the older of the two looked over at their lioness neighbour, tapping her outstretched arm excitedly on the plastic arm of the blowup seat.

"Oh, and we've got a green wristband coming up on Rachel! You know what that means, Zamael..."

The snake's lips curved into a smile, nodding his head slightly as he moved his head down, kissing the lioness's tummy and then working his tongue along her vulva. A moment later, she drew her breath in and tensed, and as soon as Zamael saw her closing her eyes and tilting her head up, he leapt back to his feet to move in front of the jaguar girl's seat. As he approached, Auren tore a small plastic packet open and handed the ring-shaped device inside to him. Nimbly, a mouse girl wearing a Splatstream crew T-shirt scampered in, pouring a bottle of lube into her hand and then stroking it up and down the snake's engorged cock before nimbly stepping out of the way.

"It's time for the Screamer!" the otter girl announced delightedly as the snake stretched the elastic ring out and snapped it around his girthy penis, turning it so the vibrating brushes were on its underside. The elder of the two jaguar sisters slipped around in the seat, unsurely propping herself up with her tail swishing behind her as she grinned down between Zamael's legs over her shoulder. She squawked as the snake came forward, grabbed her knees and

hungrily hauled her backwards, her fingers clawing as her top half slid down onto the seat of the chair. He knelt as he placed her knees gently onto the floor, his eyelids hooded with a horny grin on his face as she eagerly arched her back. Grabbing her wiggling bottom, he shuffled forward and pushed inside her.

The younger jaguar looked down at her sister with a wide-eyed gaping smile, two fingers stroking her own clit as she watched Rachel's long puffy hair jiggling with Zamael thrusting behind her. As she made eye contact with the turquoise-tinged snake bucking her sister, he nodded toward the seat in front of him. Eagerly, she slipped over the adjacent arms of the chairs and squeezed down next to her sister's head and shoulders, budging her aside and then spreading her legs over the chair's arms.

"Holy fuck - are you getting this butt action?!" Auren beckoned to the camera to come in closer, staring wide-eyed at the muscles on Zamael's naked backside bunching and relaxing as he made long, powerful thrusts. With each movement, he pressed his hips forward against Rachel's bottom, the brushes quivering against her clit - rubbing up against her as deeply as he could, he reached forward, held Uma by the hips and pushed his snout between her legs.

As Auren watched in amazement, the two jaguar girls and the snake moved back and forth in a three-way undulating rhythm against each other, the snake's hips pushing inward and then Uma pressing her clit against his tongue before they relaxed for another stroke. The younger sister reached up and gripped the edges of the nozzle of the gunge hopper looming over her, her head tilted back with her eyes closed as she pushed herself down against Zamael's mouth. The gasps and squeaks from the two jaguar girls intensified until Rachel slipped her hand between her legs and pushed the vibrator right up against herself, shuddering with her mouth open in a silent shriek of ecstasy.

Above her, Uma bit her lip and took her hands off the hopper to squeeze her own breasts, hissing through her teeth as Zamael's tongue fluttered over her clit. Suddenly she breathed in sharply, her mouth falling open and her toes flexing as her entire body shuddered. Before she had opened her eyes again, the snake had retreated with a final kiss, and moved himself back to the girl who had taken the lioness's place on the left.

"Two at once!" Auren beamed. "That's the efficiency we need - Rachel and Uma, get up from there once you've caught your breath, we've got more girls that need a licking..."

The elder jaguar girl had a wide grin on her face as she got off her knees and turned around, pushing her dangling puffy hair up and away from her forehead. She accepted her sister's outstretched hand to help her up from the floor, and gave her a quick kiss on the lips as she straightened up. As they moved aside, a pink bird girl stepped forward, tugging a cream colored mouse behind her.

Madison bounced on her feet as she watched the snake kneeling in front of the left seat, where a rabbit girl had taken the lioness's place. She watched squirming as he gripped the yellow

bunny's hips with his mouth at her lap, silently counting out the seat swaps and realizing that her own turn in that chair was coming next. The pleasant throb between her legs grew even more intense as she watched Zamael work his way over her and move to the bird girl next to her, the room filled with rhythmic feminine gasps and squeaks as he worked his tongue and fingers over her nipples and lips.

As the exhausted rabbit girl got to her feet, Madison's heart thumped, and she hesitated for a moment to make sure she was really next before stepping forward. As she turned to sit down, she glanced up at the dark spout looming above her, a nervous grin on her face as she recalled the messy results of her previous visits to the studio - but her thought was interrupted by a pleased screech from the bird girl with her legs around the snake's neck next to her.

"Another green wristband coming up!" Auren smiled as the snake ducked, extracting himself from between the pink bird's legs. "So Zamael gets a chance to get those hips in the game again..."

Madison glanced down to her own left wrist and the bracelets she had chosen - pink for oral sex, blue for nipples - then looked back at the chair on the other end of the row. The mouse's freckled cheeks blushed as the handsome snake stood over her, and she wriggled down to lie on her back, her legs tucked up and spread wide. Her left hand rested low on her tummy, two fingers gently circling her bare clit as she stared up at him, breathing heavily with her mouth hanging open. Zamael adjusted the ring around his cock to bring the vibrating brush to the top, then held his length as he crouched into position. The freckled mouse's eyes squeezed closed and she inhaled sharply as he slid firmly into her.

The snake began circling his hips, making her squeak as he pressed himself firmly against the mouse's bottom. Madison gripped the large arms of the bouncy chair, fighting the urge to reach down to her own throbbing clit as the mouse folded her legs down and brushed them against his sides. Suddenly, she opened her eyes, staring up at Zamael as he tilted her head down to her.

"Harder," she panted, and yelped as the snake immediately complied, slamming her against the chair's backrest. Madison could barely contain her laughter at the sound of the mouse being bucked by Zamael's thrusting, her high pitched yelps and the noise of her thumping into the chair sounding like a squeaky toy being stepped on in rhythm. He gripped her sides firmly with his hands, with his thumbs circling over her nipples, rubbing them as her breasts bounced with her movement.

The mouse girl's squeaks grew louder until she finally arched her back, a huge loud moan of pleasure escaping her as her whole body shuddered. Madison tensed as Zamael straightened up and began withdrawing, but then he hesitated as he glanced down at the mouse's breasts still moving with her heavy breathing. With a growl, he lunged forward to grab them both and thrust rapidly in and out again, squeezing his eyes closed and biting his lip as he hissed in pleasure.

“Oh, I think we had another double orgasm!” the otter announced as the snake’s bunched muscles gradually relaxed. “But that one doesn’t count - and if you’re wearing a green wristband, I think you might need to change your plans...”

Madison barely heard Auren as Zamael slid out of the exhilarated mouse girl, only pausing for a second to catch his breath before skipping sideways back to her. She looked up at his concentrated face, her mouth open as she attempted to say something, but stuttered and trembled in anticipation as Zamael knelt in front of her. They made eye contact for a second, then before she knew it, he had put his hands gently on her knees and pushed them aside, pushing his head forwards.

“Ah...!” Madison gasped and closed her eyes as Zamael’s tongue found the spot instantly, an electric tingle shooting through her clitoris and nipples at the feeling of the wet, slightly rough texture slithering against her. Slumping against the back of the chair, she half-opened her eyes, and bounced against its inflated surface to grind down against him. Slowly, she raised her legs in a V shape to match the view in her favourite video of the snake now buried between them.

She gasped again as Zamael’s hands slid up her tummy, his hands warm and firm but gentle. He clasped them around her breasts and massaged them for a moment before withdrawing to hold just her nipples between his thumb and forefinger. Her heart thumped as she looked down between her legs to see the snake staring at her with hooded eyes, then she stifled a moan as he pinched gently with his fingers.

Madison closed her eyes again, her fur bristling as she lost herself in the feeling of her nipples being massaged through Zamael’s fingers, then shrieked at the sudden vibration as he flicked his tongue rapidly against her clit. She didn’t hold back her moans as she pushed herself against him, feeling herself tipping into orgasm and clawing the arms of the seat as the warm, wonderful wave crashed over her.

Seeing stars behind her eyelids, she lay gasping for breath for a while, almost lying down on the inflatable surface with her legs hooked over its arms. Eventually, she blinked her eyes open, smiling dreamily as she slowly began to come down from the intense licking, and clambered up into a sitting position again as she saw Zamael now bobbing his head between the legs of the white vixen who was now in the seat next to her.

Madison breathed out and watched the fox girl tilt her head up and close her eyes, slouching and sliding down the back of the seat as she whimpered under her breath, pushing her hips further towards him. Her quick breaths turned to gasps as Zamael grabbed her thighs and hoisted them over his shoulders, pushing his snout firmly between her legs and closing his lips over her entire slit. Despite her orgasm a moment ago, Madison felt another pleasant twitch as she watched her shuddering and thrusting down against the snake’s mouth, bringing her legs up and bracing her feet on his shoulders as her hands gripped his hood on each side of his face.

“Ah - ah - aaaah!!” The vixen’s howl of ecstasy was the loudest yet, almost disguising the blare of an industrial klaxon. There was a loud clunk from the hopper above the seat, and Zamael leapt up and launched himself backwards, stumbling as a stripe of neon yellow gloop splurged into a chaotic flower shape across the reclining fox girl.

Madison jerked instinctively away as the rebounding wave of thick custard-like gunge splattered against her side, then smiled and relaxed, watching the vague shape of the naked fox girl next to her wriggling as the gunge splattered against her breasts and tummy, her eyes squeezed closed and her face turned to the side as she shrieked with ticklish laughter. Madison glanced from her to Zamael, who was hovering awestruck with his mouth hanging open, staring at the incredible downpour of thick bright yellow gunge crashing down over her.

Madison smiled and made a show of wiping the splash of gunge off the back of her hand, then yelped as her head was pushed down by a cool wet splatter. Keeping her eyes open, she sagged with a weary smile as she watched the plume of purple slime doming off her own head, eeping as trickles of the stuff ran around her ears and down to drip onto her shoulders. Taking a breath, she leaned back in the blowup chair and let the gunge pour on to her face and down her front, wriggling for the camera as she let the downpour engulf her as well.

“Zamael, you ran out of time!” Auren called as the siren stopped, and Madison felt the gunge above her gradually slow to a trickle, leaving the sensation of globs of the thick ooze slithering over and through her fur - a familiar feeling by now, but one she was sure she wouldn’t ever really get used to. She blinked her eyes open and brought her hand up to wipe across her slimy brow, seeing Auren putting her arm around the awkwardly grinning snake’s waist. He stood awestruck in front of the gunge devices, watching the globby remains of the colorful glop shower on to the three girls.

“What a jump, you were quick to save yourself!” the otter grinned, and the staring snake jolted as she got his attention. “That wasn’t a very gallant move...”

“Nngh... I guess it wasn’t...” A blush came to the previously confident snake’s face, grinning apologetically at the completely gunge-painted girls. Madison stuck her tongue out as he caught her eye, staring out through the heavy purple drips falling from her fringe and brows, then glanced at the neon painted fox beside her. She was tittering helplessly as she tried to sit upright, slithering down the back of the slippery chair again and bringing two fingers up to wipe the thick gluey slime away from her eyes.

“Didn’t we say we’d let the girls off this time and only gunge one of them, Angela?” Madison interrupted him, looking with an accusing grin over at the tall grey wolfess emerging from behind the plastic curtain dividing the room.

“My hand slipped,” she shrugged, baring her teeth in a smile. Auren smirked and turned back to the snake again as she withdrew her hand.

“Well, Zami - you scored eleven out of fifteen, which is a lot of happy endings - let’s give him some appreciation for that...!” Auren clapped her hands, and Madison joined in along with the rest of the room, giggling to herself as the glop on her hands sprayed out from her palms. The snake smiled embarrassedly, turning around and holding a hand up to acknowledge their applause.

“But you didn’t quite make it to the target, and you know what happens when you don’t win a game around here?”

“Oh no...” Zamael said, his smile turning into a nervous grin as Auren caught his hand and tugged him towards the plastic curtain down the middle of the room. As Madison watched, the mouse in the Splatstream T-shirt came forward with a stack of large towels and she accepted one gratefully, wiping her face and draping it around her shoulders as she got to her feet.

She hurried to join the clean girls as they followed the snake and otter through the opening in the curtain, her gungy feet squelching on the floor. Scampering to the side, she grinned again as she saw Zamael staring with his hands over his mouth at a clear plastic booth with an open front, with a seat inside and a two foot clear cube on the top filled with opaque white slime.

“Okay, I want two groups to get their own back here!” Auren called as she prodded the snake towards the gunge tank. “If you got gunged, please get ready next to the lever! And the four of you who Zamael left hanging, please step over to Maximus over there...”

Madison laughed as she stepped over to the lever beside the tank with the similarly drenched fox and rabbit girls, turning to follow Auren’s pointing finger. Angela was wheeling a large device out of the corner of the room - it slightly resembled an old-style cannon mounted on a block, except the ‘barrel’ of it was unapologetically styled as a giant cyberpunk equine penis.

As the wolf girl levered the brakes on the device’s wheels with her foot, Madison turned back to the booth, where Auren had her hand on her back encouraging Zamael inside. He ducked slightly as he stepped over the lip at the bottom, and Madison smiled as she saw the usual reaction of a new gunge tank victim - hesitantly budging backwards into the seat and then staring up into the round four inch valve that was holding back the gunge poised above him. As his gaze dropped again, his eyes widened as he saw the penis pointed in his direction for the first time, setting another laugh off in the group of girls behind it.

“Zami, you’ve made a lot of girls very slippery over your career - and now it’s their turn!” Auren announced, bounding up beside the booth. “You ready for this?”

Madison put her hand on the lever with the other two girls as the turquoise snake shook his head, and she grinned delightedly as he let out a helpless giggle. “Oh, man, I never thought I’d end up in one of these things...”

“Sorry, I hope I didn’t give you the impression you might be going home clean…” Auren grinned. “Gunge him, girls!”

Madison stumbled as the other two girls quickly wrenched the lever backwards together, and as the gunge klaxon blared she looked over at Zamael through the plastic wall of the tank. He closed his eyes and let out a small whimper, then there was a twitch from the top of the machine, and a thick stripe of white slime spewed down from the tank onto Zamael’s head.

“Waaughh!” The snake yelped out loud, and Madison laughed as the initial huge splatter fell away to reveal his expression of wide-eyed shock. The thick white gunge splurged over him in a mad butterfly shape, a wave of it rebounding up from the back of his head and his face framed by two wide flows of it pouring forward from the rim of his hood onto his shoulders. The flow of gunge sputtered slightly, hiding his face under another huge flowering splash as he squirmed beneath it.

Auren dashed over to the group of girls behind the phallic sprayer as a wave of slime spilled out the front of the tank and squelched in an arc onto the floor. She flipped a switch on it, then put her hands over the blue raptor girls’ on the handles at the back to help direct it as it gave out a loud hiss and sprayed thick white shaving cream-style foam from its tip. It blasted on to the front corner of the gunge tank as the slime from its ceiling began to slow, and Zamael’s embarrassed grin was just visible for a moment before the girls swung the sprayer around to splatter into his face.

“Eugh…!” A muffled half-groan, half-laugh came up from somewhere behind the flying foam, the snake raising his hands in front of him instinctively as he cringed back away from it. Grinning, the reptilian at the controls angled the stream downward, spraying the foam across his chest as Zamael turned his face away.

Madison put her hand over her mouth at the snake’s squeamish smile, barely visible between the thick white gloop pouring from the top of his head and the foam piling up on the side of his face. After a few moments turned away with his arm up to defend himself, the snake breathed out defeatedly and faced the flurry of foam again. Madison watched as the girls circled the jet over him, coating the green underside of his hood that had been protected from the gunge.

The foam cannon finally sputtered to a halt, and the hissing noise fell away to leave just the sound of the girls cheering for the gunged snake. The booth and the walls behind it were completely painted in white, with the thoroughly coated Zamael giggling to himself as the remains of the gunge from above him splatted on to his head and slithered down around his snout. As Auren came up beside him, he slowly opened his eyes, two dark spots in the mountain of foam blinking behind the strings of slime dripping from his brow and all along his hood.

“Zamael, thanks for visiting us at Splatstream!” The squirrel grinned as she looked into the white mass. “You’ve been a fantastic treat for us, and it was even better watching you in the gunge tank...”

“Pweh,” the snake spluttered, flecks of foam drifting off his snout as he breathed out heavily. He blinked his eyes a couple of times and opened his mouth, quivering in an exhilarated laugh. The movement made more of the white gunge slide off the rim of his hood and drip stickily in long strings across his face.

“We’ve got a little something for you here to commemorate the occasion...”

As the snake wiped at one eye with a finger, he saw Auren approaching with a small trophy, and stretched his arm to accept it. He fumbled as it nearly slipped out of his gunge-covered hand, and brought it into his lap, smiling at its tasteful but obvious contoured oval shape. The otter girl led the applause as he held it up, sagging back into the seat.

“And that’s a wrap for today!” Auren bounced, grinning at the sight of him as he posed with the trophy. “Okay, girls - drinks and snacks are in the dressing room, and I’m sure Zami won’t mind joining you...”

“He’d better, he still owes me an orgasm!” the blue raptor called from beside the gunge sprayer, making the others grin around her.

“You still got a few licks left in you, Zami?” Auren smiled, turning back to the white-painted snake in the booth, who was still shaking in laughter as he looked down at the thick white foam and slime coating his chest and lap. He nodded, then gasped as another trickle of gunge spluttered on to his head from the open valve.

“Yeah... but can I get two minutes in the shower first?”