

“One of those damn heroes is ruining the place, boss, we need backup!” A voice called from one of the many henchmen in her lair.

There was an impacting sound, a grunt of pain and noise as the radio was smacked out of the henchman’s hand. “What? Damn it there’s two of them!”

Gella tensed her hands, the villainous seal was too close to finishing to be interrupted now, why did good help have to be so hard to find. She threw back her chair, walking to an open pipe. Her hand pushed a button, redirecting the ominous goo that flowed around the base to fall through the pipe and the grate below, she’d have to handle this herself.

The two heroes had struck from different corners, with the later arrival taking advantage of the chaos caused by the former. As the immediate henchmen in the room were dealt with laid low with plenty of bruises to show, the two turned to face each other, wary and ready.

The lithe, athletically built lioness lowered her arms, letting the nightsticks she wielded hang at her side as she saw the softer rounded form of the purple furred cat hero. “Mittens?!” She asked, stepping forward. “What are you doing here?”

“I was here first, I mean, probably doing the same as you.” He replied, stepping closer to the lioness, “Wait, is that you. Huntress?”

The lioness let out a huff, “I don’t go by that title ... or well... soon I won’t. Name changes are complicated!” She said. “Hold up, what’s that noise?” She raised her sticks once more, looking around.

“Reinforcements are coming!” Mittens gasped, pointing at a camera feed.

“Then it’s too bad the control room here locks from the inside.” Huntress replied, walking over to a panel and pressing a few switches, thank goodness for idiot-proofing labels. The doors locked down hard, sliding metal dropping over them to reinforce them and the singular bridge retracted all the way back. The room was designed to hold off an attack with a churning burbling moat surrounding it. It was quickly and easily employed against those it should have protected!

Pipes and tubes around the room also flowed with different liquids, with occasional extra spattering down from on high, making the moat seem all the more dangerous to touch.

“Alright, are you here to investigate the new weapon being developed here?” Mittens asked.

“What? No, I just learned there was illegal toxic runoff, or well, something weird getting into the water and came to investigate. What’s this about a weapon?” Huntress replied.

“How about I teach you meddlers first hand?” A voice called, all the warning they got as from one of the pipes in the corner a giant glob of something clear and viscous shot out. It hit Mittens across his back and knocked him to the floor with the impact. His arms and legs moved at super speed but they couldn’t get purchase to actually do anything!

Huntress turned as a second shot was fired, flicking up the sticks, catching the slimy bullet with both and slashing it into three. The middle slice of which still smacked across her costumed chest, heavy but not enough to slow her.

“Tch!” The voice called, a seal woman’s head looking down on them before it shimmered, becoming transparent and turning to viscous liquid.

“Help me up here!” Mittens begged while Huntress’ eyes roved warily, there was no way she’d given up. A thick splash behind her let her turn in time to see a seal-shaped segment of the gooey moat leap up before it vanished again on impact. Another leap from the opposite side, either there were two of them or this seal was fast!

“Look out!” She shouted, catching the seal’s head forming as she leapt clean over the platform, firing what looked like a bazooka that seemed to materialise out of the same goop, aiming for Mitten’s head. Huntress dashed to it, cracking with her sticks to break it as a second shot came once more. She didn’t have time to bring her sticks around for that so she reached out to kick it.

“Gotcha!” The seal yelled. The bullet stuck fast to the raised foot while maintaining momentum, dragging the lioness with it and slamming her against the far wall.

“Gah!” She grunted, gravity pulling her to dangle from the limb.

With both heroes immobile, Gella adjusted her trajectory, landing on the platform and solidifying, smirking at the two of them. Huntress creased her brows, how could such a hefty villain move so effortlessly?

A small flow of clear goo remained as the launcher reappeared in her hand, connected to a backpack. The flow fed the chamber, reloading it and rising to point at Huntress’ head. She fired, the lioness quickly pushing off to bend up and out of the way, dodging for a moment, but it left a thick goopy splat behind which her head and shoulders fell against, cushioning and supporting them.

“Nice dodge.” Gella complimented before firing another glob off centre, catching the arm, shoulder and chest on the opposite side of Huntress’ caught leg. The gun went through its reloading phase as she shrugged it off, letting it fall to the floor, cocky in that she no longer needed it.

“Damn it, you won’t get away with this!” Mittens called, still squirming like a flustered buzzing insect.

“Oh yeah? That’s what they all say.” Gella said, her hand touched the top of the goo then again became see-through, melding with it. The blob quivered, flowing to spread the thick mass over Mittens arms and legs, trapping them in place. Her hand reformed inside it, reaching to grab the utility belt at the hero’s waist and unclip it, tugging it away and throwing it off to the side.

“Nnngh, ghh, mmmnnnghhh!” Mittens grunted with effort, straining with his limbs but only making the heavy coating wobble a little.

The seal walked straight into the moat, legs shifting to match it as she seemed to float on the surface. She waited, looking up, seeing a tube fill and release a fresh pouring. As it fell, she caught on, riding it upwards and managing to sling herself to the goo over Huntress.

“Get away from me!” The lioness barked, trying to kick with her other foot. Gella’s hand fell into the blob at her snared leg, spreading a thin tendril to connect to the other masses and then as with Mittens she spread it all over, creeping to encase and plaster over the lioness from the neck down.

The gelatinous seal’s limbs melded with the mass, hanging above Huntress, the lioness only able to see her rump as she positioned herself directly over her. “W-what are you doing?!” Huntress demanded.

“Oh darling, you’re so not my type.” She replied, “And unless you want me to leave you upside down-? Yeah, thought not.” Gella did a surprisingly acrobatic backflip, launching the gooped lioness from the wall back to the platform, landing on top of Mittens, their gooey coating melding into one.

“Oof! Huntress, you’re supposed to be helping me out here!” The heavy set cat groaned as the impact pushed the wind from his lungs.

“How exactly, Mr Down-for-the-count-as-soon-as-the-bell-was-rung?!” The lioness shot back.

The seal woman landed on the platform with a loud plap noise idly running her hand over the console, opening the locked doors, extending the bridge, reuniting with her useless henchmen. “I must thank you for getting this far. It just goes to show that I’m paying too much for such useless grunts. Still with this invention I’ll put myself on the map! I’ll be able to get some of the better henchmen organisations to listen to me.” She said, catching herself shy of falling into a monologue.

“But let me get you both situated where you should be, below my heel!” She slapped a button on the console, opening a hatch that dropped the two heroes down into a pit falling with loud screams.

A soft mire of thinner but still gooey gel broke their fall but also submerged them entirely, currents within pushed them apart, rolling them around. The goo was still too thick and

viscous to swim through as the pair were flushed through the complex curved tubes and away, deep below ground, out of sight and out of mischief, and worryingly for them; out of air.

“My first heroic conquest and it’s two at once. Heh, now the world has to recognise me.” Gella said as her troops made it across the platform, tending to the unconscious and battered guards who the two had dealt with.

The heroes had fallen unconscious just seconds before the flow of goo spat them out, bodies in the shells that Gella had left them with. Before they woke she had joined them in the strange cell, the only way in or out seemingly via the falling plumbing of goo that the seal could effortlessly cross.

With her tail in the flow she worked to redirect the goo with her superpower. With her fingers stuck in Mitten’s mouth and as far as they could depress Huntress’ cloth mask, she made sure there was an airway for both heroes before completely encasing their heads to join their bodies.

She had them both stuck to opposite walls of the small cell. Mittens woke first, and so the villainess pushed her hands into Huntress’ coating, brushing her cheeks, trying to rouse her too.

“Good, you’re both awake.” She said when she heard a response. “I’m so glad to have my first proper test subjects. I thought I’d introduce you both to my weapon, you’ll soon see its full extent. You may have thought you saw it, the launcher? No, that’s my personal toy.” She said, “You’re already wearing the base of my magnum opus!” She said, flicking the gooey prisons.

She stepped over to a panel in the wall, opening it to reveal a bunch of pipes filled with more viscous flows of different colours. “I’ll start it off just showing you just the one. But know there are so many others.” Her hand tapped a blue pulsing tube. “For example, this one can dissolve any armour or clothing without harming skin, fur or scale.” Then a pink one. “This can make the skin tingle and crackle to a degree that those coated can’t help but squirm, making them far less efficient in combat, and in a whole body covering- well... I can’t wait to try that one out on both of you.” She said with a worrying wink.

She opened a hatch within the last pipe, sticking her fingers into a yellow coloured overflow absorbing a portion. “While this one...” She didn’t explain, instead jabbing her newly yellow coloured fingers into both shells. The colour left her hands and flowed into them as Gella directed the goo to peel off the walls. Both heroes felt their prisons shift before they were dropped to the ground, but though they both strained their limbs barely twitched.

The yellow colouring tensed and clenched, compacting the goo from a thick coat to a dense and solid layer with a glassy finish. They were trapped! “Mnhh! Haaahgh!” Mittens and Huntress both cried, only able to move their eyes below the transparent and now solid prisons.

“I’ve never tested just how long that will last on its own, the science team suggested that the last batch could last twelve hours without a fresh dose. This one’s even stronger. Let’s test their hypothesis and find out together. You two won’t be going anywhere, right?” Gella said, before striding away into the flow. “And don’t worry, there’s cameras in these cells so I’ll still be watching. Ahahaha!” Her laughter mocked them as she dissolved, transporting away.

The two heroes were left behind. Out of sight from all but each other...