of Splosh sold 500 copies, and now his videos are available on the high street.

He was told that if a fetish video sold 2,000 copies it was doing well, but he has sold over 30,000 in total. In addition, Bill runs around 150 one-to-one sploshing sessions every year, and hosts a website, www.splosh.co.uk, that attracts thousands of visitors a month.

The splosh scene has its own trademark faces: Decadent Doll (who was to join me in my splosh experience), Glenn Julie, Mouse (also known for being able to squat litres of water out of her orifices), Louise Almond and the glamour model Gill Sampson. It also has some more famous fans: camp film-maker John Waters’ latest release, A Dirty Shame features a sploshing scene, and, more surprisingly (perhaps), Geri Halliwell who, pre-Spice Girls, wrote to Bill to ask if she could feature in one of his videos. At the time they were overrun with models and Geri’s CV didn’t blow him away, but she found the letter years later, complete

### Custard tarts

Emily spends a day playing with her food

Despite being somewhat familiar with the world of kink, it was with a certain apprehension that I took on this month’s challenge: a day at Splosh Studios. You see, splosh entails being covered in cream, custard and numerous other messy things—nothing something that would come top of my list of things to do on a Thursday afternoon.

Although food fights are hardly a new idea—think Carry On, or even Tom Jones—because he liked ladies with the world of kink, it was with a certain apprehension that I took on this month’s challenge: a day at Splosh Studios. You see, splosh entails being covered in cream, custard and numerous other messy things—nothing something that would come top of my list of things to do on a Thursday afternoon.

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### HER REVENGE WAS MAPLE SYRUP OVER MY HEAD AND A PIE ON MY BUM—SO I PIED HER BOOBS

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### GOOD CLEAN FUN?

Getting clean was no mean feat. I lathered up my hair with shampoo three times but still noticed a whiff of sweetness about my person when I was on the train home. The maple syrup in particular seemed to linger, though that could have been because it had been forced up my nose. Although I originally thought that sploshing was just plain weird, I can now see the appeal. The silliness of the food is decidedly sensual and the plain silliness of what you’re doing means that you spend the entire session in hysterics. I walked out buzzing with adrenaline, knowing that I’d recommend sploshing to everyone. Then again, maybe I was just having a sugar rush.

### CUSTARD WRESTLING

By now things were getting even more slippery and we had no choice but to sit on the floor to continue flinging food at each other. The PVC of my dress meant I didn’t have much traction and soon Dolly and I were pretty much wrestling in custard. In only 25 minutes we’d worked our way through all the goodies on the table and, with some regret, I realised it was time for the session to end. Dolly and I gave each other a messy hug to show there were no hard feelings and, ever the sweetie, she let me use the shower first.

**Let the pie-ing begin**

I have to admit to feeling nervous as I sat down, PVC dress spread out around me and Decadent Doll standing behind me with a naughtily expression on her face. Bill said that all good splosh sessions start with a pie, and so I found myself being surprised with a cream, custard and chocolate sauce combination pushed into my face. It wasn’t as cold or shocking as I’d expected, but it was a bit gross when the custard went up my nose and I had to elegantly sniff it out so that I could breathe. That said, it was innately funny, and from the moment it hit me I was laughing. One downside was that my eyes were covered in goo (who’d have thought custard could sting so much?) so I wiped them clear just in time to get a double pie-ing—one on each side of my face, which stuck to my hair and made me look like Princess Leia. This was rapidly followed by custard. Dolly opened a carton and poured it over my head and face and, when Bill told me to keep my head up for the camera, I couldn’t help giggling some more.

### SWEET REVENGE

Of course, there was no way that Dolly was going to get away unscathed. I started by scooping up the custard that was coating my dress and throwing it at her, which felt extremely naughty as she was wearing normal clothes. I could definitely see the appeal of desecration. I then struggled my way over to the table, at which point Dolly broke loose. I threw more pies at her, poured maple syrup over her pigtails and flung handfuls of cake mix around her. She took revenge by up-ending a bowl of cake mix over my head, so I pied her hair. Her revenge was maple syrup over my head and a pie on my bum—so I pied her boobs.

I’m not sure how many pies were thrown, and a bath full of custard requires an entire pallet of the stuff. Of course, there was no way that Dolly was going to get away unscathed. I started by scooping up the custard that was coating my dress and throwing it at her, which felt extremely naughty as she was wearing normal clothes. I could definitely see the appeal of desecration. I then struggled my way over to the table, at which point Dolly broke loose. I threw more pies at her, poured maple syrup over her pigtails and flung handfuls of cake mix around her. She took revenge by up-ending a bowl of cake mix over my head, so I pied her hair. Her revenge was maple syrup over my head and a pie on my bum—so I pied her boobs.

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