

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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*This is not the final version of this story. I do have a definite ending in sight, but as is the nature of my writing, I am constantly going back over what I have already written, revising and rewriting as I go. Often times, I will spend more time rewriting older sections, then continuing the story.*

*In any case, this is my first time uploading a story here, and I hope that it meets with approval. It's very rough, and rather than add further chapters here (which I couldn't promise in a timely fashion) I will simply post what I have, and if/when I get significantly farther along, I will repost it. But that event will likely be in the distant future, as I'm constantly being diverted by other stories and pictures.*

*In any case, here it is. It starts out slow, but I hope the action makes it worthwhile. I tried to write in a Australian 'voice' and use Aussie slang, but I'm dubious as to how effective I was. And I'm unsure how fair my repeated use of the term "Abo" is (referring to Australian Aboriginals).*

Anyway, without further delay:

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I started out as a freelance reporter. By freelance, I mean that I went out on my own and tried to find stories that the local papers would be interested in. Or, if I was REALLY lucky, something the networks would buy. It wasn't always a very exciting job, though I sometimes found myself either in the middle of the news, or 'making' it. But for all it's faults, it kept me fed in a fairly modest way.

Lately I had been spending a lot of time around military bases, or places that soldiers frequented. I'd found that while the Australian Defence Force was a competent group of mostly professionals, they were still soldiers - and soldiers are always getting into trouble in one way or another. From barfights to rumours about which CO was, there was always something worth looking into and I got lucky more than once.

But for a long while things had been slow. All the crap going on in the Middle East wasn't hot enough to draw off any more of our blokes and with all the rumours I investigated my face wasn't very welcome at my current haunts. So I decided to pack up and see if I could find greener grass on the other side of the fence.

For several weeks prior to my decision, there had been a great rise in public awareness regarding the fragile condition of the native species in the Aussie outback. It's not that the situation had drastically changed during those weeks or anything; introduced species and urban development had been widdling down our wildlife for years with no real solution in site, but for some reason it had popped up as the topic of the day for most of the major news. More than likely some bloke somewhere had done a documentary on it and for the next few months "Save the Outback" would be the chief topic, providing no more crucial news came up like someone important dying or a disaster somewhere.

I'm sympathetic to such things, moreso now after my 'adventures', but what really motivated me was the chance at selling a ripe story to the networks and earn myself a few spare AUDs. I figured that I could write up something on how our servicemen were helping in the fight to save our Outback.

In my hunting for a worthwhile target to investigate, I came across a military unit that I'll call "The Reds". Anyone who's ever pounded ground in the ADF will probably know exactly who I'm talking about, but the guys higher up in the ranks with the authority and the high-and-mighty moral attitude probably won't, and that's the point.

Anyway, in my searching I saw that for the last two years The Reds had devoted quite a bit of time and effort into various wildlife protection programs, particularly for the Red Kangaroos (or Kangas). From money raising and promoting, to volunteer labor and disaster response (such as clearing several hectares of brush to help slow the Namadgi wildfires) they had put in a more-than-average

share of work.

These guys seemed to be the folks to go to if I wanted to get some good info, and I arranged to spend a week or two on base to put together a report on the soldier's reactions and motivations behind their environmental labors.

I was given decent lodging in a set of barracks usually reserved for the RAAF boys (which meant I was lounging in style compared to the booters) and was given almost free-roam of all the facilities.

It was a fairly small logistics base with only about 100 regular troops on hand at any one time and maybe another 200 to 300 on call. It was a pretty tight-knit group and everyone seemed to get along without any problems. That's what first made me think something wasn't normal.

All the troops I met seemed unusually relaxed and good-natured. Now, I'm not saying that Aussie troops are usually mean-tempered or high-strung, but I'd spent a great deal of time around soldiers in various parts of the country, and abroad in America, and I'd found that when you put a whole bunch of hard-headed, macho guys into a strict working environment, and fill them full of gung-ho, there's going to be a few butting heads and crackling tempers. Compound this with the fact that despite integration, there still aren't a lot of steady women in a soldier's life; you can understand how they can be a bit rough around the edges sometimes. Some poor lads go their entire four years without a single Sheila to find comfort in.

Well, I suspected something right away. After all, I didn't earn my way as a reporter by taking things for granted. So I began talking to the troops before I even checked in with the company commander for a formal interview. Once again, my snoop-sensor was on overload as I spoke with about a half-dozen rugged lads who answered my questions freely and seemed not only genuinely concerned about the Red Kanga, but through their answers seemed to show these particular outback natives a special reverence.

By the time I finally made it to the commander's office, my head was bursting with questions and suspicions. The commander, a Desert Storm veteran I'll call Major S, was a clean-cut fellow and while being perfectly courteous and proper, wasn't as communicative as his men and provided me with a host of generalized, very proper military answers about service to the country and it's ecosystem and other such tidbits that I knew were just the formal 'official' front to whatever was really going on. My snoop sensor told me he was shielding something, yet I could tell that he was carefully avoiding an outright lie. Aside from this inner hunch that he didn't seem like the kind of man to purposely deceive someone, I got the feeling that he knew something but wouldn't admit to it; but if I should discover the secret for myself, he would give me all the answers forthright. Other than these personal hunches, I didn't learn much. He did however confirm that I could stay on base for as long as I liked, provided I did something to make myself useful. This I was able to do by having a cursory knowledge of Sisco routers and I was put into an office with a corporal who would show me whatever else I needed to know.

That day passed without me gathering any new data other than learning that the unofficial company rugby team was the 'Fighting Reds'.

That night when I retired to the dormitory where I was housed, I expected to find a group of off-duty troops gathered around the pool table in the Rec Room. I fancied myself good at the game and thought about maybe increasing my pocket-change with a few friendly wagers, but there was no one there. When I went up to my room, I had to immediately draw the heavy curtains closed because light from the middle yard of the maintenance depot shown brightly in and despite the distance I could hear the sound of people shouting or calling. But because of the high fence and various pieces of large equipment between me and the yard, I couldn't see what was going on. Fortunately, about an hour after sundown, the lights seemed to dim, though they remained on and the voices carried on for as long as I was awake to hear them.

I was a bit annoyed by this, and wondered what in the devil they could be doing this late at night. But by the time morning came around and I was washed and dressed, I had quite forgotten about the lights and was more interested in discovering the answers to the other little questions I had begun to formulate.

At breakfast, many of the men still seemed tired, and some were rubbing their legs as if they ached. I asked my companion in the router-room, Corporal "Jay", if there had been a rugby game last night and he declined, though he thought there may have been a practice. I asked if they held it in the middle yard where I had seen the lights. This question prompted him to give me a strange look and he shook his head, saying that there wasn't enough space and that "Mandy" wouldn't approve of it.

That day I spent most of my time alternating between the company's library and their computer room, looking up data on the history of the unit. But that proven a bust. The only interesting bit of information I found there only increased the mystery. It seemed that only a week before I had arrived, the company had put in a request to change the unit badge from its original image, to a stylized silhouette of, what else, but a Kangaroo.

After that, I made several calls to a few people I knew who were legitimately in the business to see what they could tell me, but that gave me nothing and after several fruitless hours, I returned to the router-office more perplexed than ever. It was already getting on toward evening when I got back to the room and I was trying to decide if I should take a trip by the yard to see what the light was about when I entered. My companion was already there, sitting at his desk with his hand deep in his pants. Now, I'm no prude and I've once or twice squeezed one out in a place I probably shouldn't have, but this was pretty blatant. Seeing me enter and the look on my face he grinned and pulled from his britches a large pack of 'Icy-Hot' which he had been holding there.

"Sorry mate." He said with a grin. "Sore muscles is all."

I chuckled, trying to feel at ease, as I made my way to an adjoining desk. As I passed I saw that he was in the middle of filling out a requisition form for some obscure and hardly used piece of military gear.

"What's with that?" I asked signaling to the paper.

" 's nothing we need." He said offhand, replacing the Icy-Hot patch between his legs and continuing to scribble away on the paper. "But we could use the box it comes in. Damn Sheila ain't high enough, bless her, and I can't take all these cramps no more."

I gave him a puzzled look and asked him to explain.

"She's too short. We need something about yeh high..." he gestured with his hand "or we cramp up havin' to squat."

Apparently the look on my face was enough to show that I still didn't understand what he was saying.

"What...you've not seen 'er then?" He asked, giving me the same look in return. "I thought you'd a been told by now... We've got a kanga down in the middle yard, damn fine one at that - perhaps the best as was ever born - but she ain't tall 'nough for a man and so's we have to squat. Bloody hard on the thighs I tell ya."

I blinked trying to make the connection.

He still seemed surprised that I didn't know what he was talking about. So, setting aside the heat pack and standing up, he beckoned me to follow with a wave and a nod, mumbling under his breath something about "Damn military inefficiency".

We made our way down the hall toward the commander's office, passing a few other troops who were standing around with apparently nothing to do.

As we walked he explained to me that about two years ago, one of the soldiers in the unit found a Joey by the side of the road. His mother was roadkill and knowing that a single Joey didn't stand a ghost of a chance alone in the outback, he picked her up, named her "Mandy", and brought her to the base as a kind of pet or mascot, something he felt would give the unit something to collectively care about since at the time (like many other units) they had problems keeping the men motivated.

A pen was made for her in the maintenance yard, but except for at night, she was given free-run of the base and ultimately went where she liked.

Her first few weeks were rather sedated and some wondered if she was too young to be kept as a pet. Though she was friendly, and didn't mind being petted, she was a bit timid, and spent most of her time exploring the base, finding little cubby-holes or cupboards to hide in.

It wasn't known for certain how it happened, but rumor declared that at first, her rescuer didn't know what to wean her on (on a soldier's pay he wasn't inclined to go out and buy her any kanga milk) and though she accepted the milk he bought at the store, she began going about sucking and nibbling on anything she could get her mouth on. And so one night, while her rescuer was stroking his donger and lost in some fantasy, she put her little lips around his man-meat and suckled it like her momma's teat. As much alarmed as he was with a baby animal's mouth on his cock, he had been a lonely bachelor for a long time and the warm lips and demanding suction was mighty pleasant; and before he really knew what was happening, Mandy was rewarded with her first batch of "man-milk". Apparently the taste was to her liking, because she immediately worked him for a second helping, then a third.

By this point my mouth was hanging open and I was wondering whether I should be laughing at the joke he was obviously trying to pull, or calling him out on "Bullshit".

We reached the command office and went inside. The Major wasn't there, but Jay spoke to his secretary for a few moments, telling her that if "the May-jah" wanted to find me, we were going to the yard "to see Mandy".

The secretary rolled her eyes, but smiled and assured us that if anything came up, she'd send a message. As we walked out, she gave me a strange glance and said: "Don't let her wear you out!"

By this point, I was so bewildered I didn't even bother to respond, or to try asking anymore questions and just followed where I was led; out the side door and toward the yards while my story-telling friend continued.

Apparently Mandy (or so the kanga was named) became unexpectedly good at obtaining her "milk" and at the same time providing her rescuer with the relief and companionship he so desperately needed. She was so good in fact, that he began to invite other soldiers in to see if she could supply them with the same satisfaction. Well she could - and how! She was not only willing to provide the soldiers with the satisfaction they desired, but was hungry for it. Her appetite for their cream grew faster than she did, and she soon had a group of regulars coming around to participate in "feeding time".

But they didn't count on her appetite going beyond these regular feeding sessions. As she wandered the base during the day, she began making her talent known to more than a few amazed, yet not displeased troops. Before long, what had began as a few private confidants relieving tension together, became a company-wide secret, as they all learned one way or another just how willing she was to please.

"Insatiable..." said my friend as we finally approached the gate to the middle yard. They were unlocked, but a guard sat nearby, rubbing his thighs as if they ached. I couldn't see through the mesh, but from beyond, I could hear quite a few strong voices babbling together along with some mutterings and whispering. Also, quite clear and yet still somewhat muffled, a mixed beat of sharp, wet slaps; like a wet sock being slapped against a rock.

The guard smiled as we walked up. " 'nother turn already?" He said with a smirk to my companion.

"Nah." He replied "My legs wouldn't fergive me. Just taking the newbie in to be introduced."

The guard's smile faded. "Is it OK with the May-jah?" he drawled with a deep accent.

"Yeah, no worries. Linda knows and if he wants he can come down hiself. He's not been down for a while anyway. Might do 'im some good." The guard nodded. "An I don't know what harm can be done letting im see her. If she don't like im, she can kick. If he don't like her..." Here he gave me a sidelong glance. "Well, I don't see why he wouldn't like her. Anyway, I mean to show him."

"Alright." said the guard, waving his hands. "She's busy again tonight, so unless some bloke gives up his turn he might have to wait till tomorrow." With that, he opened the door.

"No worries." said my guide, and went in.

The sight that met my eyes was one I will never forget. The yard was indeed fairly small, maybe

about the size of half a soccer field at its largest. But the view all around was screened with equipment. On the Eastside, opposite the maintenance warehouse and the homemade pen (which really wasn't anything more than a large, mostly-enclosed porch), equipment was stacked against the high fence. There were only two gates, at the South end, through which we entered, leading back toward the administrative buildings, and the North, leading to the maintenance parking lot and the vehicle depot. The fence itself enclosed the entire space and the metal mesh was laced in between with Opaque plastic strips so that one could only see through it by getting right up to it and putting his eye against it. There were large glaring light poles standing at each corner of the yard, sending a harsh white glare down into the yard.

Crowded into this shielded space was a group of no less than twenty men, most gathered in a group near the center. The majority of the crowded figures were buck naked, some were dressed only in their pants and boots, but all were watching the most bizarre and erotic display I had ever seen.

A large female kangaroo was standing, leaning somewhat forward, in the middle of the encircling group while two men fucked her from each end.

I stopped as if jolted by an electric shock, or run straight in an invisible wall. Of all the things I had expected, or had ever imagined seeing in all my days, this was nowhere among them. I'd seen grown men cry, mothers drown their own children, millionaires give everything to charity, but the idea that I would someday see a full grown female kanga being happily plowed at each end by a pair of human dicks while yet more waited for a turn, or rubbed themselves against her fur...

I bit my lip, half expecting to jolt awake and realize it was all some strange perverted wet-dream.

"Ain't that a sight...?" I heard my companion say though the mist that was obscuring all but the kanga from my attention.

We were still on the outside of the group - the other members of the crowd were milling about, a few hanging back, leaning against the fence, or sitting whispering to one another, as if resting or patiently waiting, but most were in the circle with hands around their stalks, or rubbing their fat cock-heads against whatever part of the body they could reach.

"That'll put the blood back in ya and no mistake..." the corporal slapped my back, but I didn't respond. I couldn't hardly think. My wide eyes were going over every inch of the scene before me, taking in every detail.

Her fur was a bright orange-red and was spattered with pearlescent drops which the other men would rub into it. Her snout was coated with liquid. It dripped from her slaving maw onto the ground below her, or splattering onto the thighs and crotch of the man in front of her.

Her legs were spread wide and her small arms planted firmly in front of her, keeping a solid footing despite the rough actions of the men around her. She was constantly being jerked forward and back by the powerful thrusts of the men on each end, and rocked by the myriad of others rubbing and grinding against her.

The one in back humped into her with long, deliberate strokes; one hand holding her tail, which he kept draped over his shoulder. Occasionally a moan would escape from his open mouth amidst all his gasps, and loud 'shlorps' and 'shlurps' came as his engorged cock withdrew partway from her sopping sex and went back in with a wet slap and a grunt. Even from where I was, I could see the drops of their combined sex fluids drip into the puddle already underneath her. Yet some of the slurps came from the other end, where her mouth was busily working over two cocks at once. One was a younger man who seemed to have just finished and was panting like a marathon runner at the end of his race. The other was a large aboriginal soldier who hadn't bothered to unbutton his jeans and was forcing her to stick her cum-covered snout into his unzipped fly, burying her twitching nose into his curly hairs.

For a brief moment, the responsible part of my brain wondered how they could abuse an animal this way, forcing her to be a sex-object. But I could see her haunches tighten as she leaned back into the one fucking her, meeting him stroke for stroke, and the lack of any ropes or chains or restraints was

further evidence that she had every chance to try and escape if she wanted to. There was also the eager way she moved her mouth from one cock to the other - sliding that long Abo shaft from out her throat to lick a drop of pre from the younger lad's purple cockhead. She lapped on its tip, her slick tongue stroking the underside, while the motion of the man behind her caused her upper lip to stroke the crown. But though he still managed a respectable erection, it was obvious that he was waning.

Another soldier with red hair came up and patted him on the shoulder.

"Good show mate. My turn."

Wiping a hand across his beaded forehead the exhausted man nodded and pulled away, taking up a seat near the outside of the enclosure. As the lad withdrew however, the kanga's tongue reached out to follow it, as if trying to catch it and pull it back. But the Abo's shaft bumped her snout and she immediately turned toward it, that long tongue reaching out to grasp it. As if in slow motion I watched it wrap around the head of his dark pole, pulling it into her salivating mouth and swallowing it down in a single draught. My heart skipped a beat and I tried vainly to swallow the lump in my throat even as I fancied I saw the bulge of that Abo's fat cockhead sliding back and forth in hers.

Dick already in hand, the red-headed lad came up to take his companion's place beside his dark-skinned comrade, eagerly rubbing the tip of his thin prick against the animal's lips.

Almost at the same moment she slurped on that dark-meat stick, the man in her cootchie began moaning louder. His hands went to her cum-spattered hips and his thrusts became more frequent, and more demanding. Those around him began to nod and cheer, stroking their own shafts faster and calling out their enthusiasm. His voice went from moans and grunts to exclamations as he pounded her rump with increased vigor.

The roo's tail twitched, her eyes narrowed and seemed to roll back, but she remained stiff, letting the motion of his thrusts push her forward onto the Abo dick.

The man gritted his teeth, his knuckles whitening as they gripped her fur, but the pulsing kangaroo cunt was too much for the hyper-stimulated soldier; with a shout, the man pressed his hips flush to her rump, tossed his head back with a look of ultimate ecstasy on his face and went altogether rigid. It was obvious what was happening, and with a strange sense of empathy or perhaps just lustful imagination, I could almost see, almost FEEL the shots of his cum squirt into her body. At the same moment, she too went completely still expect for her mouth which was still slavering over that dark cock. An almost imperceptible shiver ran through her thighs and tail as her tunnel filled with male cream.

"She can milk 'em." said the corporal at my side, who I had forgotten. "She can milk a man of everything he can give like nothin' I know." He smiled, not looking at me, but staring at the scene before us. He had removed his jacket and was now unbuttoning his shirt, a lusty light was in his eyes.

"I think I'll have another go at her if I can slip in..." he said and stepped forward to join the crowd.

I blinked, my eyes going right back to the joining of man and roo as if pulled there by the sheer eroticism of the sight.

They stayed joined for a time, her hips beginning to wriggle against his groin as if eager to get his cock moving in her again. But another man came up and rubbed his panting companion on the shoulder, saying:

"Come on now, you shot off already. Give someone else a chance." Reluctantly, he pulled back, his eyes still squinted nearly shut. With an audible slurp, his dick came free, followed by a gush of creamy juices. The puddle underneath her grew larger.

I couldn't think. My brain had given up trying to make sense of what it saw, it was only watching, awestruck. The empty cunny of the roo pulsed slightly, as if yearning for the cock that had gone. The fur all about it was sopping wet and with each light contraction, a new wave of cum and roo-juice flowed out to join the mess under her. Long strands of wetness still stretched between her love-

hole and the retreating cock-shaft. I wondered idly, how long had she been here, and how many men had already shot their load into her before I entered the yard?

The new lad stepped up, already panting with excitement, crouching down so that his shaft lined up with her rump.

She switched the cocks in her mouth, but made no other sign; her lips curling around the red-head's penis while the Abo rubbed his saliva slickened dick over her cum-stained face and muzzle.

The moment the new cock brushed her swollen cunny, she arched her hips, her tail twitching upward, trying to get that cock into her snatch. The troop at her rump bit his lip, pressing the head against her opening. She pressed back, even as he humped forward, driving his Aussie prick into her animal cunt.

His entrance into her pre-fucked pussy displaced yet more of the creamy fluid filling her canal and splattered it over both their crotches; yet the kanga seemed to shiver with pleasure and I could swear here and now that from around the cock-meat in her maw, she moaned.

Her new lover ground in to the root, holding himself there for several seconds.

Switching back and sucking down the Abo cock once more, the roo wriggled her hips, arching her back and moving herself on the shaft inside her. She didn't want to wait, and eventually her lover got the hint and began thrusting.

My mind whirled and something inside me was screaming. This wasn't an animal being used - being raped. Not even a trained animal doing what it's been programmed too. This was a horny Shelia getting fucked good - and LOVING it.

I became aware that my pants were too tight - my own raging erection was pushing against the band of my jeans and putting a huge bulge in the front. For a while, I resisted the urge to grab myself, but I was so hard that it hurt, and the obscene show before me only got more heated.

The red-headed bloke already seemed close to losing it, and the one at the back was gritting his teeth as he plowed his shaft into the unsated roo with a steady slap. Only the aboriginal seemed at ease. The sweat beaded on his chest and forehead, but his face was set and his breathing steady. Only when she would take him in all at once would he show a sign of the incredible pleasure he must have been feeling - when her snout would swallow his entire length in one gulp, rooting her nose in his thick hairs, his lips would part in a quiet moan, and his brow would furrow.

The roo seemed to sense this momentary loss of willpower and took as much opportunity as she could to gulp on his cock. It seemed for all things like he was doing his best to withhold himself and she was doing her utmost to get him off as soon as she could. Her oral attentions were one-sided enough that the red-headed man could hardly get a lick from her anymore before she went back to the darker meat.

"Aw, come on mate..." he wailed. "You've been at 'er for long enough. Give it to 'er already... Other blokes want a turn."

"I'll be done when I'm done." he answered gruffly. "And the more room you give me, the quicker I'll go, see?" With that the lad scowled and shook his head.

"Why you always gotta fight 'er for it, eh? Do ya always gotta make it a game?" he chided, but got no answer. Throwing up his hands and sighing he gave up. "Fine, have it your own way if you don't feel like sharin'. But for gawd's sake, do it quick - I can't wait here forevah and ahm sick of humping fur."

With that he stepped aside and left her mouth solely to his darker-skinned comrade. Now that she had no other cocks in range, she devoted all her attention to the ample Abo-meat. She would gobble the whole length down with a slurp and then keep her head sunk upon it, her cheeks bulging and her throat undulating as she suckled it. This got a big reaction, and now that he didn't have anyone else trying to butt in on his fun, he wasn't bashful about making his pleasure known. He began moving his hips back and forth, humping his big dick into her mouth and placing his large hands on her neck, trying to hold her head still.

She didn't fight him, but submitted herself to his patient thrusting, contenting herself with tongue and sucking.



Some of the other men nearby began to mutter words of encouragement as they stroked themselves, evidently pleased at the display. Two men were busily rubbing their raging erections against her fur, joined quickly by the red-headed lad. Much of her fur was already slick or sticky with the juices of previous "customers", but this didn't trouble them at all. They eagerly humped their hips against her, sometimes leaning back to pump their shafts, or just leaving them pressed tight against her subtle body and let the thrusting of the other men move her body against them.

The roo went along with every movement, pushing back with each hump, and meeting each thrust with a slurp and a slap. The Abo's chest began to heave and his hands clenched her neck scruff hard. Drops of cum and drool, dripped from her slavering mouth and plopped onto the floor under her, or splattered into her lover's pubic hair as his thrusting became more insistent.

By this time men were cheering and shouting, urging them on as the Abo gritted his teeth and began to gasp. His large hands grasped her ears, the knuckles whitening as he began pulling her head into his thrusts. The kanga's eyes squeezed shut, her mouth still sealed around his raging cock. The painful grip on her ears didn't seem to affect her desire to receive his climax, and her legs spread wider to steady herself better against his thrusting. This greatly delighted the man in her pussy, who seemed just as thrilled watching his native companion as with the increased openness of the roo's hole.

But it was obvious that the big man's will was giving out. His mouth opened in a silent gasp, his hips jerked and with a sudden bellow, he ground her muzzle into his hairy crotch.

The violence of his climax was alarming, and it was no wonder the other men cheered to see him finally lose control.

As before, the roo remained completely still, her cheeks bulging and her throat pulsing as waves of hot cum filled her gullet. There was so much, that little rivers of white spunk ran down the corners of her mouth and dripped from her already cum-soaked chin.

But even as the Abo was filing her mouth with cum, giving up his native seed to the hungry animal, the man in back gave a loud shout. Maybe it was something that she did to him as she suckled on spunk, or maybe just the sight of his comrade cumming violently in her, but it was more than he could take. He groaned and drove into her with a spasming intensity, his head going back and his breath gasping out as his balls tightened.

The roo's reaction came just as he shot his first blast of cum into her snatch. Her head jerked back, releasing the cum-slickened Abo cock and flinging ropes of his spunk high into the air as her sperm-filled maw let out a gurgling bellow of animal pleasure. Her body shook and her eyelids fluttered wildly as her orgasming canal was flooded once more with ropey human cum. The dark-skinned man however wasn't finished with her, and with an angry growl he yanked her head back onto his dick, gagging her orgasmic cries with his angry man-meat.

This chain reaction of pleasure was felt by every other man within sight, and for some it was too much. One of the older men at her side had been rubbing his purple cock-head against the fur of her neck during the entire episode, but seeing her head rear and her mouth almost gurgling on the Abo's cum, he lost it. With a sudden exclamation of "Oh shit!" he lost control of his dick and began squirting his baby-batter onto her neck, even as it was pulled back. A glistening rope of his wayward seed arched high over her exposed neck and laid like a creamy, white line across her bristling fur.

Gripping his cock and stroking it furiously, he continued to spasm, his face twisting with strenuous pleasure. The next blast hit her square in the muzzle, the white globs clinging to her auburn coat. He gritted his teeth, still stroking insanely as he pressed the head of his wild cock tight against her neck, letting the remaining jets of his cum splatter into her fur, his face beaming with the same blissful, far-away expression as the other two men.

With a long sigh, which seemed to deflate him like a balloon, he pulled away, letting the globs of his cum soak into her fur, or slide down her neck and add themselves to the pool underneath.

For what seemed like ages, the other two men stood, keeping the cum-hungry animal spit-roasted between them. The man in back was the first to step away. He pulled away slowly, his eyes watching

the swollen kangaroo cunt as it reluctantly gave up his cock. As it came free, he whimpered, seeing his cum drip from her empty hole.

The aboriginal soldier also seemed to have a hard time pulling himself away. He backed up slowly, taking small steps away from his animal lover. Though she didn't follow, her neck stretched out as he retreated, keeping that dark dick in her mouth as long as possible.