

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



It was a dream come true. I had finally convinced Barry, after 10 years of marriage, to sell up and purchase a few acres. Some place where we could feel one with nature and have some animals around us. Not big ones like horses but goats and pigs and chickens. It would be a place to wake up mornings and here the calls of birds all around us.

The land wasn't that great it was mostly covered in she oaks, except for the flood plain of the creek. that ran out of the national park and across out land. It was a spring fed stream actually just a trickle except for periods of heavy rain. However, our 40 acres of solitude was isolated and effectively thousands of acres all to ourself. Complete solitude with not another neighbour for miles in all directions.

The house was a typical country stile home with verandas all round It had an iron roof to catch the rain water, nothing special but it would do and I loved the sound of rain on an Iron roof. Solar panels for electricity and a generator for emergence backup. The downside was that there was no air-conditioner on those hot summer days, but winter around a log fire had its compensations.

Each evening kangaroos came down to feed on the grass along the creek, perhaps a mob of twenty or thirty. Currawongs and Kookaburras in the trees all around. In the distance the occasional dingo made their distinctive barking yap. This was my idea of heaven. Well it would have been if Barry didn't have to make so many trips away, some for weeks on end. That was the downside of working for a big international corporation as an Engineering consultant. It was his first trip away after we had set up in the new home that things began to happen.

"You'll be ok love," He said as he kissed me and rolled away the lone tear-drop on my cheek with his thumb as I tried to stifle a sob. I hadn't meant to get emotional, I mad a pact with myself that I wouldn't. This wasn't the first time in our married life that he gone overseas or interstate but it was the first time since we had arrived here. No on my own I felt the utter isolation of total loneliness with just the sounds of nature to keep me company. I still felt his warm kiss on my cheek and wondered what had happened to our marriage. Were we becoming so comfortable with each other that a kiss on the cheek substituted for one of those long forgotten bear like hugs and smothering kisses I used to get when he was leaving? I waved and sobbed as he drove down the long dirt drive in the company car with two of his colleges for company.

I looked at my watch before I realised I hadn't even put it on. I was still in my night dress and gown, I blushed crimson when I realised that Barry's friends would have seen me dressed like this. Then I shrugged and thought what the hell if they did at least I had had time to run a brush through my hair so I didn't have that slept in look. I looked about and wondered should I feed the animals first or have breakfast before I did the chores. I hadn't had time to have anything after we had gotten out of bed late but I wasn't really hungry and Barry had said he would grab something on the way to the airport. I decided to feed the animals then and do the rest of the chores after I had eaten.

The Kangaroos were listlessly grazing on the lush grass by the creek when I emerged from the feed shed. I always supplemented the kangaroos diet with some of the pellets recommended by the Zoo. Mainly it was to keep them around but I hadn't told the zoo people that I had said that it would be for the occasional lame or hurt animal that sought refuge at the farm. Even for the previous owners they had visited the creek flat regularly and I didn't want them to stop.

First I fed the chickens then the goats and pigs. The goats were Anglo Nubian and we planned on milking them, well I planned on milking them. There were ten does and a rather handsome Buck. He was tall and arrogant as he bustled around the does checking each one. He was just so gorgeous

that I couldn't take my eyes off of him. It was a shame about his goatee musk smell emanating from the yellow urine stained forelegs which he constantly peed on. This morning he was taking a casual but not intense interest in one of the does. For sure she would be getting luck some time later today and I made a mental note to be here when it happened. Like the goats we had a boar and four gilts. The ultimate goal for self sufficiency required having a breeding program and my voyeuristic side enjoyed the spectacle of mating animals. I had heard so much about pigs and how they mated I wanted to see it for myself.

With a half bucket of pellets I wondered down to the Kangaroo flat, as I now called it, to hand out the morning supplement. There were perhaps twenty roos here today. The number varied from day to day but there were always at least this number. Mostly the mob were females with a rather large grey male watching over them. Today a little further back from the others were two other kangaroos. From their size my guess was that they were also male and from the look of things the alpha male was going to have to watch his does carefully.

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I had been feeding the kangaroos for a few weeks now, ever since we moved in, and although a little wary at first they had quickly accepted me into their mob. Well I liked to think so anyway, at least they were not wary of my presence. The females and the older of the joeys would even accept food from my hand. However, They were more accepting of me if I got down to there level and I found that by kneeling with my left leg and my right knee bent in front of me, like a rifleman ready to shoot, I was more or less at the kangaroos grazing height.

The morning sun had risen sufficiently to begin to warm up the air and the creek looked as if it had a foggy haze over it where the cold water and warm air mixed. One of the most forward of the young joeys had come right up to me and was taking food from my hand. Several of the females had come close as well. They were far from domesticated there state forest home had become a haven and they never felt threatened from humans at least. Dingos were perhaps another story altogether. I was having so much fun feeding and talking to these wild animals that I wasn't aware of what was happening around me.

The two interlopers had moved closer to the mob and were eyeing off one of the females close to the creek and my first inclination of trouble in the mob was when the big male flashed across my vision intent on ejecting the two randy young bucks. I looked up quickly and the kangaroos around me backed off suddenly. One of the younger males was soon being confronted by the stirred up dominant male. The big male reared on his hind legs, his tail flexed powerfully to be used as a third leg a kind of fulcrum. His penis was extended with testosterone induced excitement. Both males faced off hardly moving but the tension was palpable Occasionally they spared pushing there legs forward at the opponent while balancing on their tail. There was intent but little else in the actions of the two protagonists. While they faced off the other young buck saw his opportunity to make a play for the female and cut her out of the mob. The alert dominant swung his attention away from the intimidated rival toward the new challenger and for a while the game of distraction and confrontation continued until the dominant male saw the interlopers off by the sheer dominance of his more imposing physical form. Not completely chastened the young males went back a little further into the scrub to regroup before they again challenged. The dominant male went to the young female band attempted to engage her but she obviously wasn't ready and moved off. The Alpha male followed and when he drew close a second time she again moved away not happy with his attentions, I thought.

I was fascinated by the byplay and challenges to the superiority of the leading male. It was kind of alien to human society, or was it I wondered. There were many cases of one male challenging

another males right to be with a female, pub fights came to mind, different perhaps but essentially the same in the context of selecting a breeding female. I shook my head, what was I doing I wondered. It wasn't like me to be so philosophical about life. I took things as they came and thought little of them, usually.

I don't know how long I knelt there contemplating life, it must have been a while because when I day dreaming the kangaroos had moved back along the creek toward the state forest boundary and the two interlopers were nowhere to be seen. That was until I felt something touch my leg. I momentarily stiffened and immediately thought, 'snake' but I knew it wasn't it was something soft and sharp not a stinging stab. I turned my head slowly and to my surprise the two young male grey Kangaroos were both behind me. When I say young males, I mean young in comparison to the old man alpha male who ran the mob. These were fully grown but showed there immaturity in there upper body bulk otherwise they were as big as the Alpha male.

"So you want some food do you?" I spoke to the closest Kangaroo, the one that touched me, and offered him some pellets. He sniffed at and rejected the pellets offered and just stood there. I threw them onto the ground thinking that perhaps he would prefer to forage for his food, even the processed kind. I pivoted around and with another hand full of pellets I offered the second male the tasty morsels. He had moved closer and onto my left side and seemed to be more interested in me than the food.

Suddenly I jumped as something wet touched my bum and the muffled sound of a sniff was plain to here. I slapped at the sniffing muzzle that had eased under my house coat and nighty to sniff my butt.

"Stop that, dont be rude you nasty Kangaroo," I chastised but to little avail. He again returned to what he was doing only this time his intrusive nose was awful close to my vagina. "Get out of there, that's not for you," I giggled as I again slapped the offending muzzle. The kangaroo lifted his head and dropped it onto my shoulder with consummate ease. His forepaws clasped around y chest and he seemed to glide as his big three toed feet slid into place either side of me.

"Oh ...no ... you ... don't, ..., let me go you nasty boy," I still didn't realise what the Kangaroo was doing as I struggled to brake free from his clutching forepaws. The other young roo had got even closer as his mate clung to my upper body with surprising force. The other Kangaroo seemed to be rather turned on, excited, by what his confederate was doing. Just what that was, I wasn't sure as I wrestled to break free. The clutching Kangaroo wouldn't be shaken. His entire body pressed against my back and every sinew and muscle strained to retain me.

The Kangaroo on my left was very aroused his tapered penis was fully extended and several times it got even harder as it stiffened and bounce against his belly. He wasn't thick like a human but long and thin. The tip was at a different angle to the body of the penis and it seemed to me, as I looked at him fascinated by the sexual display, that it was designed to enter the female kangaroos cervical channel.

"Whoooooh," I almost yelled and I redoubled my efforts to escape the clutching Kangaroo. It was now clear that the other Kangaroo was not the only one showing signs of sexual excitement. The clutching kangaroo was trying to mount me and from the feel of the tickling tip close to my vaginal opening he was close to succeeding.

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"Bugger," I mumbled at no one, or nothing in particular. This was impossible "Go away, shoo, get," I

implored in vane. The Kangaroos left paw was across my chest and as I tried to straiten up his right paw came around my neck and he physically pulled me back toward him. His grip was firm and there was little or no chance of me braking free of his grip. Calling for help was going to be futile and I'm not sure help was what I wanted. The kangaroos penis slipped from one thigh to the other and it made me shudder, not from revulsion but that pleasant feeling that makes all your muscles tighten in your tummy when a guy first touches you down there.

"Let me go, naughty boy, stop that." I again implored feeble knowing that my requests were not understood nor would they be complied to. The thin probe prodded at my pubic mound and the kangaroos grip tightened as his friend came around in front of me looking and sniffing his head low to the ground as he surveyed his friends attempt to find my hole.

"Urhhhh," I reacted in surprise as the tapered probe slid along my vulva, oh so close. His penis touch was so light and smooth that it tickled the tender skin as it slipped past and I giggled. "This is no giggling matter June," I grumbled at myself but it was, it really was, it felt nice, sexy actually with this big mammal trying to hump me ad his friend now sniffing at my crotch it was exciting. I shut my eyes and bit my bottom lip and stopped resisting. With my eyes shut my visual senses blocked my tactile senses immediately heightened and I felt every muscle in the kangaroos body as he rolled and adjusted, probed and sought and combined with the wet nose of his voyeuristic friend I began to feel dizzy.

"God I was about to have sex with a Kangaroo," I felt my body swaying and I had to open my eyes to regain my equilibrium. The Roo mounting me was making little clucking sounds and I wasn't sure if they were a warning to his friend to back off or what kangaroos did when they were bating a doe. The front paws kept moving, clutching, pulling me first one way then the other. The powerful hind quarters of the animal were pressed tight against my back and I felt his rippling muscles tighten as his searching penis tip seemed to nestle into my vaginal folds.

I drew breath sharply as I felt the tip of the searching probe slide inside me, It was thin and felt like some wriggling creature had invade my unprotected vagina. Then the penis seemed to tighten, like a contracting muscle and the wriggling hips of the mounting Kangaroo pushed his penis deep inside me.

It was like some out of body experience. It wasn't me that this was happening to, it was some other person. Hear in this paddock with nothing but a retreating mob of Kangaroos and the haunting cry of bush birds I was being mated by a randy kangaroo and possibly his friend for afters. It was interspecies sex that I had never thought about or contemplated. I hadn't heard of anything like this,ever. Inside me I felt the roos penis moving around as if searching for something or some place. The animals penis tip that was being mobile, I was sure of that, but deep in my vagina the sense of feeling was not like the vaginal opening except of course for my intruding cervix.

I grunted as the Roos hips slammed forward then made a strangled gurgling sound as the penis tip seemed to lodge some place inside me. "No please," I whimpered. It was a stinging hurt, not unbearable but uncomfortable. In fact the Kangaroos penis wasn't that thick at all but it was long and it was tapered so that it was able to find small openings with minimal effort. I wondered what a doe roo was built like inside, not like me I'm sure. Again the powerful hips thrust hard and the roos clutching forepaws held me against falling forward. Inside the penis seemed to push a little deeper and the stinging became an uncomfortable burning. Oddly enough, in spite of the burning feeling it felt nice. The roo was trembling between thrusts that were spaced and calculated. Not like Barry at all he just got on top and went for it. Our sex life was crap I thought. What a strange thought to have at this time. I felt like shrugging but the clutching paws prevented that sort of movement. It was all about Barry when we had sex and all I got was the pleasure of cleaning up afterwards. Not to say

that the Kangaroo was at all different he was a male and it always seemed to me that they had good sex no matter what. It was indeed all about them and their pleasures and Kangaroos would be no different.

It did feel different for me though. The clutching closeness and the rippling muscles accompanied by the physical brutal thrusts. I again closed my eyes and immersed myself in the moment. For maybe two, perhaps three minutes the kangaroo humped and probed then stopped with a shudder. His entire body trembled with little rippling waves. Then a spreading warmth made it quite clear to me that the animal had cum. For several minutes more he just held me close as his trembling subsided before he relaxed his grip and slowly backed away.

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The second kangaroo watched his friend cagily, making clicking sounds as excited kangaroos do. The departing buck, satiated for now, moved off slowly. He didn't look back. The other grey moved slowly behind me. There was nothing hurried about either animals actions. My instinct had been to move away but I didn't pay head to common-sense right then. My curiosity and sexual needs had been aroused. Perhaps more than aroused.

Knowing only too well that the departing kangaroo may return if the other interfered with me, I watched both animals as closely for the first sign of aggression. I was well aware that the kangaroo who had mated me may resent another male having me. There was no why that I wanted to be in the middle of a kangaroo skirmish with the two male Kangaroos fighting each other over which one owned my pussy. However, if things stayed as they were I wasn't going to resist the second kangaroo either.

The truth was that I felt rather excited at the prospect of having a second male mount me. My life with Barry and before him had been exclusively monogamous. I had never ever wanted to explore alternatives in my bed. I know that this situation was hardly a bed, but it was sex with someone else even if that someone was a kangaroo. If the first one was typical of how it felt to be taken by a kangaroo then I didn't mind one little bit exploring my future options. I was surprised at how I felt. I should have felt some guilt, but I didn't. It was a situation of no consequences. These were wild animals and I suspected, no I was sure, that I couldn't be made pregnant by a kangaroo, no consequence. There was no misses Kangaroo to reek revenge on me fore steeling her man, no consequence. However, the most important thing was that there was no one to spill the beans to my husband.

I had never lied to Barry, not really lied, about important things that mattered in our life and I wouldn't lie about what had just happened. I suspected that unless I talked in my sleep that I wouldn't have to. This was guilt free sex and I was about to let another kangaroo take sloppy seconds. I looked around and placed myself in to a bizarre picture. A girl, woman actually, kneeling in front of a randy kangaroo on the grassy verge of a creek with her former kangaroo lover caring less as he ignored them. I shuddered with excitement.

The grey kangaroo stroked me with is short front pours gentle tactile ministrations that any lover might make it felt good, more than good actually. I grew runny again with expectation. It was a behaviour I had witnessed before when the male had sought to see if the female was compliant. I hadnt thaught much about it then thinking it was a ritual and what possible pleasures could a dumb animal get from being stroked on the head and body. Now I knew different.

I was breathing shallowly with expectation and the big grey kangaroo soon sensed that I was not going to move or resist his advances. Both he and his friend were sexually motivated when they had

approached the grazing mob and they were frustrated by the old man Alpha male. There pent up frustrations seemed to be just that when they had approached me. I had witnessed their rejection, it was part of the cycle of life for potential breeding kangaroos or any other pack animals. I don't know why they thought that they could mate with me a human female but they must have been able to tell that I was a female. I had given no encouragement to them. Indeed I hadn't seen them approach me. But there was something about my presence that had said I was female and I was ready for sex. Only the Kangaroos knew what that something was. I had thought they had just wanted food but I was so wrong. I took a quick glance at the first kangaroo, but he had moved of some twenty metres and was laying in the shade of a willow tree near the stream, there would be no interference from him.

The kangaroo behind me was awkwardly lifting my house coat and nightie to see what I had to offer underneath. I giggled and made a nervous smile. His head had wriggled its way under the folds of material and up to my moist pubic folds. He sniffed and snaffled and his wet nose pressed into my inner thigh as he assured himself that that was the place he was interested in. I giggled again at the fumbled ministrations of my awkward lover. I was giggling a lot lately I thought then giggled again. I reached down and rubbed the kangaroos nose and he seemed to like it .

"You like that fella," It was a nervous enquiry I felt compelled to make. He clearly did and so did I as I felt his nose against my now engorging flesh. Satisfied his head retreated and He clawed at my waist as he positioned his large hind legs either side of my hips. His paws clasped and unclasped as he moved them along my chest until he had a firm clutching hold on my upper body.

It must have been my wetness and anticipation, or maybe he had seen what his friend had done to make things easy for him, but there was much less exploring by his firm tapered penis before it found then slid into my wet and more than accommodating portal. Like his friend his powerful hips pressed and agitated until he had found that special place inside me where he was able to bury his pointed tip. I yelped with the sudden probing intrusion into a place that wasn't meant for intro-mission. His hips bucked and I yelped again then again until many powerful thrusts of hips, hips so strong that they propelled him in huge bounds when in flight, had seated his tapered penis deep within me. Only then did he stop his thrusts and trembled as he seeded me with his kangaroo sperm.

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I waited in the same kneeling position for a minute or more before the Big grey Kangaroo basked out of me. I turned to look at his expressionless animal face as he continued to make his low clicking sounds. It was Kangaroo talk, I knew that from observation, some clicks were warnings to others, some were expressions of anger and I guessed there were clicks of pleasure and gratitude. I hope that these current clicking noises were of the latter.

As the animal backed off a few metres I was able to look more closely at his long thin penis. It was a dark pink. Now a purplish pink that glistened moist. While the main body of the shaft was ridged, quite thick near the sheath from where it tapered and curved upward, the end third seemed to be less rigid and it seemingly drooped down at a different angle to the now receding hardness. Moments before that implement had been inside me, intrusively so, spraying its sperm into the deepest recesses of my belly. Now, its work finished, it was receding into the males protective sheath.

I looked across toward the willow tree and saw that the first Kangaroo was laying in the shade on the soft grass and appeared to have lost interest in proceedings entirely. The second kangaroo was heading toward him, and neither animal was paying me the slightest attention. Satisfied that I was no longer a point of their interest I placed both of my hands on my flexed knee and pushed up. My legs felt wobbly and I was unable to move until the pain of pins and needles in my right leg reseeded

as my circulation returned to normal. By this time both male Kangaroos were heading off in the same direction as the mob had taken some time previously.

My right leg still felt detached and awkward as I moved in exaggerated steps back to the house. It wasn't until I was inside that I realised that my heart was beating rapidly, it was and had been for some time I guessed. My throat was dry and I felt all sweaty and uncomfortable as I made for the sink. Filling a glass with water was a difficult job as my hands trembled violently as the reality of what I had done, had done to me, sank in. I drank the water in one long continuous gulp and returning the glass to the draining board I stood at the sink with both arms supporting me as I attempted to control my racing heart and trembling hands and knees.

"What have I done?" I mumbled as I stared out of the Kitchen window toward the goat pen. I had to let them out onto pasture but for the moment I needed to take control of myself. Maybe I stood there for a half an hour or was it a minute. I didn't know. All the time I stared with a fixed vacant stare at the farm yard and buildings beyond, seeing nothing, thinking nothing.

My heart rate had slowed markedly and my hand was no longer shaking by the time that my senses returned to some semblance of normality. For a moment I considered having a shower before I went out to release the goats from their night pen but I decided that it made more sense to get the chores done outside before tackling the house.

The big white buck was still harassing the smaller doe when I arrived. He was a big boy we had chosen him from several bucks because of his machismo. He just looked the part of a stud. He was big and robust with muscle for and hind quarters that just reeked of vigour. Speaking of reeking he smelled something terrible. That is if you're not a lady goat. The back of his front legs were a yellowish brown the fur matted with the continuous sprays of urine that created the musky smell of a buck in breeding season.

The buck seemed to be nibbling at the doe's shoulder but as I watched I realised that he wasn't nibbling at all. His top lip was rolled back and his tongue hung out dementedly. He was sniffing, perhaps tasting the scent of the young doe. He seemed twitchy as he switched between jerky head movements a sublime look as he raised his head and rolled his eyes, while all the time watching the doe closely as he crowded her. Alternately his head switched from the doe's head and neck to her flank as she constantly made efforts to ignore his obvious amorous advances.

The doe bleated as she dodged the buck but there was no denying the fact that she was at least making encouraging signs with her tail held high and flagging. I watched fascinated for a time then slipped the catch on the gate. All of the goats in the yard passed through except for the doe who was in season and she would have except for the fact that the buck had her trapped now between the water trough, that had high bars on one end to prevent the young kids from falling in where the automatic tap valve was situated and bracing something, and the high fence. Unable to retreat or move sideways the doe stood as she was inspected intimately by the buck.

Satisfied with his conquest he rolled his top lip back even further and with his tongue flicking the breeze he smelled victory. His front leg kicked out at the doe who remained unintentionally and fortuitously trapped. With a loud bleat of victory the buck lifted above the doe's hind quarters and dropped onto her back, his noble penis was thin and straight apart from the bulbous end that was soon probing into the maiden doe. She made a bleating cry of protest and made a last effort to wriggle free of her tormentor but he was not going to be denied as he lunged forward, the entire penis disappearing into the doe, as he humped his hips several times in rapid succession and bleated in victory as he slid backward and moved away from the trapped and deflowered doe. It was quick and sudden and somewhat violent in execution, It was the way goats did it. The doe backed away from

the constraining fence and water trough bars, Her swollen vagina discharging a gob of the bucks semen as she wriggled free of her trap and trotted off to join the flock, seemingly unconcerned. It was so quick so brutally beastly that I wondered what may be the pleasures in being done by a goat.

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I watched as the doe newly served returned to the flock. Two of the elder does came up to her looking curios and concerned. There were a few low bleats between all three females and my imagination pictured them as asking in a confidential womanly way, how was he? or perhaps how are you? did you enjoy him? whatever it was it was that passed between the elder and younger does was definitely a display of matronly care toward a young doe new to the ways of breeding. It looked sweet and caring with an almost human in its empathy.

I turned my attention toward the buck who was leisurely strutting out of the night pen having achieved what he had set out to do and feeling proud of himself for doing it. His attitude seemed to be one typical of maleness across most species. His job was finished he had had his fun, now it was up to the little doe to carry the load and responsibility of pregnancy and nurturing from now on.

At that moment I didn't know if I hated or envied men, males in general, but my contemplative guess said it was neither of those extremes but it was probably more like resentment at there conceited attitude to sex. Barry was the same a quickie followed by a satisfied grunt, no kiss, no 'I love you sweetheart' just a grunt and he rolled over and went to sleep. It was me who slept in the wet patch all night. I sighed and returned to the house. I could really do with a coffee right now.

A half hour later I was dressed and sitting at the kitchen table nibbling at my toast and marmalade and sipping at my coffee. I wasn't really hungry at all but I needed to eat, well that's what Barry was always telling me. I had absent-mindedly reached for the note pad that I would normally write a progressive shopping list on and had turned the pad to a blank page and was doodling, or so I thought.

"Hello, any one home hello?" With that warning the front door opened and Viv came into the big open plan room that was kitchen dining and lounge rooms rolled into one. I jumped up and went to meet her halfway.

"Good god where did you come from?" I greeted her with a hug.

"Thought I would come down and see how a city girl goes rural. It was a bit of a trip but worth it" she was looking about as she said it. "Nice house but you won't make a living off of the land." her observation was typical of a girl raised in the country. A farm was a dirt factory to them nothing more nothing less.

"Don't intend to, its just something I wanted to do all my life, well maybe not that long but at least since I came to your place for visit in school hols, you remember how I just loved the animals and the smell of lucerne and the cattle. All I have wanted ever since is the same solitude and now look what happens people just drop in whenever they want. I hugged her again and we both laughed. "have you eaten?"

"Yes sure, but I could murder a coffee." we both sat at the bench and I produced another mug and filled it with coffee. "What's this? Viv pushed the pad I had been doodling on toward me. "Is it what I think it is?" her accompanied laugh had a tinkle of mischievousness in it.

"no I was just doodling," I was immediately defensive then realised that a denial was almost certainly as good as an admission. "Any way what do you think it is?" my face felt hot and I realised

that I was blushing. She took the pad back and made a few changes to my sketch and pushed it back while watching me intently.

"I think its one of those," she raised her eyebrows then giggled. "You have gone all country haven't you?"

"No " I almost snapped the no at her then realising what I had done softened my voice and continued, "what ever do you mean?" She kept looking at me in a curious way. Then she pushed the coffee away.

"Look sweetheart I'm not being judgemental hear at all, god knows I could hardly be that."

"Viv for heavens sake stop talking in riddles and say what you mean?" I didn't want her to, not really but I was shore she knew what I had been doing or at least intended to do. Then I paused to collect my thoughts. Good god... she knew what the sketch was supposed to be. She knew at a glance.

"Ok ill say it but you know that I know what you are trying to do. I say trying because you are still at a sketching stage, right? You haven't done anything yet have you?" She paused but I said nothing. We looked at each other intently neither blinked. "June sweaty I have been doing what you want to do for years and I have never shared that with anyone before so its as hard for me to say anything as it is for you to admit that you want to have sex with animals. Okay I said it and I'm right aren't I?"

"Yes but..."

"But what?"

"I have you see, that's just it this morning I did it." I did a princess Diana demure look from under my fringe. The sudden sharing, well admitting it, made me feel better. "Viv I didn't mean too not even plan to."

"Dont apologise to me sweetie you have nothing to apologise for, well maybe to that drip of a husband, but he doesn't need to know does he. Beside that he's so up himself he wouldn't even know if he saw it for himself."

"Viv don't say that, he's not that bad, not really."

"Well maybe not but I would need convincing on that point. Where is he by the way, at work?"

"Yes he's at work, well he's working. He's interstate for a while, left this morning.

"Oh my god and soon as he left you were at it, sweet little June you are deep aren't you? She laughed and I joined in. "Tell me, was it with a dog?"

"Oh god no I hate dogs don't even have one."

"Well with what my mind boggles." She lent closer to me wanting to here everything.

"You'll think I'm awful and gross wont you?"

"Noooo! Sweaty I'm intrigued so if not a dog with what?" I looked at her not sure if she was entirely serious or not.

"A kangaroo, well two kangaroos actually." For a while Viv just say in stunned silence and gave her head a little shake.

"A kangaroo? Your kidding me right?"

"No I'm not kidding at all and it was two not one."

"I heard you... My god a kangaroo do tell me."

"Not a lot to tell really." I said sincerely because I couldn't see that there was a lot to tell without being too crude.

"My best friend has sex with two kangaroos and she says there is not a lot to tell," she shut her eyes and shook her head again as if she was trying to get a mental picture of me with two kangaroos. "Lady," she said when she opened her eyes, "I do not know ..., nor have I heard of another sole who has been screwed by one far less two kangaroos and you say there is not a lot to tell." She smiled slowly it was a smile that had its birth as a slight upturn of the corners of the mouth and grew into a full set of teeth smile.

"Ok Ill tell but first are you staying for a while?"

"Are you going to do it with the kangaroo again."

"Maybe tomorrow, I don't know."

"I have to see this, I'm staying for a few days if that's okay."

"I would like that," I said almost excitedly and we hugged again before I began to tell her what had happened this morning.

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After an afternoon of looking over the farm and the livestock, such as they were, we spent the rest of the evening catching up on old times, school days mostly and comparing notes of where we were on our life's journey as well as where our friends had ended up. When we had exhausted the ideal chat and gossip we finally got down to what was our guilty secrets. Mine most recent and Viv's as it turned out was long standing.

"Your billy goat is sweet." Viv offered her opinion.

"We chose him because of his size actually. He just struck me as an animal who could pass on his attributes to the offspring."

"He'll do that alright if I'm any judge. Just look at his confirmation and those testicles are as big as a bulls. My god June he'll be able to deliver all of the little tadpoles to make as many kids as you like. Speaking of which, what do you want to do with the goats?"

"Milk of course, and cheese, I have a recipe for the most delicious goat milk cheese. Maybe some goat meat from the male kids. I couldn't kill them of course but I have made enquiries of the butcher in town and he will arrange those things when the time comes. He gave me an emasculate and some bands to castrate the boy kids so they would put on more meat. First time I did it I felt so bad I was almost sick with remorse. I mean, turning a boy into an it, didn't seem right."

"I could think of some men I could use that on with no remorse at all," Viv kept a straight face when she said it and I knew that there was some one in particular she had in mind. Then immediately she changed topic "That drawing you were making yesterday. You had an idea of experimenting wit the

billy?"

"Just thinking really. Got a bit carried away when I watched him mating the little doe, couldn't do it of course but thought I might get brave one day." Viv laughed and tapped her finger on the side of the lounge chair.

"not as hard as you might think."

"It isn't no! you will need some sort of support of course. What you were drawing was about right, nothing elaborate, keep it simple its just to support you at the right height."

"You seem to know about these things," I said still a little amazed that my best friend had kept her inclinations to herself all of this time.

"I do, If I help you would you be interested?"

"Welllll ... yes I think so. Depends, It may be dangerous there thingy seems very thin and hard."

"Wouldn't be much use if it wasnt hard now would it?" we both giggled.

"Have you done it before? I mean with a goat." I asked the question because at that point we hadn't talked much about what Viv had done except to say she had had lots of experience with animals and I had guessed dogs.

"Yes goats and dogs both. Tried it with a ram but all he did was knock me off the stool. Shame really but there you go. There dam quick I know that and I don't expect it would have been that special any way. A box to tick at best."

"Your ticking boxes?"

"Sure why not. Its a recent thing actually, my experimenting with other than dogs that is. But when the opportunity arises I want to see how many animals I am able to do it with."

"Your disgusting Viv," But I giggled not meaning it really. It was a sort of interesting thing to contemplate actually and now I had taken the first step with the Kangaroos and considered the goat there were a number of other likely prospects I could follow myself. Slutty I know even thinking like this but maybe we, that is Viv and myself, could be of help to one another.

It was almost midnight when we got to bed and even then I didn't sleep at first. It wasn't just the uncounted cups of coffee that kept me awake, my mind was spinning with all these new ideas and in the morning Viv was coming with me to feed the Kangaroos and see if they would be interested in me again. I hoped that they would but I wasn't sure. The first time had been, for the Kangaroos opportunistic, for me, well unexpected and certainly not contemplated. Tomorrow I was for the first time going out to seek sex with a Kangaroo and as I repeated that to myself half way between wake and sleep it sounded so bizarre.

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It had been a good idea of Viv's to wear the same cloths I had worn yesterday. It meant I had to retrieve them from the cloths hamper but when I did I could smell the faint gamy scent of Kangaroo on them. Smelling a little less human and a little moor kangaroo couldn't hurt.

The only problem was that this morning we had walked from the house into a fine drizzling rain. It

wasn't heavy just that misty stuff that has you in two minds as to if you should actually put the umbrella up or not. Not that I had an umbrella but Viv did. I put on my light raincoat and Wellington boots. Normally I would have worn the heavy dark tan R.M. Williams coat that every well dressed country girl should wear. This morning was an exception of course and being overdressed was not what was called for rain or no rain.

After feeding the goats and pigs we headed down the slope to the creek. The usual mob were there certainly the big male was there and the females and young roos seemed to be in a tighter than usual bunch with all of the kangaroos on alert. It was a typical pose that the Kangaroos adopt when they feel that they may be in danger. They stood erect head turned toward the slope on the other side of the creek and their ears were standing slightly forward and twitching slightly and none of them moved. They were like soldiers being inspected.

"Why are they like that, what's going on?" Viv asked a little nervous edge to her voice. I frowned and looked in the direction that their heads were pointing.

"Don't know, can't see anything, can you? Look where they are facing." I encouraged.

"No nothing, nothing that I can see anyway." Viv had slowly scanned the bushes before answering. I had been doing the same thing at the same time. I had squinted my eyes to better focus in the misty rain slowly moving my focus from one place to another, to see what may be in the bushes but I couldn't see a thing, nothing at all seemed to be moving. However with so many of the mob concentrating on the one place I knew there must be something there. Then without warning the mob wheeled around as if under order and bound into action. They headed back up the slope past Viv and myself and they were in full flight. For a moment I had drawn my full attention back to the startled mob some of whom went awfully close to knocking me down.

I watched the fleeing mob as it went over the fence of the goat yard then wheeled to the right to head off toward the state forest some hundreds of yards in that direction.

"What in the hell just happened? Viv swore, I shrugged as I watched the fleeing mob clear the fence into the forest then turned my attention back toward the forest of She Oaks on the other side of the creek. As I watched I saw a faint movement in the gloom then another and another. "What's that?" Viv enquired before again swearing. "Dam it I keep asking questions but I have seen lots of roos in my time but that's the spookiest bunch I have ever seen."

"Honest I have never seen them act like that before it's weird. There is something up on that ridge though can you see it? More than one thing a few maybe ten or twenty." I kept staring into the gloom and the vague moving grey shadows emerged into a kangaroo, then two then three and suddenly the bush seemed alive with kangaroos. They were all much the same size and appeared to be a huge bachelor group.

"Oh shoot some ones been talking about you," Viv half joked.

"Don't be a complete pratt," I grumbled at her but I still looked like there was some communication between the kangaroos that had been here yesterday and others that had roamed the fringe of the mob seeking to cut out a doe here and there while the old man roo was otherwise occupied.

"My guess is your going to be a busy girl this morning sweetie," Viv saw the funny side of something I didn't.

"It's not funny Viv, one or two were o but not that many, no way. I still feel a little ache inside me

after yesterday, a twinge every now and again, nothing serious but enough to let me know that more than two would be risky."

"Yah, sorry, see what you mean. What should we do? Run?" I felt she was right but even now it was too late. The kangaroos had move silently in that half hop half glide of there's that covers ground quickly. Some of the rebel group of bachelor males were already catting us off from the path to the farm house.

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"Its too late, I don't know what they will do if we run but I don't fancy being gutted by that big toe of theirs and I have herd how cornered Kangaroos have done that to dogs. Jesus Viv I'm scared as hell now. Kangaroos have never scared me before but there is something about this mob that makes me afraid. I don't think I could run if I wanted too," At that moment I felt a warmth running down my leg as my fear made me pee myself. I shut my eyes to block out the embarrassment. "I'm sorry Viv I didn't mean too."

"hay I know you didn't sweetheart, don't worry about it." I was hot with embarrassment.

"I've peed in my boots god I am so embarrassed."

"It could be worse June, you could be here on your own, you would be too if I hadn't turned up. Fate hay?

"Yah fate I have to take my boots off It feels so yuck." I reached down but almost fell unable to keep my balance on the wet slippery ground. Then with Vivs help I took first one then the other boot off turning each over to tip out the warm smelly contents as I did so. Immediately I had done so I realised I shouldn't have. The strong urine smell brought the Kangaroos in closer. The sniffed the ground around where I had tipped the pee. Then emboldened from my scent one of the kangaroos moved in closer, crowding me. I looked at Viv and with a hopeless shrug I popped the fasteners on the light rain coat and cast it down on the grass beside the boots. The Kangaroo closest to me sniffed at my smelly socks then as I knelt as I had yesterday he followed the scent of my urine up my leg.

Even though I had let myself be mated by the kangaroos yesterday my tummy muscles tightened and I felt an ache of anticipation in my groin. I looked around at the mob that surrounded us. There was at least twenty of them. My heart sank and I began to tremble with anticipation and fear. These animals, after all, were wild animals with all the predatory instincts of wild animals. Not normally aggressive I knew if they were riled they could get nasty for no apparent reason. People don't think of kangaroos as aggressive but I knew from anecdotal accounts that male roos, in breeding season, can and do become aggressive and possessive especially toward the females in their mob. In this case I and perhaps Viv were seen as the females of the mob that consisted of many males and no particular leader. The instinct of the most dominant male would be to take over. At the moment there was no sign of this kind of power play but it could happen.

The grey kangaroo had taken hold of me from behind as he positioned himself over me I trembled, half in fear of the unknown outcome and participation of the coupling. As the kangaroos seemingly useless front paws sought to grip me tighter in a breeding hold I was able to lift my housecoat and night dress over my hips. I wasn't about to resist nor was I especially keen for my cloths to be ripped by the kangaroos mobile paws.

The powerful thighs of the kangaroo were now firmly placed either side of my naked hips and his furry body all but covered me as he pressed me forward. His penis was rubbing against my bottom and his groin rolled from side to side as he tried to position himself to best advantage. The long

tapered penis tickled my naked flesh as it drew across my firm white bottom like a lovers finger. I shut my eyes to better concentrate on the intense feeling it was evoking from me.

Maybe a minute of gentle searching probes brought our genitals into line. My vagina had responded to the gentle, almost tickling, tip as it caressed my flesh . As the penis pressed at my female portal I felt my own wetness, an invitation to the male that I was ready to be taken.

The kangaroo trembled with his own expectations as his groin pressed his penis forward in an undulating movement. His powerful, unrelenting pressure assisted by the muscular tails drove his tapered shaft up into my body. I bit my lip as the carrot shaped penis entered me in one continuous hydrologic forward press. The feeling became more intense as the shaft inside me became thicker and thicker the deeper it went. The funny worm like sensation against my cervix was so intense that I wanted to scream. At that moment I felt the penis tip press against the neck of my cervical opening, at least I thought that was where it was, pause, then part it, I let out a gurgling scream this time as the fleshy penis tip entered my tight cervical opening painfully but without hesitation. The rolling press of the rutting kangaroo stopped. Then he went into a short and irregular thrust that made me whimper each time as I continued to bite down on my bottom lip to mask the discomfort I was feeling.

Some where inside me I felt a warm spreading sensation and I clamped my groin down on the invading shaft, involuntary. I was surprised at the penises root size I had perceived the tapered appendage to be long and thin but at that moment I realised that the neck of my vagina was completely plugged. By clamping my groin again I felt the pulsing discharge as it was forced from his testicles into my vaginal passage and beyond.

For a while He remained holding me in a tight embrace while another of the mob was fondling my face. The claws close up were intimidating and I daren't move for fear of being scratched or even cut by those weapon like nails.

With the other kangaroos closing in My first mate withdrew and I felt a slight dribble of wetness flow from my distended vagina.

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With one kangaroo fondling my head awkwardly and another stroking my hip while still other kangaroos gathered even closer around me, most with their willies extended to varying degrees, I felt almost claustrophobic. The exploring claw had already tangled my hair and left a tingling scratch on my forehead. My belly felt as if there was a stinging fire inside me. The penis they had invaded my tender cervical opening had at best chafed that tender part of me or worse had left a lesion inside although a quick exploration with my fingers showed no sign of beading, just a sticky discharge. A normal side effect of sex of most kinds.

Clutching arms that never seemed quite sure where to hold me were again around my chest and neck the rubbing fur on my back along with the appearance of a impressively long foot beside my knees indicated that another of the mob was about to service me. I couldn't see Viv for the mass of grey bodies surrounding me but I knew she was there. I wanted to call out to her to seek support but I found that my vocal cords were unable to muster enough force to make more than a choke.

The now familiar sliding penis was surcharging for my hole and I found that I was moving my behind to accommodate the gentle probing that seemed to characterise all mating kangaroos. It was nice the way it alternated between tickling, tease and soothing sliding motion against the firm smooth skin of my bottom.

Not that I am any expert in animal sex, hell no, but I have seen dogs mate in various places and they, the male that is, seems to be quite frantic in his endeavours to impale the female. His frantic efforts become even more robust once he has attained his goal then he thrusts with vigorous intent.

Kangaroos seem quite different. Every movement as he approached me was slow but deliberate. The animals tail helped him ease effortlessly into place behind me with a gliding ease and economical action that didn't intimidate or frighten. I could see that with a maiden doe that it could make her less apprehensive toward the act of copulation with the much bigger male. I certainly would have been intimidated and afraid if a male kangaroo had become over excited in his efforts to impale me with his hardness. However, this and other kangaroos had conducted their foreplay and approach movements with an easy grace until they were in full body contact.

The kangaroos seeking to plant his seed inside me was always mobile. His hips alternated from gentle probing movements as he nudged at me then he converted to a rolling action, not violent nor rough but gently sliding his penis around my bottom as he sought to relocate the searching appendage. Time stood still until finally the brushing tip slid across my wrinkled puffiness, then with tactile recognition it moved back instantly as he recognised the softer giving moistness he sought. The soft folds of my vagina were still engorged from the previous stimulation and their openness was an invitation that was clear and obvious. I was a female ready to be mated. The penial tip, having unerringly recognised the portal to my breeding passage, nestled into the most moist and inviting flesh that gave way without resistance to the demanding wedge shaped flesh of his probing appendage. Then with a slow, but deliberate, force he pushed himself up inside me all the while the tip seems to roll and search for the much smaller eye shaped opening of my hard intruding cervical mound.

I don't know why but this time I didn't close my eyes and the feelings were just as intense as it had been previously. The penis tip was being buried further and further inside me. God knew how deep until the thick tapered penial root had stretched my vaginal opening uncomfortably. I again clamped my external muscles down on the blocking flesh and again I felt the squirting surges of Kangaroo semen pass along his shaft in powerful bursts of jerking intensity along his hard and fleshy tube until it spewed out of the tip in a gushing flood deep inside me. Once again the warm surge spread soothingly some place inside my tummy forcing an involuntary shudder to pass through my entire body as my groin clutched at the injecting instrument that was plugging my very secret place as I was being bred.

Around me the waiting mob seemed more impatient than previously. They were crowding even closer and the obscene branches of their expectant penises were poking out in a flattering display of sexual excitement. Just behind the expectant mob of would be mates I saw Viv and for the briefest of moments I saw that she had removed her jeans and was buff up to the waist.

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The next kangaroo had little difficulty in making me. I felt a nudge next to my labia before the animals penis sank deep and sudden. I drew a sharp breath but that was all. Having sex with a kangaroo, and by extension with any animal, was not at all the same as having sex with a human male partner. Some may argue but in my limited experience it was entirely different. It was primal sex to be sure, no affection, no foreplay as I knew it, just procreational sex that in this case was not even that.

There would be no procreation involved in what was happening to me at this moment. It was doubtful if the kangaroos saw it that way at all though. Every time a male animal mated they would, by instinct, understand that offspring would be involved from the event. In fact it seemed almost

automatic for both of us. Where the intensity of the first and second mating had invoked intense feelings throughout my entire body this was just sex plain and simple. It was sex with me the sceptical and the kangaroo as the donor.

I had seen females of lots of species being served, horses, cows, doe goats and bitches. I wondered at their seemingly nonchalant attitudes was cold and remote. It certainly appeared that way. The females stood stoic, looking around at the passing parade as the male inside them humped vicariously. Many times I had thought that it was so slutty, so detached and uncaring until I realised that for the bitch or cow, mare or doe it was all a very matter of fact event. It was something that they needed to do to become pregnant and it had nothing to do with love or feelings as we humans, as I indeed felt toward my partner.

"June, June can you hear that?" I looked up at Viv now with her jeans back on as she stood next to me.

"Here what?"

"That..." she paused and pointed "I think there is a car coming up the drive."

I realised then that my mind had been wandering. The kangaroo was humping into me and I grunted as his powerful lower body slammed against me as he made an effort to plant his baby seed deep into my belly. The base of his penis was sliding effortlessly inside me with each movement of his hugely powerful hips. The tightness inside my cervix was bordering somewhere between pain and pleasure. I shuddered and wriggled making an effort to lessen the growing discomfort but I was too tightly bound to the beast for me to be able to detach myself. The kangaroo seemed hell bent on going further up inside me with each thrust, further than the other kangaroos had before him. His sheath and testicles rubbed and slapped at the my pubic mound and for the first time I felt totally possessed.

"June for gods sake concentrate" Viv shook me "I ... said ... I ... think there is a car coming." She was right my mind was wondering as the kangaroo continued to hump me. I shook my head to try to bring my senses back to reality. I hadn't realised that as I had been thinking that animal sex was nothing special, not a bit emotional the third kangaroo was reaching places in my body and mind that had until now been untouched.

"A car?"

"Yes damn it a car, can you hear it now.." I could

"Who is it?" I said in what I realised was a dreamy voice.

"How in the hell would I know but if you don't get out from under that kangaroo you are going to be seen."

"I can't Viv. I can't."

"You have to for god sake June you must," Then without warning the kangaroo began to cum inside me. The warm spreading hand of ejaculate deep inside me was the catalyst that sent me beyond my current precarious reality. A chill came over me and time stood still. Tingling nerves in my groin danced a fiery dance of uncontrolled pleasure that started teasingly and incrementally intensified and spread. My eyes rolled back and I felt my entire body trembled. I began to shudder with spasms, jerky spasms of unrelenting charges that danced along my spine and focused themselves in my groin with involuntary clutching of my vaginal muscles. The downward pressure gripped the

penis inside me with such pressure I felt the kangaroo become unsettled but he hadn't finished with me as he remained holding me tightly.

"Shit girl you just came, god that was awesome." Viv just watched me with a distant look in her eye. Then with a shake of her head she spoke. "I'll go see who it is please hurry."

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The crunching crackle of rubber on gravel told me that the car was making the long sweep around our driveway to stop under the covered portico. I turned my head to watch Viv scamper up the slope and head for the house, turning once to mouth "Hurry" before she topped the rise. From my low position I was no longer able to see her. The thud of a closing door informed me that the occupant of the car had alighted.

The kangaroo still inside me and still holding me in a vice like grip with his powerful forepaws also turned his head at the noise. Around us the other kangaroos were aware of the noise but they hardly moved just looked with that serious alertness of wild animals who were prepared to flee if danger threatened.

My mind was racing as I willed the kangaroo gone so that I could stand. My hair was lank and plastered to my head. Till then I hadn't been aware that I must have looked so ghastly, not that my current lovers minded how I looked. Looks were not a prerequisite to this sort of coupling. Indeed I expected I must have been somewhere between ugly and strangely curious at best to the kangaroos who were, by mating me, indulging in their own form of bestiality. Looks and love didn't count at all.

My night cloths were drenched and clinging to my body in a soggy uncomfortable mess. Several kangaroos that had obviously been waiting their turn high up the pecking order so to speak, were closing in and showing their anxiety in a way that males of all species do. On its own a kangaroos penis was nothing more than a cute curiosity to humans. When I say cute I mean it in the sense that it was so different to that of a man's. Yes it was cute in the way it stimulated imagination. It was also cute in the way that they displayed their intention and desire. It was a refreshing honesty when compared to the human male who were way more devious when it came to their sexual intentions. Well most anyway.

As I mused The kangaroo disengaged and a trickle down the inside of my leg indicated that by now I was quite full of kangaroo semen. To the point where successive withdrawals produced more discharge than the previous. My next intended mate was sidling behind me by the time I realised that I was free to stand. Hurriedly I did, The two closest males were hardly discouraged as they harried me by getting as close to me as they could and their awkward front appendages clawed at me. It was like an enthusiastic, though inexperienced, date in a lonely parking spot, hands everywhere.

I grabbed my raincoat from the ground as I backed away my boots were less than useless, partly filled with water and probably pee. I struggled into the raincoat, it was inside out but what did I care for tidy when I had to get to the house unmolested by any one of my stimulated suitors.

Carrying my boots, cloths and hair saturated, raincoat inside out, I scurried toward the house barefoot. The twinge in my lower belly, from the unnatural penetration of my cervix, was uncomfortably painful.

Several kangaroos made to follow but clearly they were beyond their comfort zone and they stopped at the top of the rise and in site of the house, unsure of themselves. They were probably angry, that is if kangaroos got angry, or at least grossly disappointed at missing out on their piece of nookie.

Breathless I stumbled up the steps my right legs circulation was not yet fully functioning so it felt as if and indeed I was lifting it unnaturally higher than the other leg. I was just in time to come face to face with Barry who was walking a pace in front of Viv. He just stood looking at my bedraggled state with undisguised surprise. Behind him Viv was mouthing "You have been feeding the Kangaroos"

"Been feeding the animals love," I managed to wheeze out an explanation that was supposed to cover why I looked like I did. He reached out with index finger pointing up and down slowly.

"In your nighty?"

"I had a rain coat on," I offered lamely.

"Yes, well it has some serious holes in it I can see right through your nighty. For heavens sake what were you, both of you thinking, anyway I don't have time to hang around discussing what you should already know. Go and have a warm bath I have to pack in a hurry, change of plans I am heading to PNG and the Solomins, urgent business needs attention right now. Ill be gone for at least four weeks." He turned and walked to the door leaving me standing, dripping all over the veranda.

"Oh! No kiss then?" by then he was inside leaving my weak lament to fall on deaf ears. Viv put her arm around my shoulders.

"Four weeks! Four whole weeks! just you and me and the menagerie Viv said and kissed my cheek. "You were great girl, just great."

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Ten minutes later Barry hurried from the house kissed my cheek and went to the car and was gone.

"Bastard," I grumbled and burst into tears. This was where we had arrived at in our marriage. Viv hugged me tighter and put her head against mine. "You still have the Kangaroos sweetie, not to mention the goats and pigs." She turned me toward her and looked me directly in the eye as she held my shoulders. "Look, can I make a suggestion?" I wiped a tear from my eye as I welled up with frustration.

"What for example?" I gulped back my rising frustration that Barry had caused by his off handedness in the way he had left.

"Well I was going to suggest I stay here for a week or so with you then you come with me to my place. We can help each other perhaps? You know ... with the Kangaroos, goats and pigs. That should be rather exciting don't you think? Then We go out west to my place and we can take things a bit further. Well a lot further actually. For a start the Kangaroos out west are mainly big Reds, now they could be a challenge couldn't They? If it works that is. I had never considered Kangaroos before but hell the big Reds are enormous and could take things to a whole new level for me, us actually. But if it doesn't work with the big Red kangas then there is always the dogs and other things."

I nodded my consent to her suggestion then looked around. If anything the rain had got heavier but the kangaroos were still on the creek flat. In fact the two that had followed me to the berm of the creek had been joined by several others. I inclined my head toward the waiting kangaroos as I sniffed and wiped the back of my hand across my face. "There still there."

"It seems a shame to frustrate them longer now doesn't it. Maybe you should go down and see what you can do help them out," Viv winked.

"What about you, your coming aren't you?" For a moment I thought she wasn't coming with me but she allayed that fear by again slipping out of her jeans and placing them on the veranda seat. She looked down at herself and smiled.

"Oh yes I am coming but it seems to me you are the one who is attracting them, but you never know a girls luck if she puts it out there." She smiled even broader. "I know one thing for shore this is not me at my attractive best. Its not a good look is it. Still I don't think the kangaroos want me, or you more particularly, as a trophy wife they are set on a much more basic outcome for their lust aren't they?" I giggled with her flippant approach to what we were going to do.

"Maybe its my scent."

"Your perfume?" she lifted her eyebrows.

"No my scent, my odour the way I smell."

"Oh that are you ovulating or something, menstruating maybe or at least about to?"

"No not menstruating but maybe ovulating the dates are about right."

"makes sense if you are animals are good at detecting such things, don't know about kangaroos but dogs are I think. At least my boys know when my body messages change. Are you ready to give it a go"

"Yes lets go," I said as I cast off my raincoat and dropped the boots I was still holding. Then after a brief pause I took off my house coat as well but left my nighty on. As we walked I felt between my legs and rubbed my palm on Vivs bare bum.

"Hay what are you doing she skipped a little sideways," but laughed cheekily as she did, "Fresh aren't we?"

"No, not fresh," I returned "Just helpful I hope."

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When we got to the berm of the creek there were only three kangaroos waiting for my return. The remainder of the mob had begun to move further back along the creek making their way toward the state forest as the rain began to come down heavier.

I remained the centre of attention as the three mature bucks closed in on me ignoring Viv. The petting started with a sharp but gentle paw sliding along my covered hip. The thin material of my nighty clung to me like a second skin, heavy with water. The longest claw of the Kangaroos paw caught in a seam of my meagre covering. The seam of the cheep nighty was already worn and the unmistakable ripping sound of rendered cloth came as little surprise as a new vent was forcibly torn from waist to hem by the caught claw as the amorous kangaroo as he struggled to detach his paw from the soggy material.

A second animal was holding my face in a somewhat tender embrace. It was almost human like in the way the paws gently stroked my matted hair and cheek, I shivered. It was one of those involuntary shivers that you get when a hand brushes your belly or nipple. I closed my eye and bit gently down on my lip as all three kangaroos began to paw me. My imagination became more intense and focused as I felt each gentle caress of every paw. So engrossed was I that I didn't realise that one of the kangaroos had got in behind me. The former gentle caresses of his forepaws had transformed into a firm clutching hug around my waist.

I revived from my almost trance like reverie and opened my eyes. It wasn't as if this was new to me at all but each time a kangaroo possessed me I knew that I could expect the end result to be a subtle pain as my cervical opening was breeched. It was a strange pain, not hurtful like a slap on the face or a bite from a bull ant were painful, It was different. I struggled to find a simile for the pain but I couldn't. There was little doubt that the intrusion into a place that was designed for one way traffic was uncomfortable and lingering and probably at the very best I was being bruised inside by the repeated probing penile lance of the successive kangaroos.

The searching penis slithered along the inside of my bent leg as the beast drew me back toward his stiffened probe. For several minutes the sliding probes sought my vulva as the other two kangaroos continued to stroke and caress me. Perhaps caress was not what they were doing exactly. Not in human terms or perhaps it was. Every guy I have ever gone out with for any length of time kind of did the same thing. Their hands groped and stroked and yes even probed into some places as they sought their own pleasures that stemmed from exploration but more particularly my responses to that very stimulation.

Even as I reflected on what was happening I had failed to feel the first tentative probe into my already wet vaginal portal. I don't know if I was still wet from my previous encounters from a half hour previous or if the gentle caresses of the kangaroos surrounding me had provoked the desired result of sexual response and the subsequent lubrication of my body in preparation for sex.

The subtle pressure of the kangaroos paws that enfolded my waist was drawing me back towards the animals groin as he in turn thrust with powerful thumps that slid his long shaft deep into my body. The tip of the penis nudged into my cervix forcing little cries from me as the sharp electric like charges of pain shot up through my spine making me feel a little nauseous. The probing tip finally found the recess at the pinnacle of my cervical mound. Then the sharp shocks of the probing penile tip ceased only to be replaced by the gentle but constant pressure. The probing entry began to stretch the tight elasticity of the resisting pathway into my womb. The pain increased with each centimetre of access.

I writhed and struggled like never before as the kangaroo mated me with dominant force and purpose. I don't know if it was because I was more tender inside now or if this kangaroo was bigger, longer or thicker perhaps. I didn't know but the longer he remained inside me the sicker I felt. My head swam with excruciating pain and a foggy blackness swirled in front of my eyes.

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"June, Hay hun what's the matter? Are you ok hun? Hay wake up sweaty please June... June..." My vision still blurred and swirled back into focus to see Viv looking back at me not more than a few inches in front of my face. I was still in the clutches of the rutting kangaroo who had stopped thrusting into my hurting belly. His penis wedged within my cervix was pulsing as he squirted his seminal fluid deep inside of me. "Thank god your awake I didn't know what had happened to you."

"I feel sick," and as I got sick out of my mouth My belly heaved and I threw up. Viv must have seen my colour change or my chest heave or something that had warned her I was about to throw up because she had managed to edge back and away from my heaving bile.

Behind me the kangaroo backed away from me pulling his carrot shaped penis from my aching tummy. I felt a cold relief flow over me. But the hurt remained. Seeing another kangaroo sidling around to replace the previous stud my foggy brain screamed at me to stand and avoid the advances.

Viv watched me stagger to my feet and her concern was showing in her face. Her brow wrinkled and

her eyes were pinched with anxiety as I stood unsteadily my legs feeling shaky. The kangaroo seemed un-fazed by the fact that I was no longer presenting myself and edged even closer as the previous male sidled away from me drained. His arrogance showing in the way he moved and looked.

"I'm ok Viv I really am," I said as she clutched at my arm to steady me. However, she seemed unconvinced and remained there to help me even as she was being explored by the third of the kangaroos.

"We have to get you away from here you have had enough. She lent over to see if I was showing any sign of damage but there was no indication that I had been physically hurt, externally at least.

"Its not there its inside, It just feels like a burning pain. He seemed to be pushing further up into me than the others did. I think he has bruised me badly inside as he stretched me but that's all. I really cant do it again though."

"I know you cant. Lets get you up to the house and into a warm bath. As I turned on unsteady legs I stumbled and Viv fell with me. I scrambled to my feet but Viv didn't move quick enough and was claimed by the third kangaroo who had been until then sniffing her out tentatively. Now his intentions were more specific as he slid himself in behind her before she could straighten. It all seemed to happen in slow motion but Viv was not struggling to detach herself but was assuming something like the position that I had found was most accommodating to the male kangaroo.

"Go to the house," She waved me away but I remained mouth opened as the kangaroo began to seek out Vivs prize. I wondered what he was thinking about this bare bummed female that he sought to mount. Even though my belly ached as if I had received a vicious blow low down I watched as my mind began to play tricks. Even though I was watching my friend about to copulate with a kangaroo my mind was taking me outside of my own body into hers as I felt every single thing that was happening to her. The rain was beating down even heavier as the kangaroo sought Vivs vulva and her covered vagina. The penis seemed to have a coating of hair at the tip where his fine sheath hair had attached o the weeping penil discharge over time. Then the thought hit me that the discomfort and pain I had so recently suffered may have been because of this very thing.

With my empathetic feelings finally tuned I felt the twitching penis sliding into Viv with what seemed practised ease. Every centimetre of submerging penis made my head swim and in spite of the recent discomfort I again wished it was me being attended to. I looked around and realised that the other kangaroo was still with me and like in a dream I knelt before him and hitched my sodden nightdress up over my hip.

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Two days later I woke to a distant banging. At first I couldn't make out the direction that the sound was coming from nor could I make out what the noise was. I lay there for several minutes before I reluctantly rose from my bed and following the sound went to the back door.

Even before I opened the door I realised that the sound was coming from the barn. I was about to turn and go into the kitchen and prepare breakfast. Then I hesitated, I just had to find out what was going on. I was sure it was Viv, she had shown some interest in the tools in the barn yesterday. She had something in mind and I was sure it involved the pigs.

Slipping on my yard shoes I ambled to the barn. It was chilly after the rain and I hugged myself in a vain attempt to keep out the morning chill. I paused as I passed the pigs who were snaffling and snorting as they impatiently wanted on there breakfast. I looked at the big boar his bristle covered

pink body looks so clean. It was a counter point to the often held belief that pigs were dirty animals, to see them in there pristine coats was justification to argue otherwise. The boar raised his head and looked me directly in the eye with his tiny slanted eyes weeping a little in there pink sockets. Ill get your breakfast I offered and he grunted, seemingly answering me.

Just inside the barn Viv, not trades-woman, had fashioned a sort of low stool from timber and some flattened corrugated iron that gave it a smooth curve like the back of a small gilt. The iron in turn was covered by a horse blanket that Viv was arranging over the frame as I entered.

"Whats happening?" I enquired as I entered the barn. I looked closely at the low stool and continued before she had answered. "Is that what I think it is?"

"Yes it probably is." She answered without looking up.

"Nice work," I said facetiously as I slid one hand over the back of the stool.

"It'll do," she answered without the expected hurt from my criticism.

"When do you plan we use it?" I couldn't take my eye off the contraption. She pursed her lips and tilted her head.

"Now if you like. Its up to you. Its not like we have to think about it do we." We could use that blacksmiths apron on the peg there," she pointed to the stiff leather apron on the wooden peg behind us. We could ware it backwards so the pigs trotters don't slice up either of our backs. Its leather and its tough," she held it up to make sure what she had said was right.

I suddenly felt my stomach contract into a tight ball. Every muscle clenched and unclenched in time with my pulsing heart. We had discussed this and I had at the time been excited but now I wasn't so sure. It was a shock to be suddenly confronted with a Fête Accompli.

"No we've discussed it but"

"But?" Viv raised her eye brows "Are you still sore from the kangaroos?"

No, no its not that, its just that I hadn't had time to even think about it this morning. I have only just now woken up," I said rather sheepishly. She looked me up and down and smiled.

"Yes, so I see. Seems like you often parade around in your night cloths to feed the animals if I'm not wrong." I was about to snap back a reply but she was already laughing as she continued to speak, "This is a two person thing actually so it doesn't matter who goes first. Ill do it if you want though I would rather it be you, there your pigs."

"Yes dam it, lets do it." I swallow hard as I tried to put on an unconcerned look. The truth be known I was concerned sort of wary like those that get sea sick are wary of going onto boats. We had just the previous evening been researching pigs breeding habits and there anatomy. It wouldn't be fair to say at all, that I was not concerned about another animal that went deep into its mates cervical channel. My experience with the kangaroos had made me vary wary about it. For some reason I hadn't taken it too badly when it first happened nor indeed the second or third kangaroo that mated me. It was the last two kangaroos that seemed to touch a spot inside that triggered a weird uncomfortable feeling that had resulted in me having a tummy spasm which resulted in me being sick. It was a really unpleasant feeling, as I said like being sea sick.

"I was chatting to the pink boar when I came in I think he fancies me."

"Who wouldn't," was Vivs simpering reply. "I think that we shouldn't upset the pigs too much so it might be best to use the small sty next to the night yard don't you think?" even without my reply Viv indicated for me to take one end of the breeding stool and help her take it into the small yard through the low access door that had been cut into the barn wall through which the pigs could be fed and watered easily.

"Ok strip off and Ill put this apron on. Not a fashion statement but it'll save that pretty skin of yours from the sharp trotters." Everything seemed becoming surreal but with Vivs help I shed my nighty and slipped into the farriers apron that was way too long. With the aid of some alligator clips that seemed to be in abundant supply in the barn Viv took it up to bum high and stood back to admire her handy work. "Ready.?" she enquired

"As I'll ever be, I pulled a face and added "I'm really nervous about this Viv."

"You'll be right, Ill help and if he gets too rough we'll slip you off the stool and back in here as quick as promise," she patted my bum reassuringly but rather intimately as well. "You'll be right." another bum pat and I eased under the low door into the pen.

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I had covered the concrete floor with liberal scatterings of fresh straw only a few days before Viv had arrived and without the pigs having used it it was fresh and clean. The annex roof that extended from the barn on this side of the building was to provide shade and shelter for the pigs and goats who had there night yard on the other side of the big doors with a similar access door from the barn into there yard as the pigs.

Naked in front with the leather apron hanging from my back stiff and heavy I couldn't help but see the funny side of the situation. It was a situation make no mistake. Yes I had thought of doing this very thing. Even toyed with building my own support stool from the drawings I had made. It would have been different and probably impractical even if I could have built it which, on reflection, was extremely doubtful. As I looked around at the peaceful surrounds and listened to the raucous screeches of the Cockatoos as they dipped and dived while disputing territory with the incumbent magpies I knew I was only doing this because of Vivs gentle persuasion.

"What would be best Viv I voice sounded child like as looked for help with the hope she would say 'No lets not do this now, lets think about it moor,'" but she didn't. Her voice sounded confident and assertive when she replied.

"Get down on the stool, make yourself as comfortable as you can before I try to separate the boar out from the rest. Face the other yard we want the gilts to stir the boar up in case his interest in human pussy is less than we want it to be." Even though I was now kneeling in front of the makeshift breeding stool my fear was rising. My belly was a tight knot. Flat and hard as my fear refused to allow my tummy muscles to relax in anticipation of the pending rut. I smiled inwardly at the thought that people pay hundreds if not thousands on diets and personal trainers to get a flat tummy or six pack and all they have to do is be scared witless to achieve the same result.

I eased my belly onto the blanket covered frame. It was so low that I had to spread my knees to allow my weight to be taken by the frame and not just my knees and hands. I wriggled a little until I felt comfortable as I suspected that once the boar, if the boar, mounted me I would have little opportunity to change my position. I wasn't kidding myself, I knew how heavy these animals where and in the end I might thank the frame for its support.

"Comfortable?" I hadn't realised that Viv had moved back beside me. I twisted my head to look up at

her.

"Yes, I think so, I feel kind of exposed and rather ridiculous but yes I'm comfortable, physically comfortable but I can't say the same for my fear though."

"Just relax, you may even enjoy it. Heavens there are lots of other women who would love to do this and never do. Maybe some do dogs and that's exciting enough but pigs are far and away something different."

"Yah! Right." I was being more provocative than sceptical

"Truly they are and because of circumstances not many get to try them." Viv sounded at least sincere if not authoritative. I turned back toward the sturdy pipes that comprised the pens dividing fence and looked at the pink nostrils and beady eyes of the very boar that I had selected. Well I only had two choices and he was the pretty one of the two. The other boar was also there and he was maybe bigger. I hadn't realised that he was. Maybe it was his black patches and saddle markings made him look smaller but when they were near each other he was clearly the bigger.

"They look sort of mean don't they," I observed as both boars had spittle foam around their mouths and the noise of both sows and boars was becoming chaotic. Perhaps they sensed that something different was about to happen or maybe they were hungry.

"I'll get the boar now so make sure you are comfortable ok," With that Viv slipped from site as she went to the dividing gate between the two yards. With the uncoiled gate hinges screeching in protest she entered the pigs yard.

For the next five minutes Viv and the pigs seemed like a totally chaotic mess of writhing bodies. Just when it seemed she had the boar separated from the rest a young gilt would make a dash for the gate. Viv was equal to the task and by slamming the gate shut she was requiring start all over again. However, with perseverance and not a small amount of luck the pink boar finally burst through the gate and Viv only just managed to hold back the rushing mass of pigs eager to follow. The sheer comedy of the situation had served to make me more at ease. My tight balled tummy had relaxed a little in the process.

For a moment the boar was out of my site and so was Viv. I couldn't see what was happening but I could hear the snuffling snorts of the now super excited boar as he moved about behind me.

"What's going on?" I called to Viv.

"Relax, he's just sussing you out. He's thinking about giving you a sniff ... she paused then her next words were to the pig "Go on fella check her out she won't bite. Won't even run away in fact. Good boy, there's a good fella." As Viv gave the last words of encouragement the boar's snout touched my inner thigh. The contact was electric and my nerve endings gave a rolling tingle from the back of my knees to the back of my neck. I shuddered and twitched as the first contact subsided and the boar's wet sticky snout slid upwards sharply into my exposed groin.

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Rushed instalment im afraid been a Holiday weekend here "Australia Day"

I wriggled my bum in a half hearted attempt to avoid the sliding snout. Undeterred the boar sniffed tentatively to begin with, then satisfied that I wasn't resisting, he grew more bold. The slimy snout pressed hard against my bottom and pussy as he drank in my scent in long snorting breaths. The hot

breath against my tender flesh was unsettling as each snaffling snort vibrated erotically against my exposed flesh. However, the long bristles around his snout tickled erotically as they gently flicked against my tender parts. So much so that I began to relax, at least partly, as the pigs snout became more urgent in its explorations.

I didn't move a muscle, well I tried not to move. In an effort to detach myself from what was happening I refocused my attention away from the pig sniffing on my private parts and refocused my attention toward the increasingly rowdy mass of pigs on the other side of the steel pipe fence. One of the pigs was the pink and black patched boar who had become so excited that his muzzle was covered in a frothy white foam that dripped obscenely as the pigs grunts became squeals of frustration.

As the tempo rose in front of me the boar behind me was also becoming excited. His exploring snout had left my private parts. His fleshy jowls was pressing forcefully against my hip as the powerful head moved up and down leaving a trail of slimy froth on the front of my thigh as he sought to test my willingness to accept him as a mate. Well that's what I thought the determined pushing and pressing was all about. A sort of pig foreplay designed to make the sow more pliant to the amorous boar. From the corner of my eye I saw that Viv was down on her haunches next to the animal as the boars excitement could no longer be contained.

"He's going to mount you, Oh my god he's coming out June, he's ready Ill help him find you." Vivs voice rose and changed pitches as she conveyed to me what I couldnt see. Then descriptive narrative became real as the boar landed on my covered back. His for legs, short as they were reached almost to the back of my neck and his fleshy body seemed to be a mobile mass of movement. It was, at the point that he dropped onto me and eased forward with his back legs shuffling busily that I knew I was about to be his sow. I felt the full weight of his rotund form cover me, his massive body, supported only by his hind legs, pressing down on my back and hips. At that moment I was glad for the support of the frame under me.

"What's he doing?" I gasped

"His thingy is near your hip and its dripping cum or something, going in and out sort of. Its kind of skinny and moving everywhere."

"For gods sake help him in before I die." I gasped exasperated by my own growing anticipation.

"I'm trying to but its all slippery and bloody hard to hold. This little bugger is strong and slimy as an eal, let me tell you"

"I thought you said it was skinny, how hard can it be to get hold of it.?"

"Your joking its everywhere at once. Every time I grab it it twists out of my hand. It really is hard to get a grip on it its like a slithering snake on steroids. Oops there it goes. He's in.

I new he was. I had felt the wriggling tip against my vulva as it parted my labia. It was now like a wriggling worm inside my vagina. Not that I have ever had a worm there but I do have imagination. It was the strangest feeling I have ever experienced. Totally unlike the Kangaroo and totally unlike Barry. I guessed because it was so slippery that the pre-cum that had made it that way. I assumed that the very same pre cum was now spilling into my vaginal passage smoothing his way inside me. Not that it needed any lubrication for such a small, slender, appendage, or so I thought.

The penis was thin, according to Viv's vivid description. I had seen one extended myself and I knew it was pencil thin so I understood what she was saying. Apart from the writhing of the twisted tip up

inside me I felt very little else, no pain or discomfort. However, even inside the less than sensitive part of my vagina the muscular twisting and prodding penis was different. I could feel the swirling tip slipping around my hard though sensitive cervical crown like an octopuses tentacle as it sought the passage through my cervix into my womb.

As the pig penis searched for the locking pressure that my cervix would provide his hips were rolling and thrusting, never still. Once the penis was locked in the vice like grip provided by the tightly compressed cervical walls he would be able to cum so instinctively his search grew more frantic. Not rough but rhythmically as the more than ample shaft sawed in and out while the tip rolled around my cervical mound tantalisingly.

Then I gasped, Not in surprise, I knew what would eventually happen, but from the suddenness of his accomplishment. One second the corkscrew tip was twisting and seeking. The next minute it had buried itself into the narrow cervical passage.

The pigs in the other pen went to a new level of excitement as they sensed that the boar had made me. The boar himself made squealing snorts of carnal pleasure that vibrated through my back in pleasurable resonance. I trembled with my own unknown anticipation. Be it pain or pleasure.

It was then the discomfort began. Although the penis looked frail, suggested by its thinness, It was like a powerful almost prehensile muscle. It began to twist itself deeper and deeper into my belly. The inside of my legs were wet from the copious overflow of pre-come that had lubricated the pigs way into the depths of my secret place.

I was making little groaning sounds that even to me seemed to be coming from some place else. The pig, sensing his complete victory, began to thrust himself at me with a little more vigour seeking to embed his penis as deep inside my breeding canal as he possible could. Then he paused. I felt my belly clamped tightly about the slender penis that blocked my cervical canal.

My breathing was short and ragged as the thrusting weight on my back forced the breath from my lungs. The corpulent pig appeared to be like some sort of jelly mould so mobile and animated was he, as he wobbled with each thrust. His thrusts were not regular or rhythmic any longer but rather irregular.

After what seemed an eternity, but must have been mere seconds, I felt the penis surge and jerk. Moments later a warm flood seemed to surge into my belly then another and another muscular jerk followed by the same spreading flood as the pigs semen surged along its narrow delivery vessel into my belly.

"Oh June he must be coming," Viv announced belatedly, "His balls are seething and rolling. God its awesome. Can you feel it?" To my own surprise I could answer her calmly.

"Yes, yes I can its warm and gushy." As I announced to Viv how it felt yet another surge of pig cum squirted up inside me. I could actually feel the contracting penis as it fired the charge of cum from his testicles along the narrow penis tube and finally into my womb. Resulting in my womb being coated, I presumed, with a clingy white stickiness.

Time seemed to stand still as squirt after squirt of pig cum was injected into my ever tightening belly. I would learn later that it was more than a third of a litre, or something like that, of squishy cum delivered directly into my womb by the pigs long penis. Then, after several minutes, the squirting slowed. The intervals between discharges grew then finally stopped.

But the pig hadn't finished. Even as I felt the pigs haunches pull back withdrawing his tightly

embedded penis from my clutching cervix I could feel the discharging penis surging and expanding in pulsing waves. More pig cum was again surging out of his penis into my narrow cervical opening. The flood of endless cum continue even as the big bore disengaged slowly from my clutching cervical muscle. Slowly the boar backed out of me discharging the last of his cum in a powerful and almost continuous flood. The thin contracting penis dropped from me. Even though I hardly felt it. The boar had filled my vagina with his plugging cum as he retreated.

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I remained across the supporting stool breathing heavily. It had been the strangest feeling. Not at all what I had expected though I don't know what I had really expected. It had been like having something slitheringly alive inside me. Something alien trying to burrow into my belly. The belly that now felt hard and bloated. I felt that uncomfortable feeling you get after Christmas dinner when you have way too much to eat and drink and your tummy wishes you had a dress size bigger. I had half expected the pigs cum to be running down my thighs at this point but it wasn't.

After several moments I turned my head to see what the pig was doing. And to my surprise he was laying down against the steel rail his small eyes half closed and oblivious to everything around him. He had got what he wanted and now he was contented. "Bloody males" I thought, not for the first time, "its all about them they empty themselves inside the female and consider the job done"

"You ok love," Viv enquired

"What?" I had forgotten that she was so close, "Oh!...Yes, yes, I'm ok." her speaking had shaken me from my own deep thoughts and I slowly became aware of all that was going on around me. The pigs in the other pen had quietened down a little but the boar with the saddle shaped patch was still excited and his muzzle was covered in even more foaming spittle.

I eased myself back onto my knees behind the breeding stool then with both hands for support I pushed myself upright. My legs wobbled and for a moment I expected them to give way but wit a supreme effort of concentration I managed to remain on my feet unsupported.

"Well what was it like?" Viv who had been kneeling beside me had also stood. Her arms ready to support me but I waved her away. I looked down when I was sure I wouldn't loose my balance. My normally almost flat tummy was slightly rounded and hard to the touch. Viv's eyes followed mine and watched my as I pressed and poked at my distended flesh.

"I knew he came a lot but god how much of his stuff is in there?" I wondered out loud as I tried to think of how to answer Viv's question.

"You could feel it?" she asked almost excitedly. I looked up at her and saw big eyes open even wider than normal.

"Yes I could it was like something being injected into me, well I suppose it was wasn't it? I mean it was like tingling pulses followed by a warm spreading in here. I pointed to my hard belly. "There seemed to be an endless supply. I didn't think he would ever stop."

"I know, I know I could see his big balls writhing in that tight sack of his it was really awesome the way they moved and moved like balls in a washing machine. I guessed he was cumming in you when they did that. His thin dick also jerked and stiffened each time he seemed to be shooting into you. God I wish it was me." I just smiled and kind of understood what she was saying. Watching was one thing but having it done too you was quite something else. I couldn't help, at that moment, make a comparison between the kangaroos and the pig. For that matter with Barry as well. However, I

struggled with the concept of comparing human, pig and kangaroo. All my head was doing was screaming at me that they were all different. There was no comparison.

"Well if you want to there's the spotty boar and he is dead keen just look at him?" I pointed at the boar in the other pen. "If we can separate him out that is. You had a hell of a job with this one."

"Let's try June, I really want to." She was already undressing and reaching out for the leather apron that I had almost forgotten I was wearing backwards on my back. How I could forget was strange in itself. It was awkward and not a little stiff to move in.

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After supporting the boar on my back for the best part of fifteen minutes I was more than a little stiff. Mainly in the back of my knees and thighs. I also felt the discomfort of an over full belly. It felt tight and full, not all that noticeable to a casual observer but the slight curving roundness was noticeable to me. The difference in men and pigs was not only the quantity of discharge but the unbelievable way that nature had provided the male pig with the ability to seal off the sows vagina and by association mine.

"I'm still a bit wobbly but I will try to cut the spotty one out for you. This fellow looks a bit spent don't you think?" I pointed to the boar that had served me and Viv made a wry smile as she struggled into the leather apron.

"Not surprised he's spent, The way his balls were rolling about I'm sure you sucked the life out of him."

"It had nothing to do with any effort from me, he was doing it all. He really truly screwed me with that cork screw thing of his." I walked along to the gate and felt totally exposed to the world, although there was no one to see my absolute nakedness. The spotted boar who had watched me so intently as I was being mated by the pink stud now followed me to the gate. The rest of the pigs were still milling around and hadn't followed me to the other end of the yard. "Viv you had better be ready I think this big bugger will get threw the gate without opposition. He did. I barely had time to unlatch the dividing gate and his bulk pushed it open as he came threw with surprising speed.

The sows seeing the boar disappear from there enclosure now regrouped and rushed at the gate. Things were happening fast. I had to throw my weight against the gate as the sows attempted to brake through. The gate latch clanged into place as the full force of the gathering sows crashed against it. I screeched as a sharp trotter scraped over my instep as the newly arrived boar shoved his weight against my hip. As I skipped away from the boar who thought it was now his turn with me I saw the gate shiver and fully expected it to burst in. By some miracle it held, at least for now.

The boar was persistent in his endeavour to serve me and I had to keep dodging away from him as I worked my way toward the now kneeling form of Viv. The boar was doing his best to herd me into a position that I would have to submit but that wasn't going to happen.

"Dam it Viv, he wants to screw me for gods sake."

"Try to get over here," she called, but now the pink boar was joining in the pursuit of my favours.

"I am bloody well trying," I snapped as I skipped from one foot to the other in an effort to avoid the hassling pigs. A snout slipped between my legs from behind and I screeched with surprise as the big spotted hog lifted his snout upward sharply into my groin. The power behind his head was driven by neck muscles that were able to drive his snout through soil in search of tasty roots. I had no chance

of stopping him. At that moment I was totally off balance from my skipping avoidance dance and I crashed ass over tit into the hay beside Viv. My legs and arms flailed defensively.

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Both boars closed in pushing me with there soft looking though deceptively hard wet snouts. There shrill squeals that ended in muffled snorts assailed my senses and the sheer urgency of there assault on me made me fear for my immediate safety.

For several seconds both boars shoved me first one way then the other. There was nothing that I could do that would stop them. There combined weight and power was way beyond my total inability to resist the excited beasts.

I heard Viv call out several times but the closeness of the squealing animals and the wringing in my ears brought on by my own panic ensured that what ever she said I was unable to here.

Suddenly the frenzied attack seemed to abate but not cease. It took a few seconds for me to realise that one of the pigs was no longer participating in my assault. I rolled away from the boar who was shoving me in the ribs with his snout. Dazed I managed to get to my hands and knees. My head was only a few inches from Viv who I realised was looking rather strange. As my head rose a little higher I saw the spotted boars huge head resting on Vivs covered back. The beady slits of eyes looked back at me as he slowly, almost in slow motion rise to cover Viv.

"Ill try to help Viv," I panted out forgetting the pink boar who was sniffing at my hip with his tough, smooth snout. She didn't say anything she just appeared dazed as the boar landed on her back. Immediately the spotted boar was attempting to mount viv. His two front trotters were together in the middle of her back extending almost to her shoulder blades. His enormous head was slightly to one side of Vivs shoulder with his jowls covered in a frothy, bubbly foam. The bulk of the pigs fleshy body was writhing and heaving over Vivs lower back as he attempted to mount her.

I became aware again of my own consort as the pink boar tried to push me into place. It was clear that he was going to mate me again. As best as I could I edged, crawling slowly toward Vivs leather apron covered hips. The pigs fully extended penis was slipping and sliding over her thigh, no where near its intended target. With an effort I managed to resist the pink pigs growing attention and lifted one supporting hand from the ground and make an effort to get hold of the slimy, powerful, almost prehensile penis. Each time when I thought I had it in my hand the twisting penis slipped from my grasp. With my own hand now covered in the pigs pre cum any chance of me getting a proper hold diminished.

It seemed like ages as I struggled to help the boar mount Viv. Her hip glistened with the pigs fluid that was squirting in a fine spray intended to ease his passage into a sow. Slowly and with focused determination I was able to push the worm like penis from the outside of Vivs hip to the wet fury patch below her bottom. It slithered and slipped as it discharged even more precome onto Vivs vulva.

Then in an instant the penis tip slid between the generous distended folds that were slightly open displaying her pink portal. Instantly the writhing tip was embedded deeply although his rolling, heaving body was sliding in and out as he sought the opening deep within. I could see in my own imagination the screwing tip seeking Vivs cervical opening.

IT was the sudden gasping breath from Viv that told me the boar had locked into her tight cervical tunnel. I eased myself back to Vivs Head. I could see the far away, distant glaze of sexual rapture on her face. Her lips were open and wet as her tong slid luxuriously over them slowly as she focused

her rapturous thoughts on what was happening to her. No doubt she had the picture of the rutting boar imprinted on her mind from watching what had happened to me. I lent forward and kissed her softly on the lips. Slowly her eyes opened and she smiled a distant sort of smile.