

The park was nice. Way too nice.

Gwen wasn't naked, but she certainly wasn't hiding herself. The doe was jogging down the concrete path dressed in just a pair of tight yoga pants and a sports bra. She'd have been decent enough had she been any other femme, but Gwen wasn't like any other. On her left arm she had the ARMY star tattoo'd through her fur. That nice bright yellow showed through with the help of a semi-regular trimming of her fur. It let everyone know that she was an ARMY bitch and a proud vet.

Having been through basic training; and then serving a full tour in the corp, left her body toned and sharp like a Greek statue. She wasn't some hottie thottie like the twenty somethings that were pretending to keep themselves fit. Gwen was the real deal and could bench any one of those sluts and put their men or women to shame.

The sidewalk began to curl to the left and she ran passed a pair of runners sitting on one of the benches. They noticed her, and Gwen didn't hide her smile as she caught their eyes wandering over her tall olympian female body. The boyfriend noticed the fat bulge in her pants more than his girl did. She just smirked all the more for it. She often caught men comparing their dicks to hers.

Her dick was always bigger. Most of the time. A very old girlfriend of hers from highschool had nicknamed her 'dickdoe' as a petname in private. Neither of them knew at the time it was actually a real word seldom used in polite society. Gwen liked it. She heard it a lot more in the military, and she very quickly turned the word from something derogatory to her to something that would emasculate any man that used it without her permission. Gwen was good at that.

She left the ogling couple behind and kept running. Her body was refined to be a good fit for distance running. Without fifty plus pounds of gear to tote around she was mighty agile and quick, and being so light weight left her able to go for a long time. She took home a lot of medals in highschool when she ran track and field. From sprints, to relays, to the long distance runs.

Goddamn she loved to brag. Stroking her own ego like she was masturbating herself in front of a full length mirror.

She needed a drink. A nice shot of hard liquor would have been nice, but it wasn't even lunch time yet. Gwen was doing her morning routine on a Saturday. She could save her drinking for later, but for now she needed H2O. The park had three public restrooms available with water fountains, then several more water fountains scattered about the grounds. San

Furnando had managed to earmark a lot of tax dollars to pad this park up nice. Half the shit they built for it went unused.

The doe had been running at this park for over a year and not once had she seen a kid in a wheelchair use the 'wheelchair' swing. Just a bunch of able kids seeing how many they could fit in it at the same time before an adult made them quit. The buzzkills.

Gwen stopped at the next public restroom she came to and took a long hard drink from the fountain. She cupped her hand under the stream and caught a pool of the cold liquid and splashed it over her face and chest. The water ran cold with the breeze and she felt it through her fur. With more water on her hand she flicked water over her arms and legs and felt herself cool down as she stretched her legs in front of the fountain.

"Mind if I take a drink there, show off?" A chick's voice came from behind her. Gwen turned and saw a kangaroo girl standing behind her and holding a water bottle. The chick shook her bottle and the doe could hear that it was about empty. She didn't let eyes linger long on the roo and she stepped away from the fountain and gave the chick some space.

Gwen wasn't going to stop 'showing off'. She had stretches to do since she was still cooling herself down. The doe felt a few joints pop as she arched her back mid stretch and this time she was letting her eyes wander over the kangaroo.

The girl was pretty fit. Gwen wagered that she could easy play any sport and dominate. Feminine build, but lots of visible tone. She was shorter than Gwen by a hair, but the musculature was there of a girl that had the desire to stay strong. Nice body. All the gains but without sacrificing her womanliness. Gwen liked.

Modestly dressed though. Weirdly dressed, too, considering she must have been here to run or something.

But here was Gwen showing off her girl dick in yoga pants and her rack in a sports bra. This girl here was in a fucking muscle shirt that hung loose on her. Well, it still looked good on her. Gwen liked that she could see the sides of the girl's own sports bra through the arm holes. And fucking shorts? Not even track shorts! The girl was wearing some cargo shorts that stopped right over the knee. Why would you want to run in that?

The only sensible thing she saw was that the chick was wearing was a pair of nice running shoes. Good brand. The girl here meant to run for real and wasn't just going to wear the cheapos from PayLess.

"You play any sports?" Gwen asked and stood herself upright from a leg stretch.

The girl looked her way from the fountain. She'd taken a long drink for herself and was now filling her water bottle to top it off. From the angle Gwen had she could see the chick had nice tits. Bigger than her own, but not massive either. Gwen liked her own tits. Fun to play with, but they were more modest in size. They didn't get in the way of anything when she squeezed them into a bra.

"Nope." Came the curt reply. The girl looked down at her bottle long enough to see it was starting to overflow. The doe watched as she tipped the bottle over enough to let the excess spill free, then she screwed the cap back on the bottle. "Why? Looking for game?"

Very tomboy of her. Gwen liked.

Girly chicks were good for a fuck and run, but a tomboy was good for rutting and hanging around with after. Gwen always preferred the boys when she was growing up. Her parents were the type that didn't want to know what they were going to have when her mom was knocked up with her. They didn't want to know anything from the doc except if Gwen was a healthy baby when they got all their ultrasounds. Congrats, parents, you embarrassed your 'son' by letting 'him' find out what a dickdoe was at 11 years of age. They could have avoided that had they been more proactive with the doc. Her family were a 'wing it' sort of group. 'Everything'll sort itself out on its own'. Try sorting out puberty!

Gwen just smirked. That just meant she had easier access to straight men now (they were very fun to break in) and most women were game (breaking in lesbians was also very fun).

"No game. Just noticed you're pretty toned. Figured you did sports." She told her back.

"Do YOU do sports, then?" The girl said, finally turning to look her way. She was sounding offended like the roo was getting accused of playing sports all the damn time. It's not like she was being asked if she liked choking on dick every day by strangers. Gwen also noticed her eyes kept drifting down Gwen's body like she was taking a peek.

"No. I'm a vet. I'm just clinging to old habits." Gwen replied and tilted her torso to show the star on her upper arm. She bent her arm at the elbow and flexed casually.

"Oh." The girl then visible relaxed. "My granddad was in Vietnam. It's cool."

Gwen smiled. It wasn't often she got to use her veteran status to pick up chicks via the 'she has a loved one that's a vet' route. Normally it was just some thot that wanted to bounce on some infantry bayonet. Not that the doe had any issues with that. The only trick now was to figure out if Gwen wanted this particular chick to bounce on her bayonet.

"I'm the only vet in my family. Served one tour, then came back and tried to make it big in sales and marketing." She replied with a con's smile. Sales and marketing just meant she got a job at Best Buy and stuck around long enough until some patriotic asshole upstairs bumped her up to general manager for the store she was working. Being the largest Best Buy in the city and in the near vicinity of the San Fernando Galleria made it a very successful location, and made her paycheck rather padded considering the title she wore.

"Oh, sweet! How long were you out there?" The roo asked and was shifting her weight from one leg to the other while cradling her water bottle in both hands. She was trying not to peek, but her eyes weren't obeying very well.

"Just the four. My name is Gwen, by the way. What's yours?" The doe introduced herself properly, then extended a hand. The girl used the outstretched hand as an excuse to look down without any guilt. Gwen's own eyes were very keen and she could trace the path the kangaroo's gaze was making as the girl extended her own hand. The doe gave the girl a firm, but not too firm, squeeze. A masculine greeting that let the girl get a taste of what it would feel like when the doe finally got her hands on her.

"Gene." She replied. Gene, huh. Like blue jeans.

"Interesting name." The doe added in reply.

"Genevieve." The roo elaborated. Now that was a proper girl's name. Gwen's own name was short for Gwendolyn. It sure had been weird adjusting herself from Jerry to Gwen when she was a kid. Just something else she could blame her parents for if they ever got into a fight over something petty. It was a pleasant little coincidence that they both happened to have elegant 'G' names. Gene probably didn't get to pick her own name, but when her own parents had discovered they'd dun goof'd they like Gwen pick her own girly name, since she'd decided as a kid that she wanted one. She'd been big in Spider Man at the time. No one knew that she'd

named herself after a comic book and had every intention of taking that to her grave. It broke her macho vet personae.

"Both are nice, but Gene rolls off the tongue a little easier." The doe told the girl. Gwen slowly rocked her weight from one leg to the other to draw attention to her hips. It worked and the girl's pupils were noticeably trying to stay aloft. Gwen had to wonder now if she was going to score today. She had the free time to spare to get her dick wet.

"Yeah, people say that." She replied.

Gwen watched as she took up her bottle and gave herself a drink. She grinned. The chick was wearing a dumb fanny pack now that she could spare a longer look down the girl's front. Her eyes ignored the pack hanging down the front of her shorts and went back up to her tits. Again, the girl did have a nice rack on her. Glad to see that her fitness routine hadn't robbed her chest of any fat.

"Eyes." The roo said, and Gwen smirked and looked up more until she had the girl's gaze in her own. "I expect that kind of shit from teenagers and assholes, you know. Not chickies."

'Chickies.' Playing pretend was she. Gwen might have been a GI Jane but when it came to romancing she was all cock and no talk. She preferred the sound of a plugged hole over chats on the weather.

"You pick up bad habits when you make it out of Basic. Though I already had some bad habits to begin with."

"Oh, I bet. Wanna jog with me?" Gene invited her along. Gwen smiled.

"Sure, but only if you answer a personal question for me." The doe asked with a smirk. She wasn't hiding it at all that she was interested. The only thing keeping the log in her pants from turning into a redwood was her own willpower. Gwen had self control. That trait had been beaten into her in the military. Screamed into her more like. Her drill sergeants had been some of the meanest and they really tried to break her. They didn't want some pussy bitch getting her buddies killed in the middle of some foreign hellhole.

Either way, the kangaroo looked at her funny. A nice look of hesitation.

"Ok, what?" Came the reply. Gwen smiled.

"You single?" She asked.

"No." Very blunt answer. "I have a girlfriend."

A girlfriend, huh? Well shit. This one was still spending too much time trying to check her junk out, but if she was more fond of eating a salad than slobbering on a sausage then Gwen might have run out of luck. Ah, well.

"Damn." Gwen replied honestly. "Still wanna jog?"

"Yeah, sure." Gene replied, and turned and started jogging without saying much more. Gwen turned and followed and caught up with her in a short few strides. With her greater height and keen eye she could see the roo's tits bounce in her muscle shirt. That sports bra wasn't providing enough support for whatever cup size Gene was sporting. They were damn fine tits that could spark a thirst. Gwen liked. Her last handful of lovers had been men. She loved breaking in a good asshole, but there were times where she really wanted to bend a bitch over to cop a handful of breast from behind. Can't really do that with a guy.

She and Gene jogged through the park for a little while and didn't talk too much. This was getting boring and she was still just as thirsty now as she had been before. Exercise only served to keep the heart beating and the engine running.

"Let's stop for water." Gwen said as the two of them kept pace with each other.

"Sure, sure." The roo replied and together they kept their pace until they reached the next stop. It was the same little building they'd met at. Gwen started drinking from the fountain and Gene stepped past her and said she was going to the restroom.

Gwen watched Gene disappear through one of the two doors and then she quit drinking and wiped her mouth with her wrist. She gave an idea a small bit of thought. She turned and followed Gene into the bathroom and found her standing at the sink. The roo hadn't had any time to do any business, but it didn't look to Gwen like the roo had any business to do. She was on her cell phone tapping away.

"You got any plans after this?" Gwen asked and stepped up to the sink next to Gene and turned on the faucet. The roo looked up from her phone and at the mirror ahead. She locked eyes with the girl and smiled.

She made a dismissive face. Gwen went through the motions of washing her hands.

"With my girlfriend, yeah." She said, then slipped her phone back into the fanny pack on her waist and zipped it shut. "Lots of plans."

"I want you to postpone those plans." Gwen asked, and grinned at the expression the roo was making. The veteran doe shook her hands dry and stood upright. She pivoted on a heel and leaned her hip against the counter and watched the kangaroo's shifting expressions and body language.

"Are you seriously trying to hook up with me in a bathroom?" The girl sneered and stepped away from the sinks. Gwen did the same and kept the roo from walking by. Gene stopped and glared at her with indecision. The doe looked her up and down.

"You're hot as fuck." She said, then stepped closer. Gene took a step back. There was hardly any fight coming from this tomboy so far.

"Look, you seem alright, but I'm taken, ok? And I don't like being on bottom." She protested with another backwards step. Gwen reached, grabbed the tomboy by the shoulders and yanked her close. The doe watched her expressions play out. The girl was nervous, angry, maybe aroused. A couple different things. None of it was yet a 'no'.

"I've met men that didn't care for women with dicks bigger than theirs. I still had them screaming my name by midnight." Gwen bragged. It was true. She knew how to use her dick and she had never any trouble getting reluctant men and women to love the ride. Gene squirmed in her grasp.

"That's real nice and all, but I actually do care about my girlfriend." She protested again, but weaker.

"So it's because you want to be loyal and not because you think I'm a lousy lay?" Gwen asked with a smirk, and the roo seemed confused. She hesitated, then Gwen took advantage of it by forcing a kiss. Gene tried to push her away, but Gwen pushed back. All the way back they went until Gwen had the girl forced against the tiled wall with her shouting protests into the doe's mouth.

The doe forced the kangaroo's hands down to her sides with two firm grips on her wrist. It was easy. Gwen could overpower anyone that was smaller than her. When she broke the kiss the roo called her a bitch, but she was panting. Gwen leaned her body hard against the girl until the fannypack

was jabbing into her dick with the outline of her cell phone noticeable. The pack around the girl's waist was ruining it since it was stopping Gwen from being able to grind her bulge into the roo's cunt. That even got men fucking horny when she did it to them! Though for a straight man it might have been some kind of fear boner.

"Look, honey, if you want to play pretend and let me 'rape' you," Gwen said with emphasis on the word rape. Gwen couldn't believe how many people would let her run roughshod all over them with the promise that they could just pretend that they don't really want it. Some of them even got off harder when they did it that way. Everyone has their kinks, and a lot of them don't know what they are until they found themselves hyperventilating with half of the doe's cock wedged up their hole of choice. "Then we can call this a roleplay and your lady doesn't need to know any better."

"You're fucking looney!" Gene spat, but Gwen let go of one of her wrists and grabbed the roo by her chin and forced another kiss and held her body against the wall. Gene grabbed her by the wrist in a weak attempt to get the doe to let her go, but Gwen was too strong for that.

She made sure that kiss was a long one, and with every passing second the roo gave in, she got more into it, and her hand finally came to rest on Gwen's shoulder. The doe broke the kiss. "Made up your mind yet?"

"Look, I'm not going to lie about you forcing anything, ok!" Gene said between panting breaths. "I'm not gonna lie about serious shit like that!"

"Then just turn around and hike your tail. I'm sure you'll think of a good story to tell by the time you get home." Gwen told her with a smile. She'd won.

The roo hesitated, and Gwen watched her until the moment came when Gene nodded and started to twist. Gwen stepped back and the roo turned herself around and pressed her tits to the tile. The doe put her hands on the girl's waist. That thick kangaroo tail was already swinging to the side, but Gwen was forced it up higher to keep it out of the way. She slipped her hands under the girl's shirt and start feeling around until her fingertips reached the edge of Gene's sports bra.

"You've got nice tits." Gwen said and sat her chin on the girl's shoulder. Gene didn't say anything and looked away.

"S-shouldn't we hurry?" She asked. Maybe, Gwen thought. She pulled her hands away and found two of the girl's belt loops and yanked her from the



wall. She fell against Gwen's chest, then Gwen promptly shoved her over toward the corner stall. Being tucked in the corner like that would be a bonus.

"Stall." She said, and Gene nodded and scampered to the door. She was moving awfully quick to be reluctant to cheat on her girl back home. Gwen followed her inside, and the kangaroo was already putting her hands on the sides of the toilet with her tail up. What loyalty!

The doe didn't hesitate. She found the metal buckle above the girl's tail that kept her cargo shorts from dropping off her ass. One snap and they were done, and gwen got to see that she was wearing a pair of grey boy shorts. Not particular feminine, but not much about her was. She was a tomboy dyke and dressed a lot like it. She licked her lips. Gwen was beginning to salivate over the thought of how tight she'd be when wrapped around a cock.

The doe knelt down in a squat and figured the least she could do was warm the slut up with her tongue before she hollowed her cunt out with deer dick. Gwen grabbed the sides of Gene's shorts and yanked them down to her knees. The boyshorts didn't drop with them, and they looked like she shopped in the men's section for her underwear. Her fingers found her waistband and she tugged them down.

Hanging beneath the roo's tight looking asshole was a plump set of nuts, and a rapidly stiffening erection right below that. Gwen blinked, then realized the fanny pack might have been more to hide her junk than it was to replace a fucking purse.

"Well, guess your girlfriend ain't that much of a lesbian, huh?" Gwen mocked the roo with a laugh, and grabbed Gene's balls with a hand and gently squeezed them.

"Don't talk about her like that!" Gene got defensive, and turned her head to glare at the doe. Gwen looked up at her and snorted a quick laugh. She let go of the girl's nuts and reached lower to take a firm grip of Gene's cock. "Just get it over with!"

"What's her name?" Gwen asked and started stroking. Gene had a nice dick, but it wasn't as big as her own. Girthy, by the feel of it, but lacking in length. As she stroked Gene's girl cock it kept swelling.

"F-Francine." She said after a bit.

"Nice name. Nice dick." The doe replied, then let go. The roo's cock was about as thick as Gwen's at full mast, but maybe missing two inches. A damn good dick, but not everyone can pack 12 inches. Ten was more than enough for just about any hole. Maybe too much for some. It was funny now that she was thinking of it. Something about her internal radar always had her pairing up with men and women that considered themselves packing, or impressive. Then Gwen would wreck them.

Gwen stood up and started collecting spit on her tongue. With a hand she shoved the girl's tail out of the way and spat a wet mess over Gene's asshole. The roo flinched and Gwen watched as the girl inched her feet wider apart.

The doe grabbed herself and pressed her cockhead against her entrance. She grunted in reply.

"When was the last time you got it up the ass?" Gwen asked and leaned herself forward. She watched as Gene started grunting and whimpering as her blunt tip speared up against her star. As the doe's dick ramped up the pressure on her pucker Gene spat out a crisp 'fuck you!'

"That doesn't answer my question!" Gwen spat back and leaned down to grab Gene by the back of her head. A nice handful of hair gave her a good handle to yank on. Gene whimpered louder and bit her lip. Gwen eased up on the pressure to give the girl's asshole a breather. "Well?"

"Fucking," She spit out, inhaled big, then added, "Highschool!"

"Well, fuck. Might as well be a virgin!" Gwen laughed and started tugged her cock up and down and resumed her push against the kangaroo's tightly sealed anus. Gene returned to grunting as her pucker was slowly opened up wider and wider. The girl's grunts grew higher and higher until they were delightfully feminine consider it was a tomboy dickgirl making the noises.

"Fuck!" Gene shouted as the doe's head popped inside her ass. The crown of Gwen cock rested just behind the girl's tight ring.

"You're doing better than most." Gwen said with a smirk as she looked down to eye the stretch taut anus wrapped around her prick like it was an undersized condom. She let go of her prick and put both hands on the girl's waist.

"Y-you're huge!" She whined, and Gwen smirked a little more and leaned over the kangaroo's back.

"How do you fuck your girlfriend?" She asked. The roo grunted in reply, and Gwen could see that the girl was biting her lip now. The doe removed a hand to swat Gene on the ass, and the roo yelped. "How do you fuck her?"

"I f-fuck her missionary!" She answered. "Just hurry!"

"Fuck her hard?" Gwen asked and let her hips retreat ever so slightly the to roo could feel the crown of her deer dick tug at her sphincter. "Balls deep?"

The roo rapidly nodded her head and started breathing hard through her nose. Gwen pushed her hips forward and listened as the girl whimpered. She didn't stop. The doe kept pushing forward until she felt her dick begin to sink deeper into the hot tight hole. When Gwen finally started groaning with pleasure the roo was no longer able to hold it in. Gene was breathing through her mouth in a full whining pant as her backside was stretched open to accommodate Gwen's girthy rod.

"Fuck, yes." Gwen moaned. "I bet you fuck her cunt don't you?"

The doe jabbed her hips forward and Gene yelped while a few inches sank into her backside nice and deep.

"You fuck your girlfriend in the cunt?" She repeated herself and leaned over the kangaroo to let go of her waist with one hand to grab the roo by the back of her head. She squeezed tight on a handful of hair and pulled the girl's head back.

"Yeah! Please! Just fuck me." She whimpered pitifully. Gwen leaned over further and pulled the girl's head back until the tall doe could plant a kiss on the roo's forehead. A tiny gesture of sweetness. It was about the only gesture Gene was going to get that wasn't a punch in the gut with a twelve inch prick.

Gwen drew her hips back and went back to gripping the girl's waist with both hands. Her hips began to rock forward and back nice and easy while the roo adjusted to the thick meat stretching her backside open. She exhaled over the roo's back and savored the feel of a velvet tight sheath slipping wetley over her dick. There was nothing better than fucking a slut in the ass. It didn't matter what the sex was either. An asshole was an asshole regardless of whose cheeks it was nestled between. They were all elastic with practice and deep by design. Women had those pesky

things called cervixes that you couldn't always batter away at with your ram.

It was unfortunate really, but Gwen wasn't that interested in siring any fawns. She was content with destroying a partner's backside until they couldn't walk without a bowlegged limp.

"Fuck, Gwen!" Gene trembled. Her legs were shaking as she was speared and impaled repeatedly. The doe was starting to go faster, and it looked like the dribbling amounts of pre spitting from the doe's cock was doing its job at lubing up this roo's tunnel.

"Fucking take it!" The doe grunted and hilted deep and held still. She reached out and grabbed her by the back of her shirt collar and yanked. Gwen heard a thread or two snap as the kangaroo was hauled upright. The doe dropped her chin over the girl's shoulder and snorted. "You gonna cum on my dick?"

"Y-yes!" She said, and Gwen answered her with a rapid series of thrusts. They were the hardest the doe could give and she could feel the roo being lifted up onto her toes every time her balls swung up to slap her partner's.

The kangaro clapped a hand over her mouth and squeezed. Her muffled cries were hardly silenced. Gwen reached her free hand around and took hold of one of her tits and clung tight to the girl as she pummeled her backside. She snorted again, heavy breathing through gritted teeth.

Her balls were beginning to pull up, and she clenched tighter to keep her release at bay. This poor excuse for a 'taken girl' was too tight even for Gwen. The roo was drawing out the geyser of cum faster than the doe was accustomed. Gene was squirming and squealing into her hand and finally Gwen felt the girl clamp her ass down around her prick. She grunted at the sudden pressure threatening to choke her dick out.

A rhythmic squeezing started up in Gene's backside as the kangaroo's muscles flexed and spasmed uncontrollably. Gwen heard the sound of something wet slapping porcelain and tile. She looked over Gene's shoulder and saw rope after rope spray the toilet and floor. Gwen barked a laugh as the roo cried out like a whore into her hand. Hardly any of it muffled.

"Fuck, you cum about as much as I do!" She told her, then let herself relax and she felt her nuts draw up to their maximum and allowed the feel of her violent ejaculation roll over her senses. The surge began behind her nuts somewhere deep, then 'pop' like a water hose with the pressure

turned up too high. Her cock jumped, stiffened. Cum boiled up through the underside of her cock and her eyelids fluttered in reply.

Gwen groaned through freshly gritted teeth as the pleasure tried blasting out of her cock in heavy thumps. Each thump, every twitch of her dick, met a curious wall she'd felt a few times before. The kangaroo was still flexing her ass and clenching like an Olympian. Her asshole was so tight that the cumshot trying to leave her barrel was slamming up against the tight ring that threatened to keep her ass from getting a deep rinsing.

The doe groaned and buried her chin into the crook of the roo's neck and she let a hand drop down to the girl's hip. She bucked her hips forward and just as Gene's own climax was tapered off Gwen's eyes rolled back in her head. The backed up pressure was a crazy confusing sensation, but Gene's ass relaxed as her cock finally spent itself of the last of its load. Cum, just like the water from a hose, blasted free into the kangaroo and Gwen smiled as her body finally was allowed to shudder in ecstasy. The release took her in full and her body fell forward with Gene catching both of them from falling by throwing her hands onto the toilet.

"Oh, oh God!" The roo had let go of her mouth, and she was panting and shaking beneath the doe. Gwen could tell that she would drop like a stone if it weren't for Gene holding both of them up. "Oh my God!"

"Bet you don't," Gwen grunted. She felt limp save for the cock throbbing in the girl's ass. "Feel a load like this up your backside very often!"

"N-no! God!" She whined louder. Without the hand covering her mouth anymore Gene couldn't hide her feminine noises and panting. Not a drop was escaping the girl's asshole, too. The doe could feel through the hand on her tit how heavy the kangaroo was breathing.

Gwen exhaled when her cock was finally finished with its payload. It was now that she could feel the excess drooling out from around the plug of her dick. There was an audible dripping on the tile. Good thing for both of them that no one had bothered to walk in to piss.

"J-Jesus fuck. Don't you ever jerk off?" The kangaroo asked with exasperation. Gwen laughed and let go of the kangaroo so she could stand herself back upright. The girl didn't need to hold anyone up anymore and so she dropped limp and fell over the cum covered toilet bowl with more white sticky sluice spilling out from her asshole as soon as the plug was removed. She looked like a sorority girl that had drank too much cheap beer and needed a friend to hold her hair back.

"I get laid too much to jerk it." Gwen admitted. Wasn't a lie, but she also made it a point to never masturbate all so she could have that much more cum at the ready for whoever was lucky enough to get in bed with her.

"That was a damn good fuck, Gene." The doe then added, and then used her hand to wipe a thick layer of spunk off her cock. A handful of toilet paper took care of the mess, but the kangaroo was in for a very difficult time in cleaning her own messy self up. She had cum pouring out her asshole, and her own spunk covering her legs, shorts, and now the parts of her top that landed on the cum covered toilet.

"Y-you're a bitch, Gwen." Gene panted and looked over her shoulder at the doe.

"Yeah, but I bet you'd go for a second round if you had the time." Gwen replied, and the kangaroo frowned. The doe laughed at her expression. "Want my number, Gene? I bet your chicky would look great in the middle of a spitroast."

Gene glared up at her with a sneer. The kangaroo started reciting some numbers.