

Encounter: Screw a Kangaroo

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This short story is related to the story *F*ck a Duck* available at Changeling Press <http://www.changelingpress.com/product.php?&upt=book&ubid=945>

Screw a Kangaroo

*F*ck, F*ck, F*ck a duck,
Screw a kangaroo,
Finger bang and orangutan,
You can do it too...*

The duck was a dead man. For months Alex and Mia had gone on and on about Selena's virtues -- how gorgeous, beautiful, smart, funny, and adorable she was. A great personality.

That end bit had been the deciding factor for him. Shallow? Yes. But no woman had a both a great personality and was beautiful. It was in the dating rules of life. He couldn't even count the number of women Alex and Mia had hooked him up with, and now they were pushing Selena like a dealer pushed crack.

All of it ended with him stuck here, a leather collar around his neck with a chain hooked to the D ring and secured in Selena's backyard. With his hands bound behind his back, he couldn't even undo the chain and free himself. Plus, he'd been left this way. All night! Obviously neither Alex nor Mia played BDSM games very often as leaving a bound anyone was not safe. In fact, nothing about this situation was safe, sane OR consensual. Amateurs.

Jack shifted and propped one shoulder against the tree, watching the house. Selena's house. He wasn't likely to get out of the predicament without her help. He'd have to wait it out. As soon as Selena awoke, he'd be out of there with a thanks and a promise to beat the shit out of Alex the duck the moment he hunted down his feathered friend.

Just because he and Mia were happy in perfectly wedded, and pregnant, bliss didn't mean that everyone else in the world wanted the same.

Jack focused his attention on the horizon. Sun just peaking up over the trees meant it was getting close to seven. Good. Maybe Selena would rise soon and he could get out of here. As if he conjured her, the lights in the home flicked on. First what he imagined was the bedroom followed by what looked like a bathroom.

Her body was silhouetted by the light and Jack rose to his knees, crawling forward for a better look. Luscious curve after curve was highlighted by the dim glow and his cock took notice. The leather collar dug and bit into his skin while he strained against its hold. He wanted, no needed, to be near her. Lust rode him high and hard.

Selena's body was perfect. Wide hips, curvaceous ass, full thighs and heavy breasts, she seemed made for him, for his body alone. Her midnight black hair hung in waves down her back, highlighted by the rising sun. As each second passed, Jack could see more and more details about her body. And he wanted her. Wanted all of her.

His cock strained against his fly, skin pressing against the metal zipper of his jeans. The slight pain helped keep his mind in check, reminded him of where he was and exactly how she'd find him if she bothered to look out the window.

As if conjuring her attention, Selena stared out the window, looked right at him and smiled, waved. Jack licked his lips, mouth dry.

Within moments, she emerged from the house wrapped in a pale pink silk robe and he wondered if the shade matched that of her aroused pussy. Would she blush a deep crimson or remain a pale blush while he tasted her?

Not that she'd let him. Him, a stranger, bound and in her back yard.

Feet from him, she paused. "Hello."

What the hell was he supposed to say now? "Hello."

She crossed her arms under her breasts, pushing the full mounds higher until he could almost see a nipple between the folds of her robe. "I suppose you're him."

"I suppose." *Him? Him who?*

She beamed at him, smile wide. "Perfect!" She clapped in her excitement, robe draping open, and he swallowed his moan.

Selena tip-toed around him and he recognized the snick and clip of the chain being unhooked. "Come along now, I've got a wonderful morning planned."

Unable to do much more than drool, Jack followed her into the house, through the hallways until they ended where his arousal had begun. The bedroom. She unlocked his handcuffs with quick, quiet efficiency, but didn't release her hold on the leash. That's how he thought of it now, a leash. And if it'd be held by any other woman, it'd be off by now, but Jack didn't want to do anything to scare her at this point. He wanted her too badly.

"So, here's the deal." She sat on the bed, robe still gaping. "I've known about you for a while. Mia is my best friend. I stood by her with the whole Howard the duck who is really Alex the man thing and then they mentioned you." She winked at him.

He was hers forever, she just had to say the word.

"So, I figure, Alex is hot."

The duck would die.

"And I figured maybe you are too. And I'm really sorry about how you got here. But you have to admit you're a bit elusive."

Not any longer.

"Anyway, you're here because you're delicious and based on the hard on you're sporting, I'm assuming you feel the same way." She tugged on the leash and he moved toward her, gladly. He sank to his knees before her, silently begging her to open her legs, let him taste.

She leaned forward, mouth a mere centimeter from his. "So, do you... Jack? Do you..." her breath fanned over his face, warming him, arousing him further. "Do you want me?"

"Yes." He growled and captured her lips in a searing kiss meant to convey lust and hunger. Need and want. All and nothing and everything in one.

Her legs opened to him and he slipped between her widened thighs. Jack stroked and petted, hand and fingers discovering every part of her body. First they skimmed her inner thighs, learning the silken texture of her skin. Then he teased her slit, fingers parting, but not, her lower lips, gathering moisture. She moaned into his mouth and he delved deeper between her folds, searching for more of the teasing scent. He circled her clit with his fingertip, dancing round and round the tiny bundle of nerves, confident in his ability to give her the pleasure she craved.

Selena rocked her hips forward against his intrusion, sliding his finger deeper into her lush pussy. She tore her mouth from his "Please, Roo, please."

Roo. He'd hated the name growing up, but on her lips, he nearly came in his jeans. With a few quick, efficient movements, he had his jeans open, cock in hand. He stroked himself, once, twice. Pulling and tugging on his dick, he watched her eyes widen, tongue dart out for a quick lick of her lips.

He'd love to have her suck him but... "Not this time, Se. Not this time."

She smiled and scooted backward. "We'll see if there's another. Now, fuck me, Roo. Fuck me hard."

Jack didn't have to be told twice. He knelt on the bed and gathered her wrists in one hand, held them above her head. With the other hand, he grasped his cock and placed the head at her entrance. He rubbed his dick through her cream, round and around and around, gathering moisture while driving her crazy. She moaned and fought against him, but he held her still.

Slowly, inch by inch, he fed his cock to her cunt, letting his weight carry him forward while he lay over her, weight braced on one arm, the other restraining her still.

He pumped his hips once and smiled at the groan he was able to elicit. He tried it again, putting more force behind the thrust. Again she moaned.

Jack shifted back a bit and pushed more of his weight to his legs, the strongest part of a kangaroo's body. Now she'd get a fucking she'd never dreamed of. He eased his cock almost completely out of her and then thrust forward, bed shaking in response.

She screamed in pleasure, eyes wide.

So he did it again.

And again.

And again.

Over and over he retreated and then thrust home, fucking her across the room, bed shifting and dancing with each of his movements, following their sexual horizontal tango.

Selena was reduced to chants of "Yes!" while he could do no more than pant and moan.

"Yes, Roo, yes!" He increased his pace and released her hands, anxious to stroke and pet her clit, to force her to come around him.

The first telltale ripples gripped his cock and he released the iron grip he'd held on his own pleasure. He released the flood gates, ecstasy dancing and sliding along his spine, hovering around his groin before pushing through his cock. His seed burst from the head of his dick, filling her. She screamed her completion, cunt milking his cock in time with her cries of joy.

Jack slumped over her, spent, her giggling voice floating through the air.

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