

## Filthy Outdoor Animals

Written by Septia.

It seemed like a poor idea to leave the thumping atmosphere of the party behind him to delve into the wilderness of the midnight forest, every step he took further from the cheers and laughter reinforced this notion. Yet, Chris remarked that the soggy smacking sound he had picked up at the outskirts of the celebratory atmosphere had consequentially grown louder. -Twwpls- -Twwppglh- The noise echoed between rustling branches.

“Amwmw, yeah, don't be so afraid you mutts, mmffs, I got holes to spare for those bones, mmgraww harder.”

Chris the stopped as he heard the voice not more than a few meters ahead.

“Kenji?” he whispered. The mental image of Kenji's fit self spouting such filth was enough for his pants to pitch a tent in the elastic fabric. Chris crawled ahead to peek through the foliage, while he was expecting to uncover an impromptu gang-bang, his expectations were both met and subverted at the first glance.

“Get in there, mmfs, just think of me as s big stray bitch and pound me with your puppy maker,” Kenji called out behind him, down on his knees and hands, his body rocking sporadically at the rutting the khaki furred beast was giving him. A great-dane with its front slumped over Kenji's back muscles, front paws draping and shuffling on the moving surface of pulsating brawn, as its cock plunged into the toned hazel buttocks. The dog huffed and panted with his maw drooping with a pearly froth that splattered over Kenji's back or smeared across his muscles when the great-dane lowered to gnaw over Kenji's back, teeth brushing against the musculature and clamping to stabilise the canine.

“Phaa, gmmgs, that is it just don't hold back on that filthy cock. The rest of you, come over,” -Sjhuuit- Kenji whistled on the collection of strays panting a few meters away in the clearing.

Chris's gaze fixated on the dane's shaft, -Sppflltsh- it wrinkled globules of liquid free in each rut, wringing out the way a dilapidated sponge would, -Shhaht- dotted across the shat Chris could make out fluffy growths splotched in a hue of moss, exuding their own congealed pus as they were sandwiched into Kenji's ass. On closer inspection, Kenji's back was littered in dusting of fur in various hues, tufts of fur dislodging from the mutt above, drooping off its skin in a harvest of ripened stains. This dog was riddled with diseases.

“That is it, swab those sausages right in my face you sick dogs,” Kenji panted out as two bulldogs rested their front paws over his shoulders.

Through their sheaths peaked the pink arrowhead cocks, yet as they shuffled out of the safe covering -Chhrrrlslth- a crinkle of crusted smegma crackled through the air, the saturation quickly bleeding out down the shafts into rods of plump chalk. -Chrhstl- Chrrwllrt- Specks of movement scuttled across the lengths of ruined meat, swimming specks with legs and antenna crawling through the trenches in the cracked skin. -Shrpsplth- Burrows bubbled out and popped to reveal the elongated fronts of obese worms, writhing in the open air. Its segments bending and sloughing back and forth to cradle around its host's stiffening meat, mingling with the other swarms of parasite inhabiting the canines.

“HfRhg, look at these hotdogs, haven't gotten any love for a long while, just want to stuff it in anywhere to get you off, filthy mutts,” Kenji marvelled as he curled his tongue around the left dog's member and grabbed the other's in his palm, -Shhrwllpth- Soaking one in his saliva and pumping the other with the sweat in his hand, spreading rivers of greasy musk through the canines

-Rkksth- despite the moisture in his hands the right bulldog whimpered as dust from his pale pecker and loose parasites scraped off his cock.

“MM, can't have that, slrr, ome ere dwogghy,” Kenji mumbled around the shaft in his mouth, aiming the dick above his lips and -Snffrrrthh- snorting so his nostrils flared and swelled wide open. -Sttwhofh- The cock head plugged up his nostril with the suctioning rasp of drinking canned dogfood through a straw. -Kgllrppsth- Dollops of phlegm displaced out of his nasal gutters from the intrusion of the meat.

“Mmfr,” Kenji mumbled over the hotdog he smacked slobber over, pinching the base of his nose around the shaft and brushing it side to side, wedging the crusted meat up through his nostril, which in turn distorted around the meat, an oblong dome distorting the right bridge of Kenji's slim nose, morphing bloats of wriggling bugs and larvae, all crawling just beneath the cartilage of his snout. -Snnrrth- Another suckling compressed a pudgy maggot crawling out of the side through the shaft, the dog huffing and gr growling at the motion of the bug growing rampart, until Kenji's nasal brim pursed over it, crawling along its form and -Spsllfth- bulldozing the maggot flat with a splutter of red pus sprinkling through the air, at the leisure of the canine panting and growling to excited relief, propping itself up closer and starting to hump into the limited orifice.

“Oofma, ooh doggy, mmd, go hard on that dog treat, mmwh beenh a ghoo bwwhy,” Kenji huffed through the thrust of the pole piercing up his hose-hole, some crawling and grubs creeping free from his maw as he -Shhshftr- sucked them off the diseased dog dong. His body rocked from front to back, the roaming crowd of canines daring closer and gathering by his sides, grinding themselves against the bumpin' muscles and slotting their cocks into the crevices between his abs or the valleys of his quadriceps to sandwich their mire drenched cocks onto every free crevice the man had to offer them.

“Mfma, ofoh mwhea dwhgphilel away mfmppghh,” Kenji groaned out, his huffs turning into pleasure rich moans when a rotweiler stepped up and shoved his cock into this face, the first bulldog following the second's example and smacking his shaft haphazardly over Kenji's face until it found his nasal vent, -Spfhrgrtg- Compacting his meat into the pit and engorging the left nasal bridge with the silhouette of the dogs cock. The meat's nasally sculpted rut morphed with spurts of gum thick snot squeezing out the tunnels and congealing down the dog dicks and Kenji's face in slimy tentacles of lime and lemon jelly.

“Mmf, keep totiup, mfmwph, fmpth,” Kenji panted out in the wake of the rough boning he was getting from all directions, lard and grotesque chunks of rotten skin caking over him as the dogs panted and growled, Kenji himself humping a hole in the ground below him with this naked member, ploughing through dirt and stones to send the ground itself shaking with the orgy ramping up to a dozen dogs, scrambling and play fighting for occupation of his holes and crevices, many canines pumping and cramming in their robust or sickly shlongs in together, Kenji taking turns to lap and paint lust laced slobber between members, blowing out globules of nasal mucilage like plaster to coat the shafts, mending the dog's who's members laid littered with hollows and divots from infections and hookworm infections – a condom of snot letting the mutts go nuts on him either every bit of vigour they still had.

When one hound started to howl, the others joined in, and theirs stumbling orgy ball erupted into barks and howls of pleasure from their participants, lengths of spunk slung across Kenji's back, muddled juicy dog phlegm pouring into his throat and shooting up his nostrils, bulges of the globule gunk inflating up to his forehead before pumping to his throat and decanting from the maw as liquid rabies. Curdling cum turned the trenches of his muscles into white flumes and painted his face in opaque sludge, his eyes glossed over by soot hued bile one of the hairless strays hosed him down with the cum congealing to a consistency of glue that settled to the vague shape of a pair of sunglasses, the visage of which melted in tendrils of black and grey gunk as the dogs sprayed him down with their pent up lust, with Kenji taking it all, every second of it, middling between huffing and snorting from primal satisfaction so globs of goo pendled from his smeared orifices. Even as

the dogs, one by one, slumped over in exhaustion, he kept huffing and stood up victorious among the pile, with the two bulldogs suspended from his nostrils, their knots swelling into bloats up his nose. A few wiggles and flails from the mutts let their bodies slump free with a -Psllwhp- dislodging a stream of brie hued amber muck in a trail after their cooks, leaving the streaks smeared across the rest of the smorgasbord of slime Kenji 's face laid painted in a work of postmodern art.

“Mgoood boys, mahwm heck yeah every single one of you of you,” Kenji exclaimed and crouched down to lap the muck free of the rottweiler’s cock, then tugging up the great-dane’s ass so he could slurp the twitching pucker free of dried muck spots.

Chris laid slumped back in the bushes, panting as he stared up at the sky, ropes of excitement still webbing his chest at the sight, a whole new perspective having opened up on his friend.

“Get up now, we are going for round three aren't we, my gang?”

~ 1 ~

Chris's gaze laid occupied by the trickle of lime sorbet and mandarin gelato gluing to the side of his ice cream cocktail. The way the droplets of cream melded and swirled together reminding him of the events in the forest, it wasn't uncommon for people to claim that a man of Kenji's stature could take on a pack of dogs, the saying now grained a new application. Chris couldn't get it out of his head, combing his fingers through his messy blond hairdo and collecting himself enough to leave the cafe.

“Chris, bud.”

He froze, that voice... The next moment a prod at his back pinned him shoved him forwards, parching him to the wall where the bulge as wide as a knee pinned him to the cafe window.

“Long time no see, unless you count yesterday, when you were hanging out with me and my dawgs.”

“O-oh that was y-you Kenji?” Chris cursed under his breath, the response only providing him with a rough rubbing of the spine high protrusion crushing him against the clear pane, squeezing him flat under Kenji's bulk. A reek of hearth boiled in beef lard spiralling from the moist hump massaging into his back.

“Bro, that hurts yo, that you wouldn't recognise me, we used to be inseparable, think you might need a little reminder of what I look like,” Kenji leaned in, Chris seeing a droplet of lime sorbet drooping out Kenji's nostril, the buff man wiping off the phlegm into Chris's ear, “Just so you'll recognise me next time.”

~ 2 ~

The underside of Kenji's sneakers slammed Chris into the brick wall of the alleyway, able to peek up behind the hold of the neon pink and fluorescent purple sports duds let him see Kenji pluck the first button of his pants, for the fabric to convulse and throb outward, a creaking pressure pumping out into the fabric of his shorts, -Krrriitch- and bursting through them, the eruption of hazel cock-meat rupturing the crotch into flapping straps around the explosion of cock-meat, the tip of the shaft prodding against Chris's forehead when Kenji leaned in.

“That is what I look like, got it, or need a more visceral reminder, huh?” Kenji implied and leant back to kick up Chris sitting against the wall, and plunged his cock right into his face the meat baton slamming into him and throbbing with the skin dragging against his forehead.

“How's this then? Up close and personal, you like watching so much, should have just joined in, I'd make you my bitch right then and there, so time to make up for that now I suppose.”

“W-aitgmmph, whafmm,” Chris tried to intervene but Kenji had already crammed his cock against the boy's face, honing his cock straight for the nostril and sighing as his member throbbed with the odious promise, a food of liquid stench steamed into Chris's face, nostrils becoming a flume of the rotten pineapple juice billowing from out the frothed tip of Kenji's shaft, the stinging sensation of vitriol juices soaking his throat and pooling in his gut. “That is more like it, fmms, can't find a good urinal, think you'd wanna stick around as my porta-potty?” Kenji taunted with a smile warping his face, plucking away his shaft from Chris's drenched complexion and soaking wet hair, the hues of yellow and blonde complementing in the panting slumped over boy.

“Hey, actually haven't wiped since last time, let's take good opportunity for a toiletboy interview,” he stated and peeled his pants off his rear, the thick meaty hams swelling over the rim of the fabric, tensing solid as steel when he plonked them down onto Chris's face, grunting and fiddling back and forth to slot the piss drunk face into the nether fissure. “Gotta warn you, competing against dogs here, and those suckers can lap like no tomorrow, so get tonguing me as with all you got, male-bitch.”

“He demanded with a groan and hoisted Chris upwards, squeezing his toned cheeks securely around his head, even reaching back to massage and smack into his bottom to feel the vibration go through one cheek, through the trembling Chris and then right to the other.

-Slghts-. Chris slathered the space in front of him in slobber, wriggling his tongue in the rugose flesh of the pucker to sink his spittle into every crevice and cranny the pressure of the organic compactor around him that coaxed him on, but even being first crammed right there in the greased up underbelly of the well trained athlete, was rousing up his own excitement to fuel his tongue.

“Aww, look at that, bud, were you getting off to our show yesterday too?” Kenji chimed in and rubbed his sneaker against the bloating bulge swelling up in Chris's pants, wedging the tip under the hem and grinding the pants off of the man's thighs. -Pfpfhfbrth- a flush of gaseous musk and airborne sweat fluttered out through the convulsing brim, drenching Chris in a waterfall of Kenji's patented odour, the brawn of a bull seared in raw sweating effort and flavoured with the zest of a spoiled lemon, the scents 's humidity flushing into Chris's eyes and stinging them with irritation to the point where he was winking out tears throughout his reddened eyeballs.

“Kenji, amsdmf, annf, I was just watching.”

“Oh heck yeah you were, and dreaming you were in my place, except all the dogs were just a squad of me burrowing into your every pit with their beef longbats,” he called out and sandwiched Chris to the wall between his muscular glutes, rhythmically tensing his ham muscles to squeeze Chris's beath up his crack, soaking the remaining load of piss over Chris's exposed shaft – which danced in to the sesame rhythm – despite Chris's frantic thrashing.

“Hey, I am not against fantasies bro, for now I am gonna imagine you're that great-dane's mushroom infested doggy treat, a pretty good match, right? Cept' the dane was a tad bit cleaner, you dick minded bitch boy~.”

Kenji's swollen glutes aimed down for Chris's head and plummeted onto him, Chris watching the anal gorge above strain and yawn open, its twitches and convulsions with droplets of anal fluids trailing down from it painting the picture of a starving dog's gob. The bottom smacked onto his head, squeezing the urine out of his hair like a sponge as Kenji's brim folded right over his eyes, the throbbing flesh surrounding him as Kenji groaned out in satisfaction above.

“Hnnngng a, sending you straight to the pit, don't get lost in there like my uughnf, other dildos,” Kenji gruffed, his fingers fluttering with excitement and clenching to solid fists as he strained his steel tissue, his biceps bulking up in weaves of densely packed muscle mass, the strain of throbbing brawn reaching all the way back to his rear, where a few gyrations wound Chris's head up the brim like a corkscrew -Twwhhp-.

"Mmgna, aawh yeah," Kenji wheezed out and swung his fists out the side of him, squatting to cram Chris's shoulders up his ass while his fists dented a nearby rubbish bin with his knuckles, turning to grab a hold of the metal and using it for leverage as he squatted down with Chris's arms thrashing being quenched by the rear chute, pinning him with each thrust.

"Mmgghaa, haven't taken a dump since yesterday, should be haven for a hot dirty dog like yourself," Kenji huffed out. His lower abdomen distended with his skin warping around Chris's silhouette, grunting as he condensed his abs to a taut brickwork that propelled out Chris to his upper shoulders, ready to be crammed in once more.

Within Kenji, the atmosphere's scent was singed with sun-cured earthy leather and wet dog, the forceful contractions mangling in layers of filth from the nooks and crannies in the ruffled guttural lining, treating Chrislike a cottontop for dusting up the sharp grime. Globules of manure crinkled over his hair, bashing him in the rush of endurance pumping steam pouring from every direction when the flesh wasn't choking him. A wave of gunk swept up his nose and snuck their way into his eyes to brand them in fermentation fresh from the must caverns. -Ghrhslpbh- Squeezed higher up the colon, Chris's head rushed unto a bulwark of bile, his urine drenched locks proficient in sweeping up the tougher dollops of deluge, wiping his head into the grime like a mop.

-Wrhhrrllgt-. An avalanche of crinkles ruptured forth when Kenji pulled himself up from Chris, framing his friend's body between his hamstrings as he sloughed out, shirt splotted in some amalgamation of fluids and head looking like nothing more than a used duster. "Mwmgm, bbrmff, you rocked my ass, mfms, hard, get up here, I'm gonna return the favours," Kenji stated firmly and knocked aside the crumpled metal bins he was holding onto, hoisting Chris up against his chest.

"MMFs, saoh, Hi-Kenji d-don't~. Pshhath," Chris gargled out with his mouth still slated in gastrointestinal fluids, the giant of a man before him not letting him have his say as Chris's shirt was unbuttoned and his pants were torn off his legs, smacked with the back of his head stuffed against the engorged chest, his dung oiled hairs squeaking against the pliable iron beef baskets, his head framed in the gap between the biceps, sunken in with the muscular creases spanning from his face as he laid half submerged in the clamp of blubber brawn.

"Was it this you were dreaming off before huh? Did your fantasies account of how ripped my cock is?" Kenji called out above, clutching his elbows to his chest to flex his muscles rigid, compacting Chris's head enough so he could hear his heart beating through his cranium, below Chris saw Kenji bending his cock upwards, humps hoisting Chris up into the embrace of his chest, finagling the arm length of man-meat upwards.

Chris remembered how the manhood had burrowed through the earth, pistoned through the ground and crumbled loose soil around it, his breath getting caught in his throat as he grunted and wedged his head upwards.

"Mmfs this is not gonand...mamfaw," he began, feeling the embrace of Kenji's muscles taunting him – inviting him – while the rippling cocktip squeezed against his cheeks. The tip as wide as his head, beating into the pitiful resistance his asscheeks put up.

"We're gonna make it fit," Kenji ensured with a grin, and leaned down to the face crushed in placed by his biceps, meeting Chris's lips in a backwards kiss. His tongue swirled into Chris's maw, wrestling his tongue into submission whilst their cocks throbbed in unison.

Chris felt his rear and maw, both ends of his body – crumbling under the rampart of Kenji, the shaft below piercing through his broadening pucker, turning him into a shirt one size too small for the head to snug into. While above the feel of a tongue squirmed into his maw, delved past his throat and mixed gruel congealing spittle between them, the alien sensation of a tongue assaulting his gullet triggering a gag reflex, chocking Kenji's tongue before the shining face withdrew from him, hauling with it the tongue that drizzled him in a shower of drool, Kenji swabbing his rugose tongue through his hair to mix the greasy filth jelly of stinking stew.

"Mmg, gouge my ass out clean, split me in t-two if you have to, I am having that hot piece of tower-meat," Chris gargled out between shaking coughs. His legs wrapping around Kenji's thighs



and ramming himself downwards, -Fhrrhst- the member burrowing through his intestines, his lower abdomen contoured to in the likeness of the member pulsating through the caverns of winding and swirling colons; Chris was picking a fight with a tower, using his ass as the weapon of choice, and he had just started to get confident.

“Gnnrhs, ooah you are a naughtier dog than the whole kennel of pups I went up against yesterday, mfms, your whole body is gonna be numb by tomorrow,” Kenji proclaimed and dove in to plant his lips onto Chris's again, buffing up his chest to latch him in place as the shaft nailed up his nethers.

The last button on Chris's shirt launched off into the distance as the oblong cantaloupe bloat surged up from his crotch to the bottom of his gut, Chris's body jostled and bounced on the cock driving through him like a fist. His pucker strained and convulsed around the girth of cock it devoured – with a simplicity that was a mockery to the discomfort his warped insides were subjected to – colon juices congealing with pre cum brewing a lager in his barrel which frothed out in stirred droves of fizz from his ass, foam flooding along the beating veins decorating the meat mast. On the other end he was glugging and gargling with the same intensity on the rotating carpet of infused drool and steaming lust. The pungency of the urine and guttural grit harvested from Chris's hair infusing the saliva glands of them both, sharing a cocktail of gunk in one continuous slurping gag. Their tongues slapped and cradled against each other in a mating dance of exotic salmon, clapping and grinding to wiggle and swim as deep as they could down each other's caverns. Kenji's tongue ramming into his uvula and brushing the back of his throat, the foreign spittle and gut grime cocktail trickling down his maw as molten caramel rousing his gullet to riot.

“Gmmg, oogplsghs.,” Chris felt his gullet inflating, his past meals churning up his throat like a butter churner, and before he could pull back the deluge of acids and chyme roved up hit gullet, swelling his cheeks and depositing a hearty mouthful of congealed, creamy barf putty right into Kenji's face. The mixture of filth curdled with the ice cream he had downed before, spoiled mandarin and piquant roasted lime swirling as in a cyclone of vomit between their kiss, only spurts of the gullet gelato fluming through the gaps in their locked lips. Until Kenji broke the embrace and the fountain of noxious tummy bolus painted them in strokes in splotches of neon green and splattered tendrils of tangerine and umber slop across their faces.

-SFHtslt.- the Cock burrowed its way through his stomach, as Chris hurled the acidic up-chuck between his and Kenji's chest, – both clad in a beard of vomit interlocking them with tethers of coagulated goo. Kenji was impregnating Chris with his cock, the girth of the shaft bending and throbbing through Chris's stomach, warping it around the stiffening mound of leaking meat, – a starving snake contained in the latex stack of beige skin. The outlines of the member warping, sailing across his form, clogging up to where the tip squeezed against the entrance to his throat, where all of his form hugged and squeezed around the member, that the two of them stemmed up in a chorus of heaving grunts, pumping against one another as their cocks' inflated, Kenji's swelling through and broadening Chris's entire frame with the spunk rushing through the internal flume ride.

“Rape me with your giant cock and cleave me in two with it,” Chris called out as his stomach swelled with the throbs of the meat pillar disgorging its bath of greasy spunk through his frame. The white spunk jettisoned out of his rear and flushed the ground beneath him – a rocker taking off – the embrace of Kenji's pecs squeezing him like a tube to vent out at the flood of muck shooting up through his system.

“MMGs, aghaaa, your ass bites harder than you bark, bud,” Kenji grunted and slumped back against the wall, sloughing over to his rear with his cock still pegging through Chris's frame, and their combined weight crumpled a gathering of trash bags flat as black pancakes to the ground. A symphony of throbbing veins playing against bowels and rubber.

In the afterglow, the two were heaving and panting, Kenji's abs rattling to a massage of thickened muscles against Chris's back, leaving him shuddering and trailing his fingers across the lumps bloating out his midriff, barely seeing it for the stinging acidity from the vomit clogging his vision.

“Guess we made a mess,” Kenji scoffed out.

“Let’s get cleaned up, your place, right?”

“You order some take out, I got a feeling we're gonna burn a lot more calories today.”

