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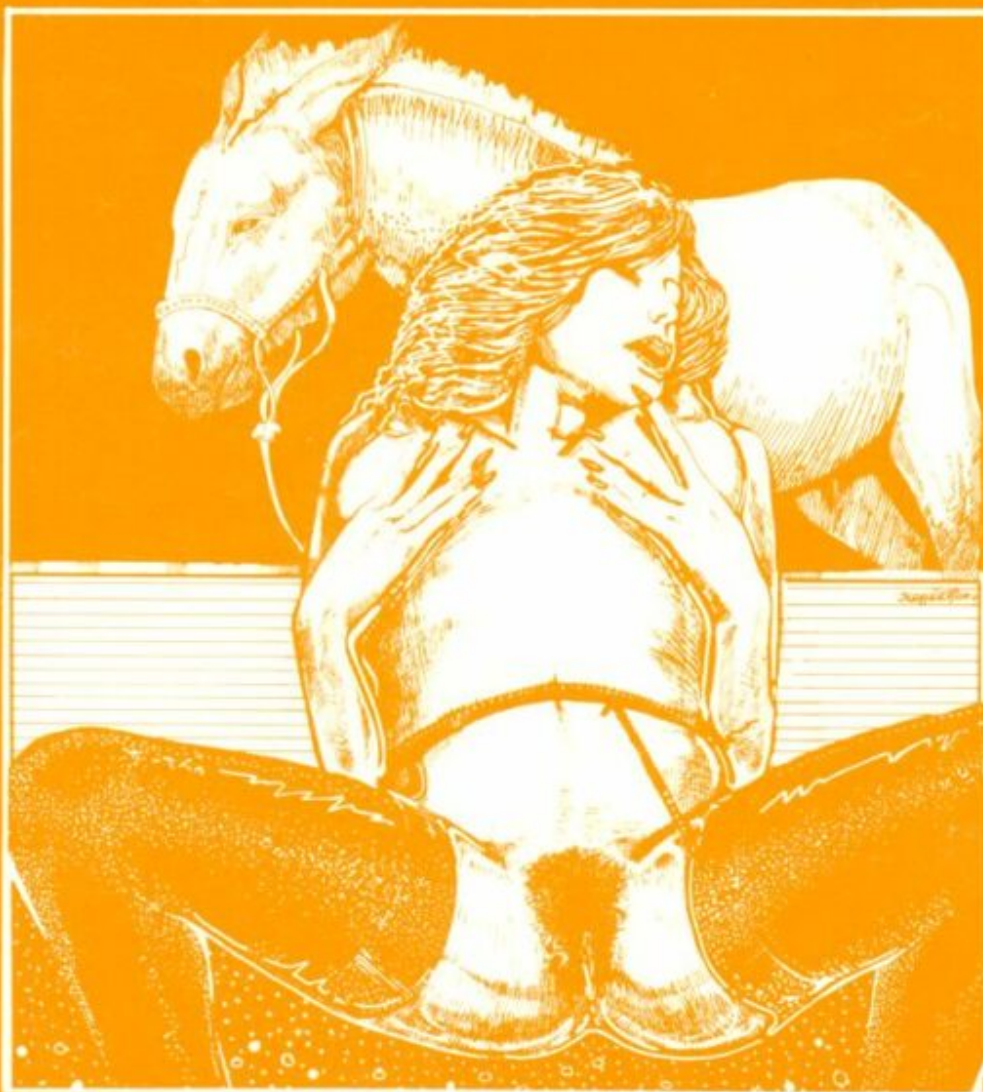
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A DONKEY NAMED PETER

by R. E. Geis



CHAPTER ONE - April's Boy

One of the healthy, admirable things about today's youth is its honesty, especially in relation to sex.

And among the most open and candid of young people today are those generally described as "hippies."

It is my good fortune to know a number of them and to be trusted by them.

I do not deliberately seek out sex histories from them, but in long hours of talking about every subject imaginable, sex always comes up and often we will bare our "secrets."

So it was when I talked with April about love in general and how it can exist in the strangest places and between the unlikeliest people.

The point arose that we are all animals and that a deeply emotional love could (and often does) exist between an animal and a human, and that it would not be unusual or unbelievable for there to be a sexual element involved.

Dr. John F. Trimble agrees with this. In *Female Bestiality* he writes: "In my opinion, most authorities seem to overlook the fact that, in the case of domestic pets, the very reason for having the pet is to have something alive that one can dominate and love in a purely selfish (although sometimes apparently unselfish) manner. The person bestows affection on the animal, and where affection is possible, so is physical response and stimulus."

Roger Blake, in his *Beauty/Beast*, Vol 1, mentions: "... I have run across some cases of female bestiality where a very loving and affectionate relationship has been inculcated for both the mistress and her dog."

April nodded and frankly told me of a sexual thing she had going for a while with her dog, a full-grown greyhound, when she was still living with her dad on their farm where they raised and raced a stable of dogs at the Oregon, Mexican, and Montana tracks.

She was fifteen at the time. She is now eighteen, living with two young men as their wife and is apparently quite happy and content.

She agreed to let me tape her story and to put it into a book if the opportunity arose. Of course April is not her real name.

"When Mom died, Dad sort of threw himself into making the farm go and I guess I did, too. We lived and breathed greyhounds and races and training. I went to sleep with dogs barking a few feet from my window and woke up at dawn with them barking at the sunrise and wanting breakfast."

"I was fifteen and I was itchy for sex but I didn't know it. I had hot flashes and I was always squirming around in bed and masturbating like mad before going to sleep, but I was a dope, I just didn't think it was unusual. I guess it wasn't unusual, actually. I was mature for my age. I had my growth, as they say, by the time I was thirteen and that's about the time I started masturbating like a mink."

"I didn't know it was 'bad.' It felt pretty damn good to me. Physically, I needed a boy to fuck the shit out of me, but I didn't know any, really, I didn't. We were on the go almost all the time, driving up to Oregon for the track season or over to Montana or down to the tracks across the border... and I met lots of men - shit, they were drooling all over me - but I was scared of them and I was a silly virgin..."

you know how it goes.”

“And I had to take care of Dad – he limped around with that short leg from the accident – and I had to take care of the dogs...”

“My special dog was April’s Boy. That was his official name for racing. I just called him Bo. He was mine, heart and soul. He loved me and I loved him. He had the biggest, widest, brownest eyes you ever looked into. He was so sleek and beautiful. He was handsome!”

“I loved to hug him – I went out at night and went into his private run and just hugged him! He was so warm and vibrant! So full of energy and life!”

“He didn’t win often. He could have – he had all kinds of speed, but he couldn’t learn to cut right on the turns. He’d be ahead going into a turn and lose it all on the outside. Then he’d get up on the finish, but always be third or fourth. It was heartbreaking. He tried so hard. I cried like a baby when he came so close.”

“I guess the sex part started one night after I had been masturbating like crazy for about an hour. I would get absolutely wild from fingering myself off half a dozen times. I just got hotter and hotter, squirming around... my nipples stuck out a mile, I was so worked up. Then and my clitoris. The more I rubbed it the bigger and harder it got. Finally it was almost too sensitive to touch. I just lay there in bed shivering and itching and wanting a man’s cock in me so bad... but afraid to try it for fear of getting pregnant and having a messy affair and being some guy’s property.”

“I was thinking in straight, square terms then. And none of the men I knew appealed to me as husband material.”

“So I rubbed myself off all the time and thought about my prince charming with a hard six or seven inches who was a millionaire who would find me and marry me.”

“The sex thing with Bo started one night on the farm after we got back from a three-week run in Mexico. I started masturbating to get rid of some sex tension that had built up and I got myself all wet and juicy and I came off about five times, but it wasn’t enough. I was thinking more and more about sticking a banana or something up in me and fucking myself, just to feel something up where the itch really was.”

“As you can see, I’m a kind of chubby girl with nice fat legs and a nice fat ass. Also I’ve got a really nice pair on me. Talking into a tape recorder like this is fun... no one’s going to know my real name or where we live, so I can really level and be flat-out honest.”

“So – you’re going to let this bit get into the book, too? Why not? If I don’t talk too much? I guess you’ll cut out what you don’t want, huh?”

“To get back to what I was yakking about – good old sex – can we play it back?”

“Okay, yeah. A lot of teenage girls masturbate a lot, a helluva lot more than most people think. It’s so easy after you get the hang of it, and these days with sex education and anatomy and books all around, a girl learns all about her body, especially the clitoris and what it’s for.”

“So, I was rolling my clitoris around under my finger, in the soup that accumulates in me down there when I’m hot and I started sliding my finger into my vagina, too, as far as I could.”

“I was technically a virgin because I hadn’t been fucked yet, but my hymen was gone from all the

fingering I'd done in there."

"I was working myself up good again in bed that night, one finger going in and out and the middle finger of my other hand rubbing away on my clitoris. I was laying there naked, knees wide, panting away, staring up at the dark ceiling."

"It still wasn't good enough, though. So I tried two fingers inside. It was a different sensation and I went off again. But that itch continued in a really heavy way. My whole vagina felt... well, I was aware of it. I could feel the whole length of it in my belly, reaching up inside me, like a... like the inside surface of it was sensitive. I know girls aren't supposed to be able to feel anything in the vagina, but I swear I did. Still do, actually. There's got to be some nerves in the lining."

"And I had this special itch way up at the top in my belly."

"Then I heard Bo out in his yard, whining and barking, like he was calling me. He kept it up seemed like for hours. And I couldn't get to sleep. I tossed and turned and my mind kept ticking away and my belly glowed inside and Bo kept whimpering..."

"Finally, I put on a robe and went out to see Bo. I could hear him whining. I was naked under the robe, and barefoot, but it was a hot night and dry."

"I went into his run and petted him and hugged him. He was excited. He was sort of shivering against me. His coat was smooth and silky and he was very warm. I could feel his heart going faster than usual."

"I couldn't resist - I opened my robe and pulled him against my body. My breasts felt funny touching his fur. My nipples were like hot, aching fingers."

"It was a special kind of turn-on. He was so human and so loving and so alive! I crooned to him and petted him and rubbed his coat. And I guess I cried a little, too. We were both losers. He couldn't win and I was stuck with him and the other dogs and with Dad. I wasn't getting to school enough. I didn't see any way out. I thought my life would always be that way."

"Bo whined to me like he understood. He licked my face and neck. God, I loved him. I hugged him so hard."

"I guess he could smell me - my wetness and how sexed up I was. Maybe girls smell like female dogs. He started making little sounds and making fucking moves. Aimless, because it was just instinct and there wasn't a bitch around for him."

"It was a moonlit night and I could see. Bo had an erection. I'd seen dogs with hards before, plenty of times, but there I was hugging this man-sized dog, this warm, 'human' pet of mine, and rubbing my breasts against him, and I was horny, and then... there's his prick sliding out all dark and wet and long."

"It shocked me. You know, it was like, 'Can't I trust even you?' But then I knew better. He was in heat like me. We were both in the same boat."

"Then Bo did something - wow, it blew my mind - he sort of hunched over and started licking my breasts. Maybe it was the salt in the sweat he was after... but he started dragging that long, hot, rough tongue of his over my nipples and it was like jagged lightning!"

"I just gritted my teeth and enjoyed it! It was that kind of sensation - intense and spine-curling. He

was drooling a little. His saliva dropped onto my belly. I rubbed it into my skin. I was really hot. I was shivering like him every time his tongue scraped over a nipple. The skin around my nipples was sensitive, too."

"I was sitting on the ground with my robe wide open and my legs wide open, and he was crouched between my legs, slobbering and whining and licking my breasts... just as if he knew, like he knew it was getting to me."

"I was... it was a kind of moon-madness, I think. It was past midnight, there was nobody around who could see. Dad's room was on the far side of the house. I knew he slept like a log a drugged log. He always took pills to sleep since the accident."

"So I just let Bo lick me and I kept rubbing his saliva into my belly and then I was rubbing it lower and lower, till I had it lathered into my mound-hair. He kept on licking me! He dug it! My beautiful Bo really dug turning me on."

"I was breathing hard, just like he was, and before I knew it I had a hand between my legs and was fingering myself again. I was sopping wet down there. My clitoris was like a smooth, oiled ball-bearing. God, it felt great! I rolled it and rolled it..."

"I went off right away. I guess I groaned. Bo whined and licked my face. Then he snuffled down at my... I guess I better call it what I usually call it - he started snuffling at my cunt. Snorting, kind of."

"I took his head in my hands and talked to him. It was insane. 'Want to eat your mommy's cunt, Bo?' I kissed him on the nose. I petted him. He was trembling."

"I guided his head to my breasts and he started licking my nipples again. He was drooling more than ever."

"My breasts had a hot feeling inside, like warm Jell-O was inside, and the nipples were sticking out, still hard, still sending shivers through me each time his tongue sandpapered over one of them."

"Then I - I wanted to do something for him. He was suffering so. He was so in love with me and so - human. He couldn't help being a dog."

"So I reached up under him and I touched his penis - his cock. It was like a red-hot poker, sticking out like that from his belly. When I touched it he did a little dance, but he kept on licking my breasts."

"I put my fingers around it and it was like holding a slippery, jumping, hot candle. It was really all the way out, too. It was surprising. Bo was a big greyhound, though. I think his cock was at least seven inches long. Not very thick, though, but long. Touching it made me feel funny in the gut."

"He started making short, sharp, fucking movements, sort of automatically, with my hand holding his cock. It went in and out of my hand like a greased piston. Fast. I can still feel it in my hand. It was so strange and weird and perverted... but I kept on holding his cock and he kept fucking my hand so damned fast!"

"He was whining and making small chest sounds, sort of growls, but not quite, and he started fucking my hand even faster! It was sort of terrifying how fast he could make fucking movements."

"And in the middle of his cock - about halfway down from the end - his cock started to swell up. It got a kind of bulge in it, like a knot. It was like an egg had grown inside his cock there. It was hard

and hot. It was all blood-gorged tissue. Dogs get it there when they're really worked up. Sometimes the blood can't get out again for a long time and the swelling stays there for hours, all congested and painful."

"I knew Bo was close to shooting when I felt that knot get big in my hand. But I didn't realize how close!"

"Before I knew it was happening - wow he was shooting all over my belly and breasts. Squish squish squish squash!"

"It shook me. With my hand around his jerking cock I felt that big throb, that swelling, each time he squirted - but so fast!"

"Suddenly I was covered with his stuff and he was off and away, sort of prancing around the run, frisky as hell, happy as hell, with his tongue lolling out and grinning."

"A dog sure can grin. He was just like a man. I smelled and I was icky and sticky, but I had to laugh, he was so funny."

"I patted him on the head and went into the house. I had to hold my robe closed, but out away from my front so I wouldn't get it smeared with his stuff."

"I took a shower and went to bed again. I went right to sleep, too, which surprised me in the morning when I woke up and realized it."

"I wasn't ashamed of what I'd done with Bo. It was just something very private - just between him and me. I knew he wouldn't tell..."

"Oh, yeah, it happened again."

"I didn't think about it, I didn't plan for it to happen again. But the same sort of pressures started working on me and I was unconsciously intrigued, I guess, and wanted to do it again."

"During the time between when I went to feed him and exercise him and train him, Bo was very good. I mean, he did everything right. He even ran some races I didn't think he was capable of, against three of our best dogs."

"Just for me, I think."

"But it was embarrassing sometimes he'd see me in the morning and bark and leap up on me and his cock would slide out - all shocking pink and wet and long."

"Right away I had to teach him 'NO!' After a couple times of pushing him away and a hard voice he got the idea. He learned to stay down and not presume."

"But he kept looking at me kind of puzzled and yearning and hoping, all the time. He didn't forget."

"Well, finally, one night I was that way again. I went into Dad's room and saw he was out sleeping like a dead man; just his chest moving. Zonked on barbs."

"I went into my room and turned the light on and took off my robe and pajamas and looked at myself in the mirror. Like I said, I've got a fine pair of breasts and my nipples stick out good, but the rest is nice, rounded fat. Plump... pleasingly plump. I haven't changed any in the three years since... not physically anyway."

"I could hear Bo calling me... sort of a low howl, and the whining."

"I turned off the light and went to bed naked and tried to sleep, but my hands kept going to my breasts and twisting my nipples. Not a hard twist, just enough to make them tingle and ache and feel funny."

"And then I was on my back, legs up, hands down in my crotch, working away with busy - busy fingers."

"God, how I finger-fucked myself! Two fingers in and out as fast as I could move them. I guess I was unconsciously trying to imitate Bo's speed."

"But I missed his warmth and big, strong body and the feel of his fur, and the way he panted with his tongue lolling out and the way he licked me. And the way he responded to me, the way his big brown eyes followed me everywhere."

"But even using my finger - two of them jabbing deep into my cunt - I still had a tremendous orgasm. I closed my eyes and had a vision - Bo fucking me with that long, hot, wet pink candle of a cock of his - and I came like lightning hit my guts."

"It left me gasping and shaking. And I heard him out there in the dark, calling to me. And I wanted to go to him."

"I fought it a little. I loved him and I knew he needed me. But I was afraid of myself. I was afraid I'd offer myself to him. It was weird. But a sex-ridden, all-mixed-up fifteen-year-old girl can get so emotionally screwed up sometimes, it isn't funny. My whole life was greyhounds, racing, and my dad (and he was impossible to talk to... he was like a hermit almost; he never talked to me). I was in isolation, didn't have any girl friends or boyfriends, and kept a lot to myself... All I had was Bo."

"So I lay in bed with my fists clenched trying not to hear him. And my belly was itching again and I was rubbing my thighs tight together and my breasts were getting a hot feeling."

"Finally I just started crying and got up and put on an old robe (an old robe deliberately) and went out to him."

"The other dogs smelled me, too, and they snuffled around in their runs and houses and barked some, too. But Bo had a special voice. I could tell his call every time."

"I let myself into his run and locked the gate. He seemed to sense this was different than during the day when Dad or someone else was around and he had to behave."

"He pranced around me, whining eagerly, smelling me, his nose sort of flexing and wet in the dark, his paws making patterings on the hard-packed earth."

"I said, 'Hi, Bo. Your mommy's here.' I knelt down on the ground and took his long, muscular neck in my arms. I kissed his sleek head and whispered in his ear."

"He started trembling in my arms and rolled his eyes and his rump started to wriggle and bob up and down."

"'Ohhh, does April's Boy have a yen?' He was whining loudly. I stroked his back and side and slid my hand down under to his upcurving belly and back to his loins."

"It was out, all right. The minute he felt the touch of my fingers he started jabbing the air."

"I took my hand away. 'Don't you want to lick my breasts, Bo?' I opened my robe and exposed my breasts. I took his head in my hands and guided him."

"He snuffled at my breasts and then his tongue fell out of his mouth and slurped up over my left breast."

"It sent shivers through me. I petted him. I cupped my left breast and offered it to him again. He licked it again. My nipple felt like a Fourth of July sparkler! 'Oh, good boy, good boy...'"

"He got the idea I liked it. He kept on licking with that long, warm, groovy tongue."

"I leaned back to make it easier for him to lick, and then I was flat on my back on the ground and he was standing over me, his long neck reaching down to me, his tongue slurping over my naked breasts, leaving a trail of saliva all over and I just let him lick me where he wanted."

"I was in a kind of dizzy spell. I was sort of paralyzed. I couldn't seem to move."

"He licked closer and closer to my crotch. Then he snorted and snuffled and his tongue sort of slurped right into my crotch, right into the juices."

"Talk about electrifying sensations! Talk about dreadful delight! My head was swimming. My heart was going thunk-thunk-thunk! My guts were icky with scaredness, and his saliva was cooling, drying on my breasts and belly and his tongue was lapping in my crotch, slapping up against my cunt!"

"My legs opened up all by themselves. He was dragging that long, wet, silky-rough tongue up into my crotch again and again, right over the lips of my cunt, tasting my juices and liking it, I guess. He was snuffling loud and putting that cold wet nose down in there, too."

"I think my clitoris was sticking out like a sore thumb because his tongue was grazing over the tip of it. Jesus Christ, what a screamy-creamy feeling! My ass lifted off the ground each time he slithered that tongue up my slit. I was frazzling."

"I mean I was coming! He kept up that licking there for a minute or two and I was in orgasm every second."

"Then he broke and ran around me in small circles, barking and whining. His cock was sticking out like a poker under him."

"I just laid there and was dizzy. It was like a dream."

"I called him to me. He came and lowered his head and licked my face. I laughed and petted him and pulled him around so I could get my hands on his cock."

"He pranced and stepped on my chest and then got one hind foot next to my head and one hind foot next to my right armpit."

"He was right over me! I got my right hand around that long, moist, red cylinder of a cock and put my other hand on his back to steady him and keep him in position, and he started fucking my fist."

"I was looking right up at it. He was hunched, his ass down, jabbing away - right in front of my face."

"It was like looking down the barrel of a cannon. I knew when he shot off, it would go all over my face and get in my hair and everything."

"But I didn't care. He was so exciting to watch! His ass was working so fast. That thin, long cock was moving in my fist like a piston. He was so alive, so eager, so basic and unrestrained. God, I loved him! He never held back - not in a race, not in his love for me, and not in enjoying sex."

"I wanted a man like Bo. I guess Bo spoiled me for men for a long time."

"That swelling started to build up in his cock, like a big egg forming halfway down, getting thicker and thicker and rounder and bulgier, till it was like a kind of hilt that stopped my fist from sliding down his cock any farther. But there was still about four inches in front of that swelling knot. A greyhound is a big dog, and he has a long cock, altogether, when it's all slid out."

"Anyway... I felt the first pulse in his cock and the first shot hit me in the throat. It was like a soft bullet - I could really feel it hit. And then it was shooting all over! Two or three times a second!"

"Now this'll turn you off - but I got some right in the mouth... yeah, right square into my mouth so it was way back in my throat almost, right on my tongue so I got a good taste of it."

"Well, you know, I'm - I've sucked off a lot of guys... I swallow their semen - my husband's semen all the time now. I dig it. They each taste a little different."

"But Bo tasted sort of bitter, like creamy pickle. And it made me gag and spit and almost vomit. I rolled over and drooled saliva and made ugly noises... I wanted to be sick."

"But the taste stayed in my mouth and I finally got up on my feet and let myself out of his run and stumbled back into the house and got a bottle of wine out of the refrigerator and took two or three big swigs of it."

"That killed the taste and I went in and took a shower and washed my hair."

"The funny thing was by the time I was in bed again I was giggling over it and I went to sleep like a rock."

"Things were okay for another couple weeks. But I started having dreams. Very vivid, real dreams - about Bo. I kept seeing him jumping in the window and jumping up on the bed - in my dreams. And I was shameless. I pulled him down under the covers next to me and pressed up against him. He was very warm and I hugged him and I was naked against him."

"I played with his cock and slid down under the covers and put my cheek next to that long tube of a cock. He smelled very doggy and dirty under there, but I didn't care."

"In those dreams I did weird, awful things. One time I was under the covers and I had his cock in my fist next to my face, and he was jabbing away, and I put my mouth over the end of it. Try sticking your finger into your mouth - no, try sticking your finger in rancid butter and then sticking it in your mouth and jabbing it in and out real fast, as fast as you can! That was what it was like in my dream - and then suddenly the covers were jerked away and there was my dead mother glaring down at me. She had eyes of fire that burned right through me."

"She didn't say a thing. I just shriveled up. And Bo was suddenly gone and I was alone and awake and crying."

"But those dreams didn't stop me. I loved Bo. I kept thinking about his tongue licking between my legs... and the tremendous sensations it gave me."

"So... I guess it had to happen eventually... I got up one night and checked to see that Dad was zonked out on pills and I went out and brought Bo into my room."

"He was nervous at first so I just petted him and got him used to jumping up on the bed. I didn't try any sex with him. I just soothed him and lay against his warmth and was quiet. And I talked to him, too, low and confidential. I told him all my secrets."

"After a couple hours I took him back to his run."

"The next night I got him again, around midnight, and took him into my room... and up on my bed. I couldn't get him to stay under the covers. It was too warm for him. So I used him to keep my naked body warm. It was a beautiful thing we had. He was very well behaved. He licked my face a little, and I petted him, but he didn't get excited sexually unless I was. I guess it was my smell that turned him on if I was worked up."

"So you guessed it. About the fifth time I had him in my room, when he was used to it and at home with me on the bed, I started petting him, running my hand down to his belly, to that furry bulge that holds a dog's cock."

"Bo started licking my face. I squeezed that furry holster of his and rubbed it gently... and little by little his cock started to swell up and slide out."

"I was naked. And I guess seeing and feeling his cock slide out like that sort of turned me on, because I got the itch good and strong in my belly, and I wanted him to lick me again, on my big breasts and between my legs. I guess I started to ooze a little down in my slit."

"Bo smelled me. He was laying on his side but he wanted to stand up. I held him down and kept on tenderly fingering his cock. I got a shivery feeling up and down my back. I slid my hand up and down that long thing and I wanted to try it... I really wanted to see what it would feel like inside me."

"You have to understand - it's important - Bo wasn't just a big dog to me. He was somebody who loved me and I needed his love. He adored me. The way he looked up at me with his big brown liquid eyes sometimes... it just turned my heart to water. My heart just did flip-flops. He was a person in a dog's body. He could almost talk to me. I got so I knew exactly what he was thinking and feeling."

"So when I took him into bed with me - it wasn't terrible or perverted. It was just pure love. But I was a pretty mixed-up kid. I really didn't know where my head was at."

"I crooned to Bo, and whispered to him and shushed him when he started to whine too loud or tried to bark. And he knew he was supposed to keep quiet inside the house, there in my room. But sometimes he got really excited and forgot."

"I finally let him stand up on the bed and start to lick me. I whispered to him and petted him and guided his head to my breasts. He remembered and his tongue slurped out and started wetting my breasts and nipples, and his muzzle and lips, too, like a slobbery kiss, warm and wet."

"My breasts got even heavier and fuller. My nipples felt like steaming rocks."

"The itch deep in my belly was like poison ivy inside, but with a funny heat."

"I slipped a couple fingers of my left hand down inside me and slushed around and in and out, but it wasn't much good. It just got me hotter."

"I smeared the juice all over the outside of my cunt. Bo was getting more and more eager."

"I took my hand from his neck and he had his muzzle down between my legs right away."

"It was incredible the way he worked his long tongue there. He slobbered a lot and I knew it was wetting the blankets, but I didn't give a damn."

"Bo seemed to just love the taste of me. He seemed to be trying to get his tongue way into my slit."

"I was hardly aware of what I was doing. I just suddenly had my knees high and wide open and was reaching down there to spread myself even more for him. And I was shaking like a leaf. God - it felt like ice and syrup and sand-paper with velvet - that tongue! That long, slithery tongue!"

"Bo had me gasping and panting like a bitch in heat. I was kind of delirious, I think. He kept up that tremendous licking for the longest time!"

"The more I got the more I wanted. I loved it, I
loved him..."

"Something clicked in my head and I turned over and got up on my hands and knees. I spread my knees wide so it would be easy for him."

"My guts were icky with fear and sort of sexy dread. But I was hot as hell and I wanted Bo's long, thin hot cock inside me."

"He didn't know what to do at first. He jumped around on the bed and licked my ass and down into my crotch, but he didn't think of mounting me, not right away."

"I talked to him low and soothing, and finally I just waggled my ass and waited. My heart was thudding in my chest like it had boots on. But that itch in my belly and my love for Bo kept me trying."

"He knew I wanted something, he just couldn't figure out what. I just didn't look enough like a female greyhound to make his instincts work."

"But he was all hot and bothered, too, and after a couple minutes he sort of accidentally mounted me for a second, then slid aside and off. But - wow - I had a second of feeling his cock jab at my crotch."

"I encouraged him and eventually he hopped up on me again. His front paws were on my back and shoulders and he was panting and jabbing away at my crotch again."

"He didn't get in - he was between my thighs, hitting my ass... but he stayed in position for about ten seconds, and I made encouraging sounds and said, 'Nice Bo, good boy!' and like that. I tried to reach under and grab his cock and put it in, but he didn't know enough to be still for a second - he just kept humping away blindly."

"Then he slid off and pranced around me on the bed, then thumped down onto the floor, and jumped back on the bed - with that long pink rod sticking out of him underneath."

"He made a lot of noise - the bed creaked and rattled when he jumped around on it, and he shook

the house when he jumped down to the floor. I mean, he weighed over a hundred twenty pounds.”

“If I hadn’t known for sure my dad was doped to sleep I wouldn’t have dared bring Bo inside.”

“But then he got an inkling of what I wanted, because I was still crouched down on my knees like that and I was calling to him.”

“He jumped up on me again and started jabbing. And it happened. Jesus, did it! Suddenly he found the hole and I almost screamed! It was just wham – six or seven inches of dog cock was plunged into me!”

“Then it was gone and he was outside, jabbing away, trying to find the glory hole again. Because Bo knew – he’d had just that little split second taste of me and he wanted more.”

“He kept scrabbling and with his paws on my shoulders and back... he kept sliding off one side or the other and having to jump up again.”

“And he kept trying to hold on – and he was excited, too, and he dug his claws into my skin. It hurt too much – and I was afraid he’d break the skin and rip me.”

“So I turned around and calmed him down and petted him and then went to my closet and put on an old leather jacket I had. It felt cold and clammy on my bare skin – it was unlined – but it would protect my back. I left the front open and got back on the bed where Bo was sitting, panting, grinning, his tongue lolling, waiting.”

“I got into position again on hands and knees, my bare ass hanging out, and he right away jumped up on me from behind.”

“It worked – the jacket worked fine – he could get a hold in it with his paws and didn’t slip off me.”

“And he seemed to know I had put on the jacket for his benefit and that I wanted more fucking. He kept on trying to find my hole again.”

“And he finally hit gold! He popped into me again, and he gave a little yipping bark of delight. And this time he didn’t pull back too far and lose it.”

“All I knew was sparkles and stars. He had that hot rod all the way in and was humping like a piston. I was electrified. He was like a spear up in my belly and it was reaching some place very special. The itch spot was getting rubbed and thumped real good.”

“I was kneeling there on my bed, my head hanging down, my big breasts hanging down, wobbling with the movement of his fast bumps up against my ass, gasping and panting while wonderful Bo was panting over me, doing his little dance on the bed, and fucking me like mad all the while.”

“It was all so frantic and quick! Bo didn’t know anything but machine-gun speed. It was just incredible. The first few seconds scared the shit out of me. I was afraid of getting hurt inside or something, because he was really in me! I’d never felt anything in that far! And being fucked for the first time that fast – all out – was almost terrifying.”

“And getting fucked by a dog – an animal – even a loved animal – was kind of a shocker, too. I really loved him and I knew dogs better than I knew people. I knew Bo better than I knew my own dad. Dad hardly ever spoke to me. But still – I knew it was a perverted thing. Not exactly normal.”

"So it took me a while to get used to it all. I mean, it took me about three or four fucks that way before I got so I could relax and enjoy it a lot."

"Bo didn't shoot off in me that first time. I got scared - I thought I heard Dad getting up and I stopped it. I made Bo calm down and held him in my arms to keep him from trying to mount me and making those loud half-barks."

"I listened hard but the house was quiet. I finally put on a robe and crept down the hall and looked in on Dad. He was in that drugged sleep, quiet, long, deep breathing. I can tell."

"So I went back to my room, and played with Bo - let him fuck off in my fist, and got him to lick my cunt some more. But my insides felt a little bit sore, and I decided to wait a few days."

"But I could hardly wait, after that night. I was all creamy inside, and hot. But I forced myself to wait till the small irritation inside went away."

"So two nights later I made sure Dad was zonked out and then brought Bo inside to my room. He was eager - he knew what we were going to do. I had to shush him because he was so excited he started to bark impatiently a couple times."

"I got naked and put on the leather jacket first, even before I let him lick me. God, how he loved to lick my cunt! And how I loved to have him do it! I opened up for him and pulled my slit open with both hands - everything was exposed - all juicy and ready - and he slurped out that long, wet, slab of rough pink velvet and lapped away..."

"You've got to believe I came in a minute. My clitoris was getting the full treatment. I was whining almost like he was."

"The more he licked at me the more hot I got. I had an orgasm and that started the itch in my belly, somewhere under my belly button. Then I had another orgasm and my whole pelvis was glowing. Boy, did I want to get fucked."

"I guess when you're a kid a half-crazy, neurotic girl like I was... still am, too, I guess - you sort of lose touch with the world - with what's really right and proper. Things seem right to you that practically everybody else would throw up over."

"I didn't really think what I did with Bo was so terrible. It didn't hurt me, physically, or emotionally. It's supposed to, I guess, but I don't think it did."

"Come right down to it, you know, I think I just needed love then... and Bo loved me, and I needed to give love, and I focused on Bo... and I think the physical sex part wasn't as important as maybe it seems."

"Oh, shit, I don't care! I dug it! I might as well level. I enjoyed it. I mean, once I got used to it, and Bo got the hang of fucking me, it was terrific. It was so wild it sends shivers through me now."

"No man in the world can fuck a girl like a big dog, if he's trained right, and there's love in it. That sounds crazy, I guess. But I think it's true, and I'm not just copping out. It's not just an excuse."

"Anyway... that night I turned over again and he got up onto me from behind, and jabbed away for a few seconds, looking for the right place... and I finally reached under and back and took his cock in my fingers - Jesus, it was so wet and hot and stiff! - and I aimed it and he plugged into me."

"He was so excited he lost it... and I reached under and did it again. I got about ten seconds of fast, hard thumping, with that rod going up into me like a bullet each time."

"It took my breath away, and I was a little scared again. An animal - a dog - is so unrestrained! He's very basic. Ruthless."

"Anyway, I had to reach under and grab his cock and point it right, about a dozen times. And the last few times he got hip... he waited for me to put it in the right place. He was learning!"

"But I didn't let him shoot in me that night. I was getting sore way up inside again. It was a mixed feeling tenderness and pleasure. I had the feeling if I let him go ahead I might come, but the pain would get too keen, too. But we fucked a lot longer, that second time, and I knew it was just a matter of getting used to having him fuck me that deep and that fast."

"So I waited five days before doing it again. And then six days after that, and the night finally came when I knew I was ready to go all the way and let him fuck me all he wanted."

"I knew I could take him. I wasn't afraid. I made damn sure Dad was doped up with his two or three heavy barbs."

"I went into his room and shook him to see if I could wake him. He was like a warm corpse. I even half-yelled in his ear. He only frowned and turned over. I was safe."

"I went out and got Bo. He scampered around me on the way to the house, snuffling at my robe, trying to wedge his head in between my legs. I had to push him away and whisper, 'Not yet, darling.'"

"I went into the kitchen first, and he followed. I got some leftover gravy from the refrigerator and started it heating in a sauce pan."

"I had a weird, pervery idea. I knelt on the floor and whispered sweet, soft words to Bo and petted him. He tried to push his head between my thighs and I let him. I leaned against the stove and opened my legs and let him lick my slit. He trembled and whined as he did. It got me hot in a minute."

"When the gravy was warm, but not hot, I took it into my bedroom and Bo followed eagerly. He could smell it."

"I took off my robe and put on the leather jacket and let it hang fully open. My big breasts kept it open, too."

"I smeared some warm gravy on my breasts and called to Bo. I was sitting on the edge of the bed. I sank down to my knees. He whined happily and started licking the smeared gravy."

"It was wild. I leaned back against the side of the bed and stuck my cheat out and let him lick me clean. Then I smeared my breasts again... and again... He licked endlessly, willingly. My nipples were on fire and my whole breasts felt like warm balloons."

"He didn't need any urging to put his narrow muzzle down into my crotch. I stood up and sat on the edge of the bed again and opened my legs wide for him."

"Bo snorted and snuffled and pushed his snout right in, deep between my thighs and started working his tongue on my slit."

"I wanted more contact. I pulled my legs up till my knees were pressing against my chest. My cunt was wide open to his tongue."

"He slithered his big long tongue all over me there, licking and dragging it over my protruding clitoris till I was moaning - it was sparkles of pure pleasure."

"I couldn't stand it any more, after about four or five minutes of it. I got up in the middle of the bed and knelt in position for fucking."

"I didn't have to call Bo. He jumped up right away and his long poker was sticking out. He climbed up with his front paws on my back - in the jacket - and his tail was swishing back and forth, wagging, and he knew to wait till I reached under him and guided his cock."

"I was breathing fast and deep. I was still a little queasy in my guts, every time he got into position and poked that rod so far up into me."

"But I wanted it! And I got it!"

"Jesus, the shock of that thing going in the first time, no matter how juicy and worked up I was, was something! It always hurt some, and my insides sort of spasmed."

"But Bo didn't care about me. He was a fucking machine once he got inside. He loved the feel of my cunt inside."

"Christ, I can't get over how fast he could fuck. It took my breath away. But that long cock of his sliding in and out so quick was a turn-on for me, too. That sensation of being penetrated - that rod slamming way up into my belly like that, pounding away like mad against that spot - the uterus or cervix, I guess... it just about turned my brain to jelly."

"Bo wasn't perfect. He kept losing me and I had to reach under all the time and put him back in. But even with all that - shit, I had me an orgasm that just about turned me inside out."

"That furry sheath at the base of his naked cock kept rubbing and bumping against my open slit as he fucked me. It tickled the hell out of my clitoris. That drove me crazy - and at the same time all that pink rod was driving into me like he was churning butter... yeah, he was churning my butter all right!"

"It only took me a minute to make it. From all that licking he had done beforehand - I was primed."

"I was panting and wagging my ass and damn near screaming, it was so good. And then I felt that knot start to swell up in his cock... and it was in me!"

"I guess you've heard the story about how a dog can get stuck in another dog if the knot gets big inside the bitch. And the idea is it can happen to a woman if a big dog is fucking her and he gets scared or something and the knot swells up and he can't pull out."

"That's bullshit - at least as far as a woman is concerned. First of all, the swelling isn't that big. It hurts a woman who isn't used to taking a big man, but that knot can't get stuck in her. It'll only stretch her, and if she's hysterical, too, it might cause her to freeze and clamp down, which could hurt even more - but the dog could still pull out."

"So when I felt the knot forming in Bo's cock it didn't scare me. As a matter of fact - it started to feel extra good - like a kind of big French tickler. It popped in and out of me and rubbed my clitoris

going in and out. It was a weird sensation, that knot going in and out of me, and the end of his cock reaching all the way up in me – and then some!”

“It’s an experience, getting royally fucked like that by a big, loving dog like Bo. But I guess just the thought of it would blow most girls’ minds.”

“Anyway, Bo was really working hard – fucking me like a maniac, and getting ready to shoot off in me. He was growling and whimpering all at once, and prancing around behind my ass while he plowed into me.”

“I was getting up into orgasm country again, very fast. It surprised me and made me feel really perverted to make it twice, because it was proof I really dug getting screwed by a dog. The first orgasm you could say was sheer excitement and the novelty and mostly psychological. But the second time was the convincer. And I was getting that hot fluttery feeling in my belly and everything was tightening up.”

“I went off just after Bo started shooting. I could feel that stuff squirting out in my cunt, up inside, it shot out of him so fast and hard.”

“I didn’t care – I was making it, too, and that stuff made the fucking sort of sweeter and more intense.”

“Then Bo was finished and off me. He just wasn’t interested anymore. He jumped off the bed, grinning, and snuffling around, looking for a place to sleep, I guess.”

“I just sort of slowly folded down flat on the bed, with that stuff of his dribbling out of me, running down my thighs.”

“I was numb in the brain and sparkling in my belly, and sore in there and sore around the entrance, too, from the way his knot had been rammed in and out so fast and hard.”

“But I didn’t regret it, then. I don’t now, either. I really don’t.”

“After a few minutes I went into the bathroom and washed up. Then I put on my robe and took Bo out to his run and locked him in.”

“I had to change the top blanket. It was too wet and icky in spots. I put the pan of gravy back in the refrigerator.”

“Sure, a week later I got hot pants again and went out and brought Bo inside. And we did it again and I came three times.”

“The next time was three days later and I couldn’t get enough. I started to think about training some of the other dogs, too. I was kind of crazy. I was sex-mad.”

“My affair with Bo lasted almost six months after that first good fuck with him. We never got caught.”

“But then – poor Bo got killed. It was a fluke thing... he got out of his run one time when I was in town – he dug his way out – and I guess he went off to look for me.”

“Some stupid kid out hunting in the hills shot him. Said he thought Bo was a deer. Bullshit! He just wanted to kill something – just wanted to aim and shoot something alive.”

"I was heartbroken. It was a crisis for me. Dad put me into a boarding school to 'straighten me out.' And I gradually got back to normal. Anyway, I ran away and came out here and started mixing with people."

"I met Tom and started shacking with him, and Phil joined us, and I've got all kinds of friends now and a place in the world. I'm about normal, I guess."

"I don't think I'll ever make it with a dog again, though. I don't think I'll ever get that close to a dog again, or need a dog's love and affection that much."

"Bo was my whole life for nearly a year. I still puddle up and cry sometimes when I'm blue and I think about him."

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## **CHAPTER TWO - "... And Doggie Makes Three**

The phenomenon of couples, almost always men and their wives, almost always in their late twenties on up to the fifties, training dogs (usually big dogs) for sexual purposes, is both fascinating and disturbing.

Such activity is minimal, and secret, and it exists almost exclusively in the "swinger" area of middle-income, bored, mate-swapping, jaded, thrill-seeking people in large cities and their suburbs.

In *Beauty/Beast*, Vol 1, Roger Blake supports this view: "From my own research among swingers and wife-swappers who have sex-parties today, some of which are almost on a par with the fabled Roman Orgy, bestial acts are the latest in fad. During the ten or more years that swinging and mate-swapping have become so widespread and popular (almost paralleling the 'sexual revolution'), I have noticed that they always seem to be looking for something different. It seems, at times, that many of them are obsessed by what they feel is 'the attractiveness of evil.'"

A historical note might be added here, for perspective. Allen Edwards and R.E.L. Masters, in their *The Cradle of Erotica* mention: "Historically, bestiality has commonly been put to more therapeutic uses in the West, especially as a remedy for venereal diseases (to which end it is also employed by Muslims). Europeans have further attempted by bestiality to cure cases of satyriasis and nymphomania. And aging males, brooding regretfully over their declining virile powers, have also sought to find in intercourse with various beasts an improvement of their potency - a search sometimes crowned with temporary success, since any novel erotic act may in some cases, and for a time, revive flagging appetites and capacities."

Within the "swingers" there is an inner, exclusive group of "super-swingers". Those who, for complex emotional reasons, will try anything and are attracted to the idea of sexual relations with an animal, the dog being the most handy and easily trainable.

As the following interview shows, the "doggie training" couples are not easily discouraged and count it as a mark of pride and accomplishment to have a disciplined, well-trained dog.

It takes months to properly instruct a dog in his sexual duties, and persistence and dedication is required of its owners.

In *The Animal Lovers* it is stated: "The Rosenfeld survey reveals that the majority of female bestialists prefer dogs, both for sexual intercourse and for cunnilingus. A California woman told me: 'Properly trained, a dog can french a woman much better than a man. For one thing, his tongue is

larger, and a dog seems to enjoy the actual taste of the secretions... often he (her poodle) - will french me for as long as an hour!"

The interview below came about as the result of misdirection; I was interviewing a couple about their wife-swapping activities and attitudes, when the husband let slip something about their dog - a beautiful, full-grown German shepherd - who was lying at his wife's feet, watching me alertly.

The wife colored slightly and said, "If you're going to tell him about that, I'll leave."

She was calm but uncomfortable. I was not a close friend, actually almost a stranger, and not someone with whom she herself could immediately talk so honestly and openly.

I knew the husband fairly well, though. He grinned and winked. His wife left and he went into the other room to talk to her for a minute, then returned.

It was okay to tell me about it but not in their apartment. She didn't want to be "in hiding" in the bedroom while he gave all kinds of intimate details to me.

But it was alright to go over to my place for the questions and answers. As he described her attitude later, in the car, she was willing for him to tell me everything about her and Khan and himself, but she couldn't bear to be present. I wasn't "one of us" and while I could be trusted (she knew me by reputation mostly), she still didn't have the sangfroid required to sit with me and talk about it herself, into a tape recorder. An understandable attitude.

#### THE INTERVIEW

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"Khan is one of the family now. In a way we center our whole lives around him. We never had any children."

"We got him as a puppy. We bought all the books on how to take care of him and how to train him. When you live in a city you have to have a well-trained dog."

"We taught him to sit, heel, come, and stay. Then to beg, roll over a few standard tricks. Once we got him to know he was important and we loved him and he would be rewarded if he did well - it was easier and easier. Khan is a highly intelligent animal."

"You know we've been in the swinger scene for four years. It's changed a lot... people accept it more now, and join in easier."

"We enjoy it, but after you've been with about a hundred different couples and single girls, the variety of human types - physical and personality-wise, well, it repeats - you begin to see patterns and duplications. And after a while... most of the people you meet and go to bed with are all the same. You get bored."

"Our starting in with Khan, sexually, began as a joke. Marsha was lying in bed, naked, beside me, and we were just playing around a little. It was after midnight and the TV was on at the foot of the bed. A talk show was on. Some doctor was saying sex is good."

"Marsha is impulsive; she said, 'Pricks are good,' and she rolled over to me and started sucking me off. I was soft at the start, but she is an expert at it. Inside twenty seconds or so, I had a helluva hard on. She was using her 'swoop' style - long, slow sucking, where she takes practically all of a penis into her mouth and throat, and pulls back slow and easy, then swoops down and takes it all again."



"I worked a finger into her and started finger-fucking her slow and easy. She stopped sucking to say, 'bowling ball,' which is a code, sort of, to mean the way you grip a bowling ball, which means sexually... Well, she turned around so her back was to me and she was leaning over my belly, with her rump in easy reach of my right hand."

"She likes 'bowling ball'; it's a variation that gets her really worked up. When Marsha is really lathered she is like a sex maniac. I knew she was interested in a good, long sex-time."

"I started fondling her cheeks and running a finger down into the crack... down into her crotch to her vulva."

"She wriggled her hips and sucked me better and better. I got my first two fingers into her, then ran the ball of my thumb over her anus... and then pushed my thumb into her - then I had two fingers in her vagina and my thumb in her rectum - like gripping a bowling ball."

"She gave a little bubbly moan and wriggled her rump against my hand. I kept my fingers and thumb moving in her. She was swooping faster and faster, taking all of my penis with an open mouth, then clamping tight on it for a long, slow withdrawal."

"I was getting to the point of no return. She knew it, too. She kept right on. She started moaning all the time, low and very expressive... which meant she was getting worked up to a high pitch. She is very sexually involved with the oral thing - she can get very aroused from sucking. She says the feel of a hard prick in her mouth and the business of mouthing it and tonguing it and feeling it get harder and harder and longer and longer and finally gush off... it makes her so horny she has to have a lot done to her for a long time to satisfy her built-up yen."

"I knew when she reached that enthusiastic sucking and low moaning stage I had a long night ahead of me going down on her and using some of the devices on her."

"The 'devices'? Mostly the vibrator and the dildo with the ticklers and the pommel. It's a strap-on model, with a hollow inside I can wear it when I'm too limp, or so another girl can use it for variety. Believe it or not, most of the women are intrigued by a strap-on dildo. They always get around to trying it on and using it. They all secretly want to be men, I think. To see what it's like to fuck a woman. They pose in front of a mirror wearing the thing and giggle and laugh... some girls get hysterical from laughing. Some get very disturbed, too, because wearing it has a strong attraction - they respond to the secret bull-dyke element in themselves and it scares them. Give a woman a dildo like that and watch her reaction; it's very instructive in human nature."

"I let myself go and gushed into Marsha's mouth, just as she wanted me to. It was fantastic. When she knows you're about to go off she clamps tight around your penis on both the up stroke and down stroke, and works her tongue like a snake."

"I was empty for the night - we'd done it the night before, and I'd gone off three times then - so there wasn't much left."

"She sucked me dry and rolled onto her back. She said, 'Get me a soda, honey, please.' She always likes to drink a soft drink after sucking somebody off."

"I went into the kitchen, naked, to get a can of cola, which was all we had in the fridge at the time, and stopped to pet Khan. His sleeping box is in a corner of the dining room."

"He followed me into the bedroom. I didn't hear him on the carpet. He was beside the bed before I realized anything."

"The point is - there was Marsha with one leg hanging down off the bed, using the vibrator cup on her clitoris, and she was lying there with her eyes closed, that soft smile on her lips I know so well, and her hips jumping and squirming..."

"I said, 'Look who followed me in here.' She looked and said, 'I need a good active male about now.' She put the vibrator aside and reached for the cola. She laughed and patted Khan's head. 'You want to fuck your mommy, darling?'"

"He loves Marsha. He started licking her leg. He smelled her vulva - I could see his nose twitching and flaring."

"She let her thighs fall open further. She petted him. She sipped from the cola and smiled at me and winked. We watched to see what he would do."

"Khan sniffled at her crotch, looked at her, looked at me, for a word of disapproval or approval, for some guidance."

"Marsha smiled and said, 'Good boy, Khan. Do your thing, boy.' And to me she said, 'Do you think...?'"

"Khan sniffed at her again, then, experimentally, licked her there, just once. He looked to her again, then at me."

"Marsha had a funny look. She said, 'Do we dare?'"

"I was curious... and I wondered how far she would go. I said, 'Go ahead. See what he'll do.'"

"She giggled, 'What if he bites?'"

"He's too well-trained. He wouldn't hurt you."

"She took a deep breath and turned off the vibrator. Its humming bothered Khan. The sound probably set up ultrasonics or something in his ears. She sat up and shifted a little more on the bed, so that he could reach her crotch more easily. She patted his head and scratched his ears. 'Do it again, Khan. Lick your mommy.' She gently pulled him closer."

"He rolled his eyes and looked at me. I sat on the floor beside him and patted his side. I ruffled his coat. 'Good boy. Do it.'"

"It was as if he understood me. We were both smiling and happy with him. He laid his chin on Marsha's thigh and looked up at her, so sorrowfully, but with that keen intelligence that you see in German shepherds."

"She kept petting him and then shifted her crotch closer and closer to his muzzle. 'Don't you want another taste, Khan?' She was saying it lightly; it was a joke, nothing serious."

"He licked her there again and was petted and crooned at. His tongue curled out and he licked her persistently for about ten seconds."

"I c

ould see his tongue slide over her vulva and the tip even slithered inside, into the really wet surfaces of the labia, and probably over her clitoris."

"I saw her face when that happened, too. Her eyes opened wide and she gasped once. Her stomach tensed. She met my eyes for a second. She looked puzzled and ashamed and delighted all at once. Her left cheek twitched. Khan was still licking at her... in her... and her inner thighs started to jump, too. I remember the exact intonation of her voice. She said wonderingly, 'Oh, God, Harry!'"

"The way she said it made me almost feel the sensations she must have been feeling. I started to get another hard on. I petted Khan as he kept up his tonguing her crotch. 'Good boy,' I said."

"Then I noticed that he was getting an erection, too. His penis was beginning to slide out of its sheath."

"I told Marsha. She was delighted. 'Really?' She craned her head to see. 'This is fantastic. I've got a new lover.' And then she flushed. I'd never seen her turn red like that. It spread all over her face and neck and chest, down into her breasts, in a speckled, mottled way."

"I asked, 'Do you want to try to get him to fuck you?'"

"Oh... what an idea..." She was flustered. "I don't know... do you think that's a good idea?"

"We could try. It's something new. Lots of swingers are training their dogs for this."

"I guess so. Oh, Harry - his tongue is incredible!"

"She actually writhed. When she did that I knew she was in orgasm. She reached for my hand and gripped it. She was panting, eyes squeezed shut."

"Khan just kept on licking at her crotch. There must be something about her secretions or her smell or both that makes him eager to lick her like that. Maybe he's only responding to the smell of a female's lust, as if she were a bitch in heat."

"Marsha had three orgasms in a row. I could see her belly sucking in and out and her thighs trembling. Then she gasped, 'I can't stand any more. Too strong!'"

"I patted Khan and pulled him away. He whined and looked at me reproachfully."

"Marsha slipped off the bed to her knees beside him and hugged him. 'Oh, Khan; you are a good dog. You're going to lick your mommy a lot from now on. But your tongue is too much to take for very long.'"

"She told me later it was like padded silk which had a one-day growth of whiskers."

"I took him back to his bed and gave him a few pieces of dog candy as reward, then told him to 'stay.'"

"When I returned to the bedroom, Marsha was drinking her cola again. She laughed and flushed again and said, 'I feel depraved as hell.' She sort of evaded my eyes, too."

"But two nights later we called Khan into our bedroom again, and while he licked her off, she sucked me off. That was fantastic. I was lying beside her head and was fucking her mouth as she faced my hips, while Khan lapped away at her open thighs."

"When she was coming she put a hand on my rump and urged me to fuck her mouth deeper - all the way. She can take me that way because I'm not all that big, and she has the trick of not gagging somehow. I've seen her go down on guys with up to seven inches - big, fat seven inches - and she

could do like that folk song says, 'Just open her throat and swallow a goat'"

"So I rammed all the way in till she was mouthing my balls every plunge. A couple seconds of feeling her throat and the root of her tongue tightening around my glans was enough. I went off like a geyser."

"Getting Khan to fuck her was a long process. He was willing, but we had to find the right position and everything. It took months. It was a game for all of us."

"Slowly, though, he got the idea. We had him doing it facing her, standing between her thighs. She was lying half on, half off the edge of the bed. Khan learned to keep his forepaws on each side of her chest and to stay within her arms."

"Khan doesn't have a big penis. He's eighty-four pounds and twenty-three inches high at the shoulder - not as huge an animal as a Great Dane, but I think smarter and more human, although you'll never get a Great Dane lover to admit that."

"A Great Dane is a helluva beast for a woman to take. We made contact with some other 'dog fanciers' in the swinging set, and one couple had a Dane they'd trained in the fucking arts. That woman wouldn't make it any more with her husband... or any other man. It was her Dane or nothing. That animal was superbly trained. I'll admit that - he could get up on her and steam that pipe of his into her till you'd think she would drop dead, or he'd get tired. But that monster could keep it up for ten minutes at a time. They put something on his penis to make it insensitive so he'd last longer... some kind of fluid."

"That dog drilled that woman like he was driving rivets... and she was quivering and moaning and jerking under him almost as soon as he started. When he finally got off her she was as limp as a rag. You should have seen the dreamy look in her eyes, though."

"Most dogs in these situations - you know, when they're trained for sex, too - most dogs are one - family dogs, in that they won't fuck or lick another woman or man."

"Khan is that way. He won't do anything to another woman. It must be that he's loyal to Marsha or is focused on her or only likes the taste of her particular secretions. He's a one-woman dog, for sure."

"During the months that we were training him to fuck properly, Marsha was at first awfully embarrassed. She still is around people we aren't swinging with. She can't really open up and be natural about herself and Khan except with me and other 'doggie training' devotees we've found."

"She couldn't look at me at first when Khan mounted her. She blushed all over, but that passed. Soon she was making jokes, and hugging him and encouraging him unselfconsciously."

"I suppose she relaxed because I was as interested in it as she. My psychology - I'm not sure why I like to see Khan fuck Marsha. I love her and I think it's partly wanting her to have all the enjoyment and pleasure she can. Partly it's doing the unconventional. Partly it's... I suppose there's an element of masochism and self-hate and hate for Marsha - to see her being fucked and licked by a dog. Not much, though. I've always been an individualist and never did accept the puritan ethic and the 'Public Morality.'"

"It's hard to tell what really motivates Marsha. She likes thrills. She likes to live full blast, but with discretion. She'll try almost anything, but not exhibitionistically. Showing off, with an audience, is not her can of beans."

"On the other hand, we've been to get-togethers where the hostess and host put on shows for the guests. These were swinger parties, you understand, but even so..."

"Before I get back to our experiences with Khan, let me tell you about a couple out in the Valley. They have a huge mastiff named Caesar – funny how the big dogs automatically seem to be named with 'big' names I like Caesar, King, Khan, Rex, Prince, Duke, and so on. Well, they really are noble-appearing animals."

"This mastiff is the biggest damn dog in the world. Like a small pony, you'd swear. He measured thirty-eight inches at the shoulder and they told us he weighed as much as his owner – which is one hundred eighty-four pounds. THAT is one helluva dog. Especially when you consider that the man's wife is only five-two."

"This actually happened. You can ask Marsha if it didn't. In fact, we're supposed to go to their place again this weekend. We probably will, too, just to see that brute go to work on them both."

"Yes, indeed. Caesar fucks them both. The guy likes to take it in the rear like he was a bitch – down on all fours. Right in the middle of their sunken living room. And they don't mind if you bring along your camera and take some pictures."

"Hey, I've got some I can show you, if you'd like, of them. I don't know if Marsha will agree to let me show you the ones we have of her and Khan."

"They have a big round hassock they use. The woman – her name is Doreen – lays on it on her back. It's just the, right height for her and Caesar."

"The first time Marsha and I went to their place there were two other couples besides ourselves. No one brought their dog – dogs have trouble accepting other dogs in scenes like that: they get into jealousy and territoriality and all kinds of confusion. Three or four big male dogs in an apartment like ours, for instance – it'd never work. One dog to a party is the rule."

"Caesar is a beautifully behaved animal. And beautiful to see, too: he's a golden brown, with a massive chest and heavy legs. He radiates power with every line, every move."

"After drinks and some talk, the conversation at swinger parties always gets around to sex and usually the unusual variety."

"Marsha and I were inhibited in talking about ourselves and Khan, but the other couples were very open... the talk was down-to-earth: tips on how to train a dog to lick a woman properly. To mount her, to keep him calm, to slow him down and make him last."

"Then there were some straight swinger pairings. That's almost automatic. I was approached by the hostess and asked if I would like to play with her in the bedroom."

"She – Doreen – is small, as I've said, and slim – most men would call her downright skinny. Her hipbones are prominent, and she has thin legs, so there is a wide gap between her thighs at the crotch. Her breasts aren't much – almost nonexistent; little fried-egg things with small pinched nipples. One thing unusual about her: she has a big, wide, thick muff of blonde pubic hair."

"We went into her bedroom and started kissing. She said she didn't like intercourse with men who wouldn't 'plug' her in the rear."

"I told her I'd done it a few times and it was okay."

"That was a go signal. She became very erotic and said she needed a good 'fuck in the ass' to warm her up for Caesar."

"She squirmed all over me and started mouthing my penis once I had my pants off. She had stripped right away - she had had on a pair of gold hotpants and a blue bulky knit pullover sweater. All she had to do was pull off the sweater and push down the hotpants and she was naked."

"She smelled nice - great perfume - and so I started licking her in imitation of a dog - right between her wide-spaced thighs - right on the hairy lips of her vulva. It wasn't much fun - I prefer a woman who shaves her pubes or who has very little natural hair, like Marsha."

"But Doreen could use her mouth with great skill. She didn't like to take much more than the head of my penis, but she could do it all exquisitely with her tongue and lips and inner cheeks and palate."

"When I was erect she presented her buttocks to me. 'Put some spit on it and plough right in,' she said."

"I put fingerloads of saliva on the end of my penis, then between her cheeks, on her anus. I pushed a wet finger into her there and she was tight but easily expandable."

"She said, 'Do anything you want to me there.'"

"I slid my finger in and out of her anus. It was smooth and snug and slippery. I pressed in another fingertip, then the rest of the finger. She said she loved it. I finger-fucked her for a minute."

"I asked if she took Caesar there, too. She said she took him wherever he entered - he didn't know the difference and he did it in whatever hole he got into first. She said she loved it whichever it was."

"I got into her anus with my penis after that, but didn't come in her. I quit after about ten minutes and she offered to suck me off. I said no, I'd wait till later."

"She was pretty well aroused. I went into the bathroom to wash off my penis, and she went out into the living room, stark naked."

"When I entered the living room she was sitting on the round hassock in the center of the sunken room with a young woman, a wife of one of the men, kneeling with her head between Doreen's skinny, wide-open thighs, eating her... wetly and noisily."

"The girl was rather lovely and had long black hair. It surprised me that she would do that, with an audience. But she acted drunk. Her husband wasn't too happy about it, but he pretended not to care."

"Then Doreen's husband brought Caesar in from their backyard."

"Everybody took a quick breath. That brute is big, and he walks like a lion - kind of loose, don't-give-a-damn swagger. He came in on the end of a thick leather leash and his large blunt head, with that mastiff jowl and muzzle and heavy dewlaps, was high and alert."

"Caesar saw Doreen on the hassock and trembled like a switch had been thrown. He pulled on the leash to get to her."

"But Bill - Doreen's husband - said, 'Heel,' and Caesar obeyed instantly. But his nostrils were



flaring. He was inhaling all the smells in the room. He stood, eager, at Bill's side, about ten feet from where Doreen lay getting eaten. He moved his paws anxiously."

"Doreen saw him, of course, and said, 'Hello, Caesar. I'm getting ready for you.'"

"It's always surprised me a little how directly and intimately women talk to their dogs - especially to big dogs, and especially when those big dogs are their occasional or frequent sex partners. They talk as equals, as if the dog understood them. Sometimes they even talked as inferiors, as slaves."

"We were all quiet, watching. I circled around to Marsha who was sitting on one of the three steps that descended to the living room floor. The entire house was carpeted wall-to-wall in a deep-pile brown shag."

"Doreen smiled as she lay on her back. She said to everybody, 'Ohh, I'm close... I'm close...' Then she pushed the girl away. 'Don't finish me. I want my superman now.' She meant Caesar."

"All our eyes shifted to the huge dog as Bill unhooked the leash from his collar. He didn't have to lean over to do it - that dog's neck was as high as his waist."

"Marsha said to me, 'Oh, God, Harry, look at the size of it.'"

"Caesar's penis was sliding out of its sheath under his loins. He was straining forward, leaning, waiting for his master to release him from the 'heel' command."

"Caesar's penis was shockingly large. Dogs, I think, have a larger penis for their size than a man, so when you get a mastiff - big mastiff - you have an animal that is stronger and faster and quicker than a man his own weight... and with a penis, a thick, pink rod of flesh, that makes the average man look puny."

"Caesar's penis was like a reddish broom handle that kept lengthening, sticking out forward under his belly. It kept coming out and out and out."

"Marsha whispered in shocked amazement: 'That thing must be at least eight inches long!'"

"I had to agree with her. I'd never seen a man hung as large."

"Bill was playing it dramatically. He pointed to his wife lying waiting, legs open, on the large round hassock, and he said to Caesar, 'go fuck Doreen.'"

"The dog didn't leap forward. But he went quickly, and that stiff penis waggled as he moved. He stopped close between her bony, open thighs and snuffled her crotch thoroughly, inhaling the smell of her and the other woman and perhaps even my residue of went."

"Doreen was grinning. She patted his head. She whispered loudly, commandingly, 'Fuck, fuck, fuck, Caesar, fuck!'"

"Abruptly, he reared up and plopped his paws on each side of her thin chest. He was a monster standing over her small white body. His penis was all the way out, and I mean to tell you it was a magnet for every eye in the room - that long, thick, reddish pink handle. It was at least eight inches."

"Doreen opened her thighs still more. 'Fuck... Fuck...'"

"He did, too. He started jabbing at her vulva, blindly, and after about the sixth prod he found her

vagina.”

“His big back curved in that way dogs have when fucking, and he danced his big hind legs to get closer – and before anyone realized – he was smacking that big penis all the way into her.”

“Doreen – you could see her belly bloat up and see her arms tighten around his neck – gave a funny indrawn, sucking gasp.”

“I think every other woman gasped with her. I know Marsha did, beside me. She cringed and went ‘Ooooh!’”

“That big stiff red pole went up into Doreen all the way. She took it. It looked to me like her eyes bulged, along with her stomach. Something had to bulge, because she’s skinny with a small body and she must have been really stretched inside by that thing smacking up into her like that.”

“It was smacking, too. Everyone heard it. He buried part of the end of his sheath in her vulva, too, with the thrusts he made.”

“You’ve got to realize how big Caesar is! And how much power and weight he has. Getting fucked by an animal that big, with a penis that huge, for a woman Doreen’s size – it must be a shattering experience, no matter how many times it has happened.”

“It seemed that way with her. She was coming unglued almost at once. You could see her muscles tremble and spasm. Her mouth was wide open and she was breathing like a bellows.”

“Marsha gripped my hand. She was frightened just seeing it. Nobody could look away or do anything but look. Caesar pounded away into her like a steam-powered battering ram.”

“It must have lasted two or three minutes. Doreen’s thin arms tightened more and more around Caesar’s neck. It didn’t faze him. All it did was lift her off her back. Her head was shaking like she had that nervous disease old people get sometimes.”

“Caesar was panting, too. It takes a lot of wind and stamina to do what he was doing. He was obviously enjoying it, too, of course. In fact, he came about then – shot a helluva load into her. It ran out of her, too, while he was still pumping more into her. It squished out around his thick penis and smeared the plastic top of the hassock under her scrawny buttocks – thick creamy stuff. And it lathered the insides of her thighs and got into that heavy blonde muff of hers.”

“Then Caesar just lost interest. He got down off her and looked around at us like a bored king. Bill called him over and fed him a handful of cookies.”

“Doreen just lay there quivery. Her left leg was jerking slightly and her belly was still jumping. What got me, though, was the way her vagina stayed open – wide open – an oval hole between her thighs, framed by that fringe of thick pubic hair. It was a pink, white-smeared tunnel.”

“Then she rolled over onto her belly, her thighs closed, and people stirred.”

“Marsha went to Doreen. I followed. She helped Doreen up. ‘Are you all right?’”

“‘Am I!’ Doreen had a ‘glory’ expression.”

“Marsha said, ‘I don’t see how you can... manage him. He’s so big!’”

“Doreen only nodded. She started for the bathroom, Caesar’s stuff running out of her, down her

legs.”

“Bill made fresh drinks for everyone. He said, ‘In an hour I’ll be on the hassock getting royally reamed in the ass.’”

“Caesar wasn’t taken outside. He roamed the living room’s levels, wandering among the guests, a massive animal. If he bumped you in passing, it was you who was thrown aside.”

“Doreen returned in her gold hotpants and blue sweater. She wiped off the hassock with a damp towel. She went away with the towel and returned immediately. She took a double scotch and sipped it.”

“One of the other women – the one who had been giving Doreen head – asked her, ‘Doesn’t it hurt?’”

“Doreen nodded. ‘At first. It’s like a telephone pole being shoved in by a giant. But that’s only the shock of it all at once. After the first few times of having it go in and out like that I loosen up and it begins to feel like – well, the pain goes away, mostly, and it feels like I’m being totally used. I’m helpless and getting fucked like no man could ever fuck me, and it’s simply glorious. The universe is what that giant is doing to me with that giant prick. I’m like a leaf in a storm. I’m like a worm on a hook.’”

“The woman said, ‘He’s certainly a magnificent beast.’ She was uneasy because Caesar had pushed between her and Doreen and was sniffing at Doreen’s crotch.”

“Doreen patted his head. ‘You’re a faithful lover, aren’t you, Caesar? He only will fuck me and Bill.’”

“We were sophisticated – but the male guests couldn’t quite imagine themselves submitting to sodomy by a dog – especially a dog with a penis the size of Caesar’s.”

“Nevertheless – Bill was quite open about it. He seemed to anticipate it. He gave Caesar an hour to recover, then went with him and with Doreen to the hassock in the center of the sunken living room.”

“Bill had a tube of lubricant in his pocket and took it out. He dropped his pants and pushed down his underpants. He is one of those men with hairy legs and back. He knelt with his knees on the carpet and his stomach and arms on top of the hassock.”

“Caesar knew what was coming. He trotted in circles around the hassock, watching, as Doreen slathered the lubricant into the crack between Bill’s buttocks, and worked a finger into his anus.”

“Bill wriggled his hips like a woman. He muttered something, and Doreen worked a second finger into him. She worked as deep as she could, loosening him up.”

“Then she called Caesar and said, ‘Up, up, Caesar. Fuck, fuck...’”

“The mastiff reacted like a button had been pushed. The word ‘fuck’ made him quiveringly alert. His penis started to slide down into view.”

“Bill reached back and pulled his buttocks apart. His anus was visible, a small, brownish, puckered, closed opening. Caesar snorted and mounted Bill. His big front paws were planted on either side of Bill’s shoulders.”

“I noticed that Doreen had smeared some lubricant on her right hand. She took Caesar’s long, stiff

broom-handle of a penis in that hand and guided the huge dog's thrusts."

"Bill grunted when the end of Caesar's penis stabbed into his anus. He gasped, 'Jesus!' and then groaned and grunted as the rest of the solid, pinkish red shaft was jabbed deep-deep-deep into his rectum with quick, vicious thrusts."

"I winced the way Marsha had winced when Caesar had plunged into Doreen earlier. I could almost feel that big thing penetrating, ramming up into my colon... the way it was into Bill's."

"Bill reached wide and hugged the round sides of the hassock. His eyes were closed tight. He groaned, 'Jesus God.'"

"Caesar panted and plunged eagerly. At least eight thick inches of stiff mastiff penis was pushed and pulled with startling, shocking speed in and out of Bill's rectum."

"Bill was breathing loud and fast through his nose. Caesar's plunges into his anus were driving Bill in reflex lunges forward on the top of the hassock."

"Doreen sat on the floor and I watched. I couldn't see her face."

"Looking back on it, with Bill letting himself get fucked like that by Caesar, I think now Bill is a homo. Especially since Doreen likes to get it that way. I think Bill fucks her that way almost exclusively and probably imagines she's a boy while he's doing it."

"Anyway, Caesar fucked him hard and fast for about three minutes. The breath was rasping in and out of Bill and he started groaning toward the end of it in a special way. Like he was enjoying it... very much."

"Finally Caesar squirted his stuff into Bill's rectum and pulled out and walked a little distance away and flopped down on the carpet on his side and looked around at everybody, his tongue hanging out, grinning at everybody."

"Bill got off the hassock slowly. As he raised up we all saw he had a big hard on, and there was a sticky little mesa of semen on his belly and on the plastic surface where his belly had pressed his penis."

"Bill grinned, too, a little bit self-consciously, I think. He said, 'Caesar will be ready, willing, and able again in about an hour if there are any volunteers...?' He pulled up his pants as he said this."

"But nobody wanted to make it with Caesar. The girls were afraid of him - too big. The other men didn't dig what Bill had just done."

"Getting back to Marsha and Khan... the first time he mounted her and fucked her till she had an orgasm was on a Sunday morning. Ah, yes, I remember it well."

"It was a hot, sunshiny morning, and we were lying in bed naked, with the sun pouring in on us."

"Marsha said, 'Want to get sucked off?' She'll say things like that, out of love and goodheartedness. She's a great wife for me."

"I said, 'Sure, want me to get Khan?'"

"She nodded; she didn't blush. We'd been training him for months, off and on. I opened the bedroom door and called him. He trotted into the bedroom immediately. He knew."

"Marsha got into position and Khan immediately started licking her crotch. I started to get hard from seeing it."

"I was on the bed beside her and saw her reaction – she loved it. A long 'ohhhh' came from her throat and she turned her head to me. 'Give it to me.' She meant I was to feed her my penis."

"I said, 'In a minute.' I wanted to be sucked off by her while Khan was fucking her, if possible. I told her and she nodded okay. She gripped my hand as Khan licked her with that long, wet, rough tongue."

"I could see little muscles twitch and jump in her cheek. I said to Khan, 'Good boy. Keep it up, boy.' I reached down and petted his head. He rolled his eyes at me and kept on licking her. I saw his tongue-tip curl into her vulva, right in between the lips, for a good taste."

"He whined and licked into her again and again, as if relishing a strange, exotic sauce. Whatever is in her juices he likes it a lot."

"Marsha gripped my hand harder and harder. Her hips began to work in slow undulations. Her belly sucked in and released quickly. 'Harry...'"

"I kissed her on the mouth. Her tongue leaped into my mouth and her lips opened like hot petals. She moaned into my mouth softly and fluttered her tongue madly."

"Then Khan seemed to tire of the licking game and on his own jumped himself up so he was in fucking position between her thighs at the edge of the bed. He did his little dance with his hind feet. His penis was out, stiff and pink, and he prodded at her crotch."

"Marsha broke our kiss when he jumped his forelegs up onto the bed on either side of her breasts. 'Oh, good boy, Khan.' She stroked his sides and reached under to guide his penis. She held the end of the sheath, since his exposed pink shaft was very sensitive."

"Marsha was very intent. I could see pure lust in her eyes, unashamed lust. It's hard to describe – a kind of intent look, and kind of glazed, too. She was breathing fast."

"Suddenly she got him into her and he thumped all of his penis into her instantly, and kept banging away as fast as he could."

"'Oh!' Marsha jerked and shuddered and started to come. She threw her head back, then from side to side. She managed to gasp, 'Oh, good boy, Khan!'"

"I patted him and moved up to present my penis to her lips. She saw it and moved her head to allow me to push it into her mouth."

"I was aware of Khan's head and shoulders close by – he was watching us as he fucked her. It was unusual. But it gave an added thrill to the action. I was as hard as I've been in years. Tingling."

"I fed Marsha about four inches and filled her mouth. She sucked me deliciously – fervently, in a kind of frantic urgency, and in a state of extreme arousal. In fact, she was trembling on the brink of orgasm. She was writhing, clutching Khan's neck with one arm and urging me with a hand on my buttocks to thrust all my penis down into her mouth, into her throat. Her hot breath hissed around my glans in her mouth. Her tongue lashed and slithered on it."

"But I didn't press all the way in; she needed her air too much. She was panting heavily. She closed

her eyes tight and spasmed, trembling with pleasure as Khan kept on punching his penis into her, driving hard, rubbing the tip of his furry white sheath into her open cleft."

"All the while he was fucking her, Khan lolled his tongue, did his little two-footed dance between her thighs, and panted, too, in the quick-breathing way of animals."

"I was close, getting the old familiar hot glow of sensation and deep tingling that meant the peak was rolling up to the surface."

"Marsha's mouth became a scalding heaven for me. In the throes of her orgasm she did something special with her mouth and tongue a kind of rippling clutch that milked my penis and brought me off right then, almost instantly."

"She was moaning loudly on and around my penis, and sucking like a maniac. I shot deep into her mouth. I was staring down at her and her opened eyes were glazed - she hardly knew where she was, only that her mouth was full of my spurting penis and she was being fucked incredibly fast."

"She swallowed automatically and gasped and gurgled and swallowed more as her clutching mouth and tongue refused to let my penis be withdrawn. Her hand on my buttocks still urged me deeper."

"Then she abruptly turned her head, my penis slipped from her lips, and she was gasping like a bellows, her chest rising and falling under Khan. Her nipples were hard little red spikes."

"Marsha gave a series of short, sharp groans, almost like barks. Her eyes closed tight. She clutched Khan with both arms, so that he had trouble getting enough curve into his spine that down-arch that drives his whole rump and loins."

"Khan was frantic, too, and was making it. He growled softly, pantingly, and tried to hug Marsha with his forelegs, to dig his paws under her in a way, for better leverage."

"I confess I get a tremendous kick out of seeing Khan

's penis belt in and out of her that way - it's incredible. I can understand why it gives her so much pleasure, purely as a physical thing - having that long, thin penis pistoning in her while the furry sheath hits her open vulva and tickles the hell out of her clitoris at the same time. That sheath - or fur-covered scabbard would be a better way of describing it - seems almost designed to fit into the gaping vulva of a woman when she's got her thighs wide open and is hot and bothered."

"Marsha tells me the sensation is indescribable. She gets a funny look in her eyes when she talks about it. And as a matter of fact, we don't fuck much anymore. She hasn't really wanted it from me for... since just after she made it with Khan. Hmm. Should I be jealous?"

"No, seriously, it's okay with me. I like to see her enjoy life, and Khan, too. He enjoys fucking her. We're a family now."

"That sounds weird, but it's true. Almost every night we have him into the bedroom, and sometimes during the day."

"I don't know - maybe she and Khan go at it during the day when I'm working. It wouldn't surprise me. It wouldn't disturb me. She used to use the vibrator a lot when I wasn't home, so..."

"I don't miss fucking her. I actually prefer her mouth. She is an expert at it, and when she sucks me when she's supremely aroused - like when Khan is licking her or fucking her - wowee, does she go

to town and get me off beautifully!”

“And watching them together is a kick for me – I told you that – yes, and – well, I suggested we think about a bigger dog in a few years, when Khan is old. A Great Dane or a mastiff. That would thrill me seeing Marsha take the penis of a full-grown mastiff. Wham-wham-wham! Eight inches into her like a steam hammer.”

“But you know women – she’s afraid of something that big. She likes Khan’s size. So I suppose that’s the way it’ll be.”

“The future – well, eventually, I suppose we’ll get tired of Khan. Even Marsha will.”

“We’re in contact with a small group – a few couples – who are experimenting with a fucking machine. A real machine. Some of the husbands are mechanical – in the aircraft industry and electronics and they’re putting one together in a basement. It’s for the women, a kind of masturbation of them, effortless. They’ll just lie down, fit themselves to the size dildo they put on the machine, and turn it on. Dials for speed and depth of thrust and everything. They claim it’s for science, for sexology research. With the way things are going, you never can tell – they might end up selling it to some government research group for a million dollars. Can’t you just see the clerks in the patent office when...”

“I’m waiting for the suck-off machine to come along. That’ll be quite a civilization we’ll have – sex between men and women will be obsolete because the machines will perform better and never get tired or cranky or...”

“Of course that’s the far future. For me, I don’t think I’ll ever find anyone better suited to me than Marsha.”

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CHAPTER THREE - A Donkey Named Peter

The Kinsey Reports tell us that women are known to give cunnilingus to cows and mares, sheep and goats. They fellate donkeys and manage coitus with bulls, stallions, donkeys, and ponies. Not always for “show” purposes, but because they prefer it and like it.

Most bestiality on farms is between boys and animals. Dr. Frank Caprio details this in Variations in Sexual Behavior, but “most” means some bestiality is between girls and women and animals.

And Dr. Rosenberger, in Bestiality, suggests it is of greater incidence: “It is believed by many medical authorities that the percentage for women is even higher!”

Thus it is not too surprising that an adult woman could or would involve herself sexually with a donkey. Given the circumstances described below by a retired veterinarian it is highly credible.

Howie is sixty-five years old and a retired veterinarian. He used to live in a mountain state, in a poor country that was mostly scratch farms and rocks.

I met him when I stopped at a local park for a few moments to watch a shuffleboard match.

Howie is a garrulous, white-haired, small, portly man who, when I first met him and later when I interviewed him in depth, was wearing violent red suspenders and a wildly colorful Hawaiian shirt... with gray pants and wing-tip brogues... and a straw hat.

He was soaking up the sun, peering through sunglasses and talking at anyone who came near.

He vented a constant flow of information about himself, about life, about his circumstances, about his former profession, about people and life in general: "Well, you know, the grave is the last place anyone expects to end up, even when he's got one foot in it."

The bad thing about working with animals is you have to put up with their owners.

"With Social Security I get lots of society but damn little security."

Howie isn't very original but he talks fast, he has a pleasant lilt to his slightly nasal voice, and he uses his hands like an orchestra conductor.

After a few minutes of talking about himself, he asked me why I was free in the middle of the afternoon. I told him I was my own boss - a writer... and inevitably I told him my specialty.

"Things I could tell you if you're interested... things happen on farms you wouldn't believe. People and animals are isolated - snowed in - for months on end; some pretty hairy things happen."

"Yes, air, and not just with the men doing things with cows and sheep and mares and pigs... that's common. What I mean is the farm women sometimes out there in the mountains without men. Widows... women in their forties sometimes, with a lot of vinegar left in them, they do some strange things to scratch that old sex itch."

"No one out there, to tell on them, you see. Animals won't tell. Well, that ain't true exactly, either. An animal will tell a vet a lot in small ways... there's ways of telling what's been goin' on, to a trained eye. I could tell you..."

Of course I invited him to my place with the understanding I would make a recording of what he said, but would alter names and places, if specific names and places were mentioned, and when they were mentioned.

That was agreeable to Howie; he loved to talk, and "Talking down-and-dirty about sex - that's my favorite kind of talk."

I laid in a supply of beer to keep his throat well oiled at his hinted request and he showed up exactly when he said he'd be by.

"I used to laugh my fool head off when a cow or heifer or a mare or filly'd get colic or something and I'd be called out to a farm. If there was a boy on the farm in his teens maybe, or a young hand, and he was hanging around looking worried about the animal and he didn't own the animal, then right away I knew he'd been dipping it in on the sly and was scared I'd find out some way."

"You know, sometimes the young ones would be worried sick they'd caused the animal to be sick. Some figured sure as hell the animal was pregnant from him and was goin' to have a half-man foal or something."

"But what raised the hair on the back of my neck was when a woman was the one who was worried about a stud animal, worried in a certain way. Hard to describe what I mean. Didn't come across it too much, but..."

"Well, there was a time like that about thirty years ago during the war. This young woman was stuck on a farm and her husband was off in the Army - in North Africa, I think - and she was just putting in

her time, not farming the land. She lived off the allotment checks. That was a hard, lonely life for her with nothing but a radio and a donkey for company."

"Turned out that donkey... name was Peter, as I remember... turned out that donkey was a lot more than company for her."

"How I got into it was this way: the animal turned croupy some time in, oh, I guess it was February or so of '43, and she came in to my office to have me come out to see to it."

"Now I remember this in detail, in vivid detail, what comes later, because it is something you do not see every day or every year or every decade, even. Seeing a pretty woman getting poled by a donkey is a sight to see!"

"Now I got to set this scene for you, so you bear with me now. I liked this woman, let's just call her Bess since I don't want to give her, real first name and you don't want me to anyway."

"I liked Bess, and I had an idea I might get close to her if she had a yen for it and didn't mind cheating on her husband a little."

"Bess was a pretty woman... damned pretty... with long chestnut brown hair hanging straight down, like your hippie girls wear hair now, and Bess kept her hair long and combed shiny. Never saw a speck of dandruff in her hair. And she was tall for a woman, too, about five-nine or so, and solid. Not fat, not chunky or too hippy. She had a figure on her! Curves in the right places. A nice big pair of milkers on her, meat on her bones, but not a bit too much. Fine, shapely woman, oh, about thirty-three years old or so."

"She had a proud look to her. Kept her head up all the time and looked everybody right square in the eye."

"You could have knocked me over with a straw when I saw what I saw that day a couple weeks later."

"Right away I went along to her place - about fifteen miles out - and dosed that animal with some new stuff that was out that was good for the croup. Peter - the donkey - was wheezin' and coughin' pretty bad. That was when I got the cold feeling along my neck - the way she stood over him and had to be sure he'd get better. She was in love with that animal, more'n she loved her husband. I could tell. The little barn was neat, clean, everything painted, fresh hay, feed, oh, she was pampering that stud."

"What made me sick and sure was how clean that animal was. She must have given him shampoos and put perfume on him... for all I know she maybe wiped his asshole after he shit. He was that clean."

"But what clinched it for me was the way that animal reacted to her. He brayed soft-like, and looked at her - followed her with his eyes everywhere she went in that barn."

"And if she got close and petted him, stroked his neck like, then that pecker of his started to come out into sight. Slid out like a pink bone, it did."

"I noticed it and she saw me look and she turned red - just colored up like a girl seeing her first naked man."

"She stopped touching that animal then. She moved away fast and turned away and went out to the

house to get me a drink of something.”

“But I knew. I had the stomach flops for a few minutes, thinking about it.”

“And over in a corner of the barn, maybe twenty feet away, was this narrow little mattress with a blanket sewn around it. Not more than two feet wide and three feet long – it was a baby’s mattress, from a crib. Had to be, now I think on it. Always puzzled me. Now I figure it out thirty years later. The mind of man is a wondrously stupid thing, sometimes.”

“Well, I couldn’t figure at the time what that little mattress was for. When I came back two weeks later without her knowing I’d be visiting... I found out my suspicions were right.”

“What a sight – Bess on her hands and knees on that mattress under that animal, her getting poled with that pink bone like there was no tomorrow!”

“I admit, I admit, there’s a lot of pure dirty curiosity in me, and a good handful of voyeur in me, too. I’ve seen things on the sly that few men ever see.”

“Seen lots of men and boys poling animals. Some were right out in the open about it with me. They didn’t think it wrong at all. They figured it didn’t matter one way or the other, since it’s only an animal, and it feels good.”

“One old coot of a prospector used to bang his donkey mare all the time – for years – out in the mountains while he was panning out stake money and looking for a big strike.”

“Lots of widowers take to their cows. Can’t say I blame them. No woman will live on them scratch farms with ‘em. Those men got no place else to go and nothin’ else they can do. A man needs some pleasure and a man’s pecker gets pretty demanding.”

“So you get the rare woman who takes to a stallion donkey or maybe a colt... not too surprisin’ under some situations.”

“Usually, though, a woman can always find a man, if she needs company and some fun in bed. No call to start using an animal. Most men will travel a long way to bed a woman.”

“And you take a handsome young woman like Bess! Well... maybe she figured it wasn’t adultery if she did it with Peter, her donkey. Just an animal, you see, just an animal.”

“I don’t know her psychology. I’m only speculating. Had to be something a little loose in her mind, though.”

“Trouble is, and I speak frankly now, trouble is, once a woman gets a taste of the right animal – you know, once she gets one of them big poles in her and an animal whumps it into her a time or two – then she’s no good for a man after that. Once a woman gets a taste of that kind of fucking... she’s spoiled. She won’t ever be full satisfied with a mere man again.”

“Yes, I’m gettin’ to it. As I said, I went back to Bess’ farm a couple weeks later with the excuse in my mind to check up on Peter.”

“Actually, I drove up there in the early evening with the idea maybe I’d get to see something. Well, I’ll confess to you... I went on out to her place and snuck around in the bushes six times before I hit.”

“Left my car around the hill and walked in half a mile each time. Crept up and saw a light in the

barn."

"Crept up to the barn and peeked in through a crack between those old, warped boards. Big enough to get a good look-see."

"It like to took my breath away. I was right on the money. There was Bess pushing that little mattress under Peter. She had him haltered and boxed into a corner so he couldn't move very much and maybe do her damage with his hooves."

"She had a robe on, I guess, wrapped around her and from where I was looking, her bent over and a lot of leg showing, and her big milkers jiggling and hanging loose when she moved, I got me the idea she was stark naked underneath."

"My heart started pumping heavy, let me tell you. But I could tell I wasn't going to get a good view from where I was looking, so I crept slow and quiet around to where Peter was tied up against the wall and found me another good crack to look in through."

"Bess had electricity for the house, but it wasn't strung for the barn, so she had an oil lantern hung up on a spike in a post near Peter."

"I could see in fine, but she couldn't see me peeking in. Shadows in the cracks and such."

"Bess was kneeling beside that donkey, rubbing his neck and sides and sort of crooning to him, saying words I couldn't get. But I was looking through a crack low enough down for me to see his pole sliding out."

"Now let me tell you a few things about a donkey. Most city people don't know beans about animals, 'specially a donkey. A donkey is like a very small horse, but shaggier, and his ears are longer. He comes up to a man's stomach with his body and he'll look you in the eye with his head up. A donkey'll weigh three - four times what a man does. So you can expect a donkey's pecker is a mighty size for a woman to get around."

"When Peter's pecker came easing down I was in a good position to see it - I wasn't more than three or four feet away, actually. And that thing was like... well, like a child's arm from fist to elbow, just about that size. Kind of a wet purple in color. Mean-looking thing. My belly was knotting up tight, from anticipating Bess taking that ugly pole into her passage."

"Meanwhile, Bess was kneeling beside the animal and her hands were moving closer and closer under his barrel of a chest, down into the shaggy yellow-white hair of his underbelly."

"She got her left hand on that wet purple thing and started playing with it, running her fingers up and down on it, and getting her hand around it and starting to kind of jack him off."

"Peter started gettin' frisky with her doing that to him. He brayed a lot, but not too loud, and he stomped the floorboards good. And he tossed his head and turned his neck to look at her."

"Bess let go of his pole and opened up her robe and let it fall off her shoulders. Oh, what a woman she was. I've never seen a woman to match her since, and I've seen my share."

"She was very white - white skin all over - and built like that ol' brick shithouae, you know? Had a pair of milkers on her... came out to here with beautiful, red, crinkled up teats. You'd swear she had a half-gallon of milk in them breasts of hers, they were so swollen and stuck-out and round. You'd swear it would be a kindness to her to start suckin' on them."

"And she had an ass on her... each half nice and smooth and round... and legs like you see in the movies."

"Only thing not perfect about Bess was her left foot, which was clubbed, from when she was born, and she walked with a limp and had to wear a special shoe. Shoes for her cost up to fifty dollars, I heard once. Still and all, everybody figured her husband got a bargain, marrying her."

"But maybe that clubfoot made her a little odd in the head. Kids can be cruel to crippled kids, and I bet she got bent in the head when she was young. Maybe that's why she took to that donkey. Or maybe it was those long, cold, dark mountain winters."

"But there I was crouchin' outside that barn lookin' in through a crack in the boards... and there she was crawlin' in under that donkey, with him stampin' and slobberin' from the mouth, all ready to go, with that long pecker all slid out."

"I frankly didn't think any woman could hope to encompass all that much pole. I frankly didn't think any woman had that much of a hole in her."

"But Bess... I'm telling you. She crawled under that animal with her ass rubbing the end of that big pecker, and she's on all fours, like an animal herself, and she gits on her hands and knees under him, between his four legs, like it was a natural thing. I got a cold chill seeing her in that position. Wasn't anything to the creepy feeling I got when she and him started fucking."

"Bess reached back under between her legs and grabbed that pole and put the end of it into herself. That was a thick chunk to get in, too, let me tell you. And Peter didn't make it any easier for her. He was moving around as much as he could, and beginning to shove, too."

"But she got it into herself and when he felt that he up and clopped his front feet up on a shelf, just like held been trained to, I expect, and this gave him a purchase and an angle he needed, like he was mounting a she-donkey, and he got that first big shove into her good."

"I could hear everything pretty good. That board wall was a sieve for sound, and when that pole slammed into her, Bess let out a grunt with a squeal on the end of it you could've heard for a hundred yards."

"Of course she didn't limit herself that way. She figured she was alone for ten miles every way around. So she let herself go. She talked to that animal like he was human."

"What she did - she leaned forward when he shoved, and leaned back when he pulled back, and that way she wasn't impaled all at once, and she didn't lose him, either. She had it all worked out."

"Even so... she didn't match him right a couple times and that pecker fell out of her. She had to reach back and put it back in."

"And a lot of times - 'specially toward the end - she or he lost the rhythm and she took nearly all of that pole -smack - whole! and boy, she howled good. But it was a good-feelin' howl, I could tell. She liked it even if it did near stretch her box to the limit. She had it plow into her like that over a dozen times, I imagine, and her whole body would snap tight like a jolt of electricity had gone through her."

"I think that fucking lasted a good ten minutes. She got to where she was out of her mind, had her hands straight forward on the boards, pushing herself back on that mighty pecker that was plowing into her, right up into her. I didn't believe a woman could find room for a pecker that big around and

that long. I sure as hell ain't seen the like since."

"You take a look at a seven or eight-year-old's arm sometime, from the fist to the elbow, and you try to imagine that's a purple donkey pole getting shoved up into a handsome young woman, naked, in a barn... The things people will do."

"I got to admit I was sweating while watching all this. I got the hot chills from seeing it. And my right hand was down in my pants, rubbing away good."

"But Bess was the one who was really enjoying that fucking she was getting. She was grunting every time it went in... and usually it went in only about two-thirds. She was drooling a little, too, and not knowing or caring about it. The woman was out of her mind. I don't know what it feels like to be a woman, getting fucked like that animal was fucking her, and I don't want to."

"The cap on it was when the animal shot his wad into her. He got wild and was fucking her so hard I thought she'd get ruptured. She was having that pole all the way in, having it shoved in with a couple hundred pounds of impact."

"She was helpless, like a worm taking a hook. Except she kept pushing back for more each time he pushed her forward."

"I have to say she shocked me. I was squatting outside, peering in through that crack in the boards, beating my meat, watching it all, and I was hypnotized. Bess' milkers were wobbling under her, like round white pots. Her head was hanging down, and her long hair was trailing on the blanket over the little mattress."

"And all this was in that yellow light from the lantern and with all that fucking causing shadows. And that animal was breathing loud and fast, like a windstorm. And he kept clomping his hooves on the boards and braying once in a while... and shoving that pole into her as fast as he could. He couldn't get enough into her, it looked like, and she was grunting when he got most or all of it in, grunting like a big man had slugged her in the gut."

"When that animal shot his wad it was like a fountain of cream had backed up in her. It came shooting out around his pole from her insides, like a pump. Each time he shoved into her he shot more into her hole and each time when he got in deep enough the pressure would squirt the stuff out of her."

"I guess I was pop-eyed seeing all that. I had a handful of my own stuff shooting out into my pants, I admit that. Got nothing to hide. Not at this late date."

"Bess was grunting and howling like crazy while that animal was shooting in her. It was enough to turn me gray. Didn't know whether to run in there and stop it or not."

"Then it was over. Peter brayed loud once and started to struggle to get his front legs down off that shelf made of two-by-fours."

"Bess got out from under him quick. She looked punch-drunk, and she was dripping a steady flow of his stuff out of her hole."

"She stood up and helped him down. Then she put some extra oats in his feed trough and put on her robe again. She limped out of the barn with the lantern and went into the house."

"I went back to my car down the road and drove home. I was pretty wrung out, and I guess Bess

slept good that night, too.”

“The thing is, you see, I couldn’t let it alone. I wanted to see that happen again, and stirrin’ in my mind was a strong yen to do things with Bess myself.”

“Now, I knew I had an ace to play, having seen what she did with old Peter. But I figured a picture would be something powerful to get my way with.”

“Understand, I was a young man then, and I had a lot of piss and vinegar in me. And good lookin’ women were hard to find in that county.”

“I’m not too particular how I get my way, sometimes. I figured Bess was fair game. All I needed was a good lever.”

“I wasn’t too nice a guy in those days. I was 4-F because of ulcers and the fact that the county draft board figured I was essential to the area, being the only vet for fifty miles or so.”

“I had a good camera, used it to take picture of animals for records and such. Did some picture-taking at the county fairs – prize animals and such as that, for the local weekly.”

“So... you guessed it, yes, I haunted Bess’ farm every afternoon and early evening for a week before she got her yen up for that donkey’s pole.”

“I got my hopes up one afternoon, but she was full-dressed and carrying a bucket. She spent an hour combing and brushing and wiping that animal.”

“I kept coming back each day. I’m a persistent cuss, sometimes. I figured she’d set him up again in the same place, so he could rear up and get his front feet on that shelf... so I sneaked up to the barn and I whittled out that crack so it was wide enough to take a picture through. Then I rubbed dirt on the cut parts so she wouldn’t notice right away.”

“Well, she came out to the barn one early evening, and I was a-waiting. Camera ready. I wasn’t sure what kind of picture I’d get with only that lantern for light, but I had a big lens and I could open ‘er up to one point five and I figured a tenth of a sec would do ‘er. Had that fast double film.”

“She had a little bit of hard candy for Peter. She fed it to him in the palm of her hand and stroked his neck and scratched his ears good. He smelled her. She had on the same robe and from the way her milkers jiggled and her teats stuck out, I could make a good guess she was mother naked under it.”

“Sure enough, she led him over to the same place and pulled that blanket-covered little mattress over. Then she let her robe fall... and all that beautiful white body was there to see. Those big milkers. I remember thinking it was a waste she never had any kids.”

“I clicked me a couple shots of her naked like that. She didn’t hear the shutter with all the stomping and hay-crackling that was going on.”

“She hugged him around the neck and whispered in his ear – I could see his ear turn and twitch. I took a picture of that, too – her pressing herself against him like that.”

“In fact, she rubbed herself against him. That shaggy brown coat of his turned her on, I guess. She hugged his neck and rubbed her teats against him till they were hard as dried cherries. They looked a lot juicier, though. Made my mouth water. Big and fat and wrinkled.”

"She was hot to trot. She knelt down like before and got a hold of Peter's pecker - it was out all the way, of course. Near as thick as her wrist."

"It was possible for me to see her crotch - I was lookin' in under the animal - and she was wet there, the lips of her twat was juicy, almost drippy with that natural slippery stuff."

"She had a hold of that big pecker and was skinning her hand along it - back and forth, making him stomp and jitter."

"I took a picture of it, but the light under there was bad because she was blocking it with her body, mostly."

"But then she turned kind of sideways and put her hand down between her legs and slid two - three fingers into herself. She did it easy and I realized how stretched she had to be from taking that huge pecker, God only knows how many times."

"The light fell on her just right, so I clicked a picture of it. I had enough right then - her with her hand on that pole and the other hand in herself. I had enough to get her to do my will if the pictures came out."

"In fact, she sort of froze for a couple seconds, like she maybe heard that shutter-click, and she looked around fast and nervous, wild-eyed, but she didn't think of looking at the knothole I had made. I guess I was lucky the light didn't reflect off the lens and give me away."

"She listens hard for a while, her head cocked just so... but I was froze, too, hardly breathing, and good old Peter kept stompin' and breathing heavy."

"Finally she decided she'd been imaginin' things, and got interested in that big pecker again. She played with it a while and got that animal beside himself. I thought she was just going to masturbate him the way she was pumping that pole."

"And the thing I took some pictures of was her hand in her twat. She sat on that little mattress like a Buddha, legs crossed, and wide open. You get the picture - facing the wall, which meant facing me and my camera, and she kept on playing with that big stiff pecker with one hand and with the other hand she worked herself into a blue-tailed tizzy. She got so she had half her hand inside her twat, just jamming it in and out, except for her thumb. Had all her fingers sliding in and out right past the knuckles."

"Well, the reason she didn't see the lens and the big hole I'd cut was that Peter's belly was in the way, mostly, and his hide was so shaggy she had to bend over way low to see all the way under him."

"Peter brayed loud a couple times, like he was telling her to get on under him so he could fuck her."

"She said - and I can hear her voice clear in my mind even now - she said in a sexy voice, just shook up with passion: 'Yes, honey, right away. Right now.'"

"She'd she pushed that small mattress under him and got in there with his belly hair tickling her back. He clopped around in place and then reared up with his front hooves on that shelf, like he'd been trained to do."

"Him up like that gave me more light. I got her in

perfect profile as she reached under between her legs and got a hold of his pecker."

"Then, I think before she realized it, he nailed her with that big ugly pole. Right into her like a battering ram!"

"His hind quarters give that jerk and she got that purple arm right on up into her belly so far you'd swear she'd bust open."

"She gave out that squeal-grunt and was knocked forward. Then he pulled back for an other run in and pulled all the way out."

"I was ready the second time. When she put that pole in position I got a shot of her face, too, looking under herself, the light good enough for an exposure. She was so interested in what was coming she didn't hear the shutter."

"She give out a 'OH!' when he smacked into her again, but she moved forward with it and didn't get the full size, then she moved backward when he pulled. I watched it to the end. I was practically hypnotized."

"Bess got so worked up she was yelling, 'Shove it in... shove it in...' each time. She was lathered with sweat at the end, and staring glassy-eyed."

"I watched that pole drive into her all the way just before Peter blew his wad... and it was her doing, too - she braced herself and took it up into her belly. She was suckin' air and groanin' and grunting each time, but she loved it. She pressed back, kept pressing back after he knocked her forward."

"Peter, he brayed and snorted and went a little wild himself - slammin' that long wicked thing into her, his flanks heavin', his hooves beginning to splinter the floorboards..."

"Then it started gushing out of her, splattering down on her legs and on the floor and all."

"It left her weak, I could see that. Her arms and legs trembled and she staggered like a drunk for a minute, getting her robe on."

"I crept away. I was creatin' my pants to get the films developed. About two hours later down in my basement darkroom, I knew I had something. I had to overdevelop that roll a lot, but I got good negatives and good prints."

"There she was, it was Bess all right, getting stiffed by that ugly donkey pecker. There was Bess stark naked, hugging the animal and pressing her teats against him, smiling."

"I had a good deal of satisfaction in those photographs. I made two sets of prints, and I hid those negatives good."

"Then, along about four days later, I made me a visit out to her place."

"Like I said before, I'm a mean bugger when I want to be, and I was itchy for her then. If she could see getting fucked by her donkey, she sure as hell wouldn't turn me down for any good reason, even if she was married."

"That was quite a scene we had in her house. I'll skip all the shadowboxing and how she acted all innocent at first, then angry and insulted and outraged - that all went by the board when I showed her those photos."

"She got so pale... the blood just ran out of her head. Then she looked up and got fiery-red - tomato

red and she just seemed to come apart. One minute she was a proud, angry woman, and the next minute – just crumpled up, sobbing like her heart was busting, hiding her face in her hands, huddled over on the sofa.”

“I felt like a royal bastard, but I felt good, too, with those photos giving me power over her.”

“Standing straight, Bess was about an inch taller than me. I’m not a big man, you know – five feet seven, without shoes on. And I find the older I get I shrink down, too.”

“But that was my time to be in control. I had her. I told her what would happen to her if I told the sheriff what she was doing with that animal, and showed him the proof. How she’d be arrested and everybody would know – how it would be whispered around, how the judge would send her to the insane asylum forever, how it was in the state hospital with those crazy women shitting anywhere they felt like it, yelling and screaming, and gabbling and puking and talking to themselves and even attacking her if they felt like it, how she’d never get out of there, they’d keep her there till she died, considering what she did.”

“I laid it on thick. Most of it was true, of course. The mental hospitals in that state are snake pits, and everybody knows it.”

“She was shaking so hard I could barely understand her at first – but she was waking up that I wanted something.”

“I just said it plain. ‘Bess,’ I said, ‘I want to climb in bed with you and have us some fun, that is all.’”

“She looked at me like I was a bug, but those pictures were scattered on the floor and she was a fine one to complain.”

“She didn’t want to. She said she loved her husband, she said this and she said that, but I just knocked down everything she said. She couldn’t talk me out of it.”

“Finally she realized it, I had all the power. So she finally nodded and asked me, ‘Now?’ and I said yes, and we went into the bedroom.”

“It was embarrassing at first for me. I’d never forced myself on a woman before. You should believe that. It was one of those times... out there in that lonely, rocky country, with nothing much to do... it was one of those times when a man acts like a man. Not like an animal. I had her in my power and I knew I could make her do anything and she wouldn’t make trouble. That’s a situation few men can leave alone.”

“We got naked and I spent a good hour with my hands on her body, feeling her all over... especially those beautiful milkers of hers. Like white satin, with those upstanding teats. Her breasts were so round and full. Didn’t sag hardly at all.”

“I sucked on those teats like a thirsty baby – like a newborn colt sucks on his mother. And I got them teats to stick up hard, too.”

“I wanted to work her up in spite of herself I wanted her to get hot and want me for a man.”

“But as soon as I started fooling with her between the legs I knew I couldn’t satisfy her. I slid my finger down there and it went in easy, even with her not being wet naturally.”

“She was stretched so much – there was no elasticity left there. She didn’t shrink tight again after

God knows how many times she'd been fucked by that giant donkey pecker."

"She was no good for a man. I'm not hung like a donkey. I'm on the small size as far as a man goes. I didn't think of that ahead of time - her being so big and loose inside."

"I put three fingers in her and was feeling around, curious as to how she could be so big."

"You might find this hard to believe, what I did, but it's God's truth, so help me. I bunched my fingers and put my thumb in between - see, like this - and pushed my whole hand into her."

"I've got a small hand for a man anyway, of course, but I'm telling you it was a funny feelin' - and a strange sight - to see my whole hand disappear up into her twat like that."

"It was a little tight at the entrance, but a twist and push and the hand was in... and it was warm and wet in there, with little knobs and things up in there."

"She was surprised, too, but it did what I wanted... it seemed to turn her on good. She sat up on her elbows and stared down at my arm between her open legs like that, and blushed something like pure pink. She wouldn't look at me, only at my arm down there."

"I asked her if she wanted me to fuck her with my hand. She said I could do whatever I wanted. She only wanted me to get it over with and leave."

"I said I wanted to have her enjoy it, too. She didn't say anything. I experimented with my hand all the way in her. I felt around in there and made her jump and inhale when I stuck a finger into her cervix, right into her womb. The little mouth spasmed and dilated on my finger. She started to gasp. She said it hurt."

"I took my finger out of it and curled my fingers closed over my thumb... into a fist, the way girls make a fist sometimes."

"That stretched her, too, and she winced. Then I started fucking her in there with my fist. Easy and slow at first. It was a short stroke about three inches leeway in, her."

"She didn't say anything at first. She just watched. Her long brown hair was beautiful the way it fell past her white shoulders and partly lay, on her full breasts."

"It was hard work, driving my fist in her like that - it was like pushing and pulling in warm molasses, because after a few minutes I noticed she started to clamp down inside and at the opening, with her muscles."

"Bess started to breathe deeper, too, and her legs opened up more and her hips started to move. I kept watching, with her. I couldn't believe I was doing it, either. My whole hand in her to the wrist... almost up to my wristwatch. I wore an old Waltham, then. And I remember wondering if I could push in till the watch disappeared, too."

"I tried, but she grunted and said it hurt too much."

"I noticed that each time I pushed my fist deep into her, her vulva and her clitoris were sort of pulled in, too. I noticed that her clitoris got rubbed on my wrist each time it was pulled down and in. I figure that was what happened with the donkey pole - it was so thick and long it pulled the clitoris down and rubbed it, too."

"After a few minutes I could tell she was liking it. She got some color in her cheeks and some spark in her eyes."

"I kept it up and sure enough, she said for me to do it faster and harder. It embarrassed her to say that, to tell me, but she couldn't hide what was happening to her, and maybe she didn't really care. Maybe she figured having a man force her that way wasn't really adultery and being unfaithful."

"I started in working my arm like a piston in a cylinder - like you see on the side of a steam locomotive - shuff - shuff - shuff - shuff..."

"Bess started to lose herself in it. She was panting and gruntin' - just like when Peter's pecker was shovin' into her."

"I think she almost forgot me. Her eyes closed and her mouth opened and she was shaking and jerking like crazy."

"She had her an orgasm - a damn good one and my arm was tired as hell. The closer she got to coming the more she clamped down on my hand and wrist till my arm and shoulder was tired as hell, actually trembling with fatigue."

"Truth is, I was glad to pull my hand out of her. Thought for a minute she'd never let it go."

"I figured I had a favor coming from her. I knew I couldn't get any satisfaction putting my little dink in her there, so I rolled over on my back and put it to her plain, in five-cent words. I said, 'Okay, Bess, now how about you using your mouth?'"

"I started playin' with her teats again, waiting for her to say something."

"She said she'd never done that before with any man, including her husband. So I said it was about time she learned."

"She said no and I said yes, and we got to almost yelling. Finally I had to grab her and pull her head down to it and tell her if she didn't I'd make sure her husband and the sheriff got a look at those photos."

"That was enough. She was cryin' and weepin' and reluctant, but the idea of making her do it had me with a hard on that wouldn't quit."

"Finally she opened her mouth and took in the end of my pecker and started sucking it... sucked it pretty good, too, and I felt the sap rising in me."

"I kept my hands on her head and kept her head bobbing up and down. I told her how to do it, told her how to use her tongue."

"I didn't plan on just having that one time in bed with her. I figured on coming around a lot."

"She finally decided, I guess, that she should do me and get it over with. She started sucking and tonguing with some enthusiasm. Not that she liked it, but she found it wasn't as terrible a thing to do as she had thought."

"I shot off a minute later... right up into her mouth. It was a hot, sweet feeling, holding it back, holding it back, while the sensations got higher and higher and stronger and stronger... then I couldn't stop it any more, and it shot up out of me."

"Bess knew it was going to happen. She had to know that, but it surprised her anyway. She lifted her mouth off."

"I fountained once or twice more and she made a face and spit into her hand. She got off the bed and went to the bathroom."

"I didn't get dressed. I wanted a cup of coffee, then I wanted her to suck me again."

"She made me the coffee, and had a cup herself, but she put up a big fight about sucking me again. She had thought once was enough and I'd leave her alone."

"I made her keep naked, too. She had to walk around in the buff. I liked to see her milkers wobble and jiggle and stick out like they did, and see her walk around like a queen. Beautiful body. Except for that foot of hers and that limp."

"Bess told me never to come back when I left a couple hours later. But she knew I'd be back. I told her I'd be back. I was mean. Give a man power like that over a handsome woman and he'll abuse her every time. I'm no different. You'd do it, too."

"I drove back out to her place five days later. She locked the door on me but I forced it open and threatened her with the photos again."

"I asked her if she'd paid a visit to Peter while I was gone. She said, no, real cold in her voice. I didn't like that treatment. It got my goat. I wasn't such a bad guy. She'd enjoyed bed with me. So I told her to get her clothes off - I was going to fist-fuck her."

"She argued and delayed and I had to push her down and practically do it by force... but before long she got excited again and I started driving my fist like a piston and she started to shake and jerk with an orgasm."

"She was hugging me at the end, and her hips were moving like a snake and she was panting and grunting and squealing... It made me disgusted in a way."

"She didn't even seem to mind sucking me off after that. The more she was agreeable the more I had a contempt for her."

"Along about my sixth visit she was glad to see me. She even - well, she even got so she would suck me off, and when I shot off up into her mouth, she didn't spit it. She got so she wouldn't take her mouth away."

"Bess got so she would hug my waist and hips, crouching over me, and she'd know I was having an orgasm, and she'd work her mouth really sweet down on my pecker, and work her tongue sweet on it, and when I shot off, she kept the stuff in her mouth until I was all finished shooting, then she swallowed it all. I could hear her throat work when she swallowed it."

"You know, for some reason that disgusted me more than her getting fucked by that donkey. It made my stomach turn over each time."

"I got the belief after some weeks that she was a slut - just a perverted, loathsome woman, not worthy of the man who married her. I got so I wanted to punish her."

"As long as you're going to wipe this tape clean as soon as you have the words on paper, and you change all the names, I guess I'll tell something I'm not too proud of... something I made Bess do."

"Looking back on it now bothers me. I guess it's been bothering me all my life. Maybe if I tell it, it'll give me some peace."

"Well, it has to do with her and that Peter, that donkey."

"I was so disgusted with her swallowing my stuff like that... being so low as to do that... prostitutes, the lowest kind of prostitutes only did that kind of thing. That's the way I was taught. That's what I learned when I was a young man, back in the '20s and '30s."

"Only low-down scummy prostitutes would swallow spunk and do things with animals. In my mind, I guess I thought Bess was that kind. She did those things, didn't she?"

"So I - I got her naked one day and I dragged her out to the barn and I got her down on her knees under that animal and I told her what I wanted her to do."

"She went ghost white and started to get up and I hit her, I'm sorry to say it, I hit her, I had to hit her, and I said if she didn't I'd send copies of those photos to her folks. I had gone through her papers and I had their address. I told her I'd send those pictures to her mother and father, and her husband, the sheriff... There wasn't anything she could do but cry. I felt pretty lowdown myself, but there was something eating in me, pushing me on, to make her do it. She had to be punished, she had to be shown the kind of slut she was, and that was the way."

"I squatted down there next to her and I slapped her till she did it."

"She took hold of that donkey pecker and started to masturbate it. And I had her reach over to my pecker and masturbate me, too."

"It wasn't long before Peter was dancin' his hooves on the boards, getting ready to shoot."

"That's when I took Bess' head in my hands and forced her face-to-face with the end of that pole, and forced her mouth open and forced her to put her mouth on the end of it."

"It makes me plain sick now to think what I did to that woman."

"Peter was shovin' his pole in the air, pushin' her head back each time. His pecker was too big for her to get even the end of it in her mouth."

"I kept holdin' her head and she kept crying and sobbing, deep down in her chest, the kind that tears you apart to hear, and I kept yelling at her to keep on jackin' that pecker. Had her use both hands, had her keep her mouth on the end of it as best she could..."

"I'd promised her I'd give her the negatives of the pictures. This was the last time, the last thing she had to do."

"Well, that animal finally gushed his stuff. She had her mouth wide open for it, too, that first big spurt of it. Went right in like a big pump was behind it - right in her mouth."

"Something went and broke in my guts when I saw it - I got a hot wet feeling and I was shooting, too. I hardly knew it."

"Bess took that first glop of that stuff full in the mouth and gagged on it. She turned her face away and more of it shot out like from a hose and splashed her in the hair, and then more came out and splattered on her chin - on the side of her chin and ran down her neck - and more came out - not so

hard and more runny – and it fell on her arm and on her milkers... down on her legs.”

“She was bent over then being sick, vomiting all over, upchucking everything.”

“I had me a prickly feeling up my back. And a cold chill all over. And like I was in a dream I said, ‘I didn’t make it happen.’ But I knew better. I was feeling sick to my stomach, too. I ran out of the barn and went back into the house.”

“I got dressed and scamped out of there as fast as I could. I was shakin’. I drove home and I burned all those negatives and all the prints.”

“I never saw Bess again. I learned her husband got himself killed in Italy two months later, and she took the ten thousand insurance money and left the state. Sold that donkey named Peter without a qualm.”

“I’ll bet that animal never had no owner like her again!”

“I was glad to hear she was gone. I wasn’t very proud of myself.”

“Heard of a farm girl once who was simple-minded. She went around with her finger in her twat all the time and liked to masturbate animals. Her folks finally had to send her to a state hospital.”

“Can’t think of anything more that has to do with women and animals as far as sex goes.”

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## **CHAPTER FOUR - The Show Goes On**

In these days of wide-open sexual exhibitions...”adult” theaters showing hard-core pornographic films, and books available of all sexual varieties, often illustrated as graphically as it is possible to get – and even of live sexual exhibitions in nightclubs; in these times it is easy to become sated and tired of “the same old fucking and sucking,” and a desire for variety and to see even more “forbidden” sex acts becomes evident in most sophisticates and consumers of sex material.

But commercial sex acts involving animals are as old as man. Ebing recorded the following: “A monstrous example of this moral depravity in large cities is related by Maschka (Handb., iii.); it is the case of a Parisian female who showed herself in a sexual act with a trained bulldog, to a secret circle of rouses, at, ten francs a head.”

And John Trimble has this to add: “Actually, of course, there is usually a difference in these paid performances, in that the female is doing it for money only, and not for pleasure. But this is far from always being the situation. Few people will do something they absolutely abhor JUST for money. And one of the most interesting case histories I have compiled for this work [Female Bestiality] concerns a beautiful young prostitute who enjoys being cunnilingued and coited with by a dog as well as gaining pleasure from being watched in this performance. To her, it is not all an act, but something to which she genuinely looks forward.”

Trimble’s example fits my experience as I relate it below.

A friend called me on the phone and told me about a discreet little place where a girl-dog act was playing, and invited me to come along that night with him and his wife.

I accepted and we arrived at the place about nine o’clock that night – at a private home.

At the door I was asked to submit to a search and to swear in writing that I was not a police officer or informant, and that I wished to see a sexual exhibition of an unusual kind, that I was there of my own free will and would not report what I had seen to any law-enforcement agency.

(This event occurred some months ago. The house is now empty - unrented - and I have no idea where the people have gone. I hope my reporting of the affair in this book does not constitute a violation of that signed statement. In any event, I never knew their names.)

The physical search was done on the men by a man who let us in and took our money. The woman in our group was searched by a small, thin young woman in a red wig who wore sunglasses.

I almost always carry around my zip-ease and in it I always have a copy or two of one of my books. My credentials. And, like as not, I'll also have along my cassette tape-recorder/player.

The man insisted on looking into my case, of course, and I explained who I was and what I wrote...

He didn't look interested. It was clear that he didn't want anybody getting in with a camera.

All of us did so swear and sign. We then each paid \$20.00 for entrance.

The house was large and old, with a big, square living room. At one end were a pair of wide sliding doors leading to a parlor or dining room. The doors were closed.

Sofas and chairs were arranged facing these doors. There were about twenty people already seated, waiting. There were only three other women present.

There was very little conversation. Most of the people appeared ill at ease. Fifteen minutes passed, and a few more men entered and filled the remaining empty places.

At about nine-thirty the lights were turned off and we sat in darkness for a moment. We could see a line of amber light under and between the closed sliding doors that we all faced.

Then the doors were rumbled open from the other side. We saw a blanket-covered king-size mattress on a roughly carpentered unpainted wooden platform. Yellow light poured down on the mattress from spotlights hidden high and to the left and right inside the wide doorway.

We saw no one. The room appeared to be empty.

Then a hidden phonograph or tape player came on - playing Scheherezade. The quality was thin and low fidelity.

A door in the back of the other room opened and a slim girl stepped into sight. She was short, with an obvious blonde wig, and in addition wore a black mask over her eyes and nose. She was the girl in the red wig who had searched the females in the audience.

She wasn't naked. She wore a striptease gown of shimmering blue that had obviously seen better days. It seemed too big for her and I got the impression it was a castoff.

She stepped up onto the mattress and began an amateur striptease.

Some of the people grumbled out loud: "Bring on the dogs!"

"Twenty bucks for this?"

The girl kept on stripping. After a few more minutes she was naked, doing some effective bumps and grinds. She had a sinuous, erotic movement to her hips which was very sensual and which I thought showed professional training. Her belly was flat and in its flexing showed good condition and taut muscles.

Her breasts were exceptionally well-formed, conical, firm, buoyant, with small pink nipples erect with the stimulation caused by her movements.

She was not a natural blonde – if her wig was intended to indicate her true hair color – because her pubic hair was thin and narrowly grown on her mound, and a rich brown in color.

The lips of her vulva were easily seen. In fact, they were garishly visible because of having been outlined by a vividly red lipstick.

She didn't speak.

When Scheherezade ended she paused until someone out of our sight changed a record to a slow, rhythmic drumbeat.

She snapped her fingers. The far door opened and two fully grown Great Danes came into the room. One was golden yellow in color with erratic black stripes in his coat. He wore a wide blue collar with big blue glass "jewels".

The other was brown-black with white stripes on his chest. He wore a matching collar but colored red, with red "jewels".

They were magnificent dogs; alert, heads held high, disciplined. Their ears twitched and they smelled the audience, but they kept their eyes on the girl, their mistress. They were very clean and well groomed; their coats shone.

She gestured and they leaped up onto the covered mattress and came to a perfect "heel" position, one on either side of her. Their backs were on a level with her crotch.

Some of the audience clapped lightly.

Whoever was at the phonograph or tape player turned up the sound; the drumbeat became insistent and all-pervading. The brilliant yellow light poured down on the girl and her dogs.

She turned to face the golden yellow Dane. She stroked his head a few seconds, then put her hands on her naked hips and spread her feet about two-and-a-half feet apart.

It was a signal. The Dane before her sat on his haunches and extended his head forward and began licking at her vulva.

Those who could see it clearly stirred with excitement. The other Dane began lapping at her crotch from behind. His long tongue wet the cheeks of her small, round buttocks. He licked between. He pressed his nose up against the soft crack and seemed to be trying to reach the long slobbering tongue of the other Dane.

The girl had thrown her head back. She stood with her hands still on her hips, legs wide. She breathed irregularly.

The Dane at her front was licking her eagerly, obviously enjoying it. The inner surfaces of her upper



thighs were wet from his tongue, as was her thin brown pubic hair. His tongue curled out continuously to delve between her thighs.

From where I sat I could see the lipsticked edges of her vulva. Her stance tended to pull the lips apart. The dog's tongue often lapped into the opening. When that happened she visibly trembled.

After a few moments her hips began to rock and her belly rippled. She appeared, for short periods, to be fucking the dog's tongue.

I saw that tongue go into her vulva with increasing frequency. I think it may even have speared into her vagina once or twice.

Both dogs were becoming more excited. They sniffed loudly and pressed their muzzles more enthusiastically into her crotch from in front and behind.

The girl gestured and the dogs stopped. She was breathing fast. She licked her lips. She dropped to her knees and murmured to the animals. She sat on her heels.

On her knees she was smaller than either of the Danes. The big dogs stood still but were nervous and anxious. Their tails whipped back and forth. Their jaws opened and their tongues lolled and they grinned.

She reached under each dog with each hand and gently stroked their bellies with her palms. Her hands cupped their furry white sheaths.

Each Dane seemed to prance excitedly in position. Each dog's penis emerged – long and pink.

She played with their penises. She was gentle. She moved forward on hands and knees. She spoke to the brown-black Dane.

He jumped up on her from behind. His fore-legs and paws rested on her shoulders. He was huge compared to her. She looked small and fragile and pink and white, naked and vulnerable compared to the big dog covering her.

He began poking at her crotch. His penis was all the way out – a long thing, like a pink-mauve hose.

She patted the blanket in front of her and the other Dane trotted in a circle, and finally came to stand sideways to her head.

He stood patiently, at attention, waiting, watching the other Dane searching for an entrance to her body.

The girl was bearing a lot of weight – the dog resting most of his weight on her back had to weigh something around one hundred and fifty pounds.

She reached under, through her crotch, and formed her palm into a channel to guide the dog's penis to her vagina. The touch of her hand spurred him to a closer contact with her loins, and a quicker series of jabs.

Suddenly he was into her. She winced at the spasmodic, deep penetration.

The Dane gave a yipping, delighted bark and gripped her shoulders with his front paws in an almost human way, and curved in back and loins in constant, pounding motion. He fucked her hard and fast.

Under him, the girl was braced on all fours. She had her head down.

Her body shook with his plunges. Her eyes were half-closed. Her mouth was open.

I noticed that the people in the audience were sitting forward, craning for a better angle.

The dog tired after a minute. She said a word to him. He jumped down off her back, pulling out of her. His penis was easily six inches long, wet and slippery-looking.

She said another word or two and the Dane which had been standing patiently by her head circled around and hopped up on her in the other dog's place. His penis slid out as if on command. He waited, in place, for her to reach under and guide him in.

She took him more easily. Her breathing was faster and it seemed to me she was beginning to enjoy the sheer physical sensations of the very fast fucking she was getting.

She did not, ever, look at the audience. We were only about seven to eight feet away at the closest.

The second dog lasted another few minutes. Then he hopped down and the first dog got on her again. She took him in. The other dog stood by her head once again, his penis hanging out, jerking slightly.

She had her eyes closed. Her face twitched and the artery in the side of her neck was throbbing heavily. Her hands were clutching the blanket tightly.

She began breathing hoarsely when the second Great Dane took his turn again. She lurched under his weight. She began to moan... and it sounded real.

There were a few in the audience who were breathing almost as loudly as she.

It was during the first dog's third mounting of her that she appeared to have an orgasm.

She was shaking under him. She gritted her teeth as he fucked her fast, continually so fast and hard, pounding his penis into her from behind, getting his hairy sheath in there, too, between the lips of her vulva.

Her face looked strained, intense. Then she began panting, sucking for air and more air. She cried out, "OH-OH-OH-OH..." and her face twisted in an expression of pure agony, but it was agony of pleasure, not pain.

The dog plunged into her excitedly. He smelled her coming and her supreme excitement and he barked loudly as he fucked her.

The other dog stood by her head, still disciplined, obeying.

As soon as her pleasure subsided she stunned everyone in the audience by leaning forward a little and dipping her head under that dog's belly.

His penis was still hanging out. She turned her head and opened her mouth and started sucking him. She sucked him as if she liked doing it. And the first dog was still fucking her, hanging onto her, drilling her.

It was astounding and disgusting. If her getting fucked by the dogs until she had an orgasm was a turn-on for most of the audience, her sucking one of the dogs was a turn-off for most.

One of the women was sick to her stomach. She stumbled out of the room with her companion.

The dog she was sucking stood rigidly still, but his legs seemed to tremble. He kept turning his head to look at her.

She sucked him for several minutes. She was obviously willing to suck him to ejaculation. One of the customers said, "Let's see him shoot that jizz!"

The dog who was fucking her got tired and hopped off. He circled around and sat down to watch.

The dog trembled more. His hind quarters gave small coital thrusts. He couldn't control himself. The girl knelt to a more comfortable position on her left side and elbow. She reached up with her right hand and patted his left flank. She worked her mouth on his penis.

The dog could not restrain his instincts. The intense pleasure was overriding his training. He began fucking her mouth more and more violently. His pink hose went far into her mouth. He couldn't control the depth. He didn't care.

She gagged and then put her free hand in front of her mouth, curled into a tunnel, to prevent him from plunging all of his six or more inches, plus the hairy base, into her clinging mouth.

The Dane fucked furiously, panting and heaving. Her head was jostled by his thrusts against her hand.

Suddenly she pulled her head aside. We saw the dog shoot plumes of white stuff in an arc to the blanket. She kept her hand on his penis, and finished him by hand. He whimpered as he spurted.

The other Dane jumped into position. He was eager - his penis was erect - and he sniffed the girl's crotch. She petted the first dog and told him to "sit."

He obeyed.

She turned to the second, waiting dog. Immediately, without hesitation, she dipped her head under his belly and clasped her lips over the end of his taut penis.

This dog was less well-trained, or more eager. He began mouth-fucking her immediately. Again, she used her hand to prevent too deep penetration. She sucked wetly.

She wasn't quick enough this time - she obviously took a spurt of his semen into her mouth. She flung her head aside and spat it out into her palm as the dog shot his stuff without benefit of her hand stroking him.

Abruptly the dining room doors rumbled closed and lights came on in the living room. It was time to go; the show was over.

I wanted to try to interview the girl. On impulse I knocked on the closed doors. After a few seconds they parted a few inches. The man looked out. I told him what I wanted. He said to wait a minute.

He came back and asked if I'd pay anything. I said no. He went away again, and returned to say I could have a few minutes if I didn't get too nosy.

While my friends agreed to wait outside in the car, I was taken in across the blanket-covered mattress to a back bedroom.

The girl was sitting cross-legged on an old club chair, wearing a blue shift, still with her wig and mask on. She was spooning chocolate ice cream from a white cereal bowl.

It was agreed no names would be used. She was sometimes breathtakingly honest. The man stayed in the room with us and occasionally vetoed a question.

## THE INTERVIEW

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Geis: I keep asking myself why you do an act like this. Is it strictly for money, or do you enjoy it?

Girl: For money. It's gotta be for money.

Geis: But it looked like you had an orgasm during the act. Did you?

Girl: I can't help that. I mean, sure, sometimes. But that isn't why I do it.

Geis: The dogs are beautiful animals and excellently trained. Did you train them yourself?

Girl: Well, yeah, sure. From puppies almost. We planned this...

Man: Don't talk about that. Shut up about us.

Geis: Let me ask... I'll try... In the detail of the act, where you take the dogs' penises in your mouth... the question is... do they taste any different from a man?

Girl: The come tastes like rotten caviar or something like that. It's evil.

Geis: How did you start doing this?

Man: No.

Geis: Well, could you tell how or why you first let a dog have intercourse with you?

Girl: He was a pet and I was just a stupid kid. I was just fooling around with him. It tickled.

Geis: How many times have you done this?

Girl: This act? About...

Man: Don't tell him.

Geis: Well... Have you ever done it with other animals - besides dogs?

Girl: No, just dogs. I like dogs.

Geis: Is that ice cream to get the taste of semen out of your mouth?

Girl: Yeah. I can never tell exactly when it's going to shoot.

Geis: Do you think a trained dog such as your Danes makes a better lover than a man?

Girl: Some ways. Beelz - well, the one who finished me tonight, he'll get me off almost every time, if I start with him. There's just something about him that does it to me. I don't know why. And sometimes you'd swear they could talk with their eyes...

Geis: Do you have trouble making it with a man?

Girl: Yeah, I really do. I give up trying, mostly. I get too tense or something. I can't relax right.

Geis: Do you get a better, stronger orgasm from having a big dog... well, fuck you... than from a man?

Girl: I don't know. When I make it the first time from screwing a guy I'll let you know.

Geis: Have you had any kind of orgasm at all from a man?

Girl: If they go down on me, I come. That's the only way. And it takes too long. They don't like to do it that long.

Geis: Do you come quickly when your dogs lick you?

Girl: Um-hmm. Their tongues are different. They send all kinds of shivers through me. It gets so strong I can't stand it.

Geis: So a man isn't much use to you.

Girl: Not for sex.

Geis: Ever try making it with a woman?

Girl: Once. I didn't dig it I only let her go ahead because I was curious. It was nothing - no feeling, no matter what she did.

Geis: Are the dogs ready to go every day? Do you get more than one performance out of them a day?

Man: That's enough. That's it. We've got things to do. Turn that thing off.

And that was the end of the interview. It was just enough to show that the girl is deeply disturbed. She has a king-size psychosexual hangup. It probably started in childhood, not with her first dog, but in her relationship with her parents.

It is tempting to speculate that her parents rejected her and denied her love and a place in their lives. She was left feeling inferior, not worthy of human love and status. She found that dogs loved her and accepted her. Men - other people - she could not trust, could not give herself to them. So she values herself - as a reject - lower than human, deserving to be in the dregs of life, fit only for degrading sex shows with her dogs... because she was convinced as a child she wasn't good enough to be loved by her parents. That meant there had to be something wrong with her, didn't it?

That's how a child reasons. He takes his values and value from the most important people in the world. He knows no others during those first critical years of life.

As I say - it is tempting to speculate that this was what happened to this girl. But we'll probably never know.

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CHAPTER FIVE - A Pony for Two

The following interview tells a tragic story. I have had it in my files for two years awaiting the

accumulation of enough similar material to make up a book.

As is so often the case, I was guided to the woman by a “bird dog” friend who had met her and gleaned the substance of her story.

We’ll call her Louisa. She was an alcoholic. Was. I learned a few weeks ago that she had died of poisoning – she drank (probably) something that may have looked and smelled alcoholic, but wasn’t.

Louisa, as I knew her, didn’t care. She was trying to kill herself by drinking. She was trying to atone for a horrible (to her) sin which her strict conscience would not permit to go unpunished.

She was forty years old when I taped this interview with her. We met in a lower-class bar, talked in a booth for an hour, and arranged for a meeting at her room. It was agreed that I would bring along a fifth of vodka to “further the cause”.

There were six taping sessions, each about an hour long, each paid for with a bottle. Her mind was rotting away in a swamp of alcohol-destroyed brain cells. She repeated herself too often. She was antagonistic, suddenly erotic, suddenly in tears, suddenly calm, suddenly shaking in an agony of remorse as we dredged through that critical, terrible period in her life that was killing her.

But Louisa was able to speak with a kind of power that originated in her emotional agony and in her native talent. She had been to a small religious college and was interested in poetry. She told me she used to read great quantities of books. She even tried writing religious poetry.

Her husband was an electrical engineer and small contractor. He often had to be away on jobs for weeks at a time.

Listening to her and seeing her, during the taping sessions, when she literally ripped open her soul, was often almost physically painful. I often left her room shaken.

She was, in every sense of the word, tormented. She spoke with a fierceness and intensity that was sometimes frightening. Most of the time her eyes were dull, but once in a while they were like coals from that hell she was so eager to go to.

The question will automatically come to mind as you read this transcription: why did this woman’s daughter cross the line to lesbianism and into bestiality. And why did the mother follow?

A December, 1968, article in Newsweek suggests part of the answer: “Stanford psychologist Philip Zimbardo found that women patients in mental hospitals are much more likely to swear than men. The psychological controls we put on women are so tight,’ he says, ‘that when they break through they really let go.’”

Now listen to Alfred Ellison in his *Sex Between Humans and Animals*: “An individual whose natural sexual urge has been severely stunted by early parental or religious conditioning, may, following a first accidental contact, turn to the practice of bestiality as a secret outlet for sexual desires and energies which have long been deprived of any other outlet. And in the final analysis, it is perhaps within this latter factor – severe repressive moral training – that one may find the real seeds of not only bestiality, but indeed of all so-called abnormal sex behavior.”

In the case of Louisa and Barby it is obvious that tremendous forces, bottled up too long, burst through the most rigid anti-sexual dogma possible. Louisa’s deep, puritanical religious attitudes and her personal revulsion to sex with her husband were responsible for her daughter’s “sexual psychosis” and for her own helpless fall into that extreme orgiastic and above all masochistic sexual

reaction.

My interviews with Louisa follow.

The transcript of those tapes is over a hundred thousand words. It is a shambles to read.

I have edited it, cut it, rearranged it, and written, some transitional material. Where possible I have taken out my questioning – and let her answers and erratic monologue tell the story. Bear in mind that she was always drunk during the tapings.

How it started

“My Barby was a nice clean girl. I brought her up to be a nice girl. But something got into her when she turned sixteen’ that awful winter on the farm when we were... we were all alone for almost four months. The snow was terrible.”

“No man can know the dreadful pleasures a woman can know. The terrible lusts we are liable to!”

“I spent days of hours in bed with my daughter, swooning in filthy rapture as she did things to me... horribly shameful things... with her hands and with her mouth and with... with things... and in the other room, in my room, with that animal... with that animal!”

“And I did things to her, too, to satisfy her lusts, to repay her... to make life better for her in her sickness. We lied! We lied to each other and to ourselves...”

“The Devil arranged it. I know that now. He took my husband away to work for the winter in another state and brought the blizzards and made her sick... and seduced us.”

“She was so healthy. A healthy baby, a healthy child... never ill... never a hint of the perverted lusts that seized her.”

“She was sixteen and we couldn’t get into town to do anything, we couldn’t have a party for her with her friends from around.”

“She got that awful cough that terrible wet cough and the doctor said she couldn’t go to school at all, probably until spring when it warmed up. She had to stay in bed so much.”

“We didn’t sleep in the same room at first. I trusted her at first. But I caught her doing things to herself. Dirty things between her legs.”

“I heard her one night. It was terribly cold and the snow was almost to the roof on the wind side. I’ll never live in snow country again! I’ll never live north again!”

“I heard her moaning soft and quiet, muffled – like she was hiding it. I thought she was getting sicker. I thought she was having pain. But I’d never heard her make sounds like that before. I went to the door to her room and stood there in the bitter cold and listened.”

“No, the sounds – like she was breathing hard and was trying to keep the moans inside herself. So I wouldn’t hear.”

“And I heard the bed creaking, too. That regular creaking is what made me think. She had to be moving up and down regular on that bed to make it – sound like that.”

“That was a dirty, sex kind of creaking. I know sex sounds in the night – and that moaning, and that

breathing fast.”

“I know it from my own life, with my own husband when he forced himself on me. Putting his big dirty thing in me. I hated him doing that.”

“Yes, but it was different with my Barby. I was doing it for her sake, not mine. Sometimes it made my skin crawl to do the things we did together and with Diablo.”

“I didn’t know what Diablo meant – it was Spanish and I didn’t know any Spanish – Diablo was just a word she thought up to name him. But it means ‘devil’ and he was; he was possessed by the Devil to do the things he did to us. The Devil took that pony over and seduced us! I know that to be true. It wouldn’t have happened but the Devil got into Barby and that animal and he even got into me. With his whispering at night in my bed, with his burning and lusting in my body.”

“No, no, I resisted. I resisted till I was biting my cheeks and rubbing snow on my naked body. I even filled myself down there with snow – icy snow, but the burning wouldn’t go away.”

“He seduced me through her – through my own daughter and through that terrible animal he possessed! I resisted but he beat me down, slimy and cunning; he slipped into me with a desire to help her, to soothe her burning, and he used my own mother love!”

“I think I beat him. I won. I’m winning. He’s still in me. Once the Devil gets in you he never leaves. He’s always whispering. And once he gets you to do horrible things to yourself that give you that feeling – that feeling – then you’re never free. He makes your body want that feeling again and again, more and more, until you are a slave to it. Filthy, sensual, lascivious rolling and grunting in the vise of the body’s lusts.”

“The first night... yes, when I heard Barby in her bed, doing that to herself I knew what she was doing. I stood listening and I knew. I closed my eyes and I could see through the door, right through the blankets to her body and I could see her fingers going in and out, in and out, in and out, to make the burning more powerful and stronger, until the wave of it comes into you like a moving mountain and takes your breath away and makes you go out of your mind.”

“I felt sick. I opened her door and the sound stopped. Like a knife had cut it off clean as a whistle. She stopped. She was holding her breath.”

“I went in and got into bed with her. It was too cold to sit out in the air. I had to talk to her. I had to make her understand.”

“Barby confessed to me. She pressed herself – her hot young body pressed against me – and she was trembling with what the Devil was doing in her.”

“She cried against me... We huddled under the blankets and her hot body... her flesh was so heated by her lust... her hot body burned against me. It was – our nightgowns were nothing – and her lust came over to my body. The Devil crept through to me then... that moment when her breasts were uncovered by her turning and twisting and she pressed them innocently against me.”

“Barby – yes, Barby... Barby had large, well-shaped breasts. She was a big, healthy, vital girl at the start of that winter, until the cold and that terrible cough took her. She wasted away, she burned away with the fever and that lust... that dirty lust that... that made her blue eyes bright and glittering. It was the Devil looking out of her eyes.”

“But it seemed... I remember, how gaunt she became, but her breasts were still big and sleek and

full. And she always had energy for satisfying her lusts. Her woman's parts were always hot to the touch. She was always eager to do things. She was always slippery to the touch between her legs."

"She was possessed, and she possessed me. She made me do horrible things! I didn't resist. I couldn't resist. My faith was weak!"

"She wept in my arms and told me how she had to satisfy herself. The center of her, the core of her body was driving her crazy. She clutched me so tightly and begged me to tell her how to stop her from wanting."

"She whispered what she dreamed. She dreamed of men - of the private parts - of men that attacked her. Big men, big in every place... big with need for her. In her dreams they penetrated her. They were like animals - driving into her, always driving, plunging their... their big stiff things into her."

"I held her in my arms and listened and tried to calm her, but the fever - the lust fever - was in her. I knew I had stopped her too soon. She was burning."

"Some of her fever came into me. I had had dreams like hers long ago, when I was a girl, and I had done things to myself, but I had been able to resist after a while."

"Barby was alone in the house with me, for long cough-ravaged weeks, in that bed, left alone to do things with Devil-guided hands."

"She rubbed against me unknowing, innocently at first. She rubbed her firm young breasts against my own. I am - I was - look at my sagging front now - see my fat belly beer-belly - but then, that winter, I was like her, only older, I was big in the chest, too. I gave her my body."

"The fire, the slow fire came into my breasts, from the slow, innocent rubbing of her breasts. My flesh glowed and I felt my teats stiffen and burn for more."

"The evil thoughts came - the ways to give in and not know it, the sly, dirty, pretending schemes to fool yourself... at first. But the time comes when you cannot pretend. When you are panting like a winded horse with your legs spread and your child's hot mouth is on you and her Devil's tongue is entering you and driving you to time after time after time of that wild, hot pleasure that cannot end and you know will continue as long as you can stand it!"

"I schemed to myself without knowing, then. I told myself I had to let her have the dirty satisfaction she needed to be calm. I told my daughter to go ahead and do it to herself, just to soothe herself... one last time."

"But she was too embarrassed to do it with me in the bed, holding her. She was so ashamed and tortured. She could not do it. And so I sacrificed myself. I did it for her. I put my mother's knowing hand down there under her nightie... down there in the hot, wet, center of her body, in that damp furnace between her thighs, and I put my finger into her and I found the organ that needed touching, and it was like mine... my little tongue of flesh that stiffened sometimes with heat and lust... I knew how to touch hers."

"Barby oh, my Barby - what did we do? Why? We gave in, we gave in so easily! Your lust kindled mine and we burned, we burned till we were ashes we burned and we slipped into hell!"

"She's there now - in hell - burning and screaming in pain, paying for her sins. And I'll be with her soon. I'll die soon and join her. The pain will be good. The agony will be good. I deserve everything. I should have saved my child... and I paved the way... I let her do the degraded things we did and I let

her bring that animal into the house – and I let her experiment with him and I joined her – and I took it into me – ahhh... the size of it... and the hellish pleasure...”

“We were witches – we didn’t know it – we were worshipping the Devil and we didn’t know it. Not the goat – but the hoofed beast! He came to us cunningly, and possessed us. The monster entered us. The monster killed her – BARBY – raped her – ripped her insides – up – up – up into her – screaming – oh God the blood! I can’t – I – I, no – go away... go away... leave me alone... you jackal, you leech, you parasite... I don’t want your drink... I want to die...”

(But she called me when she needed a bottle and continued the story.)

“My child clutched me as I gave her that pleasure that first time, in her bed, with the heavy covers over us, over our heads, with cold slivers of air sometimes stabbing into our warm nest.”

“She whispered my name and cried on my shoulder. But she opened her legs for my hand... and she moved so the bed started creaking again... she moved against my hand and tried to drive my fingers into her as she did to herself.”

“I let her do it. I held my hand stiff and let her use it as if it were a man’s thing.”

“It shocked me and I wished she didn’t do it that way, but I said nothing. I wanted her to have the pleasure and be released and calm and soothed.”

“I told myself she had a woman’s body, but she had been a child, a baby, such a little time before. She was only sixteen and she was pressing herself onto my fingers as if possessed! Moaning again. Disgustingly wet there. Sticky and hot. Inside she was large... it surprised me... and she wanted a man. She needed a big man. Her dreams were showing her. That knowledge made my throat tight and I thought we would have to get her married soon. Some girls are not made for waiting. I thought she was ready for carrying babies.”

“And so I let her use my fingers... I heard her whisper in her lust, maybe not realizing she was speaking aloud, whispering for more... so I did for her with three... three fingers.”

“This is what you want, isn’t it? This awful, lascivious detail, isn’t it? The filthy things we did, everything, everything... So your dirty-minded readers can enjoy – can enjoy the terrible things...”

“No, you’re right, you’re so right. It doesn’t matter. Maybe there’s a lesson for somebody in what happened to us. God forgive me, I hope so!”

“Barby clutched me so hard when she, when she reached her time – the pleasure. It surprised me. It shocked me how intensely she felt it. She was so frantic and so greedy for it. It frightened me her greed for that kind of pleasure... that terrible response and that need. It wasn’t decent. No woman should lust to that extent. No decent woman. No girl should have a devil in her for physical satisfaction – like that!”

“Barby was out of her mind with lust in that moment. She touched me... me... she started to do it to me... she put her hand between my legs and her fingers pushed into me there.”

“YES – I was that way – I was eager, my body was ready for a touch. And for a few seconds she mauled my organs and rubbed me inside and out in that shameful welter that the body provides.”

“I was overwhelmed for a time. I was mad for it, too. My legs opened, too. I moaned, too.”

"But Barby stopped when she came to her right mind. She snatched her hand away from me and wept like a child and sobbed for me to forgive her."

"I did. I patted her and soothed her and finally left her to return to my bed, but then I was still afire."

"I burned in my lonely bed and had evil thoughts of lust for my husband... not only him. I brought up my memory of boys from my youth... the one boy who had been bold and selfish with me. He had mauled me openly during a picnic and forced my hand to his pants to feel him there - a terrifying hardness. He even opened his pants and showed it to me. I was like a rabbit hypnotized by a snake - it poked up so white and long, with its red cap on top."

"He made me touch it - it was hot with blood and alive somehow... alive in my fingers like a bird wanting freedom."

"I put my hand on my privates in my bed and gave myself up to sensuous thoughts and fantasies. I satisfied myself as quickly as I could, taking care not to shake the bed. I rubbed the little, stiff bit of flesh that is so pleurably sensitive for a woman."

"When it was over I promised God I would never do it again, and would keep Barby from abusing herself likewise again."

"But that poor girl - possessed - the next day! The next day when I was out in the barn, feeding that loathsome animal - that pony that became our... our lover! I had a premonition... a flash of inner knowledge that she was at herself again. I could see her in her bed - doing it - working her fingers into herself, gasping and panting in her madness, jerking her body in violent spasms..."

"I had been out of the house for a half an hour at least. I had to find out. I prayed I was wrong. I crept back to the house and was silent as sin as I went inside."

"My heart sank - I heard her, louder than before, thrashing in her bed."

"I went to her door and eased it open an inch, to see. Dear God - what she was doing to herself! My blood went cold, then prickly darts went up and down my spine."

"She was lying on her bed, the bedclothes kicked aside - it was warm, even hot, in the room because the doctor wanted her to sweat, to keep warm, so I always kept the oil furnace set high for her room during the day. She had rucked up her nightie, to her waist, and her nakedness was obscenely revealed, so stark in the cold white light from the window, and her legs were flung wide and her heels were dug into the mattress and she was hunched over and her right hand was working something in and out of herself. Not her finger - something terribly long and round and thick."

"I screamed, and she - her head turned like lightning to me and she had that wild-eyed look - that shameless

glare in her eyes for an instant. Then she flung herself flat on her stomach on the bed and the thing she had been using was shown me clutched in her hand."

"It was a dried ear of corn. She must have gotten it from the silo - God knows when - and in her warped need, in her tormented mind, she had conceived the idea of using it for that filthy purpose."

"I flew across the room and seized it from her hand. For one awful moment I inspected it - she had trimmed it on the end and made it smooth. And she had taken one of her father's rubber things I insisted he use when he needed to do his dirty business with me - one of those skin things - and she

had rolled it onto that ear of corn... and had used it on herself. It was slimy wet from her body."

"My heart was pounding like thunder in my ears. Barby lay there crying. I threw that thing from me to the floor."

"I hit her. I beat her. She howled and wept and I kept hitting her until my arms were tired."

"And then I was empty. I was drained of all rage and shock."

"I crept onto the bed and held her again and tried to understand her and to know why she had behaved - why she had done that to herself."

"She sobbed against me and said she was always ticklish with lust. She needed it... she needed relief... she had to do it... it drove her crazy if she didn't..."

"I didn't know how to answer her. It was Devil talk but I couldn't counter it. She had arguments that baffled me. I tried this and she countered me with that; I tried another way and she turned it back upon me... my own words, to make it seem right that she do things to herself."

"She kept after me, begging me: 'Let me have it back, mother. Please, please, please. I need it.' I should have thrown it away, into the garbage, out into the snow as far as I could throw it... or I should have burned it, that Devil's implement! The device of Satan!"

"But she kept arguing and pleading. She writhed and howled and kept using her hands every moment that I wasn't with her. She broke the cord when I tied her hands away from her body. She was supernaturally strong!"

"She seduced me with her telling how good it felt to use the thing. How satisfying it was to her, how it filled her aching body with joy and glory."

"I could not defeat her. In my deepest heart of hearts - I did not want to deny her. I see now, I know now - I wanted it, too. I wanted to use that terrible, big, imitation man thing on myself."

"How one terrible thing led to another. How easy it became. One perversion became right and so another degenerate practice became permissible, and another, and another, until... until..."

"I resisted her for three days. I prayed day and night for her and for myself. I asked for a sign, for a sign... to prove to me I was right."

"But the Devil prevailed. He created a sign in the sky that brought a cry of joy and triumph from Barby. She called me to look... and there was a cloud obscenely shaped in the form of a man's organ, sailing overhead, shaped so perfectly... so detailed... that it brought a blush to my face."

"I could not fight after that. I believed somehow what Barby wanted was what she needed to become well."

"I gave in. I took the thing from the drawer and I washed it and I placed it in her hands."

"I had seen the sign. They said in the hospital where they sent me after I went crazy after Barby died, they said the cloud was a hallucination - we imagined it. No. No. It was there, floating white and perfectly formed. We saw it."

"The doctor - the psychiatrist - said we were both extremely neurotic that winter and that her long illness and our being snowed in so long... I forgot all he said."

"That doctor wanted me to think that putting down the flesh and exalting the spirit is bad. He told me that splitting the body off from the mind was wrong. But they are separate! There must be mind over matter – spirit over flesh – or we are nothing but animals! That is what makes us God-like. That is what raises us above the beasts."

"He said the body and the mind were one I He said science and psychology show that we cannot deny our sexual nature. He said to keep down lust too far only resulted in its coming up stronger than ever, and coming up twisted. He said sex was a basic need. Like eating. But for thousands of years we have known that we must be pure! For thousands of years we have been uplifted by denying the fleshly desires."

"He said Barby went insane trying to be impossibly pure of mind and body. He said I had taught her to be too good and too clean."

"But it was only weakness. We were imperfect vessels for God's love. We let the Devil enter us."

"The doctors and scientists don't believe anymore. They're all so sure of themselves. They think they are all-powerful. But they still die. They all still die. Then they find out."

"YOU'LL FIND OUT!"

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"I'll tell you, yes, everything you want. It can't hurt Barby. It can't hurt me."

"Did I tell you my husband cast me away? He put me aside. I get money from him now, but he does not want me. I do not want me, either."

"I don't know! How big it was? It was an ear of corn a big ear of corn... yes, thick and long. At least – yes, like that. We never measured it. That's disgusting. Only a man would want to know the inches..."

(At this point Louisa went into a kind of drunken trance. Her voice became intense and low and she seemed to forget I was present. She seemed to be speaking aloud to herself, and to be reliving in her mind what she described. She twisted and tensed in her chair. Her fingers intertwined in her lap and remained locked tight. Her eyes were vague and unfocused.)

"She took it – there in the living room in broad daylight – and was shameless. She took off all her clothes. She stood naked and she fondled herself. She wanted me to touch her. She wanted me to use it on her."

"But I couldn't. Later... later I did. But then I could only sit and watch my child abuse her body with that thing."

"She stood by the heater and rubbed it over her breasts and teats. It was covered by that thin rubber skin, but the hard, dry kernels of corn made it bumpy and like a cobblestone surface."

"Barby was flushed and crazy-eyed. She rubbed that thing between her legs and then bent over slightly and put the end of it in her."

"It was horrible to watch her face as she twisted and turned it and pulled it up into herself. I was shaking as I watched."

"She pushed and pulled and got almost all of it up into herself. It came out wet and slippery. She sat

on the rug and did it faster and faster. She made those sounds of pleasure. She forgot I was there at all. She squished it in and out of herself, so far in that she held only a bit of the thick end. She used one hand and then the other, then both hands. On and on and on."

"She was like an animal, sweating and grunting, that thing making awful wet sounds, and with her face not the face of my pure little Barby... a different creature I didn't recognize."

"She reached her pleasure. She was breathing so fast and so hard - her legs were thrashing, and she rolled onto her back on the carpet and her voice came out of her throat - horrible moans - like a pig wallowing in a mud sty. And her arms were steel, jerking that awful, big thing into herself - making it go in go terribly deep, taking it into herself so fast, so violently fast. So brutally."

"It affected me. Her pleasure was like a lure. If she could have it - why not me, too? I had all my life stifled my lusts. The burning was in me, too."

"In a dream, in a dream, I opened my clothes and fingered my teats. While my daughter wallowed on the floor in obscene spasms of pleasure, I plunged my hand to my core and found myself shamefully wet."

"I was dizzy. The room swirled. I heard a roaring. I was suddenly on the floor with her. She lay quiet and I took the thing from her. I pulled it out of her and pushed it into myself."

"Oh, God, it was big. It had been weeks and weeks since my husband had done his dirty act with my body."

"It was so thick. I couldn't understand how she could take it, so much of it. But I worked it and worried it into me, and it finally sank into my depths, into the Devil's pit in my belly."

"It burned in there like fire, stretching and awakening my secret places. I pulled and pulled and it rubbed somewhere very deep. It pressed my womb and a breathless thrill shot through me. My belly was suddenly hot. My legs got heavy. My breath was deep and fast. I could not keep from using the thing faster. The lightnings of pleasure were such that I had to feel them more and more, quicker and quicker, and I was plunging that thing into myself as Barby had deep, and so fast - and I was grunting as she had, and was groaning, wallowing in the pleasure, wanting more, wanting it to be stronger and sharper and wanting the hot bubble in my core to break. It had to break and spill a heavenly rapture through me. I knew it would... oh, it was coming true... oh, it was almost there... it was rupturing - OH YES..."

"I was addicted in that awful time. I cared for nothing... nothing but the golden pleasure that was driving me mad with delight."

"When it had faded I saw Barby beside me smiling - smiling with the mouth of Satan."

"We abandoned ourselves from then on. We gave up our souls for fleshly pleasures of all kinds."

"We made other things of a likeness to the thing she had created. Other ears of dried corn were altered... and we tried bottles... and we tried... I will not tell you the things we attempted."

"The floodgates were open for me. I found myself in bed with Barby that night, rubbing her chest with an oil that was cold and hot - menthol of some kind prescribed by the doctor."

"But where before I had let her apply it herself, because I was unwilling to touch her breasts with my hands, that night I did it willingly, with her eager permission. She suggested it, and I agreed."

"We were in my bed, the big bed my husband insisted on – king-sized because of his six-foot-three body and need to sprawl out and roll freely – and it was late. The wind was up again, howling, spattering snow against the window. I had the heater on. I all of a sudden didn't care about saving oil anymore. I wanted warmth all the time. I did not deny myself anything."

"It was nicely warm in the room and we lay atop the covers in our nighties. Barby lay uncovered to the waist, on her back."

"I had my hands on my daughter's breasts, rubbing the sharp-smelling oil into her flesh. I could see that she enjoyed it. Her teats were up, hard and puckered. The oil made my hands and fingers slide easily on her body. The rubbing became sensual... extremely sensual and lewd."

"She squirmed under my hands, and sighed and smiled that licentious smile. I didn't know her any more... my sweet, innocent little girl Barby, who had devotedly read Scripture for an hour each day and prayed, as much as I... now she was a fallen angel. Transformed."

"And so was I – seduced by pleasure and sloth... I fondled my daughter's large breasts with indecent enjoyment. I squeezed them and slid my oily, slick palm over the full globes of them. It was a delight to feel them go warm, to rub the stiff teats and make her face glow, and to squeeze the deep flesh, to push the rubbery, smooth, white mounds from side to side."

"She asked me to kiss them. She was breathless. I could not do it – then. She took the bottle of oil and poured some into her palm and she... with her other hand she pushed the straps of my nightgown down my arms. The bodice fell and my own breasts were exposed."

"I let her use her hand on my breasts. I let her smear that oil. The sensation was of ice and then warmth, heat, heat that reached deep into the flesh."

"Side by side we lay, caressing each other's breasts, rubbing hardened teats until they glowed."

"I could not resist. The thing we had used earlier in the day was on the table beside the bed. My eyes turned to it again and again. Its rubber skin was shiny in the light from the lamp over it. 'Me hard kernels of dried corn showed clearly – red and yellow and some black."

"Lust grew in my body as we fondled for endless moments. Barby raised her head and began to suckle on one of my breasts."

"It was exquisite. I trembled. I had permitted my husband this liberty only rarely. I had never responded like this. His lips had never brought forth the pleasure I experienced at that moment. Barby fell back onto the pillow. She asked me again to kiss her breasts."

"I did... I suckled on her breasts as she had on mine. I mouthed her teats willingly and knew joy when her moans came and she praised me."

"She touched me between the legs as I suckled on her. And I felt her reach over me to the table. A shiver went through my body."

"Barby put some oil on the thing as I mouthed her teats. I did not want to see what she was doing."

"But then I felt the touch of her fingers entering me, urging me to open my thighs. I knew if I did – that she would use that thing on me – she would push it into me and ravage me with it."

"I trembled and pressed my face to her flesh and flung open my knees. I wanted that thing in me, I

wanted it with a sickening, lascivious greed.”

“She whispered awful, filthy words in my ear and pressed the end of that thing into me. And in... and in... until I thought I could not possibly take any more. My Devil’s hole was full of the Devil’s implement. Strange hot shivers went through me.”

“Barby began thrusting the thing in and out, in and out, and I closed my eyes and I imagined the horned goat-man was between my legs, ramming himself into me so violently and deeply. A great spasm passed through me. I was weak with lust, unable to speak or move beyond the obscene jerking of my hips, and the lewd sounds of pleasure that poured from my throat.”

“At length a fit... a seizure, a wild moment of impossible pleasure left me hoarse and shaking, empty of feeling.”

“I put a palsied hand on Barby’s arm and she stopped my impalement with that thing. She let go of it. I pulled it – sucking horribly – from my body and listened to her dirty pleadings for me to do to her as she had to me.”

“My hand guided it to her gaping core. My hand pressed it slowly up into her belly until there was nothing left to enter her. My hand began that terrible, wonderful stabbing.”

“Barby quaked from it... cried her lust and her pleasure from it. She was a wanton – as wanton and obscene as I had been. That lower mouth gulped the implement and rose always to gulp it again, with slobbering greed.”

“For long, violent moments I stabbed her with the huge, thick thing, until her belly rose and sank and she shook and twisted in the throes of the pleasure I had known, too.”

“She calmed and I released the thing. I lay staring, waiting, but I went unpunished – then. I lay and remembered the sign – the cloud – and I didn’t know what to think.”

“My child was possessed by Satan. She led me farther into degradation and debauchery. I asked why, why, why, and she leered at me and said she was a witch and she made the sign of Satan with her fingers.”

“She laughed when I shrank from her and she seized me and suckled ferociously on my teats again.”

“The power of her evil was too strong for me. I had fallen too far. My faith was weak – I was a degenerate – lost. My bodily lusts were unleashed – running free in me, gobbling in my mind to let go of all restraint, to wallow in lust, to enjoy everything in every way.”

“Barby’s mouth was skilled beyond imagining. Her suckling on me brought the passion for more pleasure surging into me like a hot tide.”

“Her fingers came to my thighs and manipulated me. I was on fire. Her mouth left my teats. She moved curiously over me, and then she settled between my legs.”

“My heart began a furious pounding. My blood curdled and went to ice. I was paralyzed. I lifted my head and our eyes met.”

“She smiled that Devil’s loose, wet, sensuous smile – that leer – and lowered her open mouth and kissed me – there!”

"I sobbed for the horrible shame of what was happening with my own daughter... and for my helplessness to stop it. We were flaunting terrible, unnatural perversions. We were falling into the Pit!"

"And yet I abandoned myself to the pleasure that came to me from her mouth... my own daughter's evil mouth!"

"She had never done that before, I was sure, and yet she knew how to perform those indescribably lascivious acts with her tongue and lips."

"I could not stop her. I did not wish to - I came to begging her to continue, to go on and on as the filthy ecstasy grew in me and expanded and burst that bubble of rapture that no woman should know, that seductive, dirty pleasure that drives all thought of purity away, away, away... and fills a woman's mind only with lust, and the wanting of more pleasure."

"Each time that great pleasure overwhelmed me I thought I could endure no more, and each time it passed, a still greater lust for it to return possessed me!"

"I lay with my thighs open, my arms wide, moaning shamelessly, writhing in pleasure, hearing her wet sounds as she captured my soul with her diabolically knowing mouth."

"Finally she rose up, her sweet child's face - her woman's face - her Devil's face, all wet from my inflamed core."

"Satan's smile was still on her glistening lips. Those perverted lips told me she wanted that filthy service, too."

"Her bubbling cough was never present when she indulged in lust. The dark powers cured her for the time she did their bidding."

"She moved over me. Her knees enclosed my shoulders. Her core was over my face, a wet, pink mouth, ugly and fascinating, ready to press down on me."

"I begged her not to make me do it. I screamed. I flung my head from side to side but the solid white walls of her thighs were on either side. My arms and legs were senseless, too weak to raise. My belly sickened and put the taste of bile in my mouth. My heart truly hammered. Ashes seemed to dry my tongue."

"That awful, bearded, pouting, unnatural face descended to mine and pressed its fevered, dripping, loose lips to mine."

"I gagged and could not breathe. I tasted those fluids of lust. I wished to die."

"She raised up and instructed me, firmly, as if I were the child. She pressed down upon my mouth again - and - I obeyed..."

"She told me more. She was patient. She let me learn... I soon wanted to learn, to give her what she had given me - for there would be nothing further for me if I did not please her. She would deny me her mouth. She would deny me that thing we used."

"I found - a skill. I discovered ways. I was soon looking up the white, rounded, billowing slope of her belly as it flexed during her pleasure."

"Barby said vile words of approval as I gave her pleasure that way. Where did she learn them? Not from me. From her father? From her father? From her father?"

(Louisa was unable to continue at this point. I left and returned when she called me again – in need of a bottle.

"We did those things for days... days and days. All night sometimes. We did nothing else. We stopped bothering to dress. We ate with a kind of impatience. We became haggard. We didn't bother with combing our hair. Nothing seemed to exist but our sexual organs."

"There were so many ways to excite each other at first. The pleasure was endless. I could not believe it could go on and on like that, without diminishing – but, it seemed the opposite – the more we indulged the better it was, as if, for me, a lifetime of self-denial was being made up for all at once."

"But it was Satan at work, using my organs to seduce me to his way. He wanted me. He paid for me in his coin – beastly pleasure... animal gruntings and perverted ecstasy, in sins uncounted, unmeasured."

"My body became a vessel of lust. My mind became centered on ways to provoke lust and pleasure in Barby, so she would perform them on me in turn."

"Weeks passed. We lost weight. We slept together, we often never left the bed except to go to the bathroom and to get something to eat and drink and to go out to feed and water the stock."

"We always took care of the animals in the barn, and the chickens. But it was a grudging care. We thought only of our pleasures."

"We refined our skills and devices until we could often use two or more at the same time. Nothing was beyond us."

"Barby was not content with even the 'normal' perversions. She wanted to experience everything."

"She... she asked me to use one of the things – one of the sheathed ears of corn – use it in the other opening of her body. You know. You know – where you sit."

"It sickened me – even sunk as low as I was – it turned my stomach. But I complied... I penetrated her with it... and days later I used two of them at the same time. It was so utterly foul – to labor over her with two of those big things, plunging her full in both places... and to see the unholy expression in her eyes – know the pain and pleasure that flowed and melted together in her body."

"Yes – I know those pleasures and pains! I allowed her to..."

"We tried everything. We searched our wits for varieties, for different ways..."

"It was at first a game... then a hungry need... finally a desperate search..."

"Oh yes, I'll tell it now!"

"Barby – it was her turn to go out and feed the stock and tend the chickens. But she was gone too long. I wanted her."

"I worried. I went to the door in my coat but naked underneath, and I called her. But the wind was too strong and cold."

"I threw on my clothes and boots and went out - down the path to the barn and I found her in her pony's stall."

"It shocked me - as far gone as I was - it shocked me."

"Barby was kneeling in the straw and she had her hands up on that animal's parts. She was playing with his thing..."

"We should have bought her a mare. But she was twelve years old when we gave in and only a stud pony was available... We never dreamed... But I see now it was God's will. He wanted to test us. We failed. He let us have our way and we took the easy way - and it happened..."

"Barby heard me enter the barn - she looked up at me and that smile was on her lips again. She said, 'Look what I found!'"

"She told me to kneel and look. I knew - I was raised on a farm. But to see my girl's small, white hand on that monstrous thing... to see her stroking it..."

"It was larger than the things we had been using... longer. It projected down and she stroked it, made it longer, and smiled!"

"A terrible fear came like a clot to the pit of my stomach. I tried to get her to come back to the house. She did, because it was so cold. But she looked back, and her voice, low and depraved, wondered what could be done with a pony..."

"The next day she went out to the barn out of turn, and stayed an hour. I was jealous, yet I would not give her the satisfaction of going out to get her. And I was afraid of what I would see. Barby was capable of anything."

"And then - then - then she brought that animal into the house! That great male thing! She led it in through the door with a great draft of icy air. It clomped around and seemed to fill the living room with its size."

"I wouldn't have it. I ordered her to take him back to the barn, but she only smiled and shook her head no. She said she wanted to play with him - with his thing. She said it was fun. She said there was something she wanted to show me..."

"She took off her clothes. She became naked and she said how nice to be naked with him, to be with him and be warm... She knew she couldn't keep him for long inside - the heat would harm him; he was used to the cold. His coat had grown long and thick."

"She pressed her breasts and belly against his flank. She rubbed herself against him. Her teats expanded and hardened."

"'Do it, mother. Try it,' she said. She ran her hand under his abdomen."

"I refused. I was naked and I was eager for pleasure, and I had tried almost everything she had thought of... but I could not - then - rub myself against the shaggy side of a pony - an animal that weighed at least seven hundred pounds."

"He snorted and breathed like a bellows. He tossed his head. He smelled!"

"But Barby didn't mind. She was excited. She sank to her knees and handled him under there. She

told me to look... Look..."

"I was... I was curious, a little, and disgusted. I went to my knees on his other side, opposite her, and watched. I didn't see how she could touch it. I saw it emerge a giant's organ."

"Barby touched it - ran her hands along it and was breathing fast, aroused, as she did it."

"She told me to watch... watch what happened..."

"She began to masturbate that animal! She spat on her hands for wetness and rubbed her cupped palms along that monstrous thing. It was terrifyingly long!"

"The beast neighed and stamped its hooves with delight... I'm sure it was delighted. It tossed its head and its blonde mane flew. It looked around at me and I saw that look in its eyes!"

"That look - Yes! Intelligence and cunning, and lascivious knowledge. I saw Satan in that animal's eyes."

"He smiled! That same evil smile. He let me know who was inhabiting that pony's body. My blood - yes, my blood went to ice and I moaned so that Barby asked if I was sick."

"I said no. I was trembling. I watched her as she continued to rub that immense thing."

"He got more and more frisky. He almost stepped on Barby once. I held his head down by the bridle. He snorted and I swear he groaned in that huge barrel of a chest."

"She was clasping his thing with both hands, she was rubbing it faster and faster, panting with the effort, watching the end of it. She said he was close to shooting."

"He almost danced away from her. He tried to pull away. He wanted to raise up and enter a mare. His instincts..."

"I held his head down. He almost pulled my arm out of its socket. He neighed loudly. His hoofs clopped on the rug."

"Then Barby gave a little scream of triumph and rubbed that monstrous organ furiously. It was a violent pinkish purple, and swollen and ugly and it jerked in her hands - his whole body seemed to jerk and a thick, syrupy jet of white stuff came out and splattered on the carpet."

"I recoiled. But I couldn't look away."

"More of it shot out ore and more. The rug under him was getting soaked with that awful male stuff. The air began to stink of it - that disgusting raw smell. It turns my stomach."

"Barby was laughing! She enjoyed the sight of it spurting out like that! She enjoyed making it happen!"

"I told her she could wipe it up, and wipe it up good! I told her to take him back outside, that she had had her fun!"

"She did. And she wiped that stinking, repulsive stuff up. Then she came to bed with me... and we... did things to each other."

"She was very passionate. She demanded my mouth and the use of the artificial things we had made

- she was insatiable. She kept me doing things to her for hours."

"Yes - in her lovemaking to me - it was not love, it was lust incarnate, mutual satisfaction of diseased sex urges... she was ardent. She did to me everything I liked, for as long as I could stand it. At my point of exhaustion - when we finished - it was nearly dawn."

"We slept for ten hours. I was more tired than Barby - I dozed on after she left the bed the next afternoon."

"I woke up with the sound of that animal's hooves thumping on the floor in the living room."

"I went naked from the bedroom and found Barby with him, playing with him. She had stimulated him so that his thing was all the way out - that great obscene length - and she had a pail of water between her thighs, and she was washing it."

"I asked her what she was doing... and she said, 'Watch, mother, just watch!'"

"She soaped it and masturbated it - and that beast enjoyed it... he rolled his eyes at me."

"I was suddenly afraid. I couldn't tear my eyes from that huge organ. Barby was sliding her soapy hands to and fro on it, watching it like a slave, obeying the perverted master that had possessed her."

"She told me to come closer so I could see it shoot. She told me to touch it... do it with her!"

"God help me, I put my hand on it. It was like touching a wet snake. It was warm and clammy and revolting to touch."

"Barby said, 'Let's do it together.' She pressed my fingers around it. Yes - there was room for three hands on it, it was so long."

"It was a skin-crawling time for me... but I did it. I almost enjoyed the perversion of it, the abhorrent, loathsome..."

"We stroked our hands on it, faster and faster, kneeling half under him on each side. The only way we could see each other was by ducking our heads below his abdomen."

"His heavy girth was heaving so near my face. I inhaled the damp-sour smell of his thick coat. His left hind thigh rippled with muscles. He snorted and groaned. His hoof nearly hit my leg. It was dangerous, what we were doing."

"Barby said, 'I'm going to try something tomorrow.' And I knew... I KNEW what she meant. I said NO, but her voice was full of strange lust... something new, she had to keep trying new ways..."

"We kept on mas

turbating that huge thing. My arm was getting tired. The thickness in my loose, slippery grip seemed to swell and get harder. The beast became extremely prancy. Yet he seemed to know he had to stay put - he seemed to know he had to be careful not to step on us. But of course the evil intelligence in him guided his conduct. That was proved when - when Barby, the next day..."

"Barby kept saying she was going to try it. She was going to figure out a way to do it. I couldn't see her face, but her voice had a husky, reckless tone in it."

"I could not control her. I could not control myself. We were both in the malignant grip of our flesh-minds."

"Flesh-minds. The urges of our baser selves. The sin-minds in all of us which wait and wait and wait for their chance to take us over. They lurk in the pit of our brains and they grow strong and they scheme and plot for a weakness to happen, and then they make us do something dirty and it is full of pleasure, and they seduce us to more filthy acts and more, until we are in their control!"

"Yes, these flesh-minds are linked! They communicate with each other. They are in constant contact with Satan in his lair in the center of the Earth. In the depths... in the fire..."

"That was what happened to Barby. She was weakened by her illness and idleness... and the Devil found evil for her idle hands to do. She slipped and soon she was over the edge - sinking into total degradation... and she took me with her! She awakened my flesh-mind and fed it and overwhelmed me! She and Satan! I could not stand against them!"

"So Satan claimed her. He has her now. Her immortal soul is on the spit, bubbling in the flames, in her agony... yes, the agony of her death! That's how - she is spending eternity - with that monstrous thing plunging up into her, ripping her, tearing her belly..."

"No - I warned her. We held that huge thing in our hands - it was so big - it was, yes, yes, at least a foot long... and that beast was so vicious when aroused - so elemental! The wicked mind in him let the primal instincts have their way when the animal was in that position... when Barby and I..."

"Yes, I!"

"It was a nightmare. The days after that time that we knelt and masturbated that thing together. She had to have me participate. She had to debauch me. She had to include me in her depravities."

"I have to tell you what it was like - feeling that thing... shoot. It - I couldn't see it. It was hidden by the animal's flank. I didn't want to see it. It was terrible enough to have my hands on it with Barby."

"That huge clammy-hot thing jumped in our hand and Barby gave a laugh - 'There he goes!' and I felt that monstrous organ leap in my hand again and again. I felt the passage of that stuff through it!"

"The awful smell came to me and some of that - some of it splattered on my knees and thighs. I felt it splash on me! I was revolted. I scrambled away and went to wash - to bathe."

"While I was in the tub Barby came in. She reeked of his stuff. She came into the bathroom and smiled evilly down at me and she was covered with it - smeared with it! She was wet with it - her hands dripped with it! She had slopped it onto her breasts and belly and thighs..."

"She flaunted her filthiness before me. She said, 'I've thought of a way, mother. It'll work for you, too. You'll see. Diablo is going to - I can't say the word she said.'"

"Barby was insane. To do that she had to be insane. That's what happened, of course - the evil lusts - the Presence that took her over - it left her mind twisted. It wasn't her fault, poor dear, poor, poor Barby... my darling daughter. She wasn't responsible. Neither of us were responsible for what happened, not really."

"We had to be out of our minds! We were Christians... we prayed, we always kept our thoughts under firm control. I taught her that - 'Control the thought and you control the body.' It is the easy

way – the first defense.”

“It is just that – Something interfered. She said she couldn’t control her thoughts. I couldn’t either. I tried! I fought...”

“In the bathroom – yes, I screamed at her to wash – but she only smiled and leaned down and smeared me with it – that awful smelly stuff!”

“And then she – she had to be insane! – she put her finger into her mouth! Before my eyes she tasted it and smiled and said it was like honey!”

“She enjoyed shocking me. She enjoyed doing things that she knew would revolt me... and then making me do them, too.”

“‘Honey, mother... taste it.’ It must have turned her stomach, but she smiled and put her other, drippy fingers near my mouth.”

“The smell was awful. I shook my head. But she pressed her fingers to my mouth.”

“What power made me do it? I howled in my mind and I locked my jaw – but my mouth opened! My stomach was churning. I knew I’d vomit. I was dizzy again. There was a roaring in my head.”

“Suddenly her fingers were in my mouth – and I tasted – I tasted the slimy...”

“I didn’t vomit. I didn’t... I don’t care! Yes, yes, yes, I swallowed it! She had my eyes. I couldn’t break her gaze – she had my eyes and my body. HE had her and she had me!”

“No – two days. Two days later. I don’t know why... yes, I remember... she wanted him to be ready. She wanted him to have a full amount of...”

“I told her, I pleaded with her but... She had a pillow. A thick foam pillow from the sofa. It was brown-gold corduroy – the cover. It was shaped – it was like a square but with scooped sides.”

“She showed me what she had done with it. She had cut a hole as big as her fist – your fist – in the center of it, and she had sewed up the sides of the hole... so it was big enough – the hole was big enough to let that pony’s thing through to her.”

“She put the pillow down between her thighs to show me – the scooped sides fitted her thighs on each side, and the hole was centered right over her – her opening.”

“It was about five or six inches thick... and firm, but it would still let an awful lot of that thing through – into her.”

“She was determined to try it. She had a weird glitter in her eyes. She kept saying, ‘First me, then you, Mom.’”

“It was my soul they were after. My soul was older and wiser and of more value than hers. Getting my soul would be something.”

“I see now Barby was a toy to Satan. He snapped her right up and used her to get at me.”

“Yes, she brought that animal in the day after she showed me what she had done to the pillow.”

“He was extra anxious. He was nervous. He did his business right on the rug... a big pile of it. It

stank to high heaven. I cleaned it up. I had to. I couldn't stand it there on my rug."

"She had to use something she could lie on that would support her about two and a half feet off the floor. She finally fixed up the sofa - she piled the cushions at one end so they were level with the arm."

"She had strings sewn to the special pillow and she wore it between her thighs, with the strings keeping it in place, tied around her waist, hips and thighs."

"She led Diablo around the room and got him so he faced her as she sat on the arm of the sofa."

"YES - this is burned into my brain! Everything."

"She sat facing his throat, her head just under his head, her naked breasts touching his chest. She held the bridle rein in her right hand."

"I stood watching, hoping it wouldn't work. She settled down on her back on the piled sofa cushions. She pulled on the rein straight back, holding her arm up."

"The animal, to go forward over her, he had to straddle the end of the sofa where she was lying, with his front legs."

"It was too wide for him. He couldn't do it. But she kept urging him to get over her; she kept pulling on the rein."

"He tossed his head and tried to pull back, but she kept him under control and kept pulling..."

"Finally he did what he had to do - what Satan made him do - just the right thing. He reared up and planted his front legs just past her head, in the place - where the middle cushion would have been."

"Barby said, 'See, mother, see?' She patted his chest. She settled him down. He curved his neck down to try to see her. He snorted."

"She reached under with her left hand to touch his thing. It was supernatural the way he got quiet. And that thing started to slide out - ugly and purple and wet."

"It was sliding out - down - right into the hole in the pillow between her thighs! It was perfect... everything was controlled!"

"Barby laughed when she felt with her hand where his thing was going. 'Now I'm going to get it,' she said."

"I told her to stop it - he'd kill her! But she wouldn't listen. That animal was standing over her - if he slipped or if he decided to kneel his front legs on the sofa all his weight would crush down on her."

"And if he managed to get too much of his huge thing into her - it would rupture her."

"She guided with her hand and shifted around some under him. His organ was out all the way - I'll never forget how long and thick it was - and he was stamping on the floor with his hind legs, he was sensing something new and better than masturbation, this time. His ears turned and perked. His barrel sides heaved."

"Barby suddenly made a surprised 'OH' and drew a sharp breath."

"The beast snorted loudly. I knew he had entered her... and thick as he was, I didn't think the pillow would save her. He would compress it, smash it flat with his savage lunges."

"I saw him start - the first powerful thrust of his rump - the flexing of his broad thigh muscles."

"I cried Barby's name - she tried to speak but his plunge into her and the pressure of his heavy belly on her chest as he moved made her breath puff out in a kind of grunt."

"I started forward to get him away."

"She saw me. She had her head turned to avoid the long hair from under his chest. She gasped for me to not do anything."

"There was an expression on her face amazed and exalted - and wonder and pain in her wide eyes."

"The pillow did work for her - it did act as a kind of limit on his penetration - but, oh, God, he was into her so far... so terribly far, with that thick thing... ugly wet and like a purple-skinned hose..."

"She reached up on each side of his barrel and seemed to hug him, to hold him. Her fingers gripped his shaggy winter coat like death."

"And the horrible sounds they made - the awful squelching sound of him there - in her - and her grunts and groans as he went in each time. And that animal's own bellowing breath - so loud!"

"I stood frozen, watching, my hands to my mouth. Frightful moments passed... and Barby didn't try to escape, or call for help."

"She had her eyes closed tight. Her face wrinkled each time his massive organ plunged so deeply into her belly. Her mouth sucked air. She kept her tight grip in his coat."

"Her legs were flung wide. The strings holding the holed pillow to her had broken but I saw it didn't matter - Diablo wore the pillow on the base of his thing like a hilt."

"She cried: 'Mother - mother, it's like... it's incredible! It's like being in a hurricane!'"

"The awful squelching sound of that... intercourse... became wetter and faster. The beast was doing it more and more - just crushing forward into her."

"She cried - I can't forget - 'I love it, I love it - I'm his slave now - ' And she kept on grunting and wincing and gasping... 'Oh, Master - Master!'"

"I knew who her Master was!"

"The sofa was being pushed little by little, each time he bumped the end with his legs as he as he went into her. The end of the sofa came up against the wall by the kitchen door."

"That beast blew gusts of air from his nostrils. It sprayed the sofa with spittle. He rolled his eyes with the madness of his lust."

"It was absolutely terrifying to see him pounding into her body. Barby was being butted into, pushed, ravished."

"I couldn't understand how she could stand it. She must have been in agony from the size of him. But she was holding onto him now to keep herself in position for his continuing thrusts."

"Then - oh - the time for his... the stuff... into her - it shot into her... it gushed out of her as that thing went in - pouring it in and squishing it out... She screamed - that pressure - that horrible male-stuff - so much of it and then... it was over. The animal lost all interest in her. He put his legs down sideways off the sofa and turned around... pulling out of her and leaving an awful dribbling trail..."

"Barby just lay there, arms wide, legs open... a sticky, wet mess of that stuff between her thighs, running from her core... she was gaping open like a red tunnel, all drippy with that stinking, disgusting stuff."

"Barby looked up at me... and her eyes were dreamy. 'I was nothing at all. I was just a tube of flesh and he used me. I wasn't a person. I was just meat. I was just meat.'"

"Those words cut into my mind - just meat. The male beast - that animal - was like every man wants to be - just a huge organ with no responsibilities or cares, who wants a woman to be just meat he can forget the moment his pleasure is over."

"I went to Diablo and pulled the pillow off of his shrinking, receding thing. It was about to drop to the carpet, anyway."

"The pillow was stained with his stuff, and with sweat. It stank. The whole house stank of completed lust."

"I started to throw the pillow into the fire-place for burning later, but Barby said, 'No, don't! We can use it again. We can wash it.' And so I threw the wet thing next to the soiled clothes hamper in the hall."

"I put on my clothes and took Diablo back out to the barn. When I got back I heard Barby in the tub, washing up."

"She called me into the bathroom. 'You've got to do it, too, Mom. It scares you to death at first, but then, but then you're one thousand percent woman. It's incredible.'"

"I said no, but she kept after me. She kept arguing and arguing... She was arguing for Satan. I knew it, but I was... I was had to find out."

"If Barby could take him, with that doughnut-like pillow on his thing, limiting him, why couldn't I? I was a mature woman and she was only a girl, a sixteen-year-old girl..."

"So, yes, yes, YES... I allowed myself to be convinced. I allowed her to convince me. I had to know what it was like - this ultimate degradation. I imagined that this adventure with Diablo, this would have to be the end of our moral disease. Somehow, I imagined that when the snow melted, our debauchery would melt and we would see the firm ground of decency again..."

"I was afraid, as Barby said she had been. My insides were watery and I had to go to the bathroom a lot, on the morning of the second day, the day we agreed I would try it."

"She went out, whistling, singing, and brought the brute into the house. He almost pranced up the stairs and across the porch. He neighed a greeting to me, as if he knew..."

"I was naked. I was dry-mouthed and nervous. I held the pillow clenched in my hands."

"Barby asked me if I wanted more... preparation. A few minutes before she had been doing delightful

things to me with her mouth. I had been wet and passionate – but with that beast so near, with the time so near – my lust was gone.”

“She managed it all. She led me to the sofa with its cushions arranged as before. She forced me to lie down and spread myself.”

“My heart was shaking me. My stomach turned queasy as she led Diablo close to me. She held the reins taut. She urged him to rear up and cover me.”

“He looked down at my naked body. He looked into my eyes. I saw his lust. I saw the Devil in his eyes. I turned cold. But I was petrified; I could not move or speak.”

“That was the first terrifying part. He did rear up. Suddenly the great shaggy bulk of him was in the air over me – his legs and hooves were coming down at my head – his chest was coming down to crush me...”

“But his legs went beyond my head and his chest stopped inches from my breasts. His long underhair, off-white and dirty, brushed against my skin as he breathed – and as I breathed.”

“I was gasping with fear. I could not see under him. I could not see my thighs and his... his huge thing.”

“Barby said, ‘I’ve got the pillow on him, Mom. Boy, is he ready for you! I barely touched him and it slid all the way out.’”

“I felt the end of his organ prodding at me hitting my thighs, and belly and close – close to my core.”

“Barby said, ‘Hang onto his coat. The first few seconds are rough.’”

“I felt her hand between my thighs, opening me with her fingers. The beast over me was blowing and snorting with eagerness. I felt the huge, blunt end of his thing – Oh, dear God, I was terrified. What made me lie there and let it happen?”

“That huge thing just – before I could prepare myself – it just plunged into me! I was suddenly stretched horribly... it was so thick! It was so terribly far into me – like a pole had been shoved into me – I screamed! I hurt so much! It was so massive! Dear God, I’ll never forget it!”

“My whole belly was an ache – full of that gigantic organ. I did hold onto his sides. I gasped – the breath was pushed out of me – he was shoving and shoving! His great round hairy chest and barrel was pushing down on me and moving over me.”

“I was in hysterical was panic-stricken. I was – yes, a tube of raw meat for his use!”

“I wanted it to stop happening and I didn’t. I was like a beast being used by a super-being.”

“Then I felt the touch of the pillow that circled his organ and limited his thrusts. It was being crushed against my thighs and... and my crotch.”

“The first few seconds – the shock of that brutal, sudden, total penetration – passed... it passed, and I knew I could endure it.”

“The sheer animal power of him, over me and in me – dear God, so much in me – the violence and lust and beastly selfishness... it made me feel... I can’t explain it.”

"I was being jolted and battered by that thing that plunged up into my belly again and again and again. Each thrust was a giant invasion of my body, a kind of rape that I was permitting to continue. I found myself holding onto his shaggy, smelly coat to keep from being butted forward, away from his thrusts. I wanted his thrusts... I wanted that huge thing of his to keep on filling me and filling me and hurting me."

"Each time he went in - oh each time, the size of it - it pushed brutally against that place inside me and a lightning bolt of pain and - and pleasure mixed... all mixed up together - went through me!"

"Each time - it took my breath away."

"I saw Barby... blurred... smiling... watching... and I turned my head away, under Diablo's heaving, moving chest, to face the other way. I knew my face was nakedly showing my reactions."

"I began to wish it would not stop... I began to feel a hot bubble of lust in my belly. I began to writhe against Diablo's girth, to rub my swollen teats against his tickling, maddening coat. I was panting, mindless, glorying in the huge thing that was thrusting up into me."

"I should have felt shame and agony, and guilt, but lust and growing pleasure overwhelmed my conscience..."

"I forgot everything. Diablo became my God. I sank down into the Pit."

"A voice was moaning loudly and it was mine. A body was twisting and squirming with lust, and it was mine."

"The force of nature that was... that was possessing me - that is what he was - Diablo - not a pony, but a force... a God. I imagined he - it would go on forever, endlessly thrusting, endlessly driving me to a pleasure that I could not imagine."

"But he thrust faster and harder. I was shaken, tossed about under him. I had to grip his coat like death and fight - I hooked my right leg down over the sofa arm - I had to fight to stay in place."

"I heard Barby - 'He's going to shoot in a second...'"

"I wanted him to do it in me - to get completion. I would be dishonored if he didn't. I would not be a worthy female if I left him without his final pleasure..."

"I wasn't a human woman... I was down in the depths of... my mind was so full of those ecstatic lightnings! My Christianity and my morals - they were like sand and the huge thing pounding into me, faster and faster - yes, and deeper - deeper - was the ocean... the endless ocean... the forever, ageless ocean..."

"Mindlessly, I knew the pillow that prevented an awful, terrible penetration of me was being compressed and minimized with each powerful thrust. Diablo's organ was like a merciless log ramming into me. My belly was a vast golden ache... OH, GOD - further and further up into me... thicker and thicker... His snorting and bellowing breath was frightening, terrible..."

"THEN - a great liquid blow burst into me. A giant thrust into the stuff - pain - and another gush of it - a horrible plunge into me, spurting... I was full of it... overflowing, an awful warm wetness covered my thighs and ran down under my bottom, soaked the cushion..."

"Diablo made his last gushing plunges and was finished."

"I was dazed. I lay inert... in a stinking welter of his thick, white, runny discharge."

"Barby got him down off of me safely. She put on her coat and boots and took him out to the barn. The draft of icy air from the door as they went out seemed to drive the daze from me."

"I groaned - with shame. I struggled to sit up and saw the mess that covered my lower body. Sharp little pains shot through my abdomen as I moved. I wanted to vomit, but couldn't."

"I was in the tub, washing thoroughly, when Barby came back into the house."

"She came into the bathroom, naked once again. She said I had taken more than she had because the pillow was flatter. She said she'd have to alter another pillow for Diablo to wear. She laughed and looked at me and asked if I enjoyed it."

"I didn't tell her. The Devil in me was whispering for it to happen again. My stomach got fluttery as I thought about it."

"I knew it would happen again. I would assist Barby and then she would assist me... and Diablo would be better and better trained..."

"A dull horror spread through me, but it wasn't strong enough to change anything."

"It happened... it happened... what? Yes, damn you! HE KILLED HER!"

"We did it with him - with the beast - with the Devil - we did it about... I don't know. Twenty times. Each. YES. Each."

"Yes - I got so I loved every filthy, degraded moment of it. I got so - we both did - we got so we spent hours out there in the cold, brushing him, cleaning him, braiding his mane, making over him disgustingly..."

"We brought him into the house more and more. We put papers all over on the floor for when he..."

"He was our big man. He was the king. We were his harem. It got so we did nothing with each other - we only lived for the moments that he was... was over us and that huge thing was driving us crazy."

"The morning it - I was out in the barn. The snow was beginning to melt. Barby had him in the house. I was gathering eggs. Somebody had to do it. We had to keep the stock going, and the chickens... no matter how debauched we were, we still had to care for them."

"She couldn't wait! She thought she could manage it alone... OH, GOD... I heard - I was in the henhouse - I heard a faint scream... just a faint one. I wasn't even sure it was a scream the hens were making so much noise - and then I heard it again - the scream. It went through my heart like a knife."

"I KNEW IT WAS BARBY. Something had happened! I ran - I RAN - and when I got through the door - OH, GOD - she was under him and he was jamming and the pillow wasn't there on his thing! It was on the floor! HE WAS RAMMING IT ALL - ALL ALL ALL INTO HER! SHE WAS - BLOOD... BLOOD WAS POURING OUT OF HER - EVERYTHING WAS COVERED WITH BLOOD."

"HER FACE WAS TO ME... and, yes she was... she couldn't get away. He was kneeling! He had her head locked between his front knees! His belly was holding her down flat, down into the cushions!"

And she - my baby couldn't get away! And that monstrous thing was going all the way into her! It was covered with her blood! Blood was spraying all over... his belly was soaked with it... And SHE WAS SCREAMING! Her face was so horrible - her eyes..."

"I grabbed him - his reins and I pulled sideways and I screamed at him and I PULLED! But he wouldn't move - HE WOULDN'T STOP! NOTHING WOULD MAKE HIM STOP!"

"I got the gun - my husband's rifle - on the rack and we always - it was always loaded. And I knew how to - I SHOT HIM! I SHOT HIM! THEN HE SCREAMED AND HIS BLOOD - I SHOT HIM AGAIN! HE GOT OFF HER. He - he - like a drunken man - all around, breaking things... screaming... I was yelling - screaming... I shot him again. He wouldn't die! He fell down and started kicking. His eyes were like rolling marbles. He was breathing blood... I kept shooting him! HE WOULDN'T DIE! Then I hit his head - in the brain - and he - he went dead... he jerked and he went all limp."

"Barby? Barby I went to her - yes, I tried to... but the blood - she was all torn open. She - the blood was so red! It just ran out of her! I couldn't make it stop! She was so wide open - between the legs - here - like a - a big hole - like a butcher had cut open a... like a tunnel..."

"She was so white - her face I called, on the phone, I called the hospital in [the nearest town] and they sent - they sent an ambulance."

"But she was dead when they got to our place. I don't remember them coming in. I remember it all up to calling them. It's all there, but I can't..."

"... the psychiatrist - said I was repressing it. I didn't want to remember - the pony and my daughter together like that. He said the report said I had been babbling... babbling and was sitting on the floor by the pony, reading the Bible to him."

"No, but I don't remember. But I should have loaded the gun and killed myself. This way - I'm just taking longer."

"They all knew what happened. They knew right away. She was naked, on those cushions that way... and with that hole in her... That sewer hole running blood..."

"I was in a hospital and the police - the sheriff came... and some other men... Then the doctors. Then I was taken to the insane asylum."

"They kept me there for a year. Then it kept getting more crowded and the state was short of money, and they let me go."

"That's all. I'm all empty now, from telling you. I don't care anymore who knows. I don't care. I wish I knew how Satan got to Barby, though. She was such a lovely, pure girl."

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## CONCLUSION

The varieties of human sexuality are incredible. It comes down to this: if it can be attempted, it will be.

Dr. J. Rosenberger, in his recent book, *Bestiality*, states that all authorities do agree on one point: "... that the entire gamut of sexual relations between human beings have been applied between humans and animals," and "any act that can be committed between man and woman has been

committed between human beings and animals!"

The basic need for sexual release in women as well as men is indisputable. They get horny too, and are admitting it... and acting on that fact.

As the Women's Lib activity in recent months shows, women are throwing off the culturally imposed attitudes which have limited and channeled their sexuality. They are becoming more openly sexual. Their new attitudes are making them the equivalent of men in sexual matters, and the existence of the Pill and greater accessibility of abortion is taking away the long range consequences of sexual activity - Pregnancy.

Thus women are becoming more and more free to be fully sexual, psychologically as well as physically. The cultural and social result is the phenomenon of "swinging" and extreme sexual experimentation - by women.

Women, it seems, are as curious about sex and as or more willing to try new things as men once they have broken down their inhibitions.

In his *The Animal Lovers*, Dr. Rosenfeld says, "... there is a good deal of hardcore evidence that city-styled bestiality is much more depraved, involving more of a variety of acts, and with the sexual contacts more frequent."

Of the sophisticated people whose stories I know or have read about, only a very few involve sex between men and animals.

Why, for instance, do not men take advantage of large female dogs to the extent that women are willing to try male dogs? I am speaking here of city men. There has been and is a significant amount of male-animal sexual activity in rural-farm areas.

It has to do with cultural "images" and male pride. In many ways men are more conservative and "narrow" than women.

It has been said that men in need will stick their penises into any kind of hole in the hope of sexual pleasure, especially if no one is around to see them try it. And it is increasingly obvious now, that women will allow any kind of penis into their vaginas for the same reasons, if privacy is assured. (Or relative privacy, as in the case of exhibitionistic swingers and their pets.)

There are the obvious exceptions, of course, animal-woman sex for profit, as with the prostitute, and the patently insane behavior of such persons as Louisa and Barby, where repressed sexuality and paranoid schizophrenia combined in an explosion of psychotic behavior.

Unthinkable thoughts are being entertained in our time, and increasingly, unthinkable acts are being performed. In every area of life.

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We can look for more and more cultural taboos to be knocked over and social changes to result.

What will our society be like twenty years from now? It would probably surprise the hell out of all of us if we could make an instantaneous turn-around and see. As it is, we will live through the changes and hardly be aware of them.