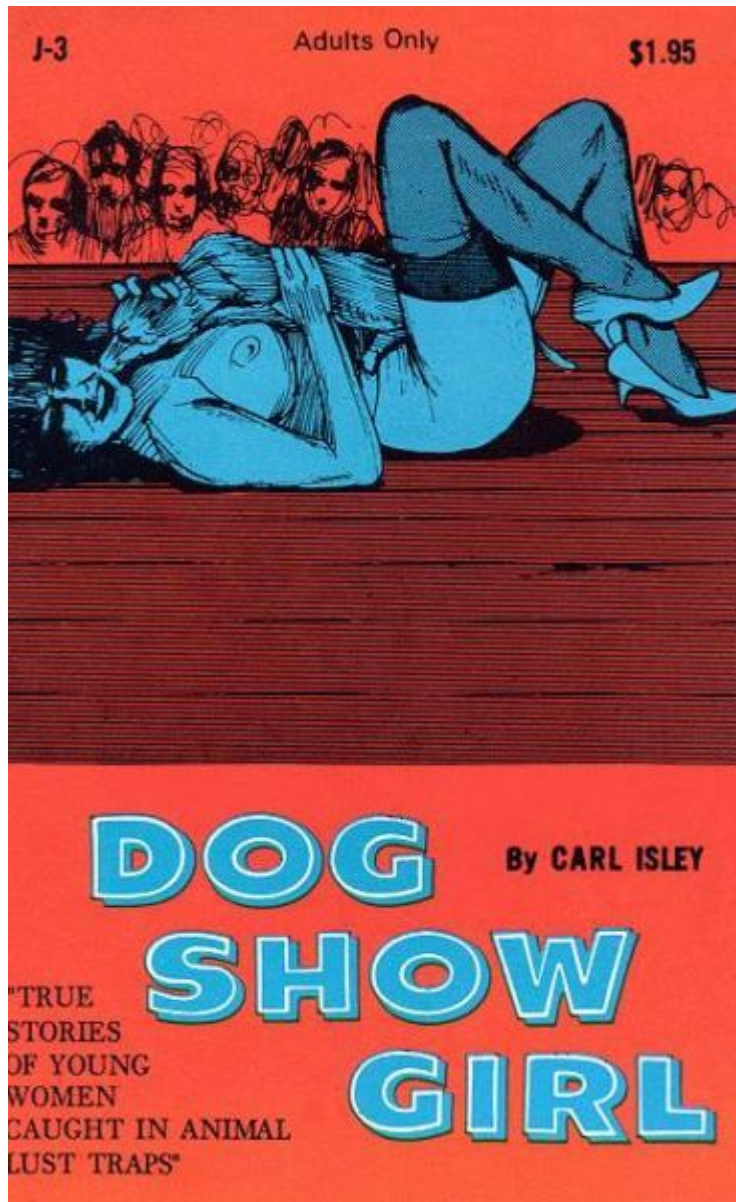


READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES





Introduction

"Bestiality-violation of animals-monstrous and revolting to mankind." Krafft-Ebing used these words to introduce the subject of sex between humans and animals in his monumental nineteenth century study of perverse sexuality, *Psychopathia Sexualis*. The public attitude toward many deviant sex practices has eased since those harsh Victorian times but the very idea of bestiality seems as "monstrous and revolting" as ever to most people today.

The Old Testament, source of most of our basic behavioral taboos, is clear on the subject. In Leviticus 18:23 Lord lays down the law to Moses, Neither shalt thou lie with any beast to defile thyself therewith; neither shall any woman stand before a beast to lie down thereto: it is confusion.

The Bible not only forbade bestiality but prescribed stern penalties both for the human and the animal participants, each apparently being presumed equally guilty in the affair. Thus Leviticus tells us, If a man lie with a beast he shall surely be put to death: and ye shall stay the beast.

In the Middle Ages in Europe surviving court records show that the Biblical penalties were carried out to the letter. In France one man was hanged and then burned for fornicating with a cow and a goat, and then both animals were also burned. Two centuries later, a sixteen- year-old girl was found guilty of having had sexual relations with a dog, and both dog and girl were hanged and burned.

Most states today have no law on their books specifically forbidding bestiality, but it is usually considered to fall under the general category of sodomy offenses, which include everything from sucking a twat to screwing a turkey—from bugging your wife’s rectum to fucking a corpse on a morgue slab—from jerking off in company with a friend to having your cunt licked by a cocker spaniel. It’s all sodomy in the eyes of the law, although the sodomy statutes are seldom enforced these days except against homosexuals.

Anyway, Biblical interdictions and harsh penalties in the law codes never have prevented bestial practices. As with all other varieties of sexual behavior, people have always done pretty much as they pleased in the privacy of their own boudoirs and barns.

Although records of specific incidents of bestiality down through the years are scarce, there is ample evidence that it has been widely practiced in all centuries by all peoples. There are many reports by travelers and explorers of prevalent bestiality among the depraved citizens of other, less-enlightened lands. Sanctimonious observers from the western world found it running rampant among the pagans of the far east, Europeans observed it with horror among the Arabs and black Africans, Arabs declared it to be common among the perfidious Turks.

But there was plenty of beastly bugging going on among our own ancestors in western Europe as well, the best evidence being that bestiality as a crime is constantly mentioned both in church and civil law, century after century, with ever more drastic punishments being laid down for the culprits. It would hardly have been such a constant concern of the lawmakers unless it had been a widespread habit.

In the Middle Ages, when penalties against it were the most severe, all the evidence indicates that bestiality as an adjunct to witchcraft revelries and as a casual barn-yard pastime ran a neck-and-neck race with incest as the favorite sport among the peasantry.

In the prim and proper nineteenth century, Krafft-Ebing regretfully reported that violation of animals was none too infrequent, and in the modern day Doctor Kinsey’s more extensive and enlightened research discovered that forty to fifty percent of farm boys he interviewed had had some kind of sex relations with animals at one time or another in their young lives.

A good indication of the way bestial sex has obsessed man’s fancy through all the ages is the frequency with which it turns up in popular literature and mythology. The ancient myths and fairy tales are full of creatures half-human and half-beast such as centaurs, sphinxes and mermaids, and human and animal love affairs wherein the beast usually is a god or prince temporarily transformed.

In our own time we continue to thrill over popular entertainments wherein bestiality is suggested if not specifically portrayed. Jungle adventures in which young lovelies are carried off by giant apes, presumably to satisfy their bestial lust, have always been popular with matinee audiences.

As many writers, including Freud have suggested, where bestiality has persisted so in men’s fantasies, there certainly must have been widespread practice of the actual deed, for men’s dreams are reflective of their real-life desires.

In the free-and-easy climate of today, bestiality is not only common on a pastime basis as ever, but many of those who practice it are quite willing to spill their guts about it for publication without shame or fear. There is a spirit of adventure in the practice of sex today—a reaching out for new sensual experiences of every kind—and an unabashed readiness to share the fruits of those experiments and spread the joyful word to the hesitant, still-puritanical masses. So I had surprisingly little difficulty in finding a variety of persons of all ages and both sexes who quite willingly ‘told all’

about their bestial habits for this book. I have compiled from the resulting taped conversations the case reports in the following pages. Only the names and places have been disguised in some instances, in light of the sodomy laws, but the broad picture these cases give of bestiality as it is practiced in our twentieth century world is a true one.

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## **Chapter 1 – Spectator Sport**

In the course of history, bestial practices have been not only a private pastime but in various places and times have played a part in religious rituals, witchcraft rites, and public spectacles for the titillation of the masses.

It is hardly surprising that the ancient Romans who made an arena spectacle out of everything from costume dramas to gladiatorial warfare found sadistic delight in bestial sex exhibitions on the grand scale. An amazing variety of animals were trained to perform sexually in the arena, most often committing rape on helpless, spread-eagled young maidens. Zebras, cheetahs, even giraffes reportedly were involved in this kind of bizarre sport.

According to R.E.L. Masters, the diligent sex-researcher and writer, on one infamous occasion in the Coliseum a hundred golden-haired young girls were raped in unison by a hundred rampaging baboons, a girl-show spectacular beyond anything ever dreamed of by Busby Berkeley.

On other occasions, to add an extra zest to the performance, wild apes would not only rape the unfortunate girls but devour their bodies afterwards for an encore.

Since those pagan times bestial sex-shows have never again reached such heights of production lavishness or played to such arena-sized audiences. In recent centuries and down to the present day virtually the only public performances of the kind have been whorehouse exhibitions, usually involving a prostitute and either a large dog or its small horse.

Krafft-Ebing noted such an exhibition a hundred years ago, an 'example of the moral depravity in large cities,' in which 'a Parisian female showed herself in the sexual act with a trained bulldog to a secret circle of roués at ten francs a head'.

Since the old-fashioned garden-variety whorehouse has become practically extinct in this country, generally one must travel abroad to find such performances today. A few countries of Latin America, Asia and the Arab lands still offer these usually pitiful spectacles as underground tourist attractions.

A New York executive who has spent much time in the Caribbean islands where his firm does a great deal of business tells about an experience of the kind in pre-Castro Cuba.

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### **Case 1 - Ben P.**

Before the revolution down there, Cuba was really the place to go, I'm telling you. It was murder trying to get any business done is the only thing, with all the distractions-whores and whorehouse on every street, blue movies, orgy exhibitions-you name it and you could find it. You didn't have to do any shopping around either. All you had to do was walk out on any street. They'd spot you for an American right off and there'd be a dozen pimps after you, trying to sell you every kind of sex experience that man ever invented. You couldn't help get the impression that every broad in Havana was peddling her ass and every guy was pimping for them.

The 'exhibitions' were the big thing. First thing they'd mention to you. 'Superman' was the big star. He was a big black bugger with a cock like a baseball bat, and he put on shows in one of the houses there. He'd take on about four or five of the girls at once and they'd play the scene for you any way you ordered it. If you wanted to, you could strip down and join the show yourself. They'd do their thing in a performance just for you, or for a whole party of ten or twenty tourists. How Superman kept his prick up all day is beyond me. Must've had a steel rod planted in it. Or maybe there were three or four different 'Supermen' working in shifts for all I know.

Anyway, I'd been there a few times and seen and done just about everything there was in that goddamn sex-town, and one hot day in December I landed in Havana with some business to attend to, figuring I'd finish it up in an hour or two and hop back to Miami that same night. No hanky-panky this trip I promised myself. In fact I had a redhead date all lined up for myself in Miami that would put all these fat-ass Cuban whores to shame. I figured she and I would have a little private exhibition all our own that night in front of the picture mirror in her apartment.

But of course I had the usual pimp parade on me like leeches as soon as I got downtown from the airport, giving me all the usual pitches, and they didn't like to take no for an answer. They figured that men came to Cuba from the U.S.A. to get laid, period. You tell them not interested and they don't believe their ears. After all, once you'd seen the Capitollo and the rum distillery and the ancient cathedral in Havana, what the hell else is there left but the whorehouse?

It wound up finally with just this one determined cat dogging my tracks, still trying to sell me some kind of cock therapy. He'd already run through the whole catalogue of goodies for me about twelve times. "You want the woman? Big tits woman? Young girl? Very young! Teen-age schoolgirl for you. She do everything you like. Two young girls-all for you. Two together. They come with you. Your hotel. Maybe young boy? You like the young boy? You say what you like. I fix for you. See the exhibition? Two girls? Three girls? Four? Five?"

Then he got into something that sounded like "done-kee the done-kee." I didn't get the meaning at first, but then I realized all of a sudden that he was pitching for a girl making it with a goddamn donkey. This was a brand new one on me. I'd heard there were such things that went on but I'd never been steered on it before. All of a sudden I was interested. It was something people talk about but you don't get to see every day in the week and I was really curious. That woman with a donkey shit-you don't half believe it really happens, you know? I doubted that there were two guys in the whole of Philadelphia that could say they'd ever seen it, and here was my chance to be the first in my neighborhood.

At first I thought maybe it was just a movie show this guy was talking about, but he said, "No-o-o-real alive done-key-fuck pretty young girl for you."

I cooled down a little when he told me it was going to cost me fifty Cuban pesos, which translates into exactly fifty U.S. dollars. That was the tab for a private performance-just me, the girl and the donkey- but if I didn't mind sharing the spiritual experience, I could wait until night and there'd be a group showing for a crowd of tourists at ten dollars a head admission. Well shit, I couldn't pass that up. So I told him to put me down for a reservation, kissed off my date in Miami and checked into a hotel to wait out the time.

My friendly guide came to pick me up in a cab at seven-thirty and we drove down to the Chinatown section-the driver blasting his horn at every intersection the way they do. We pulled up at a seedy-looking old mansion on a dark street-had a huge front door about ten feet tall with an ornate grillwork all over it-real old Spanish style.



There was the usual fat madame that let us in and we went across a shitty-smelling courtyard and into the front room of the place. There was a lot of Spanish chatter going on—about how much loot they were going to be able to squeeze out of me, no doubt I'd already laid out five to the cab driver and ten to the guide, but there was still the beady-eyed madame to take care of, and probably the girl and the donkey besides. Then there'd usually be a few extra associate whores and apprentice pimps coming around with their hands out before any action finally got under way. There was a lot of featherbedding in these Havana sex factories. Everybody wanted in on the loot, whether they'd contributed to your orgasm or not. They must've had a hell of a strong union going for them I guess.

I gave five to the madame right away to get her off my back and turned a deaf ear to the swarm of young chicks that went at my pants the way they always did. The smart thing to do in a whorehouse is to let them grab at your cock all they want but keep your hand in your money pocket and protect that at all times.

The madame and my guide shooed the girls off me finally and we went inside through about six layers of draperies and came to a big square room with a round bed in the middle and the usual mirrors all over the walls and ceiling. There were about ten or twelve guys sitting around the bed—stateside tourist types. One of them even had brought his wife along with him. She was too prim and plain-looking to be anything but a wife.

The show had already started, but I hadn't missed anything. This was only a preliminary act—warm-up for the main event. Two naked girls were going at it on the red satin bedspread, one of them fucking the other man-style with a huge artificial prick fastened onto her lower body by straps. I'd seen this kind of shit before and it didn't do a hell of a lot for me. The room temperature was about a hundred-and-nine degrees—they didn't have air-conditioning in the brothels in those days—and the tourists were all panting and sweating beads with the heat and the excitement. I pulled up a chair in the second row, away from all those steaming bodies. I figured I'd save my sweat for the donkey act.

Meanwhile the artificial cock was pounding in and out and the fat little broad that was getting it was thrashing all over the bedspread, pretending to have fantastic orgasms. I got more fun though out of watching the tourist's wife, who was sweating worse than any of the men and looked very uncomfortable. She kept one hand up to her face at all times as if she was afraid somebody from back home was going to walk in all of a sudden and recognize her.

The girls quit their dildo fuck abruptly and broke off connections to move into a new position, but just then the madame popped in clapping her hands and sang out, "End of act one," or Spanish words to that effect. Four or five more girls had come in with her, some naked and some in g-strings, and they all climbed up onto the bed and struck leering poses, jiggling their boobs and grinding their hips for our benefit, and the two broads that had been performing got up and joined them.

Now it was up to us to decide which one of the girls we wanted to see getting her well plugged by the donkey. I voted for a slim little giggly chick with pointy, springy tits and a cute ass, figuring she'd give us a good lively show, but most of the tourists voted for a phony blonde with a big-eyed baby-face and a pair of boobs like Sophia Loren. It figured.

Then the other chicks all disappeared, we pulled our chairs back, and at couple of black Samsons came in and carried the bed away. At that point I was wondering how in the hell they were going to set the thing up. Getting a donkey's cock into a girl has to be some kind of a contortion, I figured, for the donkey and the girl both. There had to be some kind of apparatus.

Sure enough, they wheeled in a wooden platform and I began to see how they would manage it. The girl apparently would lie on top of the thing on her belly with her legs hanging down in back, spread

wide, with her feet in stirrups and her pussy through wide-open from the ass-end. And there were raised-up shelves on both sides of the contraption where the donkey could rest his front legs when he reared up into position.

But the girl-I think they said her name was Felicia-didn't climb onto her perch right away. She was circulating around among the crowd making friends, thanking all the boys individually for picking her to fuck the donkey, and showing her gratitude with big slurpy tongue-licking kisses and by letting everybody play bouncy squeezey with her fantastic boobs.

When she came by me I passed up the titty feels and ran a handful of fingers up between her legs into her big slimy snatch, which is where I live, baby. I could tell she had a donkey-size cunt all right. Wow! She opened her legs for me and let me get my whole hand up inside her and then she clamped her thighs shut and did a fast wiggle, twisting her snatch around my fist, and at the same time she leaned forward and pressed her big flabby boobs into my face. Whoosh!

She had a real gamy, unwashed stink about her, but it was the raw, basic smell of a woman and that turns me on more than any phony perfume or dainty deodorant. That's one thing I always liked about those old-fashioned Latin whores-they stank like a woman is supposed to stink. That's something we've lost in this super-antiseptic age-the sensual value of human body-smells.

Anyway, speaking of smells, they brought in the donkey just then and he sure stank like he was supposed to all right. He was a little squatty, stump-legged bugger. Must've been half burro. His cock was still limp, but Felicia soon took care of that. She started off stroking his neck and patting his nose and then she pressed one of her big boobies to his mouth and rubbed it around and damned if that donkey didn't start in licking around the nipple with his big old tongue. She must've had honey smeared on it or something. Anyway that gave us all a good laugh.

After little of that she ducked down underneath his belly and started teasing his prick with her fingers. The donkey shuffled his hooves around and blew out a noseful. She was beginning to get to him. Then Felicia lifted her head up with her tongue snaking out, and damn if she didn't start in licking the shit out of that old donkey dick. It was the god damndest thing to watch you ever saw. I heard a big gasp from the tourist broad. She probably didn't believe women did this nasty thing to men's pricks, let alone to donkeys. It sure was a sight all right, seeing that black dong swelling and stretching out like somebody blowing up a balloon. It must've wound up at least a foot long at its full extension and she was slobbering over it like crazy, licking it all up and down its length and letting the ugly old thing slide way down her throat and then easing it out again.

Finally she had that bugger so hot and horny he was tossing his head and tail around and stamping his front feet and quivering his withers- he looked like he was going to explode any second. She jumped up then and the two attendants ran out and grabbed the donkey or else he would've climbed right up on her then and there before she could get in position. He was kicking around and snorting to beat hell. Felicia climbed onto the platform and got set and then she yelled she was ready, and the guys led the donkey in behind her and let him rear up. Then they ducked out of the way in a hurry. From there on that fucking donkey didn't need any help from anyone-he knew what to do. He lunged right in against the girl's ass, his big belly up over her back and his long prong bobbing behind her. It looked like he was going to crush the shit out of her, but with his front legs set in the tracks on each side of her I guess his weight didn't come down on top of her the way it looked. But his prick was wanging the hell out of her rear end, bumping and butting at it before it found the hole. He finally got down under the crack of her ass and settled into the slot, right on target. But there still was a lot more stomping around with his hind legs and tail twitching before he actually worked it into her pearly gates and started driving it home. Felicia was yipping and yelling the whole time, telling him, "Fuck me, Pepe," in Spanish and English all mixed together.

Just to see it happening you'd have sworn that fucking donkey was ripping the living shit out of the poor helpless girl, but no such thing. She was even laughing, along with all the yelling and whooping. I don't know how many times she'd done this act before, but she must've been damn well broken in. The donkey kept on humping and humping at her for quite a while. I was surprised-I didn't think they went on that long. I'd heard that horse's just made a couple of quick plunges and shot their wads and I assumed donkeys would be the same. But they must've had this bugger trained to hold his fire and make a better show of it for the crowd.

It was wild and exciting to watch-I'll say that-but a little sickening too in a way. Seeing that fucking ramrod disappearing at least a foot up inside a girl's guts had to make you wince a little.

When the donkey came finally, he must've shot a half-a-gallon of juice up her alley-it came oozing back out all around her ass and dripped down the backs of her legs. She let out a big yahoo and right away the big boys came out and pulled the donkey back off her and led him away with his prick still a half-a-yard long and a big streamer of goo dangling off the end of it.

Felicia hopped down off her perch, as spry as ever as far as I could see. She didn't took any the worse for her ordeal, although her body was dripping wet with sweat and her pussy and ass were all lathered white with the donkey's cream.

"You like?" she said with a big happy smile and we all gave her a round of applause. I was thinking, "I wonder what the hell she could do for an encore." But that was the end of the formal entertainment, Felicia went around the circle collecting tips from the tourists and it looked to me as if she made quite a haul for herself. But she'd earned every nickel of it as far as I was concerned. I only hoped the goddamn madame would let her keep a few bucks of it for herself, but probably not. Those Cuban whores lived a real slave existence in those days, from all I heard.

Then all the other girls came back in the room bare-ass naked and tried to interest the guys in a little private hanky-panky to round off the evening. I latched onto the little giggly chick that had caught my eye in the first place, and twenty more bucks to the madame fixed it up so I could take her back to the hotel with me for an all-night ball.

Unfortunately she didn't speak a hell of a lot of English. Most of the Cuban whores were recruited off the farms-a lot of them shipped in from Mexico-so they hadn't had much chance to learn English. I wanted to ask the kid about what it was like screwing the donkey-how the girls got broken in for it and all that. With a lot of sign language and pantomime I found out that she didn't enjoy donkey-fucking a hell of a lot, this girl. She had only done it a couple of times so far. Felicia seemed to get the call more than any of the other girls, and Felicia loved doing it with the donkey. But this chick of mine-I forget what she said her name was-said that the girls practiced for it with a huge, donkey-sized wooden dildo. The brothel operators would diddle a new girl with that monster until she could take it up her cunt a foot-and-a-half without shitting a brick, and then they'd figure she was ready to tackle the donkey.

This girl had a hell of an elastic twat, I must say, because I didn't have anything like what that donkey had, cock-wise, but she still gave me a good tight screw all the same. But then, she was still just a young kid at that time. Give her another year or two in Havana brothels, fucking donkeys and every other damn thing that came along, and that poor little cunt of hers would look like the Grand Canyon- like Felicia's.

I never got a chance to check up on the matter though. Castro moved in and took over the whole works before I ever got back to Havana again and I hear he put all the brothels out of business right off first thing. It must've been quite a blow to those poor girls, having to go out and go to work. But



the one I really feel sorry for is that donkey. No more screwing pretty pink pussies for him. He must've wondered what he did wrong. The lousy communists probably got him pulling a junk wagon or some such thing. Poor little donkey. That revolution really fucked up his sex-life.

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Chapter 2 — Dog Eat Dog

Through the years, if historians ancient and modern are to be believed, there is hardly a creature-bird, beast or fish-that has not been used for man's sexual gratification.

We have already referred to the Roman arena spectacles, wherein giraffes, leopards, mandrills, bulls and boars were involved in the action. It is also recorded that Roman ladies of that time enjoyed running snakes up their vaginas in the warm weather for a cool, refreshing fuck.

In ancient Egypt both men and women regularly consorted with goats. In the temples, goats were advertised as incarnations of gods, and were specially trained to provide sex-services to worshippers of either sex. Monkeys were also put to sexual use, dog-faced baboons being especially popular. And most intriguing of all, there are reports that some resourceful and highly adventurous Egyptians of the time even managed intercourse with crocodiles.

Chickens and other barnyard fowl have always been popular and are still often used today. Men also have been known to enjoy intercourse with dolphins and sea-cows, and women have found sensual delight in inserting squirming fish up into their jaded quims.

Sheep and calves have most commonly served men down through the years and continue to be most popular with farm boys today, although horse's, pigs and chickens still figure prominently in barnyard action. But the most popular bestial partner of all in the modern world undoubtedly is the dog, and especially among city-dwellers to whom he is the only practical animal readily available. Dogs seem to adapt themselves agreeably to sex-relations with humans, serving with either tongue or penis, eagerly cooperative in fucking a human cunt or asshole when offered or slobbering over a honey-smeared prick or pussy.

Women are more likely to favor a dog over all other animals to serve their sex purposes and many an unattached lady keeps a canine lover these days-the perfect partner-always ready-always willing-and always absolutely discreet. A dog will never kiss and tell.

But sometimes the ladies will, as in the following case report.

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Case 2 - Laura M.

I was married for four years, and for three years and eleven months of that time I was the most miserable mismated wife in the history of matrimony. I'd had my share of affairs before marriage I have to admit, and I'd always thought of myself as a normal heterosexual female that responded with all the proper gasps and twitches when a man made the usual penetrations, but somehow when I settled down into marriage and it became a night-after-night thing, I became a nervous wreck and got so I hated sex completely. I didn't even want that man to touch me anymore for some crazy reason. It was all I could do by superhuman will-power to put up with a wham-bam quick one from him. He didn't know what the hell was wrong with me and I couldn't tell him either, so we just fought and yelled at each other and things went from bad to worse until we wound up hardly even speaking to each other.

If it hadn't been for this girl friend of mine, Vivian, I don't know what I would have done. She lived in the same building and was a decorator. She'd helped me to fix up the apartment when I first moved in and then she went on being helpful in all kinds of ways after that. She spent a lot of time with me during the daytimes, and I told her my sad stories-let her know all about my sex hang-ups and everything that was bugging me about my old man and men in general.

She never had been married herself but she talked as if she knew the rules of the game pretty well. Anyway, she was a lot of comfort to me when my husband finally pulled out for good. I won't say that Vivian and I fell into a lesbian relationship exactly. We didn't go down on each other or anything like that. But we did get pretty huggy and kissy sometimes and I found I was enjoying her holding me and caressing me the way I couldn't stand my husband doing it to me those last couple of years.

But I was getting more and more confused. What the hell was I, anyway? Finally I up and put it to Vivian in plain down-to-earth terms.

"Am I a lesbian or what? I don't really know what I want anymore. I thought it would be a big relief with my husband gone but now I find that I miss him somehow-miss what he could do for me, if you know what I mean. Even though I could hardly stand it when he did, that last year or so. He bugged me so-always expecting his pleasure right on schedule, night after night. Insisting on his 'marital right.' What I need is a nice docile man who's available and ready to go when I want him but never bugs me otherwise-just up and disappears when I don't want him around anymore. Maybe I should hire a gigolo just for one hour or so a week to come in and cool down my passions. Do they have such things?"

Vivian laughed and said, "Let me get this straight. What you would like is a man with a good stiff member who's always up and ready when you say 'go' and then crawls off and lies down in a corner afterwards and stays there with his mouth shut until you whistle for him again."

I laughed too. "You hit it right on the head. But I'm afraid there just ain't no such animal."

"Ha!" she yelled. "You just said the magic word. Animal. The answer to all your problems, honey chile."

"Animal!" I assumed she was kidding. "What do you suggest-a nice friendly chimpanzee?"

"Hell no," she said. "A chimp is a mean son of a bitch. Worse than a man even. They'll bite the hell out of you, those bastards. A dog is the only animal for a woman. They can do every goddamn thing a man can do for you except soul-kiss, and I can take care of that department for you."

She was good at kissing. That's what had me worried about myself. I enjoyed her expert kisses more than I ever did my husband's or any man's. But what I was missing was the hard root up in the soft shaft. A good stiff prick, to put it bluntly.

But a dog? I still thought she was kidding.

"You're screwed-up and frustrated, right?" Vivian said. "Can't live with a man and can't live without one. A lot of us have that problem. But look at me. Do I seem frustrated? Not for a minute, baby. But did you ever see me dating a man? Forget it-who needs it?"

"Well, maybe you can keep cool just with women," I said. I figured she was giving me a lesbian confession here. "I can't just cut myself off from men though. I'm not programmed that way, I'm afraid."

"Oh, men are fine. I don't knock 'em. Great to talk to-have dinner with-see a show. But you don't have to let 'em take any liberties. That's when they get possessive and bossy. Keep 'em at arm's length and you got 'em at your mercy. But when you feel that old crotch-fever coming on you and need something up inside there to scratch it where it itches-that's where faithful old ever-ready Bozo steps up and fills the bill for mama."

All of a sudden with a shuddering jolt I realized that this whole thing was serious. I'd seen her walking Bozo a couple of times-Bozo was a gigantic hound she kept in her apartment. Great Dane, or some such thing. I'd never been able to figure before why she wanted to keep such a huge dog in a small city apartment. But now it all came clear. Apparently she had Bozo trained to "scratch her where it itches."

I didn't know what the hell to say. I guess I just gaped at her- thunderstruck. I couldn't believe it.

"Don't look so fucking horrified," she said. "And don't knock something till you've tried it. Come with me, baby. I'm taking over your education right now." She grabbed hold of my arm, "We're going up to my place and I'm going to give you a free home demonstration of the kind of pussy therapy you need. No obligation to buy. But I guarantee it'll put that half-ass husband of yours right out of your mind and give you a whole new outlook on life, sex-wise. You'll be ready and willing to kiss men goodbye and good riddance."

I must have been in some kind of a daze. I don't even remember riding up in the elevator. The next thing I knew, we were in her apartment and big old Bozo was leaping up all over her with his tongue out, sniffing and yipping. He must have been able to smell her intentions. Personally I was scared to death of the goddamn beast. I didn't even like little dogs. It looked like she had him pretty well disciplined though. She yelled at him to quit his messing around and get in the bedroom and he did just what he was told.

I guess I looked as if I was about to faint dead away, so Vivian fixed me a drink, which I really needed at that point, and then she said, "Now, you goddamn prissy-ass Victorian, relax here and breathe deeply until your head clears. I'm going in the bedroom and set the scene for you. When I yell, you come on in and you'll see my free home demonstration of doggy-diddling-the sport of queens."

She left and I could hear sweet-talking and sniffing and rustling around in the bedroom. By now the shock had subsided and I was just burning up with curiosity over the whole thing. It was so fantastic, I couldn't wait to see what she'd be doing with that wild goddamn dog. I still didn't really believe that she'd actually let him-well, my God!

Then she sang out, "Finish your drink, count three, and come on in, baby. Bozo rides again!"

The dog was making a hell of a racket. I could hear him slurping and snuffling as if he was lapping up his dinner-dish. And then I came through the doorway and my eyes popped out. It was even crazier than I'd expected. Vivian had stripped right down to practically nothing- all she had on was her bra and garter-belt. She was sprawled on her back on the bed with about three fat pillows underneath her rear-end, so that her spread crotch was well up in the air where Bozo could get at it. And was he ever at it! He was standing up between her legs, lapping away at her slit with his long tongue, slobbering and drooling all over it. Actually eating her pussy! Can you imagine?

"Oh no!" I said. "You gotta be kidding."

"Pull up a chair, oh thou of little faith," Vivian said. "This is just the beginning. You ain't seen nothing yet."

I couldn't even talk-I was speechless. I sat down beside the bed and couldn't take my eyes off the freaky scene. That wild doggy tongue was going like mad-all up and down her slit and in and out the hollows of her crotch-really lathering her up good.

"Doesn't that tickle?" I said like an idiot. I mean, I didn't know what the hell to say.

She laughed. "You're goddamn right it tickles. That's the whole idea, isn't it?"

"How-how did you get him to-er-do that?" I said. "Did you smear something on you or what?"

"In the beginning I did, to give him the idea of what I wanted. But he caught on fast. He doesn't need any inducements anymore. Now I just lie down like this and spread it and he takes it from there. Ain't it a gas? He gets his reward afterwards-you'll see."

"I don't believe it," I said. Bozo was really zeroing in now. It was incredible. Right dead-center on her clitoris-working it over with his tongue just like a human person. I was beginning to get hot myself, just from watching. Vivian wasn't talking anymore. That crazy tongue was starting to get to her. Her mouth was hanging open and her breath was beginning to come hard.

All I could say was, "Wow, wow," over and over. Now the damn tongue was poking up inside actually. Pushing into her like a prick. Her legs were twitching and her ass quivering. And the dog must've been getting excited too, cause he was beginning to drip saliva and he was panting as hard as she was.

Then all of a sudden she let out a whoop and waved her arms in the air. I guess this was the signal for Bozo to cool it with the cunnilingus and really put it to her. And he got the message all right. He raised up his head and barked a couple of times and then he climbed up over her body and gave her face a couple of licks and she kissed him back. Those two were real lovers, I'll tell you. Now I noticed his prick was up by her pussy, in position to do a job of work, just starting to swell up in anticipation of what Bozo knew was coming. Vivian lifted up her legs on both sides of him and stroked his flanks with the insides of her thighs. This was a huge dog, don't forget. The same general proportions as a man. I mean, he really covered her.

She arched her hips upward, aiming her crotch right at his pecker to give him a straight-on target to shoot it. It didn't look like he'd have any trouble ramming it in her from there. Her slit was pretty well lubricated already too slick and glistening wet from the dog's slobbering over it, plus her own juice oozing out from inside.

"Come on, Bozo-come on," she was whispering to him. "Fuck mama, Bozo. Fuck me, boy."

He nudged forward and poked his pecker up between her legs and she wiggled herself a little and pressed up to meet the point of it and put it to the hole. And then with hardly any trouble at all he slipped into the opening of her spread cunt and drove all the way home,

"Go, boy-go!" she hollered out, and he started humping away like crazy.

I had to pinch myself, I swear. There I sat actually watching a decent respectable woman in twentieth century America-my best friend in the world practically-letting herself be screwed by a Great Dane dog! I thought such things only happened in stag movies or in opium dens in Algeria or some such place.

He was really pounding it into her-wham wham-with his big brown balls whacking up against her ass with every thrust-and Vivian was meeting every push of his with a bump of her own. She was

completely out of this world by that time. I don't think she even knew I existed anymore. Her head was lolling back and forth, her eyes rolling in her head, her jaw hanging wide open. The dog was drooling spit down onto her face and neck but she wasn't paying any attention to that. She was practically frothing at the mouth herself.

She grabbed onto Bozo's front paws and lifted them up onto her chest, planting them on top of her boobs, and then she held them there, pressing his hard claws down against her nipples.

I guess she threw an orgasm before he did, the way she was thrashing around and whimpering. I never saw such passion before in my life. But then, I'd never watched another woman get screwed before, by man or animal.

She kept on making these little moaning noises in her throat and the dog started in then sort of squealing himself, as I guess his own orgasm was coming to a head.

But then it was all over all of a sudden. The dog quit his humping and his head sagged down over her face, and she brought her hands up and held onto his body, keeping him in position where he was with his prick still jammed up inside her. She was puffing like she'd run a twenty-six mile marathon and she had to get her breath back before she could speak to me again.

"We have to—we have to wait," she said, "until-the swelling on his prick goes down-before we pull apart."

I didn't exactly get the meaning of that at the time, but she explained afterwards that a dog gets a big puffed-up ball on the middle of his cock when he inserts it into something feminine and starts fucking, and that anchors him inside the cunt, rectum or whatever as if he was riveted there. It only subsides after he shoots his load and goes soft again. If he tried to pull out while the ball was still engorged it would rip the hell out of her cunt and she'd be in big trouble trying to explain her lacerated twat to her family doctor.

That's how dogs manage to get stuck together sometimes when they fuck. The female's cunt clamps down so tight on the base of the male's prick that the blood can't drain off after the orgasm—the prick stays swollen and the two dogs are clamped together and in big trouble.

I thought it was a funny notion at the time. Little did I know I'd be laughing out the other side of my face later. But Bozo cooled down pretty quick that time and then he backed off from her and she sat up and gave me a big smile. She looked pretty hot and disheveled but very happy apparently.

"Well, how about it? Ever see anything like that at the afternoon bridge club?"

"God no," I said. "I almost don't believe it though. Is it really all that good?"

"Listen—there's only one way to find out for yourself. Get those clothes off, Miss Freeze-ass. It's your turn next."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," I said. "You're used to it and—and he's used to you. He probably wouldn't do it with me—would he?"

"Are you kidding? He's like any other man. Show him a cunt and he'll fuck it."

"But it—it looks so rough. Doesn't he hurt you?"

"It hurts real good, baby. Hurts in all the right places. You won't believe it till you try it, and

afterwards you won't want it any other way. Bozo is 'the spoiler.' The only thing I'm worried about is that after one wild orgasm on the end of that bulbous cock of his you'll want to steal him away from me."

"God, Vivian," I said. "This isn't something I can just jump right into blindly. You've got to realize-you've really bowled me over with the whole thing. I mean-it's not exactly an everyday-oh, Christ, Viv-let me sleep on the idea tonight. Maybe tomorrow. God knows, I need something new in my sex-life, but I'm not so sure this is it."

"Hogwash!" she said. "I know you. If you take time to think about it your prudish nature will scare you out of it. You've got to do it right now, while the juices are flowing. You know damn well you're itching to try it." She was up and at me then, pulling on my dress. "Come on, Laura. Get out of those clothes. You'll thank me forever for this, believe me."

"Okay, okay," I said. "But just the cunnilingus part-okay? Let me see how I like his tongue before I make any further commitments."

"Fair enough," she said. "So get stripped and I'll go get you another drink to loosen your inhibitions. Come on with me, Bozo. Let the lady undress in private."

I laughed. "Thanks. Whatever else happens, at least I can always tell my grandchildren I was once eaten alive by a Great Dane dog."

I peeled down, taking off every stitch. After seeing what a sloppy sucker Bozo was I figured I was better off naked. I didn't want him drooling all over my underwear. So I was stark bare-ass by the time Vivian returned with the drink. Bozo scared hell out of me by making a bee-line for me as soon as he got back in the room.

I backed off yelling, "Hold him. Hold him!" I guess I thought he was going to throw me down and rape me on the spot. But he only wanted to sniff around my pussy a little, now that the wraps were off the merchandise.

"I'll hang onto him," Vivian said. "You get yourself ready. Pile up the pillows like I had them and make yourself comfortable."

I lay down the same way she'd been, giggling self-consciously. I felt shameless, all sprawled out naked that way in the bright daylight.

"Open wider, please," Vivian said, pushing my thighs further apart. "Give him a good wide opening so he's not cramped for work space."

I giggled again and must have been blushing like a schoolgirl. I told her, "I feel like a picture in a dirty book."

She said, "Take my word for it-you look like an art masterpiece in a museum. Are you ready? Say when."

I took a deep breath and said, "I guess so."

Pow! The next thing I knew that great hairy monster was up there looming over me, sniffing me up and down, blowing his hot breath all over my goosefleshed body. I could have sworn he was about to chomp a great big bite out of me. I was paralyzed. I didn't dare move a muscle.

"Relax-relax," Vivian said. "He won't hurt you. Close your eyes and think beautiful thoughts. He'll do all the work-don't worry."

I closed my eyes and tried to close off my mind too, to everything except pussy sensations. But it didn't work. I could feel that hot, humid breath hitting me here, there and everywhere and every now and then a drop of warm dog-spit would splash down onto me. I was wishing Bozo would get down below there where he belonged and start his cunt-licking. But all of a sudden I felt his hot vapors hit me right square in the face and I winced and turned my head away, and then-UGGH! He began licking right on my mouth, and when I opened up to make a protest noise his sloppy, dripping tongue went right inside. I twisted my head violently and tried to sit up, but his hard paw came right down between my breasts and pushed me back.

Vivian finally noticed that I was in trouble and she called him off me, and I was ready to quit the whole business right then and there. I took another drink to rinse out my mouth and get rid of the doggy taste.

I told Vivian, "Tell your friend, the kissing I can do without. Okay?"

She laughed. "Okay already. He just wanted to let you know he likes you. He's ready to get down to fundamentals now."

So we started again and this time, thank God, he went right for the crotch. I closed my eyes again and all of a sudden I wasn't nervous anymore. It started in right away to tickle like a very very groovy masturbation. He was hitting the ticklish places all right with a fantastic magic though. I'd had my slit licked and diddled and fondled and fucked many a time before my fingers and feathers and pricks and tongues, but nothing ever reached me as quickly as Bozo did with that crazy educated tongue of his.

Vivian was talking to me-asking me questions, I think. But she should have known better. I was already long gone-up on a cloud-out of sight. I could see what she'd meant now. Who needed a man with Bozo on the scene? Forget it's a dog doing it to you, I told myself just spread your wings and fly!

I began twisting around and rocking my hips. I couldn't hold still anymore. I could hardly catch my breath. My butt came tumbling down off the pillows, but that didn't stop Bozo. He stayed right in there and I held my legs just as wide apart as they'd go to give him an open field. The crazy trembles were shooting up everywhere through my insides now and I'd just about lost all control. I don't know if I was whimpering or laughing or screaming or what. I was completely gone. That wild crazy dog had turned my whole freaked-out body into one great big explosive cunt, all five-feet-nine of me. That's what a woman hopes for in bed but seldom ever finds. She wants to be turned into a complete cunt. Everything else gone until there's nothing left but wall-to-wall orgasm.

And now I wanted to be fucked! Man or dog-what did I care? I needed a prick right then-a rampaging fuck to split me up the center-groove- stuff me from gut to gullet.

I don't remember a thing of what happened from then on. All I can recall are the feelings inside me-sugar-coated skyrockets. But Vivian told me afterwards that I was thrashing all over the bed so much I tore the sheet right up the middle and I was grabbing at Bozo and clawing him with my fingernails, yelling, "Fuck me-please! Please. Fuck me. Fuck me!"

And fuck me he sure did. With a little help from Vivian I wound up back on my pillow-perch, and Bozo's ever-ready and rigid prick went ramrodding up my snatch and started pounding away. From there on it was Vivian's scene all over again, only this time I was flying and she was the ground-

crew.

All I know of the details are what she told me afterwards, and the physical evidence that I saw with my eyes after it was all over and I'd come back down to earth.

In the bathroom with Vivian to take showers and clean up, I noticed the following things about myself. I looked as if I'd just come through fire, flood and a street-riot. My entire body was drenched with sweat and various other slimy juices I didn't dare try to identify. My breasts and ribs and belly were all crisscrossed with little scratch- marks which could only have come from Bozo's hard claws. Last but not least, my sopping wet pussy, clogged full of doggy-goo, felt as if it had been reamed out with a hot poker. But I wasn't regretting what had happened-not for a second.

"How about it?" Vivian said. "Did I exaggerate or not?"

"Oh wow!" I said. "The only trouble is, I don't know if I could survive another round of it. How often do you do like that with Bozo? I should think you'd be worn down to a shadow by now."

She laughed. "I don't overdo it. Anyway, when you get used to him it's much less of a strain. The trick is to be completely relaxed and don't fight him, just let it happen to you. You rolled around too much. That's why you're all scratched up and exhausted."

She helped me to wash off and touched up my bruises and then she made me an offer. "Any time you want to shoot the moon again, just say the word. Bozo is always ready and willing. That horny bastard is insatiable. He'd take us both on again right now if we'd let him."

I laughed. "No thanks, just the same. Give me a week to recover and maybe then again."

Well, I guess I was hooked, because I found I couldn't wait a week. It was only a couple or three days later when I started getting very restless and feeling all warm and dreamy the way a woman does when she needs attention. So I called Viv and asked her, "How's Bozo?"

She laughed. "He's been asking for you," she said. "I think he's in love."

We got together again that afternoon and it was just as fantastic as the first time. Better, even-because I had no fear or hesitation to start with.

And from then on it was ball ball ball every other day or so. I was screwing that crazy dog more than Vivian was. Man, was I hooked! In love, I guess-that's the only way to explain it. And Vivian didn't mind. She was still getting all she wanted.

This action went on for about a month or so and then Viv told me one day she was going out of town for a week and asked if I'd mind taking care of Bozo while she was gone. Would I? Wow! Did I ever have dreams of fantastic day and night orgies. Just me and my doggy dream-lover. Alone together! Now I'd be able to do some of the way-out crazy things with him that I'd never had the nerve to do in front of Vivian. I wanted to kiss him all over his hairy hide-suck his prick-everything! Give Bozo the same crazy pleasures he'd given me.

I couldn't wait for Vivian to get the hell out of town so I could get the orgy under way. As soon as she was gone I went at it. I closed up all the blinds and drew the drapes. Bozo and I were going to have complete privacy. I didn't even want pigeons spying on us.

Then I stripped naked and Bozo and I started a romp on the living room floor. We rolled around together all over the carpet, wrestling and biting at each other. Bozo loved that kind of thing. Then I

pinned him down flat on his back and started kissing and licking him all over his belly and underparts. This was something new for him, and he lay still just whimpering a little. I could tell he enjoyed it. I teased him awhile, circling all around his prick before I came down on it. Then I took his balls into my mouth and rolled them around on my tongue and nibbled them gently. I knew men always liked that and I figured a dog would too. Finally I took his prick in and licked it all over-drew the head out and sucked on it as hard as I could. He seemed to enjoy it all right! But he was getting pretty restless, and I guessed he was in the mood to fuck.

But I wanted to play games some more, so I hopped up all of a sudden and ran into the kitchen to get him to chase me. I figured I'd make him work for his piece of ass today. He came charging after me, but I ducked around the table and ran back out and into the bedroom. He didn't come in after me right away, which puzzled me. And then when he did come into the doorway, he didn't seem to be in such a playful mood after all. In fact it almost sounded as if he was growling at me way down deep in his throat.

So I figured I'd teased him long enough, and I started moving forward toward him slowly, walking bow-legged in sort of crouch, with my crotch spread and my pussy thrust forward.

"Come and get it," I was saying, very sexy. "Get your hot pussy."

All of a sudden he took me by surprise. He crouched down like lion and then leaped onto me and knocked me sprawling on my back. I tried to push him off me so we could get up onto the bed and be comfortable, but he wasn't waiting any longer and he wouldn't let me up. He planted his big forepaws right square on my boobs and squashed them flat and then started up a thunderous barking, square in my face. This was something new. I'd never heard him do that before. I got the idea though that old Bozo meant business. It was fucking time and no fooling. And just to be sure that I got the message, he leaned in and snapped his jaws about an inch from my nose. No more bullshit lady.

Then he backed off and I smiled to show him no hard feelings and spread my legs and lifted my hips to let him see I was ready and willing. He sniffed at my cunt a couple of times and bumped his nose against it, and then after a couple more barks in my direction he climbed up into position and brought his prick up to the slot. I raised up a little more and braced myself and he shoved it in me as easy as always and started fucking away, even faster and harder than usual. I guessed that my sucking on him had really got him stirred up and impatient.

I tried extra-hard to make it a good fuck for him this time. As soon as his prick swelled up to full-size in me and filled my cunt, locking us together, I took hold of his ribs and held on and rocked and wiggled and humped up and down along with him. I tried to pinch his prick as tight as I could too, hoping I'd give him the greatest orgasm a dog ever had.

But then my own insides started to freak out as usual and I got lost in the ecstasies of my own exploding orgasms until we both had blown ourselves out completely. I lay there afterwards, still holding onto his hot flanks, panting from my extra exertions, waiting for his puffed up prick to cool down and wilt so we could disengage. But this time of all times-with just the two of us alone-that horrible dreaded thing had to happen to us. We were locked together! The big hard knob on his cock was blown up inside me and it wouldn't go down. Somehow, with all my extra contortions and cunt-squeezings, I'd managed to close the mouth of my snatch so tight around the root of his prick that the blood couldn't drain off and, for all I knew, he was going to stay hard up inside me forever. I had no idea what we could do, and I was in an instant state of panic. If only I'd had sense enough to ask Vivian what to do in such a case. But she had only mentioned it as a crazy possibility and we'd laughed about it as a joke.

Bozo wasn't too delighted about things either. He tried to pull back and get free, and it hurt like hell when he did. It felt like a barbed fish-hook up inside me, tearing at my guts. I guess it was painful to Bozo too though. He whined a couple of times and then turned mean and started barking in my face again. As if it was my fault. I figured the only thing we could do was wait it out and try to stay relaxed, hoping the muscles or whatever would loosen or something and undo us eventually. But what a drag!

I held onto Bozo and pulled him down beside me and we just lay there together for what seemed like an hour at least, but it was no deal. His prick looked as if it was going to stay hard forever unless we did something about it. But what?

I guess it was the first time it had ever happened to Bozo too, and he was pretty confused about it all. Every now and then he'd start thrashing around in a new try at breaking loose, and every time he did it my cunt was getting rawer and rawer inside from all that chafing. And then as if that wasn't bad enough, after awhile he started getting horny again and wanting to fuck some more, of all things! All of a sudden he began a whole new humping sequence and I thought I was getting my cunt reamed out with a barbed wire dildo. Wow! And that miserable beast just kept on fucking me and fucking me-I thought he'd never quit.

I couldn't hold him still anymore after that. The more we thrashed around and humped away the weaker I got, so pretty soon I was just plain at his mercy. When he moved, I moved with him-hanging on desperately, trying to minimize the godawful frictions inside my tortured cunt.

I didn't have the faintest idea what to do about it. Go to the telephone? Who would I call? Imagine trying to explain a predicament like that to anyone! And then get myself arrested for bestiality on top of it. Prominent local woman caught in bestial act. I could see the headlines now. And I could go on the "I've Got a Secret" television show and win a bundle.

The only thought that occurred to me was that I'd heard of people throwing water or turning a hose on dogs when they got locked together. If Bozo and I could dunk ourselves in an ice cold bath-that might jar us loose. But getting that monstrous beast into the bathroom was a major project that was beyond me. He showed no inclination at all to move in any direction that I suggested.

So we lay on the floor together endlessly and every hour or two he'd start a new round of thrashing about, which would always wind up with him getting horny again and starting another session of excruciating fucking in my mincemeat snatch. By now my inner canal was so swollen and inflamed, it was an even tighter fit than ever around his fat cock, and all the more searing agony for me with every move he made.

At last I managed to get to the kitchen with him in one of our cooperative mobile periods and we shared some meat scraps from the refrigerator and then lay together on the kitchen floor for some hours afterward until I finally fell asleep, completely exhausted.

I woke up in the middle of the night, a mass of aches and pain, and it took a minute for me to remember where I was and why. But then in a sudden flash of joy I realized that I was lying on the floor alone. Bozo was gone. Somehow while I slept he had achieved detumescence apparently and we were free again, I staggered into the bedroom, hardly able to walk, and collapsed on the bed. My whole belly was on fire and I was very much afraid that I had suffered serious internal damage.

And then the damn nightmare wasn't over yet. I was just dozing off again when Bozo suddenly loomed over me, blowing his steamy breath in my face, and he jolted me awake with a couple of loud barks.

"Oh no," I said. "Haven't you learned your lesson yet, for God's sakes?"

Apparently he hadn't because he pressed me down with his paws again and started rooting around my poor crotch, all ready to have another go-around. I didn't have much strength left, but it was life or death for me at that point. When he barked again I barked back at him just as loud.

"Get off! Go! Get out!" He snapped at me but I swatted him on the side of the head and managed to slip out from under him and escape. He jumped after me and gave me a nip on the arm when I pushed him away, but after a lot of hassling around and a couple more minor bites on the legs and feet as I kicked at him, I finally got him out of the room by superhuman brute force and slammed the door on him. He pounded and scratched at it and barked his head off all the rest of the night, but Bozo and I were finished. The love affair was over-period.

By morning he was too hungry to be thinking anymore about sex, thank God, and it was safe for me to come out again. Even so, I wore several layers of clothes and an extra-heavy pair of slacks for protection, just in case.

I had to keep the damn beast with me the rest of the week as per my agreement with Vivian. I couldn't just toss him out in the alley. But I sure didn't let him take any more liberties. I kept a broom handle near me at all times to belt him with in case he got any more horny ideas. But there was no problem, since I never stripped down again in front of him. That's what turned him on-the sight and smell of naked pussy. He was as docile as a lamb as long as you kept yourself decently covered.

I was very relieved to find that my tormented pussy was not seriously mangled after all and needed no major medical attention. By the end of the week in fact it was as good as new again. And a whole lot wiser besides.

Needless to say, I've given up animal fornication for good-gone back to casual sleeping around with male human animals exclusively, a return to the habits of my bachelor-girl days. Men can be problems for a poor defenseless woman and they certainly can bug you in all kinds of ways, but it's reassuring to know when you lie down with one of them that when the fuck is finished the meshed connections will come apart again without major surgery.

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### **Chapter 3 — Passion in the Pasture**

In this day and age with hordes of young people, hippy and otherwise, warring against the establishment politically, socially, morally and sexually, there is a great urge among them to try anything at all that's taboo, just for the sake of rebellion. And if the opportunity for a "new kick" presents itself—a kick that's way way out on the deep end of sex experience—a kick that is an absolute no-no to the square world, not only unlawful but unthinkable—that makes it a kick well worth trying.

So inevitably many youths today might be expected at least once to dabble experimentally in bestiality. As one young man told me who had tried his luck at triolism with a girl and a large woolly dog, "Why the hell not, after you've done everything else? Anything that the straight world's moral spokesmen say is absolutely forbidden can't be all bad. Like so many of our stupid taboos, where's the harm in it actually? Me and my girl and the dog all enjoyed it, that's for sure."

Another boy of my acquaintance, a college dropout who has since gone to Canada to escape a draft call, gave me the following account of a group experience in impromptu bestiality which is illustrative of the casual way in which such incidents might often happen. None of these young

people had any raging inner drive toward bestial sex. The whole incident came up as a one-time-only lark-just another spur-of-the- moment reaching out for kicks on their part.

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### **Case 3 - Jack O.**

We were going cross-country in one of those “drive-away” cars, you know? Drive a car to California-all gas paid. One of those deals. There was me and a buddy of mine, Pedro, and this freaky chick Bessie we picked up in a fried chicken joint along the way.

Somewhere in Tennessee, I guess it was, we passed by this place like a ranch, and there was a sign that said:

SHENENDOAH HORSE FARM-BREEDING-STUD SERVICE.

Something like that. And that got us talking.

Pedro says to Bessie, “Hey man, you want in on a little of that stud service? Now’s your chance to get the screw of a lifetime for yourself.”

She laughs and says, “Are you suggesting that I should fuck a horse?”

I said, “Why not? You’ve made it with everything else that walks, crawls or flies.”

She said, “I’ll have you know that I never fucked any creature with more than three legs in my life.”

Pedro says, “You ought to try it with a big old fucking stallion one time. One of those huge horse-cocks would be just about the right size for that goddamn oversize cunt of yours.”

Then they got to throwing names back and forth at each other like “dinky-dick” and “tunnel-twat” but all in fun, and they wound up like they always did, wrestling around and goosing and grabbing the shit out of each other on the back seat. I happened to be driving and eating a chicken leg at the time or I would have been in on it too.

But that’s what got us started thinking and talking about animal- fucking in the first place. After awhile when they’d got tired of wrestling, Bessie said, “I wonder if anybody ever really did do it with a horse?”

“Are you kidding?” Pedro says. “Didn’t you ever hear of people making it with animals? They fuck with dogs, cows, sheep-even chickens.”

“Oh, you’re kidding,” she said.

“Ask Jack,” Pedro said. “He’s an old country boy. I bet he’s plugged more’n one sheep in his career.”

I told them that sheep fucking isn’t worth a shit, despite what you hear. A half-grown she-calf will give you a hell of a lot better squeeze-off any day in the week.” I was only telling them what I’d heard from some of my boyhood buddies actually. I hadn’t ever really tried it myself and didn’t have any present intentions of starting. I had seen other kids do it a couple of times. It’s pretty common sport around the farm country after all. It’s just that the idea never appealed to me all that much.

But a little while after that we passed by a field full of cows and Bessie yells out, “Hey, let’s fuck a cow. I gotta see this with my own eyes before I believe it.”



And Pedro says, "Yeah, Jack. What about it? Show us how it's done and we'll all try it." He was at the wheel then, and he pulled off the highway onto a dirt side road that ran up alongside the field.

"Hey, come on, man," I said. "You gotta be kidding. Right out here by the road?"

He said, "Once we're over this hill we're out of sight. There's more cows down by those trees. Nobody can see us there from the road. We'll pick out one with a sexy ass and take her in under the trees out of sight."

"Ooooooh, groovy-groovy," Bessie is saying. "I can't wait to see this."

Pedro says, "Is that all you're gonna do is watch?"

She laughed and said, "What do you want me to do? Eat the cow's pussy? I wouldn't want to turn the poor animal into a lesbian."

"Maybe there'll be a bull for you," Pedro said. "He'd give you a fuck to remember."

Bessie said, "The old Romans used to screw with bulls, didn't they? I heard that somewhere."

"You don't have to go back that far," I told her. "There are still women doing it today, believe it or not. Bulls-horse's-you name it."

"No thanks," she said. "I have enough trouble taking on you guys with your big fucking elephant pricks. I'll try it with a cute little calf maybe if there is one, but bulls are out-period."

I happened to recall a bit of history just then that I thought might interest her. "There was an old Greek King way way back in Argos who had a couple of beautiful daughters who went off into the fields and lived naked with the cows and screwed with the bulls, according to ancient history."

"What the hell were they trying to prove?" Bessie said.

"The book didn't say. Maybe they were just trying to get their names in the ancient history book."

Pedro said, "Maybe the bulls tore their clothes off and raped them, that happens quite a lot with bulls." He pulled the car in off the road and onto a rutty track that led into the field and we stopped beside the gate to the cow pasture. The cows were all staring at us as we got out of the car.

"Look at them gape," Pedro said. "Didn't they ever see long hair on guys before?"

Bessie said, "It's my big boobs they're staring at. They're jealous."

I said, "They know we've come to fuck them. They can tell."

"Then why don't they run away?" Bessie said.

"They know it's no use. They know grim determination when they see it. They can read the burning lust in our eyes."

"Which one shall we fuck?" Bessie said.

Pedro said, "This nearest one has kind of a cute ass."

I said, "I'm a tit-man myself. I kind of like the one with the big boob."

Bessie laughed. "First tit I ever saw with a half-a-dozen nipples on it."

"Well, take your pick, lover boy," Pedro said to me, belting me on the back in friendly fashion. "You gonna fuck one of these here critters or are you not?"

"This is ridiculous," I said. "You can't just walk up to any old cow in a field like that. You have to get them in a special stall in a barn- otherwise they'll never stand still for it."

"Ah-h, you're getting chicken," Bessie said.

"Cow's are no good anyhow," I told them. "You've got to stand on a box or something to come up to their level, and then their big old sloppy cunts are too damn big in size for a man's prick. I told you before-a little heifer is what you need. They're just the right height from the ground for easy entry by a man standing, and just the right size of hole too."

"There's a little one over there," Bessie said.

I told her, "That's a he, not a she."

"So, fuck him up the ass," she said. "What difference does it make to a faggot like you?"

"There's a bunch of calves down below," Pedro said. "Come on-let's go down there."

"Aw, why don't we cut out this shit and get the fuck out of here?" I said. "This whole thing is idiotic."

But they wouldn't hear of it. No turning back now. They had their hearts set on seeing a cow molestation.

"We'll hold onto her for you," Bessie said. "One of those real little ones shouldn't be much trouble."

"Listen to her," I said. "You want to be an accessory to raping a juvenile?"

"Why not?" she said. "The boys always used to tell me when I was nine, 'When you're big enough, you're old enough.'"

"Come on, man," Pedro said. "I got seconds after you. I always wanted to try this action."

So we climbed over the gate and took off down the hill, carefully sidestepping the cow-flop as we went. I had a real sinking feeling about the whole thing, wishing the goddamn subject had never come up in the first place. But these two-once they got their feeble minds set on some wild piece of stupidity, there was no turning them aside.

The cows moved away from us, sort of wary, as we came by. It almost seemed as if they knew what we were after. And it wasn't even the mating season for cows.

We picked out a cute little brown calf with a white head and tail. She was gonna be it, like it or not. But I knew we were going to have a rough old time, whether those other fools realized it or not. It's no joke trying to catch a calf-even a little one-and no fun trying to hold her once you get her.

"And another thing," I told them. "Whichever one of these big bastards is her mother isn't gonna like it worth a damn when we start screwing around with her calf."

Bessie laughed. "What can a cow do?"

"Listen, kid," I said. "When a wild-eyed cow comes charging at us, just don't stand in my way-okay?"

Anyhow, we circled around this little old calf about three feet high and closed in on her from three sides, and it wasn't such a problem as I expected it would be. She bleated a couple of times and jumped sideways and fidgeted a little, but she must've been used to being man-handled, because she let Pedro and Bessie grab onto her without too much fuss. There was a big old cow nearby watching us pretty close- must've been mother-but she didn't seem too concerned. So what if her only child was about to get diddled by a couple of dirty old men? What the hell.

Pedro got a good arm-lock on the little bastard's neck and Bessie was down on the ground underneath her, holding her around the middle.

"You better get up out of there," I said. "You're gonna get kicked in the goddamn head."

She said, "Oh, she wouldn't dream of kicking me. She's so cute. I love her. Oooh, I wish I could make love to her. Isn't there some way? Ooooh man-I want to feel her rubbing me all over."

She hopped up and pulled her minidress over her head and tossed it away. That was it for her, clothes-wise. Bessie never wore underwear of any kind. Said it was "too confining, and unsanitary besides." So here she was naked again-her natural condition. Bessie never passed up any excuse to get naked for whatever reason-in public or private.

She threw herself against the calf now, rubbing her dirty white hide against the calf's dirty brown one. She lifted up one long skinny leg and rubbed her inner thigh along the calf's hind leg and then squashed her floppy boobs down against her flank and ground her nipples against the rough hide.

"Ooooh, this is groovy," she cooed. "Isn't there some way I can make it with her? Tell me how. There must be something sexy she can do to me."

Pedro gave her a hard swipe across the ass. "Will you cool it, for Chrissakes? I want to see Jack fuck this goddamn beast. Isn't that what we stopped for? You can get your jollies later. Now grab on there again, will you? We gotta hold this mother-fucker still. You're just getting it all stirred up with your shit."

She said, "Well, come on then, Jack. I want to watch this too. Are you gonna screw her or not?"

I said. "The thing is, I don't exactly feel in a hard-on mood right at the moment. To tell the truth, I miss the preliminary intimacies of the love-making process."

"Oh shit," Bessie said. "I'll fix that." She came over to me and unzipped my fly for me-she was very good at zippers-I think she majored in zippers at college-and then I let her pull down my pants and shorts and lit a cigarette while she went to work with her hot lips and snaky tongue on my flaccid member. It didn't take long. With her fingers at my balls and her mouth doing its usual brisk gobble-job on the old weenie, I was hard as a rock before I even threw the match away.

"Why don't we just forget about that fucking heifer?" I said, patting Bessie's tousled and verminous head. She was a pig, but a number-one blowjobber, that kid. "I'd just as soon carry on with what we're presently doing, if it's all the same with you."

But she let loose of me as soon as I was all the way up and vibrating and she dashed back to the calf to grab hold again.

"Come on," she screamed. "Now that you got it up-use it!"

I felt like a damn idiot but what could I do? There I stood in the middle of somebody's field with my pants down and a rampaging hard-on shining in the sunlight. What else was there to do but fuck a cow?

I knew it wasn't going to work though. You have to break a young calf in gradually. Diddle her with a dildo and all that before she's ready to take a real meat-prick. But I decided I might as well go through the motions of it anyhow-put on a show for these jerks.

"If you want to be helpful," I said, "you hold her head, Bessie, and let Pedro take her hind legs. You gotta really hang on there if it's gonna work. I just don't want to get kicked in the balls, if you don't mind."

They switched around like I said, in deference to my balls, and then it was party-time. "Hold that tiger," I said. "Here I come-ready or not." I kicked off my pants and moved in behind the little brown ass, trying to remember how I'd seen other kids do it back on the farm.

First I thought I'd better find a stick or something though, to poke in there and sort of try the passageway.

"Let's go, man," Pedro yelled. "She's getting hot for you already. I can feel it."

I decided I'd just use my hand to test the hole. If I could get a couple of fingers inside, that would give me an idea whether I'd have a fighting chance at risking my fragile ding-dong in the rump of that treacherous son of a bitch. I moved in cautiously. I wasn't really sure whether these bastards kicked or not, but I felt awful goddamn vulnerable with my weenie out in the open air, standing high wide and handsome with no protection whatsoever between it and the possible fury of a rampaging beast.

I began by patting her ever so gently on the flanks and speaking soft seductive words. Calm her down-that was the thing.

"Nice baby. Sweet little heifer. Daddy loves you-yes indeed." What the hell do you say to a calf, anyhow? Everybody knows how to talk to dogs and cats and horse's. But who ever heard of talking to a cow? Anyhow, she hadn't started kicking yet at least.

"Hold that bastard, whatever you do," I whispered to Pedro. Then I started patting and probing down along the crack of her ass. She shivered a little when I touched close to home but no major reactions yet. Even when I gave her a couple of pats on the pussy-no alarm bells.

She didn't really flinch until I dug one finger down the inner edges of her crease and sort of eased open the outer flaps just a hair. Then she crouched down a bit and twitched her tail at me. I gave her another reassuring pat on the side of the ass and talked to her some more before I tried digging any deeper. I was hoping to hell she wasn't as nervous as I was.

"What the hell are you doing back there?" Pedro yelled. "Looking for the hole?"

"Sh-h-h," I said. "Don't spook her, goddamnit. You gotta take these things slow when you're dealing with a shy young female critter."

Bessie said, "You never showed all this sweet consideration when you were fucking around my rear end. Wham bam is all I ever got!"

I said, "Different cows call for different kinds of handling." I'd let her figure that one out.

She said. "Moo-oo."

Now I got first one finger up inside her and then two fingers, and I worked them in to about the second knuckle and diddled around very carefully. Her cunt was soft and warm and wet and slimy-not a hell of a lot different in its feel and shape from a woman's pussy. It was sort of like rooting around in some big old whore's snatch actually, is what it made me think of.

I got my whole hand in there finally and started to ease it in and out slow and easy, and she was sort of twitching and fidgeting now and swatting hell out of me with her tail and trying to shuffle her hind feet, but Pedro had a good grip on her.

Then she started shaking her head up and down and bleating to beat hell, "Ma-a-a-ma-a-a-a!" That did it. Mama got the message and this big fierce-looking black and white cow took a couple of steps our way and let out a moo that would wake the dead.

Bessie squealed and yelled, "Watch it! I think she's coming for us."

"You're a woman," I said, "You talk to her. Tell her it's okay."

Bessie yelled at the cow, "Mo-oo-moo-oo!"

That seemed to confuse her and she backed off again.

Pedro laughed. "Whatever you said to her, it must've been the right thing."

I figured now was the time if I ever was to get it into this little fucker's cunt and be done with it. "Hang on, you bastards," I said. "Hang on. Here goes nothing."

I stepped up behind the calf, gave my prick a couple of hard strokes to firm it up, and then laid it on that little slit right where my fingers had been and eased the head of it very carefully inside. It went in as easy as the fingers had. I felt the warm soft snatch clutch onto it-a real pleasant feeling actually. I began to think that this might turn out to be a groovier piece of action than maybe I'd figured on, once I got all the way in. I put the pressure on and pushed forward from the hips as hard as I could, but slow and easy still, and inch-by-inch that sweet little cow-twat swallowed my prick right up to the goddamn root.

"Hey man, I'm in!" I said.

"Pump her-pump her, goddamn it," Pedro hollered.

I gave it a couple of easy pokes and then started riding it in and out quicker and quicker as I worked into a groove. Now the calf began twitching like she had the itch-shuddering all over-and she was raising a hell of a racket. "Ma-a-a-ma-a-a-a!" or words to that effect.

And then, by God, it seemed like every fucking cow in the whole fucking field started bellowing all at once. Jee-zus, what a racket!

I was beginning to get warm feelings in the gonads about then and so I pumped all the harder, trying to get my nuts off before something happened to interrupt things but I didn't quite make it. All of a sudden everything happened at once. The heifer freaked-out completely and in one violent twist she broke free from Pedro's arms and my prick all at the same time. I wound up with my pecker hanging loose in the open air, halfway to orgasm, and I got a wicked kick on the kneecap besides, that damn near broke my fucking leg.

The calf went prancing off away from me with Bessie still hanging onto her neck, all sprawled out, her legs flying in the air, screeching bloody murder.

Pedro was yelling to her, "Let go! Let go!" But she was hanging on with a death-grip, scared shitless.

With all the cows in the damn field starting to mill around now-every one of them bellowing their heads off-it looked like we were about to get caught in the middle of the god damnedest stampede you ever saw.

And then the final blow. "Oh shit!" Pedro yelled. "There's a truck coming up the hill. Let's get the fuck out of here!"

There sure was a truck. A little pickup with at least three men in it coming to find out who the hell was raping their cows. I made a grab for my pants and started running and trying to pull them on all at the same time.

Pedro was yelling, "Wait! Wait for Bessie!"

I'm thinking, Fuck Bessie. If we got caught, I was the sucker that was gonna get hung for this little caper. So I kept running as fast as I could with my drooping drawers and my busted kneecap, and once I got the pants up and fastened I made it to the car with plenty to spare. The only trouble was, Pedro had gone back to rescue Bessie and he had the car keys in his goddamn pocket.

So what could I do? The guys from the truck had already grabbed bare- ass Bessie. She was giving them a pretty good battle and screeching her head off, but they had her captured and Pedro too. The game was up, as they say.

So I took a deep breath and said a prayer and then started back up the pasture to join the crowd. All I was hoping was that those guys hadn't noticed me screwing their calf. Farmers don't take kindly to that shit- -I know from experience. A man might have his dick into his own cows and sheep and pigs and every other damn animal in sight, but he doesn't like anybody else messing around his livestock-anymore than he wants them screwin' his wife or daughter.

But they'd seen me at it all right. They'd been watching us the whole time with binoculars, the goddamn perverts, and they had me dead to rights. They could've locked up my ass and thrown away the key forever if they'd wanted to press it. But lucky for me they turned out to be reasonable men.

They took what money we had on us to pay for 'damages' and beyond that they settled for one hump apiece with Bessie. I guess they figured that we'd fucked their cow and so now it was their turn to fuck ours.

Pedro put up a fuss about it but they told him it was either that or jail. We'd already tried jail one time and we didn't want to go through that shit again. Anyhow, I didn't hear any serious objections from Bessie about paying her forfeit. Any time that chick could save her ass from trouble just by giving somebody a fast hump or a suck-off, she figured she was getting off easy.

So the guys spread out a blanket in the back of the truck and had their turns with her, and they sure took their sweet time at it too. But that was Bessie's fault more than theirs. There was no such thing as a quickie with that chick. You might say she took pride in her craft and she never turned away a client unsatisfied. So she gave those four horny hillbillies the full treatment-screw, blew and tattoo-and left them all laughing and full of kind feelings, which I was mighty happy to see.

It was sundown when we finally wrapped up and got the hell out of there. The cows were all back in



the barn with their lawful guardians, having their udders jerked and squeezed and submitting to who knows what other acts of bestial depravity.

Nobody in our crowd was talking much.

Finally I said, "Man, we were lucky to get out of there as easy as we did. I've known cow-fuckers to get put away, for ten years or more back home. That's no laughing matter around farm country. The next time you motherfuckers want to see somebody screw a cow, include me out-okay?"

Pedro mumbled, "Those goddamn hillbilly pricks. They had no right to act like that. They're nothing but a bunch of animals themselves, raping a helpless girl that way. If they hadn't had that gun with them, by God, I'd have beat the crap out of them."

Bessie said, "What's everybody bitching about? Everything worked out great in the end, didn't it?"

And I guess that was true as far as she was concerned. She'd got what she craved out of it, that was for sure. And just to round off her day- -since I never had got to finish my business with that heifer-I let Bessie polish off my prick there on the back seat in her own inimitable way. Her cunt didn't exactly clamp down and grab hold of my member the way the calf's did, but screwing Bessie's friendly fuck-hole was a hell of a lot less nerve-racking experience-that's for sure.

And since that time all the beasts I've put it into have been the two- legged human variety-you can bet your sweet ass on that. As far as I'm concerned, animals are for the birds.

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Chapter 4 — A Bird in the Bird

Birds in general would seem to be unlikely candidates for human sex- partners, but there is hardly a living creature that walks, swims or flies that men (and women) have not used to gratify their genital itches, and birds are no exception. Birds of all sizes have served the bestial purpose, from the tiniest songbirds to giant ostriches, penguins at the South Pole, and even fierce birds of prey.

The most famous example from antiquity of apian love is the mythical seduction of Leda by the swan (which turned out to be Zeus in disguise- -surprise surprise!) But in actual history birds have much more often been used by men than by women. Around the farmyard this is especially, true, for most varieties of domestic fowl are capable of taking in a penis and affording it the necessary frictions for orgasmic satisfaction. The elementary opening of the bird-the cloaca-serves as a soft, warm and agreeably tight 'cunt' for purposes of bird-fucking. The unfortunate difficulty is that a man-sized penis is more than even a large bird can take inside him without suffering serious internal injury and probable death. So a man violating his own chickens would soon deplete his flock, and if he were to commit outrage on another man's fowls, he would leave damning evidence behind of his crime.

Krafft-Ebing reported several nineteenth century cases of bird-assaults in his book, *Psychopathia Sexualis*. In one, "a man of high social position" was caught red-handed in the act of bugging a chicken. Great numbers of chickens had been found dead in the village barnyards over a long period of time and an intensive manhunt finally brought the culprit to justice. He excused himself in court by pleading that his prick was too small to fuck women satisfactorily and he had turned to birds in desperation.

In another case, a boy of sixteen, when charged with assaulting a goose, claimed that he suffered "attacks with heat in his head" during which he became so sexually aroused that he couldn't control his raging lusts and then he had no memory afterwards of what he had done.

Krafft-Ebing fails to tell us how these cases were disposed of in the courts. Presumably both the guilty men were turned over to psychiatrists for study of their “sicknesses.”

The following case history differs from most of the others in this book in that it is not a first-person confession of a personal bestial experience. The facts related in the account are assembled from various records of the subject’s career and from the diary of the girl who became involved with him—data assembled in preparation of the court case that resulted from the affair and its horrifying conclusion.

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Case 4 - Bryan T.

Bryan was an orphan boy. He spent his early years being shunted about from one city foster home to another. Then at age fourteen he was sent to live with an elderly couple on a suburban farm.

He seemed happier on the farm than he had ever been in the city. He had always been a ‘loner’ who feared crowds, and he enjoyed being by himself all day long on the quiet farm with no one to disturb his peace.

He was assigned chores to do around the barnyard which included feeding the large flock of chickens. He found the hen house a perfect hideaway and he spent many hours there among the chickens, shut away from the world.

In his shy and solitary life up to that time, he had had no association with girls at all. He felt no particular attraction to them and was very shy in their presence, as he was with most other boys as well. His only sex experience was in emotionless mechanical masturbation, apparently without any fantasizing in his mind during the act.

Now in his hen house hideout, he resumed his city habit of prolonged, methodical masturbation sessions, manipulating his penis with a wide variety of cock-teasing materials held in his hand. In the city he had made use of fur-pieces, foam rubber scraps, and wads of modeling clay, among other things, in his prick-fondling rituals. On the farm he first tried masturbating while holding a wad of chicken feathers in his hand, and that led to the idea of actually holding a live chicken against himself and rubbing his prick-head on her downy breast, or perhaps squeezing off underneath her wing.

These tries proved disappointing however, and it was not until several days later that begot the idea of trying to poke his penis up into the chicken’s ‘egg-laying hole.’ This idea, which he imagined that no one had ever thought of before, occurred to him during the night while he lay in his bed, and he crept downstairs and out of the house to the chicken yard to put it to immediate test.

In the dark hen house he plucked a dozing pullet off her perch and began probing her underside with his fingers, looking for the entryway that had to be there, but the outraged bird raised such a clatter of protest, stirring up all the other chickens in the coop to a considerable clucking uproar, that the old man was awakened and he came hurrying down to the yard, expecting to catch a chicken thief in the act. Bryan escaped into the barn undiscovered and hid out there until his foster father had gone back to bed. Then he crept back to the house, discouraged for the moment in his plan.

But the next day, as soon as the old man had left on his daily trip to town, Bryan hurried to the chicken house to try his luck again at the great experiment. He knew that the old lady was too deaf to hear anything that went on, no matter how much noise the chickens made.

He picked out a fat Rhode Island Red, found the cavity he was looking for, and with some difficulty worked the head of his prick up inside. The bird struggled violently, but Bryan held her fast and slowly plunged the full length of his eager cock up into the warm, throbbing guts of the squirming chicken. He felt an excitement greater than he had ever known before in any masturbation experiment, and as he thrust in and out of the bird, her wings beating against his groin and balls added extra zest to the business and he came quickly to orgasm.

As soon as he had shot off his load inside the chicken he released her, but she dropped down at his feet and lay there, fluttering more and more feebly. Bryan realized for the first time then that he had done serious damage to the bird's inner organs and that he had better dispose of it. So he killed it with a rock and then dropped the body down into an abandoned well where no one could ever find it.

He was frightened and sorry at having killed the chicken, and for several days afterwards he lived in fear that someone somehow would find out what he had done. Above all he did not want to be sent back to the city again so he vowed to himself that he would take no more reckless chances and never bother the chickens again.

But then, as more days passed and life went on as usual, he began to realize that there were far too many chickens in the flock for the loss of one or two to be noticed. And the voluptuous experience of fucking the warm, throbbing body had been too much of a rare pleasure not to repeat.

So he did it again that same afternoon, trying to be more gentle in his penetration and so not to injure the bird this time, but the end result was the same. Again he threw the body down into the old well-shaft.

After that it became a regular habit. He fucked at least one chicken a day and sometimes two. Since he realized now that the penetrated chickens could never survive the act, he no longer tried to be gentle with them, but got more and more enjoyment out of fucking each bird with greater and greater violence, thrusting his prick in and out with all his force and at the same time tearing out handfuls of feathers and squeezing and wrenching its neck about. Sometimes he would break the chicken's neck or cut its throat while he was still in the process of fucking it and continue ramming into the dying carcass while it quivered and thrashed about in its death throes.

He had no idea whether or not the old man had noticed that his chicken flock had dwindled in numbers, but he overheard him one day telling his wife that, "there's gotta be a chicken thief sneaking around here nights. We're gonna have to get us a big, noisy dog."

Then an unexpected complication entered the picture. The old man's sixteen-year-old niece came to stay at the farm for the summer. Deanna was a jolly, uninhibited girl and she tried hard to make friends with Bryan. He was terrified of her however and avoided her as much as possible.

But she was the kind of bold person who has no understanding or respect for shyness in others and she chased after him wherever he went and drove him into a state of panic. He had never known anyone in all his life who cared enough about him to want to pursue him for any reason. Everyone had always ignored and avoided him, and he had adjusted to that situation and assumed that it would always be so.

Even in his sacred hen house sanctuary he was not safe from her insistent pursuit. She soon discovered that Bryan spent most of his days hiding there and she teased him about it and gave him no peace from then on.

"What do you see in those stupid chickens?" she said to him. "I think you're in love with them or something."

He had no chance anymore to indulge his chicken-raping habit, as Deanna was always about and she would have heard the commotion in the hen house and come to see what he was up to.

So, cut off from his sexual pleasure and under constant harassment from the pesky girl, he grew more and more nervous and desperate, while he joylessly masturbated in his room.

But then, to his great delight and relief, Deanna began going to town with her uncle on his daily trips and all of a sudden Bryan was alone with his chickens again and free to resume his bestial pleasures.

For the next few days he enjoyed frantic ecstatic orgasms-greater than ever before-and five more chicken carcasses wound up down in the well.

But then, one horrible day, he was just commencing his mid morning lust-ritual in the hen house, kneeling naked on the floor, fitting his straining prick up into one more protesting cloaca, when a shrill feminine whoop of surprise split the air, and with sick horror he saw Deanna's big blue goggle-eyes peeping through the slats of the wall, spying on his shameful game.

He let loose the chicken and sank down weakly in the straw, uttering a pathetic moan of dismay. He assumed that this was the absolute end of the world for him.

But Deanna, it turned out, was more amused than shocked. She came bursting into the hen house.

"Wow!" she cried. "This is freaky. I never would've imagined."

Bryan only crouched where he was, staring glassy-eyed, his erection slowly subsiding.

"Hey man, don't waste that meat-bone on the chickens," Deanna gurgled. "I got better uses for it."

She swiped at his prick with her foot. He fell back into a sitting position and began to cry.

Deanna was astonished. She assured him he had nothing to worry about- that she certainly wasn't about to tell anybody what he was on to.

"Everybody to their own thing, man," she said.

She managed to calm him down and then to his utter amazement and horror she suddenly pulled off her dress and confronted him in a nipple- revealing bra and g-string panty.

She declared herself in on the fun and games from that day forward. She said that she was going to show him what his prick was really intended for by Mother Nature, and she gave him the impression that she still might squeal on him to her uncle if he didn't cooperate and do whatever she told him to do from there on out. She tossed away her bra and directed him first to kiss her breasts and lick the nipples. He did so, even though his stomach was churning with disgust and near-nausea at the thought of it.

Then she insisted that he kiss her mouth, and when she forced his lips apart and thrust her wriggling tongue inside, he pulled back his head violently and turned away from her, retching and sobbing again.

She laughed uproariously, delighted with his "freaky" behavior.

"You're priceless." she told him. "Am I gonna have a ball with you!"

Completely stripped now, she forced him to kneel at her feet and raise up his lips, and then she straddled his face and pressed her hot wet pussy down hard over his mouth.

"Kiss it," she demanded. "Go ahead. Make believe it's a sexy chicken and kiss it."

He was nearly hysterical by then with the horror of her actions and so she released him for the time being, but she warned him that she expected more services from him the next morning and every morning thereafter until he had learned to do all the things that gave her pleasure. And she promised him his share of unbelievable delights too if he cooperated. But no more fucking around with those filthy chickens, she warned him, or she'd let everyone know what a queer jerk he was and he'd be one sorry son of a bitch.

The next morning at breakfast she frightened him out of his mind by innocently asking her uncle, "Can human beings make love with chickens? Somebody told me that they could."

The old lady gasped and her uncle pounded his fist on the tabletop. "That will be enough of that talk! Who's been putting these nasty thoughts into your mind?"

"I-I heard a boy in school say he did it," she said, giggling.

"No more!" the old man roared. "A young lady does not permit her ears to hear such conversation."

Bryan said not a word, but he got the message intended. As soon as the old man took off in the truck for town he went to the hen house, sick at heart, to meet Deanna and do his obscene penance.

She was already there, already naked, lying in a heaped-up bed of chicken feathers, holding a chicken between her thighs and rubbing it up and down in the cleft of her crotch.

"Come on in, baby," she greeted him. "Pull up a chicken and sit down. Personally these birds don't do a thing for me. I must not be doing it right. I need advice from an expert."

He stood uncomfortably against the wall, his eyes cast down, unable to look on her nakedness without shuddering.

"Don't just stand there," she said. "Take off your clothes. I like to see you the way you were yesterday. I dig your body, Bryan baby."

After he stripped nude she taunted him about his flaccid prick.

"What's wrong, baby? You can get it up for a chicken but not for a super sex-bomb like me? Look at me. Look at me, dammit!" She thrust her stark-white boobs within an inch of his face and shook them vigorously. "Doesn't that turn you on, chicken-fucker? Even see a chicken with a pair of boobs like that? Shit, man-open your eyes!"

He had shut his tear-filled eyes and covered his face with his hands, but she tore his hands away and pressed her breasts onto his face, squashing them down flat, grinding her knobby nipples into his cheeks and against his eyelids.

"What's wrong with you? What's wrong?" she screamed. Then she grabbed his prick in her hand and yanked it disdainfully. "Get hard! HARD- HARD, damn you!"

In a fury she picked up a chicken and flung it at him. "Here! Fuck a damn chicken. Let me see you do it, if that's the only thing that turns you on."

She ordered him to demonstrate his hen-fucking act for her, but in his agitated state of mind, even with the chicken he found it impossible to make his prick come stiff enough to penetrate the bird.

"All right, then," she cried, "if you can't fuck me and you can't fuck a chicken, what the fuck can you fuck? Isn't there any way you can do it? You'll suck my pussy-that's what. Anybody can do that. Even you."

She sat on the chicken perch with her legs apart and she made Bryan kneel before her and perform a long and very thorough job of cunnilingus upon her. While he did so she told him a fanciful story, improvised on the spot, of a boy she had known who was caught fucking a chicken and sent to the reformatory for nine years. Meekly Bryan did everything she demanded-licking and nibbling her clitoris and tongue- fucking her slit as per her explicit directions.

Then she had a sudden burst of curiosity. "I wonder if a little sucky- suck would do miracles on that dead-ass prick of yours."

She hopped down from her perch, stood him up in the same spot, and knelt before him to try her luck at oral-genital organ-raising.

She skinned his prick-head and tickled it with her fingers. "That reach you at all?" she asked him. "Tell me if I hit a nerve or anything. There's gotta be some life on this cold bleak planet."

Then she gave his prick a quick tongue-teasing all around its head while fluttering her fingers over the shaft, and very quickly, to the amazement of both of them, his shriveled cock leaped into life, stretching and stiffening to full erection.

"Eureka!" she cried. "Give me a medal." She sucked and teased him a bit more, soaking the whole length of his prick with saliva, taunting him between mouthings, and then she jumped up all of a sudden.

"Okay-now the chicken. Now that you got your hard up, I want to see you fuck that damn chicken. Go to it, baby. I bought my ticket-now I want to see the show."

In a trembling sweat Bryan caught up one of the hens and before her fascinated eyes he began his ritual of cloacal penetration, but very cautiously and as gently as possible. He hoped desperately that somehow, miraculously, this time the bird would survive the assault unhurt. He had a horrible fear that if the chicken died with Deanna as a witness, that would be a foretelling of his own doom.

But it was obvious before he made half a dozen thrusts into the bird that it was already in its death agonies. He pumped more rapidly then, anxious to be done with the terrible business, and as soon as he felt his orgasm coming on he yanked himself free, flung the bird away from him, and stood wretchedly before Deanna, sobbing while his prick spurted its last shots onto the floor.

She laughed and applauded. "Wow! Groovy! You ought to take that show on the road. Be very big on the college circuit and in small towns."

Then she noticed for the first time the buggered chicken's mortally wounded state as it thrashed feebly at her feet.

"What's wrong with the damn hen?" she said. She knelt and looked at it closely in horror and disgust. "Agghr, that's gruesome! You killed it. Do they always die like that?"

Then she raised the question of what he had done with the dead remains of all the other chickens he

had “murdered” and he reluctantly led her to the old well. She was aghast when she saw the ugly sight down in the shaft—dozens of rotting chicken bodies heaped up, the whole ugly mess aswarm with flies.

“You’re a MURDERER,” she screamed at him. “A sex-murderer. You should be locked up.”

From then on she treated him with absolute contempt, heaping scorn on him day and night, causing her uncle to scold her for being “so mean to that poor orphan boy.”

In the hen house each day she subjected him to every sexual humiliation she could think of, as well as painful paddlings with a fence slat and long sessions of forced cunnilingus. And there were hardly five minutes in the day when she was not reminding him that he was a hen-fucker—a sex pervert—a murderer—and assuring him that it was only a matter of time before she would let the whole world know about it. One of these days, she promised him over and over again, “they” are going to come and drag you away.

In the presence of the uncle and aunt she would paralyze him with a remark like, “Whatever happened to that sort of spotty hen with the dragging wing? She just disappeared somehow. Do some of the hens just fly away or what happens to them?” and another time, “Don’t you think you ought to fill in that old dry well down below the pasture, Uncle Robert? It seems dangerous to me. You should really go down and look at it. I think you’d be surprised at how scary it looks.”

Deanna’s diary reports in gloating detail the humiliations and degradations she forced upon the completely submissive Bryan and indicates clearly the contempt she felt for him—more for his spineless acceptance of her dominance over him than for his bestial “murders.”

Several of the diary entries later became part of the trial record in the case. The following excerpt provides a vivid account of one particularly ugly incident and shows the extreme depths of depravity which their sick relationship had reached just before the final tragedy.

“I really socked it to the freak today. And he took it like always, the jerk. He’s beginning to make me puke and that’s no shit. He’s got no more guts than the fucking chickens!”

“I remembered that a boy showed me once how you could stroke a horse’s crack under the asshole just a certain way and it would loosen up his sphincters or some such thing and he’d piss. I asked the kid why anybody would want to make a horse piss and he didn’t know. But yesterday I thought about it for some reason and it gave me a new idea for something to do to the freak.”

“I took him into the barn where Colonel Dobie is—the old black nag I used to ride when I was little. Then I made him lie down naked in Dobie’s stall, right in the horse’s shit and everything. I told him if he moved one muscle, no matter what happened, then there was going to be a guided tour to the old well for my aunt and uncle and I wasn’t shitting him. I got him so scared shitless now that he’d jump off the windmill in a swan dive if I told him to.”

“I made him lie with his face right underneath Dobie’s ass-end so he’d get the whole shower of piss right in the mush when it happened. Then I started in on Dobie, giving her the strategic tickle. It didn’t seem to work at first. I guess the old nag’s urogenital reactions ain’t what they used to be. But then she shivered her ass one time and all of a sudden the flood gates opened. I mean old Dobie must’ve been holding it in since Wednesday.”

“I nearly got myself splashed before I could get out of the stall and then I just stood there laughing like a bastard. The freak nearly drowned. Groovy bit, hey? Drowning in horse piss!”

"But he survived. Drenched down to his knees and choking and spitting and blinking his eyes, but he survived."

'How's it taste?' I asked him. 'I didn't put too much salt in it, did I?'

"He couldn't have talked even if he'd had anything to say. I made him stay there and soak in the puddle for awhile before I told him he could get up. And even then he didn't, but just lay there with a dumb look on his dumb face—as if he liked it, reclining in a piss-puddle."

"Twice I told him to get his ass up, but he didn't even act like he heard me and finally I just took off and left him there. He's getting weirder and weirder, I'm telling you. It's unbelievable!"

The last entry of all in the diary shows the state of Deanna's mind at the very end—the night before the blowup.

"I'm going to have to cool it with the freak. He's right on the thin edge now. I think maybe I went too far. Maybe the pissing bit was too much, although he didn't make any fuss about it at the time. He's got a look in his eye now though that gives me the creeps. He never used to dare even look at me at all and now I notice him staring at me in the house, at dinner and all. It's getting to be a drag anyway, this whole fucking scene. This farm is beyond the ass-end of nowhere. Only two weeks more and back to civilization again. What a load off! Back to normal people again. Rainey and Coral won't believe it when I tell them about the freak. Once I get the hell out of this shit-pile I probably won't believe it myself either. Two more weeks! I wish it was tomorrow. I better tell the freak tomorrow that it's bye bye. He doesn't know yet that I'm leaving. Won't he be surprised! He'll be inconsolable. I wonder what he'll give me for a goodbye gift. (pause here for prolonged laughter)"

What happened the next day was never established indisputably as to the exact course of events. But piecing together portions of court testimony and other data brought out during psychiatric investigations, the following would seem to be an accurate summing-up of the events of the day after the above diary entry.

In the morning Deanna was unusually pleasant to Bryan at the breakfast table—this noted with surprise by both aunt and uncle.

At the end of the meal Deanna said that she wanted to be of more help to Bryan from then on, and starting today she was going to help him take care of the chickens. She thought the hen house would benefit from a "woman's touch."

They all laughed except Bryan, who hurried out of the house and was not seen again the rest of the morning.

When her uncle left for town as usual, Deanna told her aunt that she was going out to look for Bryan—that she had some things to tell him. She never came back.

It seems that she went to the hen house to confront Bryan but she never got a chance to tell him anything. The instant she came through the doorway he hit her diagonally across the forehead with the sharp edge of a spade and knocked her to the floor, and then he hit her a second blow, harder than the first, behind the ear. She was still alive but unconscious after the second blow.

From then on Bryan apparently vented all his enormous store of pent-up resentment upon her body for a considerable time—perhaps an hour or more. He kicked and stomped her savagely, breaking several ribs and many teeth in the process and virtually pulverizing her facial features. Then he ripped away her clothes and subjected her nude body to further beating and abuse. At some point

after her death he committed rape upon the corpse. This ironically was the first and only time in his life that he had ever engaged in “normal” vaginal intercourse with Deanna or any other human female.

Afterwards he hacked the body apart and chopped it into a great many small pieces, which he stuffed into two burlap sacks and carried to the old well. There he dumped Deanna’s dismembered remains down into the wellshaft among the bones of the thirty-seven chickens.

But not before performing one last act of outrage upon her bloody parts. He held two raw chunks of her flesh in his hands, pressed them around his penis and masturbated one more time.

Then at last his raging fury had run its course and all his energy had drained away with it. He dragged himself back up the hill toward the hen house, but halfway across the pasture he collapsed, and there his uncle discovered him later that afternoon, lying on his back in a glassy-eyed trance, his body drenched with blood.

A jury found him innocent of murder by reason of insanity, and Bryan probably will spend the rest of his life in the mental institution where he is now.

Bryan was not the first case in history of a tormented soul turning on his tormentor and committing a brutal, vengeful murder. And although he and Deanna might not have realized it, he was not the first person who had ever raped barnyard birds and added to the pleasure by killing the bird deliberately just before orgasm and taking extra delight in its death-thrashings.

Intercourse with dying geese was once a favorite sex-sport in China and India among the depraved nobility. The Marquis de Sade reported this same game to be popular in French whorehouses, where turkeys were used for the purpose. A naked prostitute would hold the bird for the customer’s convenience and slice its throat at the decisive moment.

So young Bryan-“the freak”-“the chicken-murderer”-actually was playing an ancient game. In bestiality as in everything else, there is nothing new under the sun.

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## **Chapter 5 – Dog Show Girl**

A young friend of mine, when he heard I was surveying the subject of bestiality, suggested that I check out a freaky chick of his acquaintance who had been known to perform wild stunts with a small dog at parties and other social gatherings. I looked into the matter and came across Julia, a beautiful twentyish fugitive from the love- generation. She had dropped out of high school and split from home at seventeen and in the two or three years since then had set some kind of world’s record for number and variety of sexual couplings on her whirlwind wanderings-making the grand tour of hippy colonies and crash-pads from coast to coast. She was presently reported to be living as a “voluntary white slave” with a pair of unemployed black poets.

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### **Case 5 - Julia C.**

I was introduced to Julia in a luncheonette booth where she was surrounded by a motley collection of her friends and fans of all ages, sexes and colors.

“I hear you wanted to interview me,” she said.

"What's it for?" somebody asked, "Indoor Sports Illustrated?"

They all seemed to think that was pretty funny. I didn't know just how to approach the subject I had in mind to her. Even without the crowd in attendance and in spite of her wild reputation, I couldn't very well ask a strange girl bluntly, "Is it true that you fuck dogs at parties?"

I tried to arrange a private interview session with her for a later time but the best I could get from her in her dreamy high condition was an invitation to "see me at the bash tonight." I figured I'd have to settle for that for the time being. At the "bash" maybe I'd be able to corner her and get her talking, or maybe I'd even get to see her do her famous dog act in person if I was lucky.

It turned out to be no ordinary party but a staged affair, specially set up to be filmed for an underground movie. I felt a bit freaky myself when I walked in, being the only one present in a business suit. The costumes generally were pretty far over the line on the nude side- with most of the girls covered more by body paint, spangles and pasted- on flowers than by clothes. The music was pounding-lights flashing- and everyone dutifully writhing about in primitive dance movements while a couple of hairy cameramen roamed the floor, shooting orgiastic close-ups of them all, mostly at tit and crotch-level.

I found Julia stretched out flat in a corner, under a cloud of blue pot-smoke of her own making.

"Why aren't you in the movie?" I said, inhaling a cautious noseful of her heady exhaust fumes.

She laughed dreamily. Her big beautiful eyes didn't seem to be quite focusing on me. "My big scene comes later," she said. "Stick around."

She had on an oversized T-shirt like a minidress, with a man's necktie around the waist as a sash. I got the impression that she was wearing nothing at all underneath it, but I couldn't be sure in the dim light. Then something stirred behind her and I noticed for the first time a little dirty-gray mop of a poodle lying there. He was staring up at me with one wide blurry eye and I would have sworn that the dog was as stoned as she was.

"You brought your dog along I see," I said,

"That's what you came for, isn't it?" she said, "to see the dog act?"

I laughed nervously. "Did they tell you the subject of my book?"

"Bestial practices, isn't it? That's my thing, baby. Me and Sir Clarence."

"Er-what do you-you and Clarence-how do you-?" I didn't know quite how to phrase the question.

"Just hold your water-you'll see for yourself how," she said.

"Are they actually going to film you and the dog-er-in action?" I asked.

"Shit yeah. Why not? It's the grand technicolor climax of the whole motherfucking movie."

"Aren't you afraid of getting in trouble by putting yourself on record that way? Making it with a dog is sort of illegal you know."

She laughed and patted Clarence's belly. "Everything I do is illegal. It's the only way to live." She punctuated her point by blowing a cloud of highly-illegal smoke up into my face.

Just then a very large Afro-American bruiser appeared from nowhere and gave me what I took to be an unfriendly size-up. I figured he must be one of the poet slave-masters I'd heard about, although he looked more like a middle line-backer than a bard. He snapped his fingers at Julia. "Come on-up. Let's go. They're ready for you and you ain't ready."

She sprang up and the dog popped up with her. The black man took hold of her T-shirt and peeled it up over her head, which left her naked as a jaybird just as I expected. Both her breasts-round and firm and beautiful-had been painted blue, and there were arrows running down from them across her ribs and belly, pointing towards her pussy, which was shaved bald. Otherwise there was just acres and acres of beautiful golden naked skin, as far as the eye could see.

Her black master clapped a possessive hand onto her ass and said harshly, "You better not fuck up the deal, baby, or you know what you get!"

She picked up the poodle and hugged it to her breasts. "He'll be all right tonight," she said. "He's too stoned to be scared. We'll give them a complete show, don't worry."

"Oh, I ain't worrying, baby," he said, giving her ass cheek a hard grab and a twist. "I leave that to you."

The music had quit now and the lights all of a sudden came up brighter. "We're ready for the dog-act," somebody yelled out.

The black man slapped Julia's ass and she gave me a wink and went skipping off into the bright light, clutching her woolly lover tight to her with his head perched up between her bobbing boobs.

I moved off to find myself a seat where I could be out of the way of the bustling technicians but still get a good ring-side view of whatever act of shameless bestiality was about to unfold.

A character with a handlebar mustache and a purple scarf who I took to be the director was at center-stage under a cloud of cigar smoke.

"Right here," he yelled at Julia in a startling, near-soprano voice. "The camera's centered on this spot, so keep your dirtiest action in this area, give or take a yard or two."

Julia moved into the light beside him and they went into a conference together, with the director patting and stroking either the dog's head or one of her blue boobs-it was hard to tell which from where I stood. Then he backed off, leaving her there alone with her little dog. The other kids took positions on the floor around her in a semi-circle, acting the part of her audience.

"Okay, baby," the director called out. "As soon as the camera's rolling you just go into your thing. We'll keep on shooting continuously-two cameras covering the whole scene-long shot and close-up-let's get it all in one take."

"You better!" she said. "Clarence might not hold up if you need retakes. He's a one-shot man."

The director held up his hand and yelled, "Okay, we're rolling-and GO!"

Julia set the dog down and he trotted away from her, out of the circle of light. Then she took a cigarette that someone handed her and struck a "prostitute on a street-corner" pose, with hand on out-thrust hip.

A boy came walking in, wearing a large cardboard fig-leaf. He stopped, eyed Julia up and down,

circled around her once, and then raised up his fig-leaf and flipped his red-painted prick at her in a hip-bump.

She put her nose in the air and turned away from him in scorn. He shrugged, bumped his blue ass towards her disdainfully and moved away.

Then Lord Clarence the poodle came high-stepping in. He stopped just as the boy had done, cocked his head and looked her over, and then circled around her once. Julia stood absolutely still, ignoring him altogether.

Clarence moved in close to her feet, sniffed around her for a bit and then all of a sudden he lifted his hind leg, assumed the classic curbside posture, and began pissing against her ankle. She still held her position but turned her head and glanced down. The dog went on pissing nonchalantly until he was finished and then moved away again and sat down nearby to watch her.

Julia looked down at the puddle she was standing in now and she wiggled her toes about sloshing them in the piss-pool. Then she bent down and dipped her hands into it and began dabbing her earlobes and neck and boobs and underarms as if it were some kind of dainty perfume. Finally she put a finger into her mouth and licked it, sampling the flavor, and she smiled down approvingly at Clarence. He sat up then in a begging position and began wagging his tail, and Julia turned sideways and wiggled her tail at him.

After that they circled around each other a couple more times and then Julia got down on hands and knees and they moved in close and sniffed each other's noses. Clarence ran around behind her and took a sniff of her ass, and then she bent down and did the same thing to him. They were making quite a production out of it. It was going to be something brand new for the movies, by all indications. And the real action hadn't even begun yet. So far I'd have given it a 'R' rating-not recommended for children under sixteen.

But things got pretty 'X'y from there on. Clarence scurried around behind her again and began licking away at her rear-end-asshole, cunt, the works. After a little bit of that action they reversed positions once again and she went to work on the little mutt's hindquarters.

The boys with the cameras had moved in now. No more long shots. Everything would be in full-screen close-ups from here on apparently. So I moved in myself, just beyond the circle of prop spectators, to be sure I didn't miss any of the action myself.

The little poodle was in a sort of spread-legged squat, his hind legs trembling, as Julia's pretty pink tongue worked up under the cleft of his tail-end. Then she flopped over suddenly onto her back, grabbed onto Clarence and pulled him up over her face. With his hind legs straddling her cheeks, she proceeded to rain kisses and lip-nuzzlings on his little prick, which didn't stay little very long thereafter. She sucked him up to a respectable dog-sized erection and then she did a quick flip over onto her back and twisted herself around while little Lord Clarence stood patiently by, quivering all over in anticipation of the delights to come. She popped open her legs with a dramatic flourish, aiming her split pussy point-blank at the dog and into the peering eyes of the floor-level cameras.

She whistled softly and snapped her fingers and Clarence gave a little answering yip and then leaped forward up into the V of her sprawled crotch. He climbed up over her belly with his front paws, his prick straining forward into the cleft below, his tail wagging furiously.

"Go, man," the director called out, clapping his hands. Already he was counting up his profits from this history-making film epic that he saw happening before his very cameras.

But Lord Clarence needed no director to urge him on at this point. He knew his part and carried it through without a hitch. Julia didn't have to guide him into her. She only laid a hand on the fuzzy topknot of his head and patted him affectionately while he squirmed his slim little butt and wormed his out-thrust prick up into the ready receptacle of her slit. As soon as he was well up inside he began a fast humping, pounding a furious tattoo against her.

Julia spread her legs even wider to an incredible near-180 degree split, raised her feet off the floor and kicked out in time with the rapid rhythm of Clarence's pumping action. She quivered her ass-cheeks, shook her boobs, and pounded out a syncopated counter-beat on the tile floor with the palms of her hands.

"Oohhhh, cock it to me!" she sang. "Drive it home!"

The cameras were right in there now-inches from the action-blocking my view. But I could still see Clarence's pompom-tipped tail wig- wagging furiously in the air and hear his shrill yips as he drove on toward orgasm.

Then all of a sudden both cameramen leaped up and backed away. Clarence had finally called it quits apparently and now he just lay still where he was, up against her belly and still plugged into her passage but obviously past his orgasm. Only his tail was still in action, waving in the air feebly but triumphantly to celebrate another smash performance under pressure.

I got up myself, assuming that this was the end of the act, ready to join everybody else in a round of applause. But the show wasn't over yet after all. There was a grand finale yet to come, and it turned out to be a piece of action that I guarantee had never appeared on any motion picture screen before in history.

Julia laid her hands on Clarence's back and held him there and then she eased herself up slowly to a squat-then to kneeling-and finally all the way up onto her feet, still with the little gray mop of a puppy pressed tight to her out-thrust belly.

She stroked his head and bumped her hips against him a couple of times to firm up the inside connection. Then she raised first one hand and then the other into the air, and lo and behold! Little Lord Clarence was hanging there in thin air, his paws braced against her belly and thighs, but supported only by his rigid, bulbous prick, jammed tight up inside her tight-clutching cunt.

She bumped her hips again and then did a hula grind, but Clarence never budged-he was firmly locked on. Then, smiling broadly, she went into a little spread-legged dance step-spinning and gliding about the floor in her bizarre poodle pussy-patch.

It ended finally with her flopping down onto her back again, grabbing hold of Clarence, and then the two of them went into a wild final fuck with both of them hip-jerking together even more frantically than before, and both of them barking, "Yip-yip-yip!" at one another.

At last Julia let out a wailing shriek, presumably of unbearable orgasmic ecstasy, and with that the lights cut off and the show and the film sequence were finished.

And so finally I had seen Julia's fabulous dog-act with my own eyes. And now that I'd seen it, I was more eager than ever to interview young Julia and find out for myself how a sweet young maid from the country had managed to make good as a white slave, drug-freak, and bestial exhibitionist in the big city.

Her black keeper hustled her away that night before I could get to her again for further

conversation, but I finally succeeded in setting up an exclusive lunch date with her and at long last I was able to sit down in a quiet place with her and Clarence and throw a few questions her way.

One's first impulse might be to feel sorry for Julia—that such a sweet, angelic-looking young doll should have got herself into such a variety of sordid messes at such an early age, but after talking with her and hearing her own version of her “degradation” process I found that she had a remarkably casual attitude toward it all and certainly did not pity herself in the least. It may be that she has gone so far out into left field on various kinds of drug trips that she just doesn't care what happens anymore. But let her tell it as she told it to me.

Isley—Why should an intelligent and very beautiful girl like yourself submit to such body abuse and abasement? Any rational reason?

Julia—(with a laugh and a shrug) Me and my body are two separate things. My head is where I love. Everything's cool and beautiful inside there. The things I do with my body are something else again. I use it for kicks—to get me around—to earn bread—to give pleasure to others. It's immaterial to me what I do with my body—it's nothing sacred to me. Only my mind is scared. Nothing reaches there unless I want it to.

Isley—But unfortunately your mind is fixed to your body. So if your mind wants to go here but your body is being forced to go somewhere else, then you have to go with it whether your mind likes it or not.

Julia—Oh, but nobody makes me do things I don't want to do. I dig all the things that happen to my body. When I freak out other people it freaks me out too.

Isley—How did you get involved in this bestiality business? Was that your idea, or did somebody steer you into it?

Julia—Oh, that was the cats I'm living with now. They made me do it once—trying to humiliate me. That was before they found out that it's impossible to do. You can't humiliate my body—I dig everything. Especially if it's something that nobody else would do.

Isley—These men you live with are both black, aren't they? Do you dig black men especially?

Julia—Not particularly. I'll tell you how I got into that. I met this one boy, Courtland, at a party and he started giving me a lecture about snooty white bitches. I just laughed and told him he was wrong—I didn't give a shit if he was green or purple.

He said, “You wouldn't date me though. You wouldn't sleep with me.”

So I went with him just to prove he was wrong—prove it to myself too, I guess. But even after I slept with him he couldn't get over these hang-ups. I had to keep proving everything to him. I sucked his prick— I swallowed his come—I ate his asshole.

Isley—All this just to prove you weren't prejudiced?

Julia—No, I would've done it for anybody that asked me. I told you, I dig doing whatever anybody thinks I won't do. Courtland really flipped me. I'd never met anyone so hard to convince—so paranoid. I was feeling groovier and groovier all the time and he was getting more and more frustrated because he couldn't find the place where I'd draw the line. So then he started slapping me around to work off his aggressions and he told me that he wasn't going to let me go home. He was keeping me around his pad just for kicks. I told him, groovy! I got no place else to go.



Isley-How about getting beaten up? Did you dig that too?

Julia-Aside from helping him work off steam, it did sort of turn me on too, strange as it may sound. I never had been really treated rough- most guys treat me too nice all the time. That gets to be a drag, getting man-handled that way for once really lit my fire. From then on he punched me around every now and then when he'd get uptight and he'd lay into me with a belt sometimes too. He told me he was gonna pay me back for all the black people in history that had been beaten on by whites. That made it all the groovier for me-connecting it up with history and racial guilt that way.

Since then it's been real groovy for me with him all the way. No matter what happens-everything I do for him is paying off installments on our debt to the black race.

It doesn't work for him though unfortunately. I guess the fun in being master over somebody is in seeing them suffer. I know it makes him madder than hell that no matter what he does to me I always seem to enjoy it.

Isley-How did this second black man come into the picture?

Julia-Well, Courtland-always looking for a new hassle to lay on me- tried to spook me one night by threatening to invite all his friends in for a gang-bang on me. I laughed and said, "Wowhee-groovy!"

That made him even madder and he started right in calling up all the cats he knew, but the only one he could get hold of was E.I. ... He told E.I., "Come on over, man. I got a blonde cunt here that's hot for it."

So E.I. came over and he balled me pretty good and after Courtland had told him everything about me, he invited himself to move in and take over half-ownership. It was all the same with me. Since then E.I. has been pretty much taking care of me on the business end.

Isley-Who supports this cozy little household?

Julia-Well, the two guys make bread mostly by loaning me out to their friends. E.I. is the businessman of the crowd. He's always thinking up new ways to cash in on me. And we do all right for ourselves, I gotta admit.

Isley-Don't either of them ever work?

Julia-Well, they're poets, you know. That doesn't pay off too good. The things I do pay better than the things they do. It's as simple as that. Sometimes E.I. works with me in a fuck-show and then we both make bread for that.

Isley-Is that how the dog act started-as a way to make money?

Julia-Not exactly. Clarence is E.I.'s dog, and he already had the dog trained to lick his prick just for private pleasure. Then he taught him to lap my pussy and made me suck the dog too. One night when we were all stoned they got the dog to actually screw me for the first time. It worked so good that we began showing it off to other kids we knew for kicks and gradually from there it sort of developed bit by bit into the act that I do now.

But I didn't ever do it in public shows until one night when E.I. and I were putting on a sex-exhibition for this businessmen's party. We sixty-nined and stood on our heads and fucked and all our usual shit like that. After we were done they all wanted an encore, but E.I. was fucked out and couldn't cut it. So I said, "Hey, how about if I do the dog thing, man?"

And that's how it started. Me and Clarence have been knocking them dead ever since.

Isley-And now you're a movie star besides. Being at the pinnacle of show business success at last what do you see in your future?

Julia-Oooh, we're all going to Africa. Kenya, I think. Won't that be groovy?

Isley-Planning to do your dog act in the Nairobi opera house?

Julia-E.I. thinks we could actually do it in night-clubs over there in some of those countries. He says those cats flip over blonde chicks over there. We're gonna get a monkey or a baby lion even maybe and work out a whole big sex-scene with different kinds of animals. About four big black men and me-the white goddess-and then these animals-and everybody will be fucking and sucking everybody-the people and the animals all together-WOW-won't that be wild?

Isley-I don't know if Africa is quite ready for it yet. But good luck to you and all your furry friends and be sure to drop me a postcard.

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Chapter 6 — Take That You Swine

Of all the readily available animals found around the farm, probably the pig is the one that the outsider would be least likely to call "lovable." In our jokes and imaginings about barnyard bestiality, we usually picture a sheep, a cow, a goat, or perhaps a horse as the animal partner. Surely no man or boy, even one so depraved as to pollute himself by bestial practices, would be attracted to such an ugly, smelly, filth-wallowing, swill-eating beast as a pig.

But farm boys know better. When allowed to live in decent conditions, a pig is one of the cleanest of all animals. When he is made a special pet like Lil Abner's Salomi, he is loyal and warmly affectionate. Rochelle Owens' off-Broadway hit play Futz dealt with a young man who carried on a love affair with his pet pig, and it has now been made into a technicolor movie, probably the first picture ever made for theatrical release on the subject of bestiality.

Persons who have had a close association with pigs tell us that they are among the most intelligent of all domestic animals, possessing the lively curiosity of the cat, and above all that they are veritable bottomless wells of sexual passion, who will with a little practice become ardent sex-partners for human beings.

The man in the following case grew up on a farm but never had any bestial sex-relations at any time except for one minor incident with another boy who induced him to smear molasses on his penis and allow a heifer to lick it off. But there was not even an orgasm on that occasion.

However when he was a student at a Midwestern agricultural college, he went through a bizarre bestiality experience with two "pigs" as part of a fraternity initiation rite. He tells about it in his own words.

*

Case 6 - Terry B.

No need to mention the frat by name, or the school. They may still be using the same initiation gimmick for all I know. I've been out of touch with them lately so I don't really know. It was a hell of

a trick they pulled on us, and then I helped them to pull off the same gag on new pledges myself. A couple of guys balked at doing it but nobody ever blew the whistle on us.

To get right to the point, I had been accepted into the fraternity and all that was left was the formality of the initiation. I'd heard it was a real doozy-very different from what any other frat put you through. But I wasn't too nervous about it. So you get your ass paddled or some such juvenile shit. No big deal. There were fifteen of us new pledges and I figured I could stand anything the other guys could.

So came the night and we all gathered at the frat house. We went through a lot of bullshit rituals at first-bowing down-reciting sacred pledges-signing our names in blood-and so on. But what was all what I expected more or less.

What came afterwards was the gas! They sat us down and said we had passed all tests so far and now we were going to be entertained.

"We got a young pig here from the Brass Cat," the man said. That was a downtown striptease bar that most of us were too young to be allowed into. "This pretty little pig is going to dance for your enjoyment and education, leaving nothing to the imagination, and then when she's finished you all will have a chance-each and every one of you-to enjoy a little pig-fucking for yourself in the adjacent bedroom. Before you are accepted as a full-fledged member and fraternity brother in this house, you must prove to the watchful eyes of our fornication and buggery committee that you are worthy cocksmen to live up to our high traditions and campus-wide reputation."

Well, at that point we didn't get the significance of the word "pig" in what he was saying. We assumed that he was referring to some fat old whore with warts that would come out and shake her blubbery ass and then lie down and open up her tunnel for everybody to fuck.

But there turned out to be a couple of real big surprises. First of all the dancer came prancing out, and you wouldn't have called this a pig by any stretch of the imagination. She was a gorgeous young chick- looked like a college kid-and boy she really set our mouths watering. To think we were going to see this chubby little honey take it all off and shake her beautiful paraphernalia in our direction, and then afterwards spread it on the sheets for our shafting pleasure was a powerful bit of good news. And some surprise! We'd been expecting a rough ordeal at this initiation and it was turning out to be candy and cake.

She was just a little peanut of a girl-short and squatty-but she was round and bulgy all over, especially in the boob department. And her ass was a sight to see besides-sweet little round, fat cheeks. She was only wearing a little stringy belt on her hips that didn't cover a damn thing down in those parts, and a stringy bra up top with the cups cut out of it. So she might as well have been bare-ass mother-naked in the first place, since all the pretty little pink parts were right out there in the lamplight to be gaped at.

I don't know about the other guys, but she sure got a quick rise out of me. Right away she began doing split bumps and high kicks right in our faces and there was the cutest little fuzzy blonde pussy you ever saw in your life, all gooey wet and warm-looking, flashing dirty invitations at us from a couple of feet away.

I remarked to the kid next to me, "Man, if fucking that is the price I got to pay to join this frat, I'm ready to make the supreme sacrifice."

Man, did she put on a performance! She'd rear back and give us a little pussy-split-a little ass-bounce-a little titty-jiggle-throwing it at us from five directions at once. Then she'd lean over and

dance right down along the front row of us, shaking those lardy boobs about an inch from everybody's nose.

"Hot damn, she singed my eyebrows!" one kid said.

Well, she kept on with that until she had us about ready to cream in our pants and then she went whirling off out of the room again and that was the end of it. We all groaned and booed and yelled we wanted more.

The president got up again, holding up his hand for quiet. "Peace, men- -peace," he said. "Enough of tit-tossing, teasing and titillation. The time is come for each and every man here to partake of his share in the feast. I'm happy to see that you all found our carefully selected dancing pig so attractive to your eyes. But just to be absolutely sure that everyone is satisfied and enjoys a congenial screw, we have brought in a second pig to take care of the overflow. Even chubbier and cuddlier than the first. So that everybody gets his fair share of the action, some of you will get to fuck pig number one and some of you will try the equally luscious pussy-passage of pig number two. I trust that all of us, including the two very willing pigs, will be more than satisfied here tonight."

At that point some of the smarter guys in the crowd were beginning to smell out the gag. All that talk about a "second pig" gave them the clue, or at least that's what they claimed afterwards. But little old stupid me didn't suspect a damn thing. I really thought I was going to get to sink my hungry dick up into that sweet little blonde dancer- either her or her twin sister. Naturally I imagined that pig number two was going to be a carbon copy of pig number one- in other words no pig at all, but one gorgeous young chick. Ha!

I was number three in the line- two other guys got to go out into the back room and make it before me. They never did come out again to give the rest of us a clue. Once you'd gone in and found out what the joke was, they let you stay in there afterwards to watch the rest of the gang come in and make jackasses of themselves.

It took about fifteen or twenty minutes for each of the first two guys to go through their scene in there, and then the door opened and the man called my name. Man, I was nervous! It was horny as hell and barely able to keep a rein on my goddamn rampaging boney, but this was going to be my first public fuck performance and I wasn't all that sure of how I'd do when the bell rang. I mean, I'd never had to worry about how I looked before in the saddle.

So I came in through the door and sure enough- there were the "two pigs" right out in front of me- perched up on a round-top table. One of them was the little dancer we'd seen, squatting there bare-ass and grinning at me real friendly. And the other was of course what you guesses a long time ago- a real, live, barnyard animal type pig, big as life- also bare-ass, but not nearly as pretty as pig number one.

Benton, the frat president, took my arm and led me up to the table to introduce me to the girls.

"This is Sally," he said, laying a familiar hand on the little blonde's golden ass, and then he spun the table halfway around and brought that big old ugly pig up in front of me. He patted the pig on the head. "And this is our special surprise pig, Bertha. You're gonna love her, just like the first two boys did. In fact, I would say that she's even more affectionate than Sally, if that's possible, when you approach her the right way. And you, you lucky bastard you, are going to get to throw a screw into either one of these chubby little sweethearts, depending on which one you pick."

I laughed and said, "Do I get a choice?"

That made everybody laugh.

Benton said, "Let me tell you how the game works, Mister B. Just to make it fair and square and not to burden you with an impossible dilemma, and so as not to hurt the feelings of either one of these sensitive young lovelies, we leave the choice to fate. You will stand precisely where you are now positioned, and we will blindfold your eyes. Then the table will spin-thuswise."

Someone gave the tabletop a nudge and it began revolving slowly, shuddering and creaking as it turned, with its two lardy female critters rolling around with it. I tell you, that had to be one sturdy table to hold those two chubby customers without collapsing.

"Now." Benton said, "You see the table comes gradually to a stop and you are faced with prize pig number one in all her naked splendor. Being blindfolded of course you will not know which of the two you have won. So you will lean in, guided by strong and willing hands, and plant a kiss on the blushing cheek of whichever one it is-pig one or pig two. Then, blindfold removed, she will be yours to enjoy in wild rapturous intercourse through any of her body apertures which strikes your fancy. The choice is up to you. I assure you, both of these pigs are used to taking it in every possible way from long practice."

Sally giggled and started fucking her mouth with her finger, but Bertha didn't seem to be paying attention. I was pretty much in a state of shock myself. I couldn't believe this bit. Screwing a pig! I still figured it was just a gag and nobody was really going to have to go through with that.

But I had no choice but to play along and hope for the best. They were already tying on the blindfold. I could only hope that the damn table would stop turning when Sally was on my side. Just in case they really were serious about the whole thing. I'd lived for twenty years without ever screwing a barnyard animal and I was hoping I could leave it that way.

Then I heard the table start croaking and squawking again and I knew it was spinning around. The guys were laughing and yelling comments and when the table stopped turning finally they all let out a big loud cheer. Someone slapped me on the back and yelled, "Congratulations," but I wasn't doing any cheering myself until I found out what the hell was being congratulated for.

They took my arms and pulled me forward and Benton said, "Bend over now and pucker up, Mister B., prepare to bestow a big fat kiss upon the lucky girl."

I leaned forward and tried to reach out to feel whatever was there, but they wouldn't let me use my hands. No feelsies. Then my lips all of a sudden came down on something warm and soft and smooth and I was ready to laugh right out loud. That had to be human female flesh my lips were tasting. I knew a girl's cheek when I kissed one and this was it!

But then they yanked off my blindfold with everybody in a big laughing uproar and I found out that lips had told me a goddamn lie. I had just kissed the soft warm ass of a female pig. Yick!

It wasn't till afterwards, when I watched all the other guys going through the same business, that I realized the whole thing was a fix. They made sure each time that the table stopped where they wanted it to, which was with the pig in kissing position.

But for the time being I was just cursing my lousy bad luck. I realized right off that I was going to have to go through with the whole hairy business to the bitter end. They weren't fooling after all. Sally hopped down off the table and they set Bertha up with her ass-end out toward me in it convenient pig-fucking position.

"Okay," Benton said, "strip right down, first thing. Otherwise you're sure to get your clothes all spattered when the passion-juices start to fly."

So I took my clothes off, feeling like a damn fool, but what could I do? This was obviously the test I had to pass to get into the damn frat.

Benton started working his fingers around the pig's rear end. "Notice the selection of openings available," he said. "Hole A-the more popular entry-known as the cunt. I'm sure you'll find it warm and hospitable to your precious tool. Or you may prefer hole B-known in polite company as the shit-hole. Some prefer it for its more intimate caress."

He was running his fingers in and out of each of the pig's holes all the time he was talking about them. The pig seemed to be used to it because she was only grunting a little bit and not fidgeting around the way I would have expected.

I was standing there bare-ass meanwhile, wondering if I'd be able to make it or not. My prick was as limp as a dishrag. I couldn't get excited somehow over the idea of screwing a pig. But then all of a sudden five hot little fingers slipped around me from behind and grabbed on-prick, balls and all. It was Sally, bless her little heart, giving me a friendly helping hand just when I needed it most.

"Relax, baby," she whispered in my ear. "I got my eye on you. I'll be seeing you later." And she brushed my back with the points of her boobs. Wow! That did the trick all right. A couple of easy hand-strokes up and down the old weenie and she had me as hard as a rock and ready to fuck anything in sight.

"Stand clear!" Benton yelled out. "The rocket is on the launching pad."

A couple of other guys had grabbed onto the pig to hold her tight where she was and they'd also set up a chair for me to stand on, which would bring me just about to the right height so that my erected prick would be on a point-blank level with Bertha's broad ass.

"Up you go, man. Get her while she's hot."

I climbed onto the seat and then stood there holding my prick, not quite sure what I was supposed to do with it.

"Lean in, man," Benton said. "Lay your hands right out flat on her back and brace yourself. You going in the cunt-way are you?"

I muttered uh-huh.

"Well, there it sits-right in your path. Try the opening with your fingers if you want. Let her know you're coming in. She'll give you a hearty welcome-don't worry about that. This pig is a confirmed nymphomaniac."

I ran a finger up and down the line of her crack just to get the feel of it. It wasn't so different from a human cunt at that. And it sure was soft and slick and plenty big enough so that I didn't see any problem about getting into her. So I figured I might as well get fucking and be done with it.

The other guys and Sally were all rooting me on now, chanting, "Go-go- go," and so that's what I did. I moved forward on the chair, laid my prick right up head-first against that slimy slot, and pushed forward, hoping for the best. Bertha let out a grunt and flinched a little bit.

"Hold that tiger," I said and laid my hands down on her back the way they'd told me to do.

"Lean right in over her, man," Benton said. "Lay all your weight on her the same way a male pig would do. Let her know she's covered."

I got as good a hand-hold as I could and braced myself to try shoving forward again, but all of a sudden Bertha did the job for me. She grunted and then backed up towards me and ZIP-my prick slipped right up inside and I eased forward and let it slide up the chute as far as it would go until my balls bumped and I knew I was all the way in her for sure.

With my hands I could feel Bertha's back quivering, waiting for the action to get under way. But I was just standing there, looking around with an idiotic grin on my face. I guess I thought that's all there was to it. Look, ma-I'm screwed into a pig! Gimme my prize.

But the crowd was egging me on to action. "Go-go-go!"

Benton waved his hand at me. "Get humping, man. Don't keep Bertha waiting. You're never gonna pop your nuts that way. Fuck, man, fuck!"

So I pulled back and drew my prick halfway out of her and then shoved it back in, and went on riding in and out that way, awkwardly at first, but I soon got into a good screwing groove.

Bertha's snatch sure surprised me. It was slick and greasy and easy as hell to pump, but at the same time it was a good tight squeeze around my prick-pretty fair fucking, all in all. I could see where a farm boy could get awful fond of this kind of action, especially if he didn't have anything else female around to do the job for him. If you can imagine the greatest cunt you ever laid it into-some real experienced old broad maybe, who had control over her pussy-innards and could grab onto you sort of and milk you down with internal suction somehow. A pig's twat will do that for you, I found out. I'd heard guys talk about it back on the farm-pigs and heifers both-but you have to experience it yourself to appreciate it.

The pig surprised hell out of me, the way she just stood there so quiet and calm once I started really putting it to her. All she did was brace herself by straddling her legs a little bit and crouching down, so that made me crouch a little too to stay with her. And each time I'd run in all the way and bump her ass, she'd let out a little burp of a grunt, so I must have been hitting home up inside there.

All in all it was turning out to be a very pleasant relaxing intercourse experience for me, considering the circumstances. I was surprising myself. I'd been afraid I'd screw up the deal and here I was fucking up a storm like an old pig-sticker from way back.

Benton said, "I get the feeling this boy's been practicing. He ain't no barnyard virgin."

Somebody else yelled out, "Him and Bertha must be old friends from back home."

And Sally said, "If they wasn't friends before, they sure are now."

The crowd was all counting off a cadence with every push forward I made into that pig's pussy. "-fifteen-sixteen-seventeen-" It turned out that they did this with everybody, to compare how many pumps it took each of us before he shot off his wad.

It didn't take me long to come. I didn't fight it and try to hold back. I was remembering what Sally had whispered in my ear when she was stroking me up to a boney, that she'd see me later. So I just wanted to pop off as quick as I could inside this old sow's twat and not drain my battery any more

than necessary—save my best shots for Sally. Her human cunt may not have given me a grab-job like Bertha's was doing, but pumping up into that giggly little teeny-bopper a guy would have a lot more interesting things to bump against and grab onto. Fucking a pig is a straight cock-sensation—better than a plain common ordinary jack-off, but nowhere near the joys of pressing belly to belly with a chubby chick like Sally.

So with my cock driving hard in and out of that suction pump pussy, I just closed my eyes and forgot all that crowd of cackling jackasses watching me and set my mind to erotic thoughts of the pleasures to come with sweet little Sally. That did the trick in a hurry. I built up a real quick head of steam in my gonads and bang, I had myself a nice pleasant little orgasm.

Then I eased my dripping pecker back out of Bertha's butt and looked around, smiling sheepishly. "Okay?" I said.

The guys gave me a hearty round of applause and Benton belted me on the back and said, "A-plus, man! Welcome to the brotherhood. Come join the crowd."

Sally came up with a wet towel to clean the slop off me. "Get dressed, Tiger," she said, planting a quick kiss on my ear and dragging a lush booby across my rib-cage. And as she wiped down my still-rigid cock she whispered, "I hope you saved some of that marshmallow cream for me," and she winked at me and flicked her tongue out of her mouth like snake-fangs—sort of suggesting crazy action to come, her and me wise.

It was quite a hassle getting my pants on after that because my prick just wouldn't lie down and behave. I hobbled over to join the other guys and settled down with them to watch the next victim come in and bang Bertha, but my mind and my eyes were all on Sally. Man, I could hardly wait to get my weenie into that sweet pussy.

The only trouble is, I'm still waiting. It never happened—that night or ever. I began to get suspicious that I'd been diddled when I noticed that Sally was giving all those other guys the exact same jazz she'd given me—whispering in the ear, prick-fondling, booby-nudging. Shit, it was all just part of the show.

Sally, it turned out, was Benton's own very private chick actually, and outside of looksies and feelsies like we'd already had, it was hands off Sally's fair ass for all the other frat brothers.

So Bertha the cuddly pig was the only ass of any kind I got into that night—but no complaint. Being a member of that fraternity I soon had all the pussy I could handle and then some. And no more pigs either, human or otherwise. But at least I did get to fuck one real live pig in my life, thanks to that crazy initiation.

I always say a guy ought to try everything under the sun at least once.

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## **Chapter 7 — The Lady Goes Ape**

Man has always been intrigued with the idea of creating from bestial unions strange and wondrous offspring—half human and half beast ... and the effort to do so has been a strong motivation in prompting men to try "marriage" with all sorts of animals in the vain hope of coming up with an exotic hybrid. Needless to say it has never been known to work, according to cool-headed scientific spokesman. Such unions they tell us are invariably sterile.



But for thousands of years men refused to believe it and went on trying to give birth to living, breathing mermaids, satyrs, centaurs, wolf-men and similar monstrosities of nature. Despite the disbelief of modern scientific scoffers, according to mythical and early “historical” records many times they succeeded!

Several ancient Kings and Emperors claimed to be descendants of bears, wolves, and other varieties of beast. In past centuries reputable historians have reported great numbers of “authentic cases” of women giving birth to snakes, rats, dogs, pigs, and even in one case a lion. Saint Jerome swore that he personally had seen children half ape and half human, products of bestial intercourse.

The possibility of a man and ape union proving fruitful seems not impossible on the face of it. Apes certainly are very man-like creatures (or vice versa.) Why should there not be a child resulting when a man pumps his seed into an ape? After all, doesn’t Darwin tell us that we all descend from a common ancestor?

As recently as the early twentieth century in Europe scientists actually were doing experiments trying to mate a man with an ape fruitfully— using artificial insemination methods rather than actual intercourse. Unfortunately for sensation-lovers however, no ape-man or monkey-woman resulted.

But whether in hope of offspring or not, apes would seem to be ideal partners for the man inclined to dabble in bestial sex, because of their human-like proportions and sexual equipment. And despite the obvious perils of close grappling with large apes, which generally are ill-tempered animals of dangerous strength, they have been highly popular love-partners for both men and women throughout history in many parts of the world. Egyptian women commonly made use of baboons for their pleasure as previously noted, and in fact the baboon seems to have been a favorite sex-partner for sporty ladies all over the Middle East.

Apes of all kinds for their part apparently enjoy “making it” with their human cousins. Without having read Darwin, they seem to recognize the kinship. Mandrills and gorillas are reported to be especially susceptible to human charms.

In the Roman arena the unloosed apes needed no goading to commit rapes on bound human victims—usually young female slaves. Chimpanzees, mandrills and baboons all took part in these assaults. Sometimes the victims were made more alluring to the apes by swabbing their cunt-regions with female monkey piss—a powerful aphrodisiac to the rampaging male monkey.

Not many men or women in the civilized world today have the opportunity to sport lewdly with monkeys. Probably few men feel any strong desire to sleep with a female ape even in their wildest fantasies. But women, who are more likely to be turned on by brute strength and rampant hairiness in a sex-partner, often have dreams of being carried off and raped by King Kong-like creatures. Probably many of them in their waking hours have wondered idly how it might be, actually getting screwed by an ape.

Valerie, the “star” of the following case report, had such dreams. But unlike most girls, she turned her dream life with monkeys into a real- life career.

For several years Valerie traveled with a small carnival and circus, taking care of the menagerie among other jobs. Now in her mid-thirties, she has written a book of reminiscences about her life among the circus animals, but because of the “sensational” nature of some of her confessions and revelations, she has never submitted the book to a publisher.

“Some day I will maybe,” she says, “after certain people have died off and when I get old enough so that I just don’t give a crap anymore. A lot of people including my husband would have shit

hemorrhages if I put this thing in print now. He thinks I ought to set a match to it."

She gave me permission however to use excerpts from three chapters, dealing with her life in the menagerie. I offer these extraordinarily frank selections here just as she wrote them.

\*

### **Case 7 - Valerie Y.**

I worked in the girlie show for a couple of months only, even though I was doing fine. I had a hell of a build for a girl not quite eighteen- especially in the tit department. Brosz was even letting me do the windup almost every show, which pissed off the other girls no end. That's where the marks shell out a couple of bucks extra at the end of the regular performance for the privilege of seeing one of the girls flash pussy. The new girls didn't usually get a crack at that. Naturally the other bitches all figured I must be going down on Brosz, working him for favors, but they had it figured wrong. I wasn't going down on him-he was going down on me, Ha ha.

But they all had it in for me anyway for that and general jealousy reasons, and the next town we played they spread the word that I was underage and the law came around and put the heat on Mister Bennington (the circus owner) about me.

He got the shakes over it and told Brosz to can me and quick. But Brosz persuaded him to let me stay on and help out around the menagerie. They were always hiring boys to work there with the animals but the kids would always fuck off and it was hard to get good help. Brosz told Mister Bennington that I was real good with animals, which was just a shot in the dark on his part, but Bennington said okay, he'd give me a try.

So that was the end of my professional bare-ass dance career forever and the beginning of my new life among the monkeys.

Brosz was still trying to get me to move back in with him but I didn't need that fat immigrant anymore. I had a nice cozy bunk-bed set up in the front end of the monkey wagon and it suited me just fine.

I was getting very attached to the monkeys by that time and I liked being with them. They were my favorites of all the animals right from the start. Camels I could do without. Elephants I don't relate to. Lions are majestic to look at but not easy to get to know. Monkeys though have personality as much as humans-every one of them is a separate person to me.

So when one of the little Borneo monkeys took sick, I felt like it was my own child and I nursed him with tender loving care. It was only like a cold in the head he had actually, but that can be rough on a monkey.

They're very susceptible to pneumonia in temperate climates.

So when we had a spell of nippy nights, I took the little rascal into my bed with me and let him sleep with me.

"I hope you appreciate this," I told him. "It's not every monkey that gets to sleep in my bed on such short acquaintance."

That's all it was. I swear. Keeping the monkey warm and keeping my eye on him until he passed the crisis. And maybe that's all it would ever have been. A couple of days and he'd be back in his cage

again, good as new.

But the word got around that "Valerie is sleeping with a monkey now," and that started the kidding. All I heard all day was, "I hear you're monkeying around nights," "How is that little bastard in bed, anyway?" "How about me, Val? I guarantee I can give you more than any monkey," and "I hope you're taking your pills every night before you make it with that monkey."

Well I just laughed everything off and gave it right back to them. I told them he was a fantastic cocksman and he was going to take me back to Borneo with him to meet his parents. Shit like that. All for laughs.

But even when I was laughing I was beginning to put some thought to it. What about this? Could a monkey and a girl make it like that or not? Wheels started turning over in my dirty little mind. Mind you, I'd never heard of people and animals making it sex-wise. It wasn't that nobody had ever told me it was nasty and sinful and illegal besides to fuck with a monkey. The thing was, nobody had ever mentioned to me that such a thing existed in the world, or that it was even possible.

So when I started turning it over in my head, at least I had no preconceptions or prejudices to steer me. I just decided when the monkey got over his fever I was going to try a little scientific experiment in animal sexology to find out if I could work a diddle on his little pecker and give him a hard-on. That was the full extent of my original intentions. No more than that. I thought it might make him feel good and sort of cement our friendship together.

So that's how it started with this little monkey at first. I laid him out on his back and patted his belly for awhile. I'd done that before to him and he'd like it. It used to put him to sleep in fact. But this time I began patting lower down and playing my fingers up and down the hollow of his crotch. I was no expert on what monkeys like to have done to them, but I sure knew how to go about setting a man's nerves on edge and I was curious to see if a monkey would react the same way.

It didn't take long to find out. The little rascal started making squealy noises right away and twitching around, and I nearly flipped when his prick started to swell up even before I laid a hand on it. It made me laugh to think that little monkeys like him must be just as horny as men.

I started tickling his prick then, running one finger up and down it and he started grabbing on my arm-trying to tell me something-but I didn't know whether it was stop or go or faster please or what.

That's really all it amounted to though that first time. I didn't even jerk him off all the way. Maybe I should have and been done with it because I sure had stirred him up with my cock-tickling. When I quit he started thrashing around and grabbing onto me and he kept trying to get in close to me and rub his prick up against me. He still had a hard-on for the longest time afterwards. And he probably had a damn knot in his balls that was killing him, but I didn't think of that I was laughing like hell at him, and poking and tickling his ribs, and all of a sudden POW! He pops his nuts all over me. Splat! Splat! Splat! All over me and the blanket.

Then I got mad as hell, although I don't know what I had expected. I'd been acting like a cock-teaser and he'd given me what I deserved. But I didn't think of it that way. I kicked him the hell out of bed and put him back in his cage. That was the end of it. I'd had my fun with him and he'd ended up being a bad boy.

But it wasn't the end for him. He wouldn't settle down. He kept up a jabbering and squealing and kept racing around his cage for an hour or more.

Finally I had to go get him again and bring him back to bed with me. He was keeping me and all the other monkeys awake with his squalling.

I let him snuggle up to me and he grabbed on tight and pressed his prick against my hip and in no time at all he was sound asleep. Then I went to sleep too, but I dreamed I was chasing after this huge monkey- not an ape, just an oversized monkey-and I finally caught up with him in the middle of the freeway and I kissed him all over and nibbled his fur and then I pulled him down on top of me and we made mad love together while the traffic zipped by all around us.

And then all of a sudden I woke up with a jolt and that dirty little monkey bastard had shot off another load all over me. He must have been having the same dream I was, only his turned out to be a wet one.

Well, I couldn't put up with that crap anymore, much as I loved the little so-and-so. Something had to be done.

The next day I put him back in the cage with all the other monkeys and kept my eye on him awhile, and before long he started out after a certain female monkey-showing off for her, jumping all around and swinging on the trapeze-and then he began chasing her around the cage and I could see already he had a hard-on again. I was glad to know he could get it up for other monkeys and not just for me. So now maybe I could get a peaceful night's sleep for myself again.

I put my little friend and his new lady love in a cage by themselves and after awhile, sure enough, he got her into a wrestling around and nuzzling situation and the next thing I knew one thing led to another and there he was ramming it into her-ass-end to.

"My God!" I thought. "Do monkeys do it up the ass?"

But then I saw that he was into her little snatch after all. Monkeys just prefer it the back way around. I never did see any monkeys do it face to face on their own initiative. But even though they always do it from behind, they won't ever go up each other's ass unless they've been taught that way by perverted humans.

I watched those two little bastards screwing and I began to get jealous. Not that I couldn't get all the human humping I could handle around that sexy sideshow bunch. But there was something lacking in all the guys I'd known. There never had been one that really turned me on.

I got to thinking of my dream the night before-how wild and woolly it had been, pumping off with that big monkey. And watching this little fellow pounding it into his female, I couldn't help wishing he was about three or four times his size so he could do the same for me.

Well brother, that set off a new set of wheels spinning around in my dirty little mind. It just happened that we had apes in all shapes and sizes in that menagerie, and maybe I could get one of the bigger boys- closer to my five-foot-six proportions-and do a little of the same kind of seduction work on him that had had such spectacular results with the little squirt from Borneo.

There was a gorilla named Ghengis who came immediately to mind, but I wasn't quite ready for him or he for me. Gorillas are not the ferocious monsters people think they are-they don't even eat meat. But they're strong enough to mash you into hamburger in the middle of a loving embrace and I didn't need that, thanks.

I finally decided to try my womanly wiles on the orangutan. He'd always been gentle and friendly when I'd gone into his cage, and he was a perfect size to be my partner in a dance or any other

similar joint- venture between us that might rise out of a developing friendship.

For the next couple of days I only thought about it-getting my courage up, I guess. I wasn't sure yet just how far I wanted to go with Wimpy. I wanted to try erecting his pecker the way I did the little fellers and see what kind of ideas it would put in his monkey-head. But I was afraid I wasn't going to get away with cock-teasing this big old boy. Turn him on and then yell cool it and I might be in big trouble. So I gave it a couple of days of deep thought to be sure I wanted to carry through on it to the bitter end and let my pussy take the consequences.

It flipped me to think of having those long woolly arms of his wrapped all around me and that broad hairy chest scratching my tender hide. I always had liked broad-beamed, hairy men. (That was the only thing I liked about Brosz in fact-his wide, woolly chest.) So I made up my mind I'd give it a shot. What the hell did I have to lose? If the big ape went berserk-well, you gotta die sometime. And if the worst happened and I got fucked to death, at least I'd be sure to get my name in every paper in the country. What a way to go!

Now that I'd made up my mind, the when and where of it was a little ticklish. It would have to be in his cage, I decided finally. Bringing him outside and taking him into my bed like I did the monkey would have been a bit much. Especially since I had no idea how he was going to react when I started to push his 'ON' buttons.

And late at night was the only possible time. Friday would be best for a first try. Rizzo the elephant trainer would be staying overnight in town and there wouldn't likely be anybody else poking his nose around the cages at two or three in the morning.

So Friday I got myself ready. I didn't bother taking a bath that night. I figured the more I smelled like a female animal the better my chances of ringing Wimpy's chimes. About two or so I got myself ready to go. I stripped down to the buff and then put on an old coat for cover just in case I ran into somebody on the way to the other wagon. Not likely, but there could be one of the boys coming through on a short-cut back from town.

But I didn't see a living soul, and I climbed into the wagon, unlocked the gate of Wimpy's cage, and slipped inside-nervous and excited as hell. I felt like a virgin bride on the way to the slaughter.

I heard him sniff and stir as soon as I closed the gate. Then I just stood where I was and called softly to him. "Wimpy-Wimpy."

I could hear him shuffling around and then he came lumbering over to me in the dim light. I began talking to him as I always did and held out my hand to him. He sniffed around a bit till he found out I hadn't brought any food along for him and then he sort of lost interest and went back to lie down.

It looked as if I'd have to get more aggressive to break through to him on the sex level. All I had ever represented to him until then was a human creature who brought him food from time to time. I had to make him realize that ape does not live by bread alone. What you need is love love love, baby.

So the first thing I did was slip out of the robe and I draped it over the bars. It gave me a little shiver of excitement to be completely naked in an animal's cage this way, as if I was an animal myself, caged and on display. That thought made me all the more eager to start acting the part. If only I could get a little cooperation from sleepy old Wimpy.

I wondered if he'd show any special interest in me being naked, something he hadn't experienced before. So I called to him again. "Wimpy! Come on, boy. Come sniff mama's pussy."

I thought that might be what a female ape would say in the circumstances if she could only talk. I started towards Wimpy across the dark cage and I could hear him getting up again and sniffing the air. I hoped I was sending out sexy smells on the night breeze. I began to shiver again as I came near to him, a little frightened, but impatient to feel his rough, hairy hide pressing up against me.

Then I could see his shadowy form standing just ahead of me, and I said his name one more time and then moved in to touch him and let him touch me.

He made a peculiar whining sound as I laid a hand on his long arm, and then I reached in and began rubbing his hairy ribs and wrinkly chest. I could feel him shiver, and then he settled down into a squat at my feet.

I got down with him and moved up close alongside. Now we were really getting cozy. God knows what kind of monkey-crud my bare ass was sitting in, but I didn't give a crap at that point.

I picked up one of his arms and draped it over my shoulder, hoping that would give him some ideas. But he was being pretty indifferent so far. I decided I'd better quit beating around the bush and get to the point- -the point being his monkey prick. The subtle approach wasn't working so far.

So I leaned in against him, rubbing my boob on his arm, and started finger-walking down his belly the same way I had done with the little monkey, heading for the royal scepter. I was real nervous at that point. I figured that once I hit on his family jewels and started screwing around there, it would be for keeps from then on- no backing off. There was still time right then to call it quits, grab my coat, and get the hell out of there.

Before I could think too much about it and scare myself right out of the whole deal, I took a big deep breath, reached down and just grabbed. Right onto his big black prick. I was surprised to find it already halfway hard and hot as a cooked weenie. I'd been doing better with my warm-up than I'd figured.

But the minute I touched it he pulled away from me and hopped up to his feet. He was squealing a blue streak now. He was excited all right, but no telling yet what it was going to lead to. He might be working up to a fighting mood instead of loving, for all I knew.

I stood up too and reached out again to take his arm, but all of a sudden he came back toward me on his own and started pawing all over the front of me with big clumsy rough swipes. The palms of his hands were like dried-up leather raking over me but I loved the feeling of it against my hungry hide. When he brushed over my boobs the shivers ran all through me everywhere and made me weak in the knees. I only hoped I could hit his magic nerve-centers the way he was reaching mine without half trying.

I stopped in closer to him and pressed myself up tight against him and then he did what I'd been hoping for- he wrapped his arms all the way around me in a huge embrace and just about squeezed the breath out of me. Now I was in the dream condition I'd been having fantasy orgasms about- surrounded by hot hairy monkey on all sides.

He was whimpering now. Surprisingly he sounded exactly like the little monkey when he was in my bed, all riled up and raring to go. And Wimpy was ready- I could tell plain enough. His prick was up and rigid- pressing hard against my thigh.

I forced my hand down between us and took hold of that big thrusting tool. It seemed to be steaming with inner heat- I imagined it was burning my fingers through to the bone. But I clutched it tight and ground my belly against it and squashed my inflamed boobs against the rough hair-mattress of his

chest.

His hands were rubbing and grabbing at my back now-all up and down- and then pulling at the soft, loose flesh of my ass. I was beyond all caution and restraint by that time. I was already close to orgasm- trembling all over-almost wanting him to crush me to a pulp-tear me apart-pound me silly with his impaling prick.

But I'd have to steer him into doing for me what I craved. This was a brand new experience for poor dull-witted Wimpy. He wasn't used to being accosted by brazen bare-ass females in this manner. Lady orangutans had more decency and sense of propriety. What does a poor respectable monkey do when a sex-mad slut comes up to him and grabs hold of his intimate parts?

Naturally he was a bit confused. Maybe he was afraid I was going to ask him for money.

So I tried to maneuver him into a position where I could slip his prick up into me and give him the idea of the game I had in mind by setting the example. I had sense enough not to pull him down on top of me-that would have squashed me flat. What I intended, if possible, was to get him down on his back so I could sit on his prick and ride him that way.

I don't know what it would have looked like to anybody watching us right then, standing there embracing-like we were doing a slow rumba together, or something-holding on each other and twitching our asses.

Finally, I managed to get him to lie down with me, reclining sort of side-by-side, and then I threw one leg up over his ass and nudged my crotch in as close to him as I could get and tried to work his prick up into position. I never worked so hard at anything in my life. He just couldn't seem to get the idea of what I had in mind. But I wasn't discouraged. I'd been in the sack before with human boys that were almost this dumb.

He obviously enjoyed having me grab his prick, and I gave it plenty of tugging and tickling to be sure he didn't go soft on me but there was no sign of that happening. If I only could get it inside me just an inch he might catch on, I figured, but every time I got his prick poking at the gates and just about to slip up inside, the son of a gun would pull back.

One funny thing-he'd discovered my boobs, which are quite a bit better than average-sized, and way beyond anything you'd ever find on a female monkey. He was squeezing them in his fingers and batting them back and forth, one tit against the other, like they were punching bags. But not real rough-just playfully-and it was a wild sensation. I always had liked to have men play with my boobs when they made it with me. It's the quickest way to get me hot, next to going right straight to cunt city. I was never much for all that slobbery kissing on the mouth that some guys like so much. I'd always tell them, "Kiss my boobs if you want something to kiss." Nipple-sucking will turn me on in a second. I was wishing then that old liver-lips Wimpy would give my boobs a lick with that big juicy mouth of his. But that could wait for a later session. First he'd have to learn to fuck-then suck.

All of a sudden without warning he shifted his ass and thrust his hips forward and bent his legs back, it seemed like. And there was his beautiful ramrod pecker then laid right out for me in the open air-free and clear. No more legs blocking my way to the weenie.

"Don't move-don't move," I whispered, holding my breath. I wiggled my body forward and lifted up my leg and ever so slowly and carefully lowered my spread cunt down onto his up-thrust prick.

I was pretty well juiced-up by then in the pussy regions, just from the excitement of the anticipation, so once I got his big blunt pecker-head down onto the groove, it slipped up inside without too much

hassle. He was big-bigger than any man I'd ever had in me-but I'd never had any, trouble taking in whatever was offered to me by any guy. I always liked to feel myself well-filled, I'm not ashamed to say. I like to know there's a prick in me, by God. If I'm going to get fucked, I want to feel fucked-right up to the hilt.

So that first time Wimpy went up inside me I was having little mini- orgasms every inch of the way. He wasn't helping a bit so far-just lying there blowing his hot wet monkey breath in my face and holding on loosely to one of my dangling boobs. But he didn't pull away from me, thank God. He held his prick right out for me free for the taking and let me do whatever I wanted with it. I grunted and wiggled my ass and hunched my hips and I could feel that fat black pickle of his beginning to make it up into me a little bit at a time-tickle tickle tickle all the way.

Then when it seemed as if it was stuffed clear up to my liver, I reached down and went to work on his dangling balls, rolling them in my hand and squeezing them together the same way he'd been squeezing my tits.

"Okay, man-let's pump," I said to him.

And with that I began to rock my hips up and down over his cock, easing it in and out of me an inch or two either way. Just slow and easy at first to give him the idea and also to get it riding smooth and slick inside my cunt. Being jammed in there as tight as it was, it took a little bit of easy practice action to get it sliding properly before we started any hard pumping. I wanted this screw to last awhile, man. Start slow and build and build and build. What the hell-we had all night ahead of us. Neither of us was going anywhere.

As soon as I felt his prick moving slick and smooth in the groove I started to hump with more vigor, hoping he'd pick up the rhythm from me and join the dance. Sooner or later this had to give him some kind of an idea of what we were working towards.

And yes indeed! All of a sudden he quit blowing his breath on me and quit pulling on my boob, and I could feel a little shudder down where his belly was rubbing mine. Then WHAM! He squeezed my tit in his fist and gave it a yank like he was going to pull it clear off. I let out a shriek and belted him on the arm, and thank God he let go then and started to move his hips against me. In another second his prick began riding in and out like a pile-driver. He'd figured out the game we were playing all of a sudden and man-did he pick up on it fast! Pow pow pow-he hammered that prick up me-his belly punching against mine like a medicine ball-boom boom boom.

From that point on he just took over management of the whole operation himself. I didn't have to do a thing but hang on tight and ride with him. I let go of his testicles-which began slamming like tennis balls up under my ass-and just grabbed on to his huge hairy hide and took off in orbit. My whole body was rocking and shivering as if I was riding a bucking horse. He played rough, once you turned on his switches. Wham! Wham! Pow! Pow! His prick pounding my guts-his balls beating my ass-his belly bumping the breath out of me-boobs wallowing all over my chest-my head bobbing around like it was on a spring-my hair flying in all directions. Eee-yow! Man or monkey, this was the fuck of a thousand fantastic dreams-the fuck you never expect to experience outside your erotic fancies. I had always enjoyed a good rough ride, but this was the absolute end.

His prick was going up and down my chute a mile-a-minute and reaching up into my belly to places I wouldn't have thought possible. I couldn't even count the orgasms. They just started popping all up through my guts and shot through me in every direction until my whole body was just one big orgasm-arms, legs, everywhere-just EXPLODING! Even my head. This crazy bombed-out drunk feeling in my head that I'd never felt before in a fuck. Like I was freaked-out on some kind of goof-



balls.

But the goof-ball was his prick in this case-driving me out of my cotton-picking mind.

Then all of a sudden he grabbed onto me hard and slammed me up against him. His arms wrapped around me and just squeezed. I thought it was the end of me. It felt like he was crushing my ribs-collapsing my chest-I couldn't breathe-my face was buried in a muzzle of hair. And there I was, suffocating-but exploding inside with a million crazy orgasms all at the same time. Heaven and hell simultaneously.

That's when Wimpy shot his load. I could feel him shooting off inside me like spurts of white-hot lava scalding my guts. And still he held me and held me until I was just on the verge of passing out altogether.

But then at last it was all over. The prick-pounding stopped and he slowly relaxed his grip and let me breathe again. I was drenched in sweat from head to toe-mine and his combined-and I didn't have an ounce of strength left in me. I just lay there panting against him, clinging tightly, completely satisfied for the first time in my young life. And madly in love for the first time in my life besides.

All I wanted to do was just lie on his woolly breast forever. At least I hoped that he'd let me stay there for a little while, all wrapped up in his rough warmth, but I didn't expect any favors. I knew how bored men get right after the orgasm, and I figured monkeys probably were no different.

But he didn't seem any more inclined to move than I was. He must have got a pretty good charge out of the action himself. After all, it was a brand new first-time thing for him too. He went back to plucking at my boob and nudging it back and forth and that was okay with me. I could see that we had got off on the right foot of what was going to be a long and beautiful friendship.

After awhile his cock dwindled inside me-I could feel it happen, and a cold draft of air suddenly hit up into me. Then he pulled out of me altogether and it great big flood of his come-juice came rolling out my cunt and dribbled down over my leg and ass.

I laughed and said to him, "You lying rascal! I thought you said you used it rubber."

He squeezed my boob to let me know what he thought of that shitty joke.

A little latter I began to feel the urge coming on me again for another go-round, and I reached for his prick and started in on it with a new lot of pulling and squeezing, but I guess he'd had enough for one night. He let out a snort and jerked away from me, and I went off his lap and down-CLUNK-onto the cold hard floor of the cage. Wimpy went lumbering off, shaking his ass at me, letting me know the party was over. See you around, baby.

I could take a hint. Anyway, that was action enough for the first night for both of us. He was right. No sense rushing things. Tomorrow we'd tackle lesson two of the course, although I wasn't too sure from here on whether it would be me teaching him or him teaching me. Now that he'd got the hang of things, I had a hunch it was going to be Wimpy's ball game the rest of the way.

NOTE: Valerie carried on her affair with Wimpy for several months after that. She cut herself off from the circus men entirely and once they all realized for sure that she had apparently gone celibate on them, they quit bothering her and left her to her animal friends.

The only member of the circus who found out about her secret love affair with Wimpy was a young man named Pete, who had been working as an attendant and ticket-taker on the merry-go-round.

One night, being drunker than he was allowed to be and looking for a place to hide out overnight, Pete sneaked into the number two monkey wagon and crawled under an empty cage. There, a little while later, he was a flabbergasted witness as the aloof Miss Valerie staged one of her flamboyant monkey-fuck performances, never intended for the eyes of an audience. Valerie tells about it in a later chapter of her manuscript:

It just happened that night that I was in an even wilder mood than usual and I was really laying it on. Wimpy and I had been screwing each other's asses off for quite a long time then, and we had got so we made an elaborate game out of it. On that night I was down on all fours- bare-ass naked of course-scrambling around the goddamn cage with my ass in the air, yapping and squealing like a female monkey-scratching my ribs-flipping my boobs. Pete must have thought I was stark raving loony.

Wimpy chased after me for awhile, never quite catching up. That was all part of our game. Then I jumped up and grabbed onto the bars and climbed up about eight feet high on the side of the cage, out of his reach. So there he was down below reaching for me, grabbing at my ankles, chattering away, and there I was up there hanging on the bars, kicking down at him, spitting, calling him a big hairy motherfucker and every other name. Of all nights for somebody to be spying on us. I could have killed that sneaky bastard.

It ended with me jumping down and landing right on top of old Wimpy and he caught me like he always did and we went down onto the floor together. Then I rolled over away from him and got up on my hands and knees; with my ass in his face, and making monkey noises again. This was going to be a plain old-fashioned monkey-fuck-in from the rear- end, under the ass and up the snatch. I gave Wimpy a good spread to aim at and wiggled my ass at him and he slipped up behind me and eased into position. Man, this was his kind of fucking.

He slipped his prick up inside with no trouble at all-we had our parts pretty well tooled to a fine fit by then. I'd developed a perfect monkey-cunt, just for him. So there he was whanging away against my ass and me bending the knees and bumping backwards to help the action. As usual his long arms came around under me to play squeeze-ball with my boobs.

Pete said later that he thought he must be asleep in a drunk dream, I mean who would believe a sight like this-drunk or sober?

We pounded away to our usual A-bomb orgasm and then we wrestled around with each other, making more monkey noises, and all through the whole nutty scene that kid Pete wouldn't pop out and show himself. He let me go on making it jackass of myself and then finally-when I'm climbing down out of the damn cage, all smeared up with crud and straw and dripping sweat, looking like it bedraggled sewer-rat, then he sticks his head out and says to me, "Good show, Miss Valerie. Didn't know you had it in you." And he gave me a couple of tired hand-claps along with it.

I let out it whoop and almost dropped right on the spot from heart failure. But then I saw who it was and I started in giving him hell. The cocky young shit-I'd slept with him once or twice when he first joined the show. That was when I was still sleeping around a lot-long before I took up with the monkeys. I used to try out all the new boys that came and went, the same as the other girls did. I remembered this one well. He was a common variety-big mouth and small cock.

But then under the circumstances I figured I'd better play it cool with him. I wasn't too anxious naturally to have the word get around the lot about me and Wimpy's mad passion. So I invited Pete to come on inside with me and have a drink and help me shower down.

Then over a drink, under the shower, and finally under the sheets together, we made a little deal. Tomorrow I'd speak to his boss and arrange a transfer to the menagerie for him. From now on he would work for me—helping out around the monkey house.

And it wasn't such a bad deal for me. I could use the help, and from then on I had somebody to stand watch for me when I was doing my thing with Wimpy. Pete wasn't such a bad kid anyway. It certainly was no sweat keeping him happy. He was a pretty feeble fuck compared to that wild monkey. I could drain Pete dry in five minutes anytime without half trying and have plenty of juice left for Wimpy whenever he was ready to ball.

Pete loved watching me and Wimpy do our stuff and I didn't mind that. What the hell—I'd performed in the buff for audiences enough times before when I was in the girlie show—stuffing myself with dildos and every other damn thing. So there was no problem for me of self-consciousness or embarrassment. And it was big kicks for Pete. Sometimes I think he got more charge out of watching me screw the monkey than he did out of banging me himself.

One day when I wasn't on the scene, unfortunately, some woman got into a big hassle with Wimpy. She claimed she was standing beside his cage minding her own business when he reached through the bars and grabbed hold of her, tore her dress down the back, and then reached around and "roughly handled her right breast, inflicting major bruises and abrasions and causing her to suffer extreme terror and severe embarrassment."

She informed Mister Bennington that she was suing the circus for some idiotic amount of money—way up in the hundred thousand area. Old Bennington flew into his usual tizzy and told me in no uncertain terms that Wimpy was a nuisance and he was getting rid of him. Having him destroyed!

I nearly had a breakdown. Destroy Wimpy! They'd be destroying me too if they did. But what could I do? I was at my wit's end.

But then good old Pete came to the rescue. I hadn't even seen the dame who made the complaint, but Pete told me, "You know who she is. You've noticed her around here plenty. Remember last week I pointed her out to you? The fat cunt with the floppy hat."

Oh, did I ever remember! And all of a sudden the worries just melted away. We had this dame by the balls, so to speak.

The thing is, there's a certain type of woman that's attracted to monkeys, and they spend half their time hanging around zoos and menageries like ours. Any place with monkeys can tell you they see this type of woman every day. Women like that know that male monkeys can get horny over human females and with them, like me, and vice versa. They don't have my opportunities though to actually do something constructive about their urges, so they just hang around the monkey cages half the day, hoping to see a monkey passing or playing with himself or just showing off a hard-on.

So this cunt who was suing us was one of those. Pete had spotted her one day poking a stick into Wimpy's cage, trying to jab his crotch while he was sleeping. That's when he pointed her out to me and we had a security cop take her for a walk.

So now we had me, Pete, and the cop to testify against that bitch and her monkey-teasing habits, and sure enough—all of a sudden the case collapsed without ever going to court. And there was no more talk from Bennington about liquidating my sweet little old furry-ass common-law spouse.

FINAL NOTE: After that, Valerie carried on her passionate affair with Wimpy the orangutan for more than a year, until one night the lovable ape suddenly took a fit and died in her arms during one of

their frenzied sex-sessions. He apparently had suffered a heart-seizure.

Valerie reports that she was inconsolable for weeks afterward. She fled from the circus and gave herself up to a series of violent love affairs with a great many men, none of which satisfied her, physically or emotionally.

So at last she returned to the circus and her beloved monkeys, and eventually she married and seems to have achieved a happy human- relationship with her present husband.

Although she admits having cheated on him occasionally with other men, she swears that she has always remained absolutely true to the memory of her beloved Wimpy, and despite frequent bestial temptations, never again has she consorted sexually with any other monkey.

**The End**