

# BORN ON THE BAYOU

BY BLAINE LOURD

Buck and I stood up, too, first in drunken, silent amazement, then joining the irrational exuberance of the rest of the crowd as we watched the woman lead the donkey through chairs and tables filled with whores and whoremongers. The cheaply dressed girls stared, expressionless, at the donkey as he followed the woman in, head down, stroked for luck by the philandering patrons as he moved through the crowd toward the stage. ...The woman stepped up on the stage, shaking her ass in Buck's direction, with the donkey following reluctantly. ...Provocatively, the woman began to shake her purple-draped ass in front of the donkey's face as he jerked his head back and forth, eyeing the crowd. She danced and stomped on the wooden stage as the crowd cheered. ...She circled around the donkey slowly, gyrating to the music and stroking him gently as the samba pumped through the dirt-floored arena. Then she grabbed his head forcefully and rubbed his nose between her ample brown breasts. She tickled his back and tried to blow in his ear while his head jerked and his eyes widened. I waited for him to kick her, but this woman had moved around the ass of an ass a time or two before and was careful to stay close to his body. She rested her head on his neck and moved her hands down around his stomach, suggestively, slowly at first, then faster, in a sliding, pumping motion. The donkey grew still and apprehensive. Its eyes bugged, and its neck stretched forward and bent. The woman moved her hands, wrists adorned with cheap gold bangles, quickly over the donkey's body toward his donkeyhood. His ears perked up higher, and his lips parted, displaying huge brown teeth as her hands tickled his hair-covered member. The crowd began to yell "Hee-haw" in also pitch as she fondled him. Tony grinned and drank....She moved to the music provocatively, removed her sweat-drenched top, backed her ass up into the donkey's nose, and shook suggestively as she tossed her top out into the crowd. The donkey, resisting, began to jerk and move, lifting one leg, then the other, aggressively, kind of like a storm trooper marching in place. Buck and I looked at each other, speechless. **The crowd continued to scream "Hee-haw" as she clutched his penis,** and a new Mexican samba began to play.

The donkey tried to back away but was restrained by a handler and a wooden guard railing on stage. She turned, teasing the crowd, and stooped to one knee, grabbing his member again, and leaned in close as though to whisper something in his ear....The donkey's eyes were now wide and bright as she stoked the foreskin that covered his unit. I anxiously finished my Cara Blanca as the pink sword emerged from underneath the donkey's sheath. She continued stroking him, flirtatiously licking her lips and oohing and asking for the crowd as his eye grew wildly still. The handler grinned through gold teeth as he tightened the rope to keep the beast in check. The animal was fully hard. She stood up again, shook her breasts at the crowd, and raised her fists in the air as the Mexican samba cackled loudly over the cheap speakers. She pulled her stained panties over her cheap high heels, twirled them twice over her head, and slung them in my direction. A man wearing a ten-gallon hat snagged them out of the air effortlessly. She circled the donkey, grabbed the base of his member, patted him easily on the neck, and got down on all fours in front of him on the wooden stage. He moved forward clumsily with the handler jerking his rope, reminding him to go easy. **She looked back anxiously and guided him inside of her.** Her flirtatious smile was gone. Buck's mouth was open. The crowd was silent...**First, the donkey moved slowly into her, then began to quicken his pace as he jerked and jockeyed for position, his two hind legs clumsily, desperately working for leverage. The woman shuffled under him, focused on not getting killed or maimed by the beast in heat. The crowd cheered as she backed up fully onto him and yelped.** In the end, this unnatural act would not go to completion. The donkey's lips parted as he let out a half hee-haw and stepped on her right hand. She cried out, and the handler pulled him off her. Red guzzled down his Carta Blanca and continued to make donkey sounds as the woman moved through the crowd with drunken oilmen slapping her ass and grabbing her breasts.

-Page 82

5 /5

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