

BORN ON THE BAYOU



Book Summary:

A man recalls his adolescence.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains aberrant sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; and alcohol abuse.

Adult

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CONTENT WARNING

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Aberrant Content
BookLooks Review Rating

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17	Mom moved her mouth to his, and they kissed.
19	Louisianans who don't define themselves as such might say that Coonasses are lazy, dumb, or close-minded. Those less familiar with it might construe the term "Coonass" as being a slur - or, worse, something equivalent to the "N word."
29	We were in the city now, not country Coonass territory.
38	Around noon on these days, Dad, drunk from visiting with clients, would turn onto the gravel road and fishtail his large automobile all the way down to our house. Normally, he'd step from his car with a Miller Lite in hand, his boots freshly shined. He most always had a six-pack in a brown paper bag under his arm.
39	This is known as the Coonass raking prevention method. After completing the first section, he'd put the Snapper in neutral and walk to the yellow Frigidaire in the garage to retrieve his third beer.
41	The backyard was about an eight-beer job, or approximately three hours.
45	It was clear that I had only one choice left, and in a moment that would live in infamy, I boldly grabbed a Budweiser, turned to my mother, and said confidently, without making eye contact, "Mom, I'm going to have a beer." ..."No! Beer is for grown-ups!" "Mom, I'm almost a grown-up. Come on, Mom, just one sip?" "Blaine, you're ten." ...She turned the water back on, looked out the window, and begrudgingly answered, "Okay, but just a sip; then give me the can." ...I pulled the pop-top quickly and thought of the Budweiser Clydesdale horses as the aluminum can reached my lips. The ice-cold, bitter liquid burned my throat, but I drank it quickly. My first beer was gone in less than a minute.
60	The kids would swing in a big tree, play tackle football, and swim in the pool, while the parents would get drunk and flirt. Mom would drink one Dr. Pepper and vodka, and Dad would drink as many cocktails as Big-C could mix. Dad got so sick one night drinking old-fashioned and eating oysters Rockefeller that he vomited in their bathtub.
67	When he pulled up in his late-model Lincoln, the golf porters would spot his car early and run out to greet him. Normally, they'd have his drink poured- gin and soda or a vodka tonic- to start.
69	This dive joint was where all the pot-smoking and beer-drinking hippies hung out, sitting on their cars with their long hair and mustaches.
74	Southern Americans in cowboy hats drank beer on the street, and I remember seeing a few skinned and gutted animals hanging in an outdoor butcher shop and wondering whether they could possibly be dogs. ...Red's shirt was soaked in sweat from the hundred-degree heat as he walked next to Dad, drinking beer and telling jokes.
75	He liked walking around the hunting camps in his underwear. Red's favorite ensemble was a pink T-shirt and a pair of Superman briefs. He was an imposing figure in this costume, and no one overlooked the fact that he had balls that hung to his knees.

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77	<p>When Buck went off to college at LSU, I would sometimes drink highballs and smoke Virginia Slims menthols with Lynette while we waited for him to come home for the weekend.</p>
78	<p>As I surveyed the bar, my eyes met the eyes of the girls who had licked her lips earlier. She was sitting on the lap of a very drunk man, who was wearing a brassiere on his head. She noticed me looking at her and seemed forlorn as he fondled her breasts through the green halter top that was tied around her neck. I was not yet groomed in the particulars of high styled and status, but I thought her black pants and which high heels looked fine as she walked toward our table a few minutes later with a fruity-colored liquid in her champagne glass.</p>
79	<p>Dad grinned as he pulled a big sip of his beer. Except for on encounter with a neighbor under a pine tree that had ended prematurely, the only sex I'd ever had was with myself. Buck and I had been joking about sex and hookers and Mexico since earlier that year when our fathers first invited us on their annual hunting pilgrimage. I had fantasized about sex with brown-skinned girls since I first studied the Japanese caricatures of men and women making love in my mom and dad's copy of "The Joy of Sex" that Bryan had removed from their bedside table. She ignored Red and walked right over to me and sat down on my lap as I coolly laughed with Buck and my dad's friends. Buck hit me on the arm and grinned like he'd been there before. I sipped my beer. When her glass was empty, I asked her if she wanted another drink. She smiled at me without saying a word, and Tony barked out the drink order to the bartender in Spanish. She held up the fruity remnants of her glass to Fred at the bar. ...Soon, Buck had a girl on his lap, too. His date was older than mine and not as cute. Red began to speak flirtatiously with my girl in broken Spanish. I took another nervous swig of my beer and rested my hand on her thigh, but as I had done sex months earlier at the Essanee drive-in movie theater with my date, Lisa LeBauve. She did not move my hand away as Lisa had.</p>
80	<p>He was Methodist. The preacher at the Church of Christ, where I spent most Sundays with my grandfather C.B., said that all Catholics and Methodists were going to hell. ...Red Cackled, ribbed Buck with a "fucky, sucky, bucky" comment in a bad Cajun-Japanese accent, and the men at the table all had a guffaw at Buck's expense. Red stared at me for a moment, then reached into his front pocket and handed me a twenty. This rare act of philanthropy on his part was followed by the statement, "I want to pay for breaking your cherry" a not-so subtle reference to the virginity that I had been wholeheartedly denying for the past three days. Red, Tony and Jack continued to egg me on as the Mexican girl rubbed my hardness through my jeans and gently kissed my neck. ... I laughed off Red's comment and pushed her hand away from my crotch, trying to allay my excitement. "Let's go," I said confidently. ...She made the sign of the cross and gently touched the picture, then turned to me, untied her halter top, held it in her hand, and gently touched her left breast. She had small nipples, plump brown breasts, and angular, beautiful shoulders that shined in the dimly lit room. She sat back down on the edge of the bed, slipped</p>

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	<p>her black pants over her white high heels, folded the pants nicely, and carefully place them inside the drawer. She motioned me over to her as I nervously took off my O'Brien water ski T-shirt.</p> <p>I sat down on the bed next to her, and as I bent over to untie my tennis shoes, she leaned over closer and asked, "Cherry?" I did not say a word as she began to unbutton my pants. I was ready. I remember how Buck had warned me not to kiss the girls. I tried hard not to kiss her, but I had to. She forced a confused kiss back as I entered her and tried not to come immediately.</p> <p>She moved slowly at first as I felt the wetness that toppled empires for the first time fully. I tried to stay still and think of anything that might distract me, but I didn't last longer than a minute on top of her.</p> <p>As she moved away from me, I noticed the cloth Jesus staring down at me, the nurturing look now seeming like a slight smile. I smiled back. My date sat up on top of the blue sheet, slipped her pants on over her white high heels, and stood up quickly. She picked up her friendship cross from on top of the chest of drawers and turned to me with a smile and said, "No cherry."</p>
82	<p>A moment later the door opened, and out walked Buck, red-faced and sweating. He went straight to his dad and high-fived him; then he high-fived me.</p> <p>...I drank more than I should have, and so did Buck, but that didn't really matter, not in Mexico.</p> <p>That afternoon and evening, Red spent at least a hundred dollars making sure that I received my fill of the brown-skinned women. I timed my last date; it lasted for nearly ten minutes.</p> <p>...It was close to eight o'clock when a senorita dressed in a purple belly dancer's outfit entered George's American Cafe through a blue curtain near the red doors with a small donkey in tow. The crowded cafe full of men and prostitutes stood up in a low roar. The men toasted one another with margaritas, Carta Blancas, mixed drinks, hoots, and hollers. 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. I was glad my dad was not there.</p> <p>The woman stepped up on the stage, shaking her ass in Buck's direction, with the donkey following reluctantly.</p> <p>... 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. Red perched precariously on his chair, and Tony moved up closer to the stage.</p> <p>...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,</p>

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	<p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>... 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.</p> <p>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. To this day, I think of that donkey whenever I see anyone whispering in someone else's ear.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>She looked back anxiously and guided him inside of her. Her flirtatious smile was gone.</p> <p>Buck's mouth was open. The crowd was silent. I nervously bit my lip. 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.</p> <p>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.</p>

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97	<p>"Her, too," I answered, trying my best to maintain a certain degree of nonchalance. The tattered June issue of the Penthouse magazine, which I had dog-eared on the pages of lesbian lovers in black leather boots, came to mind. I thought of Raynosa.</p> <p>..."You taught me the rules, bro. One, go ugly early. Two, big butt, so what? Three, beauty is only a light switch away, and four, it's all the same when you're drunk- we will be, and they will be."</p>
100	<p>"Hey!" she said, holding a cocktail glass. I immediately thought, Scotch- because that's what ladies and gentlemen drink.</p> <p>..."Scotch, Blaine?" Lily handed me a tumbler of the brown liquid.</p> <p>"Thank you," I said, then took a sip and raised my eyebrows as my head shook from the jolt of the Glenlivet Special Reserve.</p> <p>"Cecil..." She handed him a glass of the same thing. He took one sip and walked over to a turntable that was nestled among some books.</p> <p>"Those are my dad's records. Not too hip, I'm afraid," Lily said.</p> <p>The corners of my mouth tightened as I took another sip of the scotch.</p> <p>...Great, I thought, she's drunk and in the pool house.</p>
102	<p>There, in a blue one-piece bathing suit, lay Carla facedown on the bed, her tanned legs slightly parted, her head hanging limply over the edge of the bed, and her arms tucked under her chest. Uncertain whether she was sleeping or lying in wait, I entered the room slowly, closed the door, and walked up to the side of the bed.</p> <p>"Carla?" I said, touching her on the back. She slurred something sultry, sexy, naughty, and opened her legs a little more. I shook her arm gently.</p> <p>..."Touch me. It doesn't have to mean anything," she said in a voice that challenged my naivete.</p> <p>...I closed the bathroom door and walked back to the main house to get myself another scotch.</p>
104	<p>She and I stayed up all night, talking as an intoxicated Cecil snoozed on the couch in the presence of the great soul masters and wordsmiths in Ned's parlor, until I woke him to drive home.</p> <p>..."You got drunk and passed out," I said, turning up the Eagle's "Hotel California."</p>
107	<p>"Are you drunk?"</p> <p>"Yes." I said.</p> <p>"What were you drinking?" he asked.</p> <p>"Sixty-year-old single malt scotch," I slurred.</p> <p>My father smiled and flicked his cigarette on to the ground. "I guess that will teach those blue-blooded bastards to go to France."</p>
109	<p>His brother, William, who'd been mayor of New Iberia in the forties, was especially personable, and at the end of his life, when asked where all of his money had gone, he replied that he'd spent most of it on whiskey and women, and had squandered the rest.</p>
123	<p>She got a driver's license, quit dance and cheerleading, picked up a beer and a cigarette, and began to grow up fast.</p>
127	<p>After we'd had a few beers and had begun to organize our cars to leave, Dad asked me to meet him at the nearby zydeco bar, Last Chance, for a drink before</p>

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	his long drive west to New Iberia. ...He took another sip of his beer and reached for the peanuts on the bar, popping a few in his mouth. I grabbed some nuts, sat a little more upright, and took a swig of my beer.
129	He downed the rest of his beer, then slowly stood up, a little less upright than I remembered.
136	Yet I called him one day after too many beers and a long afternoon of getting nowhere hunting for a job in the ever-dwindling oil patch, and he graciously invited me out for a visit.
141	The rules were simple. If you were old enough to be there, you were old enough to hunt, kill, curse, fuck, and feast on the prey.
144	I had never seen a pair of white jeans before. I washed glasses, filled the beer coolers, retrieved whiskey from the storeroom, sliced lemons and limes, and watched a bartender named Joe flirt with dudes, blend whiskey sours, pour martinis, and open large bottles of Sapporo beer.
157	I pretended that I wasn't a smoke by never buying cigarettes, and by saying that I only smoked when I drank.
163	We used to joke about being part of the idle middle-class elite. Cecil Jr. would pick me up on Friday nights in the Corvette that he'd coaxed his father into buying for him, and drink Dom Perignon from a bottle on his lap while we cruised the streets. He had smoked cigarettes since he was sixteen- they were always the same brand, Marlboro menthols.
164	When our time was up, I'd walk my date quietly over the pebble driveway, past the box hedges to her front door, where we'd make out in the doorway until Cecil gave the signal. Cecil was a good friend. He'd sit in his car listening to a James Taylor eight-track tape for an hour or so while we kissed; then he'd gently begin blowing his horn.
167	Dad was drunk.
172	Dad spit out a bit of his beer and let out a drunken guffaw.
173	Lisa leaned in closer to Dad, forcing a sweet view of her cleavage on him.
176	Finally, without making eye contact, he slid his racing form under his arm, downed his last sip of beer, stood up and simply said, "Let's go."
180	I pulled a beer out of the refrigerator, sat down next to her, and began scraping the beans off the charred surface of the steak. She glanced at the beer, at the beans, at me, then back out the window, saying nothing.
189	He whispered, "You boys been fuckin' that dog?" "No!" I responded in shocked disbelief. I was puzzled as to why he was whispering, since there was no one around to hear. "Are you crazy?" I asked him. "You boys," I believed, was a reference to Tutu and me. "Don't act shocked, and don't you ever ask me if I'm crazy!" he said. "You wouldn't be the first boy to play with a dog's pussy. Look me in the eye! That dog's been acting funny lately."

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	...I glanced down at Deppa's backside and answered again, emphatically, "No, Dad, nobody's been fuckin' the dog!"
192	"Dad, can you get two six-packs of Schlitz?" I asked. He laughed and bit and said, "Yes, I'll get that for me, but what would you like?"
193	"Soon, son," he said, with the confidence of a young man while his whole life was in front of him, his cigarette hanging from his mouth and an open beer between his legs.

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Ass	6
Bitch	2
Cock	2
Coonass	14
Fuck	25
Goddamn	6
Piss	1
Pussy	2