



Born on the Bayou by Blaine Lourd

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...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.

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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 her black pants over her white high heels, folded the pants nicely, and carefully placed them inside the drawer. She motioned me over to her as I nervously took off my O'Brien water ski T-shirt. 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.

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.

...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."

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...It was close to eight o'clock when a seniorita 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.

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. Red perched precariously on his chair, and Tony moved up closer to the stage.

...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.

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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.

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. 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.

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.

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“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.

...“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.”

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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.”

“Those who push porn on our children are always on the wrong side of history.”

Karen England
President of Take Back The Classroom



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