

Jumping All Over Your Ass

Whipped whip! Lizabeth is my auntie; I am her dearest niece. Her need is for a gram or two. The Mastiff has just smoked a chocolate. His owner is trying to pull it back with all his might—that scruffy junkie. Choke collar!

The dog won't let it go.

If he had given the leash some slack, the woman would have been immediately incapacitated. I mean, as an exhibit of a smacking doggy style... with a munching-boofing-licking dog! *Soft snot or not!* A third of the crew wants her to eat the turd. They try to save the old fool with words, hurling every insult imaginable at the dog caretaker! Licking the dog's cock—that's for later. The shit first, then the dork... Now his girlfriend put a necklace around the old woman's neck. *Broad girth...* They say she is in love with the pooch, that she has to offer it her purse. A red dick for an old pussy, the laugh!

The bets were placed; the bookmaker was quick. The hound was now released. Here we are, and it was not a female nursing Liz. It was a large male—an imposing animal. A male of massive build. False eyelashes that fall off, slackened leash with slashing whip! The dog licks her void, again and again. Slobbering spark, lighted joints. Lust mingles with bestiality, and jealousy with instinct. Two of the other dogs bare their fangs, and an eye flashes with anger as the woman spreads wide her gaping business assets. *Her poor old pussy.* Lips all loose... and slippery schlong! Sometimes, his cock would slip out. It was hilarious, and we nicknamed this whining mastiff "Boof." That's spell B-O-O-F. Hard snout to say? Now the slag is splooting, ass up.

Look how she licks its bone! It's no flaccid dick! The dog attempts to form his copulatory plug, but the semen is already running all over the old whore's face, trickling down from the gums, out of the void that was free of teeth. Doggy gnarls... whip that cracks!

The crowd cheesed off. Crystal meth aftermath... They were disgruntled, what a poor boost! Ugly chicks and cookie chums! Thumbs began to turn down. Boos! Some punks were leaving. Liz is fucked by a dog that chews, barks, and licks! Only the youngest remained.

It was taking place in the area reserved for bulky items, near the bicycle parking spots. I slammed the doors shut! Unless you eat poop too, no-one is allowed to leave until I say so! "Say what?" asks the guy—bareheaded, with a chin bristling with stubble and his hood pushed back. "Yo!" I said. All smirk, he was trying to block the panic-exit door... Indeed, the boy finds it amusing to wedge the toe of one of his shoes into the gap of the ajar door to hold it open. "Get lost!"

Pulling it up: a sneering, ugly smile. Ouch! I stomp on his foot and snap, "Go buy yourself a crutch." Sobbing bubble speech of pain; so that quells his interest. Stepping back, shrugging shoulders... Eyes filled with anger and thoughts of future revenge. Ah-ah. Tit for tat my buttocks! To such a stupid query, keep your mouth shut!

The Labrador was now knotting!

Naughty Liz tried to break free, but the *bulbus glandis* prevented her from doing so. She, who loved to knit the streets, was in her element: the dog let go of its grip, and there they were, tush-to-tush!

Lyrics: Keith Campbell.