




Chapter Eight


Never Marry A Cowboy



The teepee swayed sexfully slouching side to sinful side. As the wind tumultuously banged against the teepee with the wild-eyed-rage of seventy three really mad people that are really super mad all the naked woman of the village were tightly huddled, hugging lightly dry humping, and playing with each other's flat nipples. Storms always brought out the horny in the woman of the tribal counsel. They were sure of it, they had just taken a vote.

Bettina sat criss-cross-legged ritualistically repeatedly sticking a large needle through her right nipple. In out, in out, blood. Lick, Lick. In, out. In, out. Man, boy o boy, gee whiz, did she regret being elected Secretary of the WTSCTMHAS (Woman's Tribal Sexy Counsel that makeout and hump sometimes.) Chrissy the chink, (and 4 Indian summers running, esteemed treasurer) (gooks are super good at handling currency issues), was bent over the horribly hot burnt Linda (Master of Rituals/White Lies) applying salve and sesame chicken to Linda's first degree hot burns.

Linda's sensual flesh felt like a dried out sponge and smelt like tar. Tripe? Cheifetta Baroness was braiding her whip and rubbing herself down with



baby oil. How else was she to get the latex President's robe on? "Order!" with a demanding voice, the demanding President Chiefetta Baroness demanded. The tribal counsel had agreed when Baroness was in the little dominatrix room, powdering her stale dried out vagina no doubt, that she must be removed from office in sexfully forcible way.

"Chiefetta," said the slightly deformed molly, an Indian transfer from a Northern tribe. Most Indians thought she was mentally invalid seeing how she was deeply in love with a coyote. (see Chapter 10)

"Shut your cunt!" shrieked Chiefetta Baroness as she wrapped her whip around mental molly from the north's neck. The baroness pulled the whip tighter and tighter. Like a snake that found something like a pole to wrap around just to show off to it's other snake friends Look at me! Im a snake that can wrap myself around this pole or whatever it is that I can wrap myself around. Show off, thought the other snakes.


The Chiefetta sensually laughed and smacked herself with a violin bow as coyote loving Molly from the north's face went blue, then tangerine, and



then her head ripped off. Chiefetta Baroness laughed as the blood cum shot from molly's neck.

"Bathe in it you worthless sluts!" simmered Chiefetta like a crock pot of Swedish meatballs. Then everyone ate Peeps, it was after all, Easter. Bettina, feeling lonely, began fingering a Cadbury Egg. Her Warrior heart had grown heavier than twenty seven ball sacs, you see she had not seen her mighty Chief Tabitha in over 2 days. No, no, that's not it. Frustrated, she grabbed a marzipan dildo and inserted it into her ear. That's better, she thought.

The teepee door blew open with the force of a thousand Sweettarts in an AIDS filled mouth of open sores. "WIND!" shouted the women of the tribe huddling together fingering each other viciously to avoid the tempestry malestromish breeze. The wind picked up several female members of the tribe, Squa Jappy Readaloty, OC the onion smelling snitch, and Princess Waityouworkherewenevermetyoubefore, and slammed them into the walls of the tee pee repeatedly, they blew around like a gay newsletter caught in a faggot breeze, before the wind carried



them out of the top of the teepee like that fag kid and his fag uncle-grandfather in the fag coco factory movie.


The regulars laughed till their clits fell off. Golly was it hard to match who's clit was who's before the next wind breeze would carry their abandoned clits off into the sunset (Possible spin off novel idea, Humpward Bound?).

“Is this mine? Said Mama bear, “no that's why to big.”

“Is this mine?” Said Baby Bear, “No this one has way too much yeast on it.”

“This one is just right. “Bettina said seeing the clit that she had widdled a beach sea scene into complete with flying birds and children making sand castles.

Bettina stood reaffixing her clit for a moment wondering if she and Running Tab had ever even actually talked. No, in fact she was sure that they hadn't ever shared a word. Her thoughts soon disappeared




like a wart being injected with ether and butane as Chiefetta Baroness slashed her across the back with a very long sexy bannana. Like the spores flying from a wart and infected every piece of skin in a very close vicinity she was, well, nothing, I have nothing that she could be doing I just liked that analogy.

Things that make us want to kill ourselves:

1. People that play cards
2. and dominos

The woman all rubbed each other's backs with oil, to anoint away the wind as their elders had. Slippery, thought the chink lubing up Bettina's back. Slowly. Rubbing. Dripping Oil. I need to go to the bathroom. Well go ahead I am a huge chinky whore that will take anything I can get, including your feces on my well oiled chest. I probably have like really ugly nipples, the chink continued, seeing how I am a huge chinky whore that will take anything I can get. CHINKY CHINKY CHINKY CHINKY CHINKY CHINKY CHINKY CHINKY CHINKY CHINKY.


It was true, the chink did have incredibly deformed hideous nipples, but



she wanted no one to know her horrible secret. This was why every morning she made new nipples out of putty. Chrissy, the chink worried and pondered over this as Bettina sensually played with her putty nipples. Just as they were getting ready for more nipple playing there was a knock on the teepee door.

Back to how stupid the chink is. You see, that stupid bitch ran out of her homemade nipple putty that morning and out of desperation she used one of her many, many children's (remember she is huge whore that will take anything she can get) silly putty. The funny, comical thing about this is that stupid chink is not only stupid but lazy. That bitch fell asleep right on a newspaper. Now Im getting to the funny. Here it goes: Bettina lifted her head from nipple licking, looked up, deep into the chink's lazy, infected eyes and said, The pope died? HA! HA! FUCKING HA HA!

Sensually, Chiefetta Baroness opened up the tee pee door with one of her many, automated, strap on Jell-o pudding packs. "Open! Open! Open!" Chanted the women of the tribe as they grinded and undulated their dripping sore filled vaginas all over each other. The woman all



collectively looked at the door, and there stood the most sensual black t-shirt they had ever seen.

That stupid chink is dumb that she once thought for at least seven days that she was invisible. That bitch walked around the tribe and the neighboring city naked and laughing. Picking things up, thinking people thought the objects were actually floating, saying boo to children.

Nothing like a stupid naked chink yelling boo at children. These days that shit would get you locked up. But seeing how this was really close to the anniversary of Pearl Harbor the whites were more sympathetic to crazy chinks. Wait why would they be sympathetic? I mean they smacked that naked chink into believing she was a puppy. A puppy that was a whore. What a Stupid bitch.

"Why I bet you'd like to buy a black t-shirt." said Tobly the traveling sales woman. "Yes, as you are all naked oodle oodle ooo. You could definitely use some black t-shirts" Tobly stood mouth with her mouth agape at the spectacle before her, hundreds, thousands, possibly dozens of naked Indian women all fingering each other in the most blissful circle of life and death beautiful flowers candy sunshine she had ever




seen.

Fuck you. You are so bad at writing me.

OK lets try this again:

Sensually, Chiefetta Baroness opened up the tee door with one of her many, automated, strap on jello pudding packs. "Open! Open! Open!" chanted the women of the tribe as they grinded and undulated their dripping sore filled vaginas all over each other. The teepee door flung open with the crash of a seventy three orca whale on blue whale orgy and there stood the most provocative, beautiful, fit, lean, lean like a strip of bacon, womanly woman any of the dirty drunk Indians had ever seen.

Beautiful brown, blonde hair (that had no doubt not been washed for several days, giving it beautiful a symmetrical form and the smell of apple butter) Perfectly plucked eyebrows with a strip missing to resemble the number of people she had killed. Fourteen. Eyes that screamed to Sunshine to talk with them. Lips that begged to be passionately kissed by



every straight girl in sight. Wearing a black business suit, a black blouse, and black cowboy boots.

Everything in the universe was collectively silenced. Ducks died. The world was begging to hear her melancholy voice. A calm wind brushed the hair out of her jasmine scented eyes and the great traveling saleswoman said, elegantly, simply

"Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaassssssssssssaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaabi Pea!"

"Want to buy a black t-shirt?" said Tobly sensually in a seductive secular monotone voice. "Wait... wait... watch this." with that Tobly slowly began to pulsate one hand against the other hand. Clapping like a wave breaking on a beach of daydreams and popsicles. The movement was so fluid, so tenuous, so clappy. Just as one hand's delicate fingers would brush tenderly against the palm of the other hand the clap would immediately switch directions surprising the women of the tribe and making them wet. Good god did those butches get wet.



Clap

Clap

Clap clap clap clap clap

Clap clap

Clap

Minutes flew by. Puppies grew up and went to college. The Sexy traveling saleswoman was clapping with such a rhythm that her hair tousled itself side to side hardly able to stay on her sexy perfectly shaped head. Babies in Tanzania died (mostly from AIDS). Then suddenly like a wave of fat people at a professional football game, well nothing like them, the just eat nachos and oversized pretzels with a cheese dipping sauce then wash that down with a slice of thick, doughy pizza. The thunderous clap made each Indian slut collectively squirt a stream of love into the saleswoman open, waiting mouth.




The saleswoman guzzled down gallon after gallon of warm woman fluid.

"It's the fuel of life" thought Tobly "It's good to stay hydrated." Out of the blue, for no reason at all, maybe she was coming down from coke, Bettina became the supreme end all queen goddess of bitches.

"Just shut up Tobly. I'm not in the mood for you." said Bettina.

Tobly was confused, How did she know my name? She thought, tearing off her professional blazer with such reckless abandon that the panda bear cried even though it had a fun playhouse filled with toys and games and goddesses that lived in it's computer. This mattered none to Tobly because she was busy spinning around in her bar stool. Thank god they got those hooks for jackets.

When all the sudden, out of no where (good god I have been waiting for this one) (endless chapters of shit to get to this) (holy shit its like Christmas for my vagina) all the sudden (bring it) (bring it) out of nowhere (get to it just fucking get there already) I have no idea where you are going.




Mr di Buimo the dancing giraffe entered the teepee. “Everyone climb aboard!” said Mr di Buimo. “We're going to a pizza party!” Everyone collectively agreed that pepperoni was their favorite topping, except for Bettina, because she was a bitch. “I like extra cheese,” Bettina said. Fuck her.

Tobly slid one hand down her tight, professional pants and began furiously rubbing her clit like she was playing a heavy metal song on bass. A sexy heavy metal song on a sexy bass.

Really? You have no idea where I was going? Are you fucking brain dead from too much masturbation? Probably. Ok let me spell this one out. All the Indians were biding for the young, supple saleswoman's sexual attention. Hanging on to her every word, pretending like the spinning bar stool thing was funny, pretending not to notice that she was shitting her pants, blah blah blah, everyone wants Tobly, blah blah blah, and then the crowd parts. Like Moses when he did that shit with the sea. Now do you see what is happening?

The ride to the pizza palace was long. Everyone started to get a little




sleepy. Mr di Buimo started dancing to amuse the tribe women, but they just said, "We're sleepy Mr di Buimo." "But we're going to a pizza party!" said Mr di Buimo as he danced the electric giraffe boogie. If you are not familiar with the electric giraffe boogie, it is a very simple very fun dance.... First off you lift your left foot and then place it back down, do this four times then spin around in a circle pick up the other leg and go the other way. Were you flapping your arms? Did I forget to tell you to flap your arms? Because that's what you should be doing. Then you hurl yourself on the ground with reckless abandon and do a variation of the worm where you bang your head and crotch hard against the ground, standing up into a headstand you back flip and juggle some knives, then start with the foot tapping again.

What?


If I wasn't fingering myself right now I be a little more upset about that tangent. OK OKO KOOKOKOK OKOKOKOK. Here we go. Looks like I am alone on this one. Deep breath.

The crowd separated, Tobly was feeling refreshed and alert from drinking



the milky colored squirt-ade of a hundred sluts. And what did she spy with her own two little eyes? Why a badly burnt goodness of salt applying duct tape to her third degree chiseled skin. Why, Tobly had never seen a woman so badly burnt and beautiful. She ran to her and forget the world around her. Forgot her dreams. Forgot her reason for living. Forgot her friends, family, house pets, aspirations, goals, everything. It was gone. She had found a stupid slut to suck all her energy from her, and she leaned over to the half ear that was left, peeled back the gauze and whispered "Let me put some lotion on your hands."

NO FUCK NO THAT IS NOT HOW IT HAPPENED. Tobly went to the tired out, coke hungry Linda, ripped her clothes off and began a finger bang to end all finger bangs. Tobly's fingers were like pistons on some car of some type (what do I know about cars?) pumping in and out furiously of Linda's fire ravaged vagina that looked like a pot roast that had been left in the oven a little too long, maybe the person cooking it fell asleep or there was a really good repeat of CSI on. The dry cracked vagina began to bleed from the friction of the furious fingering fuck fest furtherly being performed on that dirty herped married whore.




“Been to the movies lately?” Linda screamed as Tobly slyly inserted two in the stink and one in the pink. Metal cans of soda that is. One was a Fresca, the other two delicious delicious Sunkist Diet Orange. Don't you hate when the top of the can is kind of dirty and it makes you wonder what the fuck made the can dirty. Then you think it might be from a rat or something equally as disease filled. Then you realized, alas, it is too late because you have already taken a sip. All is lost. You are going to die. Soon. All because you wanted some fucking fizzy refreshment.

Linda, reached down, and undulating her pelvic uterian muscles opened the cans of soda with her herpes sore filled vagina. *Pfooomf* went the can as it sprayed a fine mist of soda squirt.

"Marg-a-linda" said the overtly sensual Tobly as she lowered her head and drank the oozing fluid. "Marg-a-licious. I hope I don't get herpes.

Wait is this a wart?" said Tobly as she slowly removed her ultra-professional ultra-businessy blazer.



Wait. This was supposed to be sensual. Ok, I making this sexy. Here we go. Picture this- one of those smutty hotel rooms with a vibrating bed and stains on the wall. (I wouldn't touch that remote I saw a 20/20 on that once.) Heart shaped bath tub. Oh god yeah. Linda was stretched out, the bed on light vibe, watching day time television licking her own clit. Waiting for her lover. Tobly, beautifully androgounous as usual, busted through the door with a bag full of colorful sex toys. She proclaimed, breathy "CITY HALL! WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THAT!"

Linda vibrating in sheer vibration, could barely eek the words out of her vibrating throat as she called to the enigmatic Tobly, "Come make love to me, for I am a dirty whore that will fuck anyone who I think can help my career."


"And more than anything I want a herped married whore" replied Tobly bouncing on the bed. Tobly began to bounce up and down on the bed like a beach ball on a pile of marshmallow fluff that looked like a rain cloud. Bounce bounce jump bounce jump bouncy jump, soon the two of them holding tight bounced higher and higher, jumping, giggling, and falling into each other's arms.



GODDDAMMIT.

Tobly lit like a bazillion candles which scared the Linda seeing how she was burned to death like 4 chapters ago. "But the mood," cried Tobly. Linda shrieked. "But the mood," cried Tobly. Linda just shrieked again. "But the mooooodle ooooooodle," cried Tobly. Finally they were naked in the bathtub rubbing, oh god yeah, there bodies all over each other. Lathering, soaping, nipple on wet nipple action. "Funny," thought Tobly, thinking a whore would be softer. "WRITE MY BIO, WRITE MY BIO." clucked Linda.

Like a lump of cookie dough hurled at a brick wall their bodies met underneath the hot steamy tub waters. "Bath buddies love bath beads" tattled Tobly with an alliteration that would make an alligator asphyxiate agoriphobically. Tobly crossed her eyes. Linda shrieked. You see this hotel room had no cold water, and the amazingly hot bathtub water was again scalding her charcoal ashy burnt skin.




"Why am I doing this?" thought Tobly as she began to scrub layer after layer of burnt skin off of Linda, and slowly, eat them.

There are over 70 different kind of pickles. It's true. There are angry pickles and sesame pickles and butane pickles and poppycock pickles and porcupine pickles and even pickle flavored pickles. Mason Jar? Thanks for asking.

It
Means
You
Care.

Tobly threw the indian bitch on the bed and her burnt arm fell off. She spread the fastly crumpling legs out and made her way to the pussy. Tobly dove into that pussy like an AIDS filled Olympian hitting his head on the diving board. She ate that bitch out with such furocity it was like she was at a pie eating contest. Cherry, blueberry, pecan, lets see how many types of pie I can list, minced meat, pumpkin, banana cream, chocolate cream, strawberry, strawberry rhubarb, boston cream pie (that's more of a cake),




coconut crème pie, does cheesecake count?, tollhouse pie, sweet potato pie (black people food), pork pie, pot pies, key lime pie, huckleberry... I think that's it. Silly faggot you forgot apple pie. That is not very American of you. You some kind of terrorist? Burning up lady's heart like a night club in bala? Exploding lady's clits like a car bomb? Bring ladies to their knees like, well this seems to be the easiest of analogies but for some reason I have forgotten. Need to remember. Need to stop forgetting, OH YEAH! Bringing ladies to their knees like you on another gay man, you fag?

Tobly tongue waddled in the cootch like a million city life kids doing jumping jacks. And then Linda farted.


Okay, okay, fuck, here we go for real.

Tobly slowly and tenderly lay the wet, soaking, naked Linda, down upon the hotel's silk sheets covered with thousands of lovingly plucked and carefully arranged rose petals. Linda's skin was glossy and shimmered in the moonlight with beads of sweat and bathwater.



Then they went for a picnic. Tobly tossed the checkered blanket down and for some reason was playing the mandolin. How romantic thought the negro that was hung in the tree above the young lovers. Linda quietly cut some cheese and spread it onto her naked body. Why was she picnicking naked? For the God of Lazy Afternoons wouldn't have it any other way. "Trying, trying honestly to write romantically," thought the one writer as he chewed feverishly on a coffee stirrer trying honestly to write romantically, "I didn't think this would be so goddamn hard,"

Tobly took Linda's delicate pale white hand into her own. "I know how you like hand massages." Tobly chortled in her most romantically monotone voice. She began delicately, tenderly rubbing Linda's tendons and stretching and tugging on her fingers. Slowly Tobly brought Linda's hand up to her mouth, and sucked gently on each finger. Tobly's moist tongue then outlined Linda's delicate wrists. She nibbled her way up to Linda's elbow and let her pigeon tongue circle around then the mighty tongue took a short hip hop over landing square on Linda's willing Laffy Taffy nipple. Was Will Smith in In Living Color, The Cosby Show, or Fresh Prince of Bel Air? Huh? Come on I'm trying to win a banner ad




trivia game for a free dinner at Applebees. Oh boy cheese covered steak
here we come!

Tobly licked her way back down Linda's arm and opened her mouth,
swallowing Linda's entire fist and forearm, up to the elbow. Linda
moaned bitchy moan of romance and sensuality as Tobly sucked harder

"Mmmphhh" said Tobly with Linda's fist in her mouth. But what she was
really saying was "Fists of fury." The traveling saleswoman was growing
bored with this bullshit. She never was good with games. And her lice
were itching her something crazy! Tobly took the bottle of champagne,
thrust the top off with her teeth, spit it at the Indian bitch, guzzled down
the entire bottle in one endearing sip, burped, thanked the God of
Bubbly (but knew she would be scolding the God of Headaches and
Nausea soon enough), painted her nails, then turned Linda onto her back
put her traveling saleswoman cowboy boot to her neck and shoved
rammed forced that bottle up her Indian Bitch loose ass.

The Indian bitch loved this, she had never been so in love. "I love you
champagne bottle" the retarded Indian bitch shrieked.



"If you love it so much then marry it!" screamed Tobly as she tore off all of her clothing and began inspecting herself for crab mites, lice, warts, aids sores, strange cuts or bruises from the night before, jaundice, urinary tract infections, ticks, and any tell tale signs of being raped.

"I'm already married" falafeled the Indian bitch.

"THEN KISS IT!" screamed Tobly forcing the bottle out of Linda's gaping asshole and down her widening throat. She took it deep like a fat person plunging their frito chip hard into a seven layer deep lightly whispering "Got to make it to the refried bean layer"

Tobly and Linda's eyes meet, but Linda had to kind of move her head to the right due to Tobly's uneven-my-mom-drunk-while-pregnant eyes.

Then Tobly promptly slapped the bitch and took a pillow and covered the Indian bitch's face till she stopped moving. For the traveling saleswoman must move on, she has grown incredibly bored with this chapter and thinks a tea party with a giraffe would have been more fun that this bullshit.

"More tea Mr di Biumo?" Asked Isao Okano the chimpanzee. "Thank you, indeed." responded Mr di Biumo, "Did I tell you about my electric giraffe boogie?" "No you did not" responded Keith Miller the panda bear. "Well, pass me a slice of that pepperoni, and I will" and Mr di Biumo ate that slice of pizza, and it was delicious, even though, it burnt the roof of his mouth a little.

