

# Dog & Pony Show

by Misti Rainwater-Lites

The girl is a woman is a hole is a Victoria's Secret construct is a douche commercial is a paper doll is a Barbie is a walking wound is a world reduced to a glossy pouting mouth. The man calls because the woman threatens to remove him from her phone.

VAGINA: Hello.

PENIS: Hey there.

VAGINA: What's up?

PENIS: I'm just sitting here looking at my hard dick wondering why I can't come see you.

VAGINA: We're going to meet on Wednesday. We're still strangers.

There isn't anything instant about my pussy.

PENIS: What makes your pussy so phenomenal?

VAGINA: Gee. I don't know. What's so phenomenal about your dick?

Can it sing? Can it dance? Can it teach me a new language?

PENIS: My dick can make you speak in tongues. You don't know dick until you know mine.

VAGINA: That sounds familiar. I've known a lot of dicks.

PENIS: So you're a slut?

VAGINA: Exactly. You really don't want to get laid. Do you keep the corpses of waitresses and topless dancers in your closet? Did your mommy beat you with a curling iron whenever you said naughty words? Ginger or Mary Ann? Veronica or Betty? No sex until marriage, one penis one vagina until death not counting the vaginas you bang on your lunch break at the cubicle farm?

PENIS: What the fuck are you talking about? I'm not a killer, just a guy trying to get his fuck on with a woman who knows how to have fun without acting all crazy and preachy about it. It's just sex.

VAGINA: Oh absolutely. Dogs fuck. Cats fuck. Gnats fuck. Humans fuck. I have a problem with anonymous fucking. I have a problem with fucking when it's reduced to the lowest common fucking denominator. I prefer soul and even a certain amount of perspicacity

---

Available online at [«http://fictionaut.com/stories/misti-rainwater-lites/dog-pony-show»](http://fictionaut.com/stories/misti-rainwater-lites/dog-pony-show)

Copyright © 2014 Misti Rainwater-Lites. All rights reserved.

with my penis. But I'm a picky bitch. For a slut I'm pretty goddamn selective.

PENIS: Well if you aren't going to come over tonight and fuck me the least you could do is send me a picture of your asshole.

The boy is a man is a guy is a smoked snack stick is a guide to picking up chicks at online dating sites is an Axe body wash commercial is a robot cartoon is a cautionary tale is a a zombie tv series reject is a country reduced to a whining drooling dog mouth. The man sends dick pics and promises to the woman because he can't stand his own company and jacking off to porn gets old after a while.

PENIS: So are you coming over?

VAGINA: No. I'm jonesing for some good old-fashioned self-immolation.

PENIS: You're turning me off.

VAGINA: Oh shit. That's disastrous. See, you aren't exactly ringing my bell either. I'm thinking we aren't a match. I'm an idealist. I'd like to break bread with a man, look into his eyes and imagine him naked, hear his thoughts about various things, before actually, you know, fucking his brains out. I'm into the whole suspense thing.

PENIS: So you want the dog and pony show.

VAGINA: The dog and pony show. If that's what you want to call getting to know someone before fucking them then yes. Bring on the poodles and Shetlands. But not in a pornographic way. In a circus kind of way.

PENIS: I guess we won't meet after all.

VAGINA: No. We totally should.

PENIS: Why would we?

VAGINA: Precisely.

