

Lady Jaided

The premier magazine for today's sensual woman

HOME | THIS MONTH | NEXT MONTH | DISCUSSION FORUMS | SUBSCRIBE | PRESS | LOGOUT

LJonline

LAST MONTH

NEXT MONTH

VIEW LIBRARY

Monthly Features

EDITOR'S LETTER

BITCHIN' POST

WHO KNEW?

KISSING SISTERS

EMPRESS ON THE MOUNT

SEXY / NOT SEXY

TSTL

CONFESSIONAL

KANDIDLY KAY

WANDERLUST

JAID'S TIRADE

A PASSION FOR FOOD

THE BAWDY BOOK REVIEW

SYNECA'S SEXTROLOGY

DEVILISH DOT'S G SPOT

A MODEL WORLD

MAN WATCH

Wild for You, Baby



*The chimpanzees, in the zoos, do it,
Some courageous kangaroos do it,
Let's do it, let's fall in love.
Locusts in trees do it, bees do it,
Even overeducated fleas do it,
Let's do it, let's fall in love.*

- Cole Porter, 1928

When the "kink" in your kinky goes slack ... when your ho' becomes hum ... when swinging from the chandelier was as wild as you got, and now that you've both gained some weight, it's downright dangerous ... what's a fun-lovin' couple to do?

I suggest we turn to the scientific research community for help. If studying the animals was good enough for Drs. Pavlov, Skinner and Doolittle, it's certainly good enough for us. Ah, the animals, those instinctual creatures of majesty. Surely they can instruct us in the rituals of mating by their simple, time-honored ways. They may not only instruct, but actually inspire. Let's examine further:

Our first subject is the magnificent black rhino, *Diceros Bicornis*, and don't let the "Bi" fool you; he only chases skirts. Well, not actually skirts — more like thick, gray skin, almost hairless and quite thick about the thighs.

The female rhino (let's call her "Lovey") will lure her man by peeing on the bushes in short, backward bursts. The male will come along and sniff said bushes. The act of sniffing the bushes, with his prehensile lip curled, nose wrinkled and lifted head is called "making Flehman." To dissuade any other suitors who might be lurking about, he flings her dung as far away as he can, leaving his hapless rivals to wander in circles, looking for Lovey in all the wrong places. He then chews the leaves of the bush she has peed on, and if they taste right, then by golly, she's the gal for him.

No personal profile, no pictures, no requirements as to religion, politics or weight are necessary. Hence, no need for signing up with YaPooh! Personals. When he finally meets up with Lovey, he'll let her know his amorous intentions by doing a stiff-legged dance. To increase her allure, as if urine-scented bushes weren't enough, she cocks her tail in response. Bingo! Baby rhinos ensue.

Translation into human terms: Forget makin' whoopee. Let's concentrate on makin' Flehman. Inspired by our love rhinos, a couple could try the above almost any place where there's a patch of green: New York's Central Park, L.A.'s Griffith Park, the Boston Commons, San Francisco's Union Square, etc. Peeing backward in short bursts might be a challenge for her, but with

enough work on the Kegel muscles, it could happen. If he doesn't dance all that well, he may have to put in some hours at Arthur Murray's to get that stiff-legged, two-step honed to perfection. And if our couple gets arrested for alleged lewd behavior? According to all those Triple-X porn films, a steamy jail cell with hookers and pimps is nothing short of nirvana.

Turning to the Deep, let's study the lobster. Only the toughest, baddest boy on the block makes the girlies flock. Like groupies after a Bon Jovi concert, the femmes gather on the doorstep of his shelter/swinging bachelor pad. Because they have urine-release nozzles located directly under their eyes, they spray the dude in the face as soon as he opens the door. The hottie with the sweetest, pheromone-laced pee gets to enter. She undresses down to her birthday suit, sans shell, and he mounts her missionary style. She then lives with him for approximately 10 days, until she grows a new shell.

Maybe this scenario would work for the more conservative ladies among us, but modifications would have to be implemented. Strong Kegel muscles or not, one would have to resort to urinating into some kind of vessel. And for the clinically shy, maybe she could request lights-out before a full disrobe. But between living with the guy, and one-time, missionary sex, this just might appeal to the Victorian set. Even though they won't readily admit it, they want hot sex, too. Get them naked behind a bad boy's door, golden showers and all, and love (along with other, more liquid elements) is in the air.

Then there's the lobster's radical opposite, the female, balls-to-the-wall spotted hyena. This babe not only calls the shots, but makes them, too. Meaning that her clitoris turns into an elongated penis that she uses to literally screw the male. No wonder the hyena is known for her laugh. Like a Swiss Army Knife, this faux cock is shockingly utilitarian as well; she also urinates and gives birth with it.

Our parallel would obviously be a strap-on. But oh, for the real thing! I admit it: I have a raging case of hyena penis envy. Oh, to talk the talk, and walk the cock.

Some females in the animal world are mean. Take for example, the game of cricket. If Cricket Boy doesn't spoon with Crick-Chick for at least 30 minutes after mating, instead of using his sperm for her eggs, she can reach around and eat it for lunch. Talk about severe—if he doesn't do the post-coital cuddle, then no heirs for him. And then there's the praying mantis, who sometimes kills her mate after copulation. One species eats only his head, and scientists have said this causes his body to ejaculate faster. Sure gives new meaning to giving head.

And we think human courtship is hard ...

Upon second thought, I think I'll stick with my own species. Maybe swinging from the chandelier is about as wild as I want to get.

[top of page](#)