

“Look, mister, it isn’t my fault that your lady came to me for sexual relief.”



Hey, bird dog get away from my chick
Hey, bird dog you better get away quick
Bird dog you better find a chicken little of your own
—The Everly Brothers, “Bird Dog”

I**N 1950S GREASER SLANG, A “BIRD DOG”** was someone who raided the chicken coop when the rooster wasn’t around, making off with the hen...or at least some of her eggs. It’s a guy who pursues a girl even though—or maybe because—he knows she has a boyfriend.

I have gleefully played the role of Bird Dog throughout my adult life, with one notable twist that is both nobler and more sinister than the ordinary situation—I let the girls pursue me even though they have boyfriends. I have never...no, not once ever in my life...consciously made the first move on a woman, whether or not I knew she had a boyfriend. I’m too afraid of rejection to be so bold. But none of this has stopped them from making moves on me.

I’ve counted nearly a dozen situations from my past—11, to be exact...I wish it was 12, because it sounds much cooler to say “a dozen,” but in truth it is only 11—where women in allegedly “committed” relationships went a-fishin’ for me and I swallowed the bait. In three of these cases, the hussies were married!

For years, all of the girls who would eventually become my girlfriends—ALL of them—had boyfriends when they first met me. And ALL of them initiated our first sexual contact.

They usually dump their boyfriends immediately, even though I’ve made no promise. They seek sex from me and then, for some reason, they want a relationship. Some of them invariably become my girlfriends, but it’s never as exciting like it was at first, when I was the Other Man.

I’M A BAD BOYFRIEND AND A GOOD FUCK—the perfect combination for a Bird Dog. It’s a good life and it’s a fun life, but it’s also a dangerous life. I am here to provide you with a service, but I am not your daddy, your boyfriend, nor even a person who likes you very much. I’m just the one who leaves you walking bowlegged when I’m done.

I’m not looking for a relationship. I’ll just help you feel good for a few hours before I kick you back into your boring little world.

When one is bird-doggin’, the second most dangerous risk you face is the possibility that the girl’s boyfriend or husband could hunt you down and kill you.

But the scariest risk of all is that she’ll fall in love with you, leave him, and then go psycho when you explain that you never intended to play “Boyfriend and Girlfriend” with her.

RARE IS THE COUPLE that can maintain lust for one another year after year. After a while, the desire dries up like an old seahorse.

One by one the ladies would come to me, all with the same lament.

They’d sigh and tell me that they love him, but they’re just not excited by him sexually anymore.

“He’s a nice guy. I just don’t want to fuck him.”

Who knows what killed their lust? Maybe it was the rigors of cohabitation, the hundredth time she heard him fart on the toilet through a closed bathroom door. Maybe he snores or has smelly feet or rotten breath or doesn’t wipe himself as thoroughly as he should.

These men aren’t necessarily evil or irresponsible. They are something far worse. They are dull. They are men who deliver financially and emotionally, but not sexually. They bring home the bacon but not the sausage.

Because of this, I fuck the girls extra-hard. I send them home sore. They know why they come to me. I provide them with a service. I’m here to help.

In each case, I’m flattered and aroused at the idea of being able to satisfy them in ways their boyfriends can’t.

God blessed me with a nice body and a wonderful penis and an attractive scent in order to give

the ladies pleasure. If I can give them something better, why should I feel guilty?

Let HIM wash the dishes and fix the refrigerator.

Let HIM pay the bills and drive her to acting class.

I don’t mind being the male equivalent of a mistress—a “histress”? A “mister”? Were it not for its innate precariousness and instability, it would be the perfect situation for me.

I REMEMBER ALL OF THE BOYFRIENDS and husbands—some fat, some bald, some underendowed, but all of them pathetic.

The bespectacled poet/father.

The pug-faced drummer.

The silent metalhead.

The mopey Injun.

The ugly sport fisherman.

The chubby alcoholic closet queen.

The cokehead magazine editor.

The mildly well-known artist.

The clueless Alabama businessman.

A bunch of other Faceless Angry Shlubs.

I feel sorry for all these men, but never sorry enough to regret what I’ve done or to stop doing it again.

I didn’t feel bad as I walked around his San Francisco apartment buck-naked while she talked to him long-distance in Europe.

I didn’t mind having her husband stare at me dejectedly across the dinner table at Thanksgiving, knowing that sooner or later I’d be fucking his wife just because of the way she was looking at me and talking to me.

I don’t mind when she squints and tells me she’s still “getting used to the size.”

LOOK, MISTER, IT ISN’T MY FAULT that your lady came to me for sexual relief. She approached me with a problem—one that YOU, not she, created. I’ve tried her out a few times, and there’s nothing wrong with her sexually. She’s certainly not the best that I’ve had, but it’s not like any of her parts are broken, either. So if you were having bad sex, I can only blame it on you.

It’s not like I want to be her boyfriend. I’m not stealing anything of yours—I’m just borrowing it from you. Maybe she’s a little worse for wear and tear, but hey, that’s not my problem.

Don’t be angry with me—I’m just a happy fella lookin’ for a good time. And don’t be mad at her—she’s only seeking the satisfaction that comes from being in the arms of a real man. Be angry with yourself, my friend. *Mon frere. Mi amigo.*

If you had sufficient size...or finesse...or a delicious aroma like I do...you wouldn’t be facing this pain and humiliation right now.

So don’t try to kick my ass. You’d probably lose, anyway, just like you lost the battle for her pussy. That pussy is mine. I’ve taught it to meow, to sit and roll over, and to stand at attention on its haunches.

I’ll bet she’s been less bitchy since I started fucking her, right? So what’s the prob?



Look at it another way:

She was hungry ‘cause you’ve been starving her, so she comes to me for a seven-course meal. Why would you be angry with me for feeding the woman you love? Why are you not angry with yourself for refusing to feed her?

She, not I, was the one who kept referring to you as stupid. She was the one who kept calling you a loser. She was the one who said that you wouldn’t be able to find her G-spot even if you had a flashlight and a miner’s helmet. I have no beef with you. If anything, I feel sorry for you, because your girlfriend is kind of a cunt.

Look, I did you a favor. She’s an untrustworthy, mean, conniving, self-pitying whore. We both know it. And she isn’t even that good-looking or skilled in the sack. No offense to you, of course. I’m sure that compared to what you’re used to, she’s fine.

But I’ve got other eggs to snatch and other chickens to catch.

THE PERILS AND
PLEASURES OF
FUCKING ANOTHER
MAN’S WOMAN

BIRD-DOGGIN’!