



# PUG PORN

inside the sinister, glamorous, and lucrative underworld of "pugnographic" cinema

**THE SMALL BEAST TWISTS AND GRUNTS AND SQUEALS** under the hot camera lights in this cheap motel room while two well-hung human studs put her through the motions. One man stands in the front, one in the rear, sharing their massive manhood with the pint-sized canine. The tiny ogre-faced house pet looks off-camera as if seeking help, panting and howling, grinding and barking, bringing these two men to the foothills of unparalleled bestial delights. Her diminutive-yet-well-muscled haunches straddle the purplish member of the fellow who rides her "doggy style," her compact pug womb choking his man-meat like the tight skin of a big baloney sausage, delivering a level of suction and friction that no human woman can hope to offer. The dog's wide-yet-shallow mouth struggles to contain the other man's throbbing Horn of Love as it prods and pokes and shoves deeper into a throat more suited for Milk Bones than human penises.

The raw, tangy smell of animal sex—human and canine—swirls through the motel room as if generated by a Glade Plug-In™ air freshener. The sweat of human testicles mingles with the juices of a 20-pound pug bitch's vagina, and the pungent intergender, interspecies aromas drive everyone in the room—including the film crew and yours truly, a humble reporter seeking the truth about pornography and its relevance to human spirituality—to disrobe and begin wildly masturbating. Our circle jerk tightens nooselike around the object of our lust, the sourpussed, smushy-faced, rotten little "Chinese Bulldog," while we humans begin a rhythmic chant of "woof, woof" as if we were audience members during a spirited taping of *The Late Show With Arsenio Hall*.

Although we pelt her fawn torso with cum bullets, the pug looks up at us with a wide-open mouth that curls upward at the corners as if she's smiling. She takes our loads like a trouper, and there is something in her expression which vaguely taunts us as if to say, "Is that all you got, Master?"

The pug in question, "Lulu," is a veteran of over eight dozen hardcore adult films featuring live sex acts between humans and pugs. The most recent installment of Lulu's popular video series, *Take it Like a Bitch*, received an *Adult Video News* Award for "Hottest Human/Canine Anal Scene." Although she is barely three years old, Lulu has spent most of her adult life in motel rooms like these, with camera crews like these, taking it in every hole from adult-film actors such as these.

"And she never complains," beams *Take it Like a Bitch* video auteur Günter Spätzl, who first spotted Lulu at a puppy farm in Chatsworth, California, and has since groomed her—along with "Bitsy Mae" and the legendary pug whore "Snugglebunny"—into one of the top three female pugnographic film stars in the world. "She never asks for money, she isn't afraid to do black guys, and I know she isn't going to find religion one day and just up and testify against me to Congress," Spätzl says as I sign a model-release form allowing him to use my masturbation scene in Lulu's upcoming video showcase, *Bitch Looks Like a Lady*. "She is the essence of a professional. She's everything an adult-film director could want in his talent."

Spätzl's film oeuvre, which includes titles such as *Pugs Gone Wild*, *Flat Face/Tight Ass*, and *Daddy's Got a Bone-Bone*, all fall under the umbrella of "pugnography," a term used to describe a recent explosion of pornographic films depicting interspecies sex between humans and pugs. "Pugs are the perfect canine adult-film stars," Spätzl explains. "Their small size makes them inexpensive to feed, and their ample musculature allows them to endure rigorous sexual activity with a minimum of wear-and-tear. Plus, consumers think they're adorable. They aren't some big scary Doberman that's going to make your average porn consumer feel inadequate, and they aren't so tiny—like a Chihuahua—that a few righteous reamings are going to kill the poor little thing. I've tried other dogs, and no other breed guarantees a hot sex scene better than a pug. It's like they were born to fuck."

**"I'd rather fuck a pug than a two-legged bitch any day. The only downside of sex with pugs is with the blowjobs. They tend to bite a little."**

"**PEOPLE CALL ME NASTY NAMES** all the time because of my film work with pugs," says Steed Bronson, a tanned steroid casualty with a 23-inch penis and an extensive history of starring in pugnographic features. "I've heard 'em all—'pug fucker,' 'puppy lover,' 'doggie dicker'—and after a while, the names just don't bother me anymore. I'm comfortable with my sexuality, and I'm grateful for the opportunity to bone some of the world's hottest pugs."

As we sit in his hot tub sipping Mimosas and watching *Days of Our Lives*, I ask Bronson why he prefers working with pugs over human actresses. "Three reasons," he says, half-coughing as he passes me a joint of PCP-laced marijuana. "First off, they don't speak English. It's not like they're going to ask for your cell-phone number or want a relationship or start bitching you out about how you watch too much football and spend too much time with your friends. Second, I know these bitches are clean—human STDs and canine STDs aren't transmissible between species. Whereas I wouldn't fuck a human female porn star without wearing a scuba-diving outfit, I can power-drill as many pugs as I want without having to wear a condom."

We pause, basking in the champagne, Angel Dust, and therapeutic hot bubbling water. "So what's the third reason?" I finally ask him.

"Tight pussy," he says, winking. "REALLY tight pussy, bro. I'd rather fuck a pug than a two-legged bitch any day. The only downside of sex with pugs is with the blowjobs. They tend to bite a little."

"**I AM SHOCKED, APPALLED, OUTRAGED**, nauseated, sickened, inflamed, infuriated, and imbued with a sense of bloodthirsty righteous homicidal intent toward all pig bastard humanoids who peddle pug flesh for profit," says Tammy Merkin, director of REPUGNANT, a grass-roots organization which lobbies against pugnography and, according to its Mission Statement, "seeks to abolish, now and for time immemorial, the sexual exploitation of pugs and, by extension, all cute little doggies and kitty-cats."

"I sleep with my pugs," says



Merkin as we nibble on a coconut-shrimp platter at the Denny's on MLK, "but I don't, you know, SLEEP with my pugs. I see them as warm beings, as caring beings, as loving beings—as beings who are every bit as spiritual as humans, and sometimes even more so, especially because they aren't leaving you every five minutes like a goddamned man does—but I draw the line, and I call the cops, when pugs start being treated as sexual beings. I believe the Goddess made humans to have human sex with other humans, and for pugs to have pug sex with other pugs, and it grieves Goddess greatly to see humans having sex with pugs, or, even worse, for pugs to have sex with humans."

"How do you propose to stop the problem?" I ask, using a fork to dislodge a fragment of shrimp shell stuck between my teeth.

"Castrate everyone involved in the pugnography industry," Merkin replies without missing a beat. "I'm talking everyone—actors, directors, crew members, all the way down to the sickos who stock these titles in their stores and the worthless pieces of darn crap who rent these videos and achieve sexual release thereby. Castrate them all. Get a big dirty meat cleaver and just WHOOSH!—hack off their boy parts. Toss 'em in a dumpster and let a bunch of alley cats just chew on their dismembered guy pieces."

"Anything more constructive than ritual castration?" I ask her, running my fingers through her hair and smacking my lips like a randy mule.

"Sure," she shrugs. "I'd suppose you'd have to kill them all afterwards."

I grow skeptical of her agenda and, indeed, her sanity. "I mean, I've never heard a pug complain about it," I challenge her, "and it's common knowledge that a female pug's vagina will swell in such a manner that a man's penis will get stuck there until the bitch reaches orgasm. If the dog cums, and if she gets a fresh bowl of food and water in the deal, how can you say she's being exploited? Don't we occupy a loftier position in the food chain than pugs, and if so, isn't it the human porn actors who are being degraded here rather than the pugs?"

"It matters not who's being degraded here," Merkin says coyly while slipping me her cell-phone number and a crude sexually themed drawing on a piece of tattered napkin. "As long as living creatures are being degraded somewhere, I'll have a purpose in life."

Those wishing to help end the sexual exploitation of pugs in our lifetime can send cash donations via PayPal to [jj@jimgoad.net](mailto:jj@jimgoad.net).



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**THE NEW (smushed-up) FACE OF BESTIALITY PORNO** (clockwise from left)  
1. Horny male pug studs await their turn during an all-day shoot with a blonde human adult-film starlet...  
2. Tired female pug-porn actress is

"fluffed" as she awaits eight hours more of filming under the hot lights...  
3. "Bambi Sue," title character in *The World's Biggest Anal Pug Gang Bang*, relaxes after taking more than 100 cocks in her ass over the course of 11 grueling hours—a new World Record for a pug!



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