

Squirting!

is **FEMALE EJACULATION** real...
...or is it just **PISS?**

As the fat warhog's snatch spewed a geyser all over my face, dripping down onto the couch and soaking the carpet to the point that it made a splashing sound when I stood up and stepped in it, I realized that this cheating housewife wasn't kidding when she warned me she "squirted" every time she had an orgasm. A basic "sniff test" determined that this fluid was not, as scoffers have suggested, a rude expulsion of urine. It was dark in the room (I couldn't bear to look at her pockmarked, makeup-caked, prematurely aged face), so I was unable to determine the fluid's color. However, I was certain that the watery substance bore none of human pee-pee's unmistakably acrid stench. It was odorless—although, sadly, her vagina was not.

A week later, as I rutted her in my laughably tiny studio apartment, Miss Piggy closed her eyes, tensed her vadge muscles, and shot forth another fire-extinguisher's worth of fluid, soaking my balls and the tasteful pink futon which lay beneath us. This whale's blowhole was always puking fluid.

She was my first squirter. I soon dumped her as if she were a piece of poop plopping from my buttocks, although it had nothing to do with the squirting. In fact, the squirting was the only remotely interesting thing about her.

Roughly two years later, at a time when my self-esteem had become sufficiently elevated to afford sexual congress with a slimmer, sexier, younger lass, I was squirted upon again. She was a diminutive sprite with snake tattoos whose vagina worked like a speed blender. The little chippie was riding me on top as I lay on my wildly sexy fake-leather couch when she suddenly closed her

eyes and buckled forward as if punched in the stomach. Immediately I felt the warm fluid soaking my shaven testicles and dripping down 'tween my butt crack, eventually leaving a pizza-sized stain beneath the sofa cushions. Again, the fluid was odorless. Snake Girl marveled that this had never happened before. She said the orgasm felt different—more intense—and that at the point of climax, she envisioned a golden spinning symbol which I won't identify for fear of offending our Jewish readers.

She was my second, and, as of this writing, my last squirter.

I made the mistake of relating the latter tale to a pathologically jealous girlfriend, who became furious at the idea that my finely crafted penis had induced such a wallopingly aquatic orgasm in someone. "You must like being pissed on, huh?" she taunted me. "You're pretty sick. Why don't I just piss on you, since you seem to like it so much?"

"It wasn't piss," I gently countered. "It was 'female ejaculation.'" Some girls can do it, some girls can't," I stated with cool indifference, letting my eyes communicate pity that she was one of the unfortunates who couldn't squirt.

And yet, as is often the case when I haven't reached my thrice-daily masturbation quota, a faint hint of self-doubt crept into my battered skull. What if Jealous Non-Squirting Girlfriend was right? What if there is no such thing as "female ejaculation"? What if I'm a simple rube who's been hornswoggled by the sex-positive carnival barkers who've convinced me that these wet-'n'-wild episodes were something more than cruel jokes perpetrated by women who couldn't do the proper thing and wait until they skipped off to the loo before unleashing their bladders all over my nutsac?

DETERMINED TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS, I did what I normally do when I have an hour left on deadline and am unprepared because I've spent most of the month fucking other guys' girlfriends—I hastily Googled the topic and have messily compiled my findings in the hope that you'll see them as something other than the shoddy research and half-baked conclusions they invariably represent.

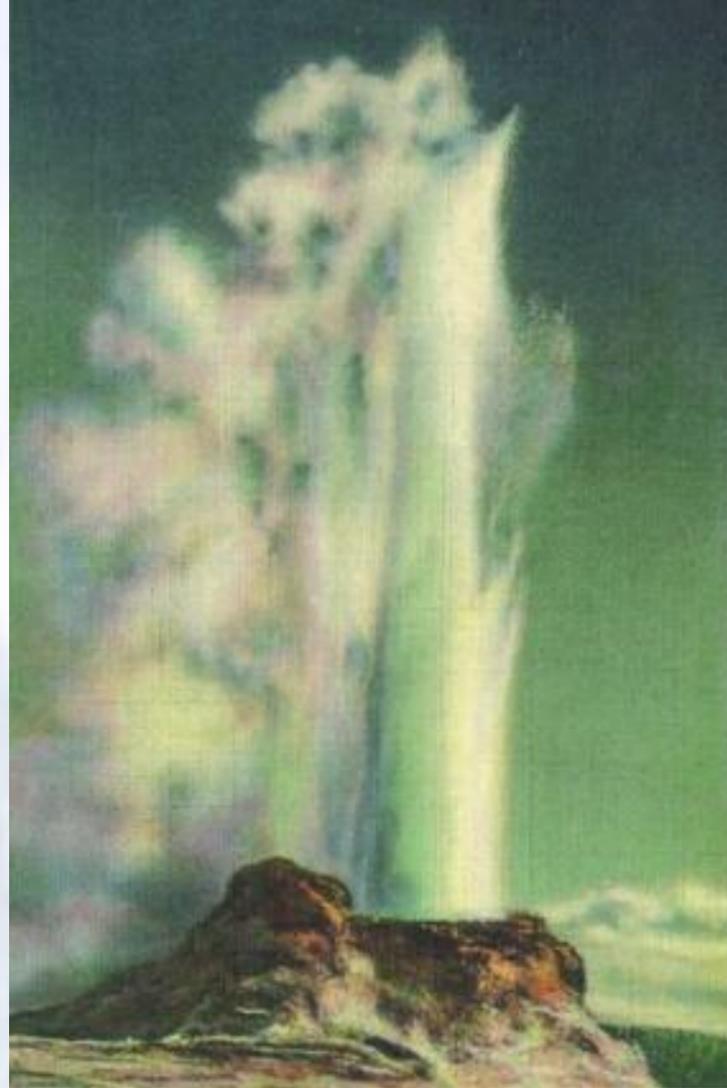
"Research has demonstrated that all women ejaculate a substance through the urethra that is not urine," states Beverly Whipple, president of the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists, and with such a windy title, the bitch damn sure better know what she's talking about.

This Mystery Sauce, this tsunami of girl-cum, is mentioned throughout ancient literature. It was alluded to as early as the 4th century B.C. by a writer who distinguished between a woman's "red and white fluids." Aristotle, sex-crazed horndog that he was, made note of vaginal eruptions which were odorless and left no stain on his finely laundered Greek sheets. Such fluids were also cited by Roman author Galen, of whom I know little and about whom I care even less. The American Indians, bless their vanquished souls, spoke of the "mixing of male and female fluids" during the sacred act of intercourse. In 1672, Dutch physiologist Reigner DeGraaf observed that Dutch chicks would often expel "large quantities" of fluid through their urethral ducts during sex and that it was analogous in pleasure to male ejaculation. "During the sexual act," DeGraaf wrote, "it discharges to lubricate the tract so copiously that it even flows outside the pudenda. This is the matter which may have been taken to be actual female semen."

Vaginal explorer Ernest Grafenberg, discoverer of the "G-spot," wrote in 1950 that proper stimulation of the now-infamous lima-bean-sized pleasure button would often result in "large quantities of a clear, transparent fluid...not from the vulva, but out of the urethra in gushes."

However, it wasn't until the 1980s that researchers finally got the bright idea to analyze this "female semen" to determine exactly what it was. Studies conducted by two clowns called Whipple and Perry determined that the liquid bore some similarities to urine, but compared to piss, it was much lower in creatinine and urea and much higher in glucose and prostate acid phosphatase, components which are commonly found in male ejaculatory fluid. This fluid originates from the Skene's glands (a.k.a. the G-spot or, in some circles, the "female prostate") and is chemically similar to male semen except for the sperm.

Some researchers believe that all females release some ejaculatory



fluid during orgasm, but since it may comprise less than a teaspoonful, it often becomes mixed with their vaginal lubrication and passes unnoticed. However, one researcher found a woman who ejaculated TWO CUPS of girl-goo in one shot. Another physician studied a woman who expelled nearly a QUART. Yowsa bowsa holy cowsa! Would you like a donut with that, honey? Can I get you some Gatorade so you can rehydrate?

The Internet is a bastion of unholy squirting websites, many featuring videos of dubious authenticity showing women spouting Old Faithful-style blasts of cunt-vomit from their holes. In some cases, these women are probably urinating rather than squirting female ejaculatory fluid. In others, they cram their vaginney-holes with water or other fluids before filming and then try to pass off what amounts to a vaginal enema as an authentic squirting episode. Websites with fancy-

pants names such as "Real Squirt," "Squirters TV," "Squirt Crazy," "Pussy Squirting Carly," "Nasty Fetish," "Jacking Teens," "Sexy Gushers," "Teen Gushers," and "Drippy Slits" cater to the sick lusts of men who somehow find the sight of vaginas spouting off like garden hoses to be arousing. Porn auteur Seymore Butts made a pretty penny with his *Squirters I* and *II* videos. And somewhere in the mix, the ubiquitous Ron Jeremy is getting his mustache wet and cashing in on the trend.

SO MY JEALOUS EX-GIRLFRIEND WAS WRONG. I do not enjoy being pissed upon. I am not a sick man nor some sort of gutter pervert who basks in female waste products. I am not now, nor have I ever been, someone predisposed to wallowing in urine. I am, in fact, a meat-eating, pussy-hunting American male who is surprisingly virile for his advanced age, a man who is able to induce aquatic cataclysms in at least two of the dozens of vaginas I've sampled since being paroled. I am not the one with the problem. My ex-girlfriend, in fact, is the one with the problem. It was her problem for thinking that I had the problem...rather than her. She's the one with the problem. Not me. Just wanted to make that clear.

But a broader, more troubling question emerges: What are we as Americans to do about female ejaculation? More importantly, how can we prevent women from educating themselves about it? I, for one, consider it dangerous for females to feel this much pleasure. In a very real way, I almost would rather it be piss.

