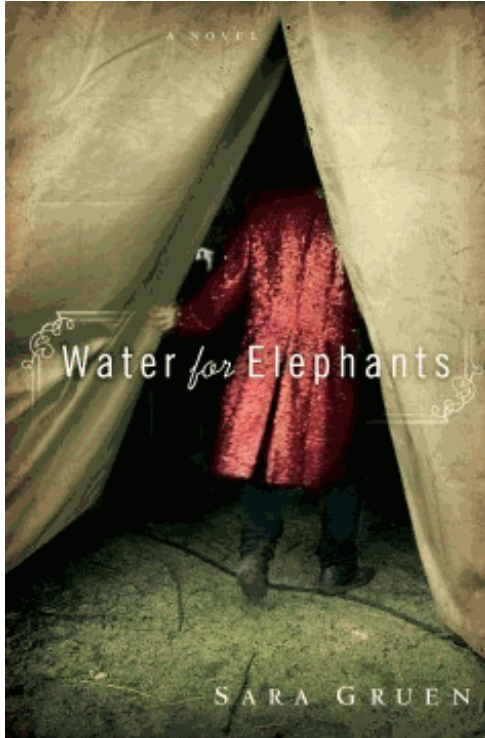


WATER FOR ELEPHANTS



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual nudity; sexual activities; and profanity.

Adult

By Sarah Gruen

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4/5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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44	The woman is a statuesque redhead with eyelashes too long to be real and a beauty spot painted next to her full lips. Her legs are long, her hips full, her chest a stupefaction. She is down to a G- string, a glimmering translucent shawl, and a gloriously overflowing brassiere. She shakes her shoulders, keeping gelatinous time with the small band of musicians to her right. She takes a few strides, sliding across the stage in feathered mules. The snare drum rolls, and she stops, her mouth open in mock surprise. She throws her head back, exposing her throat and sliding her hands down around the cups of her brassiere. She leans forward, squeezing until the flesh swells between her fingers. I scan the sidewalls. A pair of shoe tips peeks under the edge of the canvas. I approach, keeping close to the wall. Just in front of the shoes, I swing the pipe and smack the canvas. There's a grunt, and the shoes disappear. I pause with my ear to the seam, and then return to my post. The redhead sways with the music, caressing her shawl with lacquered nails. It has gold or silver woven through it and sparkles as she slides it back and forth across her shoulders. She drops forward suddenly at the waist, throws her head back, and shimmies. The men holler. Two or three stand, shaking their fists in encouragement. I glance at Cecil, whose steely gaze tells me to watch them. The woman stands up, turns her back, and strides to the center of the stage. She passes the shawl between her legs, slowly grinding against it. Groans rise from the audience. She spins so she's facing us and continues sliding the shawl back and forth, pulling it so tight the cleft of her vulva shows. "Take it off, baby! Take it all off!" The men are getting rowdier; more than half are on their feet. Cecil beckons me forward with one hand. I step closer to the rows of folding chairs. The shawl drops to the floor and the woman turns her back once again. She shakes her hair so it ripples over her shoulder blades and raises her hands so that they meet at the clasp of her brassiere. A cheer rises from the crowd. She pauses to look over her shoulder and winks, running the straps coquettishly down her arms. Then she drops the bra to the floor and spins around, clutching her breasts in her hands. A howl of protest rises from the men. "Aw, come on, sugar, show us what you got!" She shakes her head, pouting coyly. "Aw, come on! I spent fifty cents!" She shakes her head, blinking demurely at the floor. Suddenly her eyes and mouth spring open and she pulls her hands away. Those majestic globes drop. They come to an abrupt stop before swinging gently, even though she's standing perfectly still. There's a collective intake of breath, a moment of awed silence before the men whoop in delight. "Atta girl!" "Lord have mercy!" "Hot damn!" She caresses herself, lifting and kneading, rolling her nipples between her fingers. She stares lasciviously down at the men, running her tongue across her upper lip. A drum roll begins. She grasps each hardened point firmly between thumb and forefinger and pulls one breast so that its nipple points at the ceiling. Its shape changes utterly as the weight redistributes. Then she drops it—it falls suddenly,

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	almost violently. She hangs onto the nipple and lifts the other in the same upward arc. She alternates, picking up speed. Lifting, dropping, lifting, dropping—by the time the drum cuts out and the trombone kicks in, her arms move so fast they’re a blur, her flesh an undulating, pumping mass. The men holler, screaming their approval. “Oh yeah!” “Gorgeous, baby! Gorgeous!” “Praise the sweet Lord!” Another drum roll begins. She leans forward at the waist and those glorious tits swing, so heavy, so low—a foot long, at least, wider and rounded at the ends, as though each contains a grapefruit. She rolls her shoulders; first one, and then the other, so her breasts move in opposite directions. As the speed increases, they swing in ever-widening circles, lengthening as they gain momentum. Before long, they’re meeting in the center with an audible slap. Jesus. There could be a riot in the tent and I wouldn’t know it. There’s not a drop of blood left in my head. The woman straightens up and then drops into a curtsy. When she stands, she scoops a breast up to her face and slides her tongue around its nipple. Then she slurps it into her mouth. She stands there shamelessly sucking her own tit as the men wave their hats, pump their fists, and scream like animals. She drops it, gives the slick nipple a final tweak, and then blows the men a kiss. She leans down long enough to retrieve her diaphanous shawl and disappears, her arm raised so that the shawl trails behind her, a shimmering banner. “All right then, boys,” says Cecil, clapping his hands and climbing the stairs to the stage. “Let’s have a big hand for our Barbara!” The men cheer and whistle, clapping with hands held high. “Yup, ain’t she something? What a lady. And it’s your lucky day, boys, because for tonight only, she’ll be accepting a limited number of gentleman callers after the show. This is a real honor, fellas. She’s a gem, our Barbara. A real gem.” The men crowd toward the exit, slapping each other on the back, already exchanging memories. “Did you see those titties?” “Man, what a rack. What I wouldn’t give to play with those for a while.” I’m glad nothing requires my intervention, because I’m trying hard to maintain my composure. This is the first time I’ve ever seen a woman naked and I don’t think I’ll ever be the same.
63	I’m lying on the floor, looking up at the stripper’s dangling breasts. Her nipples, brown and the size of silver dollar pancakes, swing in circles—out and around, SLAP. Out and around, SLAP. I feel a pang of excitement, then remorse, and then nausea. And then I’m... I’m...
78	Rumor has it that Chaz's tiny penis even gets erections.
81	I flip one open. A crudely drawn Olive Oyl lies on a bed with her legs open, naked but for her shoes. She spreads herself with her fingers. Popeye appears in a thought bubble above her head, with a bulging erection that reaches to his chin. Wimpy, with an equally enormous erection, peers through the window.

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107	Bathing is even more embarrassing, because I have to strip down to my birthday suit in front of a nurse. Now, there are some things that never die, so even though I'm in my nineties my sap sometimes rises. I can't help it. They always pretend not to notice. They're trained that way, I suppose, although pretending not to notice is almost worse than noticing. It means they consider me nothing more than a harmless old man sporting a harmless old penis that still gets uppity once in a while. Although if one of them took it seriously and tried to do something about it, the shock would probably kill me. Once she's gone I quite enjoy my shower. I take the shower head from its mount and spray my body from up close, aiming it over my shoulders and down my back and then over each of my skinny limbs. I even hold my head back with my eyes shut and let the spray hit my face full on. I pretend it's a tropical shower, shaking my head and reveling in it. I even enjoy the feel of it down there, on that shriveled pink snake that fathered five children so long ago. Sometimes, when I'm in bed, I close my eyes and remember the look—and especially the feel—of a woman's naked body. Usually it's my wife's, but not always. I was completely faithful to her. Not once in more than sixty years did I stray, except in my imagination, and I have a feeling she wouldn't have minded that. She was a woman of extraordinary understanding.
131	I hear thrashing in the long grass and pause to investigate. I see a woman's bare legs spread wide with a man between them. He grunts and ruts like a billy goat. His trousers are down around his knees, his hairy buttocks pumping up and down. She grasps his shirt in her fists, moaning with each thrust. It takes me a moment to realize what I'm looking at—when I do, I wrench my eyes away and wobble forward.
133	"Well now, what have we here?" says a sultry voice from somewhere very nearby. My eyes pop open. A foot's length of tightly packed cleavage is directly under my nose. I run my eyes up it until I see a face. It's Barbara. I blink quickly, trying to see only one of her. Oh God—it's no use. But no—wait. It's okay. It's not multiple Barbaras. It's multiple women. "Hi, honey," says Barbara, reaching out and stroking my face. "You doing okay?" "Mmm," I say, trying to nod. Her fingertips linger under my chin as she turns to the blonde crouching beside her. "So young. Oh, he's cute as a button, isn't he, Nell?" Nell takes a drag from a cigarette and blows the smoke from the side of her mouth. "Sure is. Don't think I've seen him before." "He was helping out at the cooch tent a few nights ago," says Barbara. She turns back to me. "What's your name, honey?" she says softly, running the backs of her fingers up and down my cheek. "Jacob," I say, around the edges of a belch. "Jacob," she says. "Oh, say, I know who you are. He's the one Walter was talking about," she says to Nell. "He's brand new, a First of May. Handled himself real well at the cooch tent." She grabs my chin and raises it, gazing deep into my eyes. I try to return the favor but am having some trouble focusing. "Oh, you are a sweet thing. So, tell me, Jacob—you ever been with a woman?"

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	"I...uh....," Isay. "Uh..." Nell giggles. Barbara leans back and puts her hands on her waist. "Whadya think? Wanna give him a proper welcome?" "We practically have to," says Nell. "A First of May and a virgin?" Her hand slips between my legs and slides over my crotch. My head, which had been wobbling on its stem, snaps upright. "You think his hair is red down there, too?" she says, cupping me in her palm. Barbara leans forward, unclasps my hands, and lifts one to her mouth. She turns it over, runs a long nail across the palm and then stares me in the eye while running her tongue along the same path. Then she takes my hand and places it on her left breast, right where the nipple must be. Oh God. Oh God. I'm touching a breast. Through a dress, but still— Barbara stands up for a moment, smooths her skirt, looks furtively around, and then crouches. I'm pondering this change of position when she takes hold of my hand again. This time she pulls it under her skirt and presses my fingers against hot, moist silk. I catch my breath. The whiskey, the moonshine, the gin, the God-knows-what—all of it dissipates instantly. She moves my hand up and down, over her strange and wonderful valleys. Oh shit. I may come right now. "Hmmm?" she purrs, rearranging my hand so that my middle finger presses further into her. Warm silk bulges around both sides of my finger, pulsing under my touch. She removes my hand, places it back on my knee, and then gives my crotch an experimental squeeze. "Mmmm," she says, her eyes half-closed. "He's ready, Nell. Damn, I love them at this age." The rest of the night passes in epileptic flashes. I am aware of being propped up between two women, but I think I fall out the door of the stock car. At least, I am aware of finding myself cheek down in the dirt. Then I'm swept upward again and jostled along in the dark until I'm sitting on the edge of a bed. There are definitely two Barbaras now. And two of the other one, as well. Nell, was it? Barbara steps backward and raises her arms in the air. She throws her head back and runs her hands over her body, dancing and moving by candlelight. I'm interested—there is no question about that. But I simply can't sit upright anymore. So I fall back. Someone's yanking on my pants. I mumble something, not sure what, but I don't think it's encouragement. I'm suddenly not feeling well. Oh God. She's touching me—it—stroking experimentally. I prop myself up on my elbows and look down. It's limp, a tiny pink turtle hiding in its shell. It also seems to be stuck to my leg. She peels it free, delves both her hands between my thighs to spread them, and reaches down for my balls. She rests them on one hand, juggling them like eggs while she examines my penis. It flops hopelessly under her manipulations while I watch, mortified. The other woman—now there's only one again, how the hell am I ever going to keep this straight?—lies next to me on the bed. She fishes a skinny breast from

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	her dress and lifts it to my mouth. She rubs it all over my face. Now her lipsticked mouth is coming at me, a gaping maw with tongue extended. I turn my head to the right, where there is no woman. Then I feel a mouth close around the head of my penis. I gasp. The women giggle, but it's a purring sound, an encouraging sound, as they continue trying to get a response. Oh God, oh God, she's sucking it. Sucking it, for God's sake. I'm not going to be able to— Oh my God, I need to— I turn my head and hurl the unfortunately varied contents of my stomach onto Nell.
136	"Where am I?" I croak. I cough and try to clear my parched throat. "Clown Alley," says Kinko, fingering some paint jars on a dresser. I lift an arm to cover my eyes and notice it is clad in silk. A red silk dressing gown, to be exact. A red silk dressing gown that is wide open. I look down and discover that someone has shaved my genitals. I snatch the edges of the gown together, wondering if Kinko saw. Dear God, what did I do last night? I have no idea. Nothing but scraps of memory, and— Oh God. I threw up on a woman. I struggle to my feet, tying the dressing gown. I wipe my forehead, which feels unusually slick. My hand comes away white. "What the—?" I say, staring at my hand. Kinko turns and hands me a mirror. I take it with great trepidation. When I raise it to my face, a clown looks back at me. I POKE MY HEAD out of the tent, look left and right, and then streak across to the stock car. I am followed by guffaws and catcalls. "Whooooeee, look at that hot mama!" "Hey, Fred—check out the new cooch girl!" "Say, honey—got plans tonight?" I dive into the goat room and slam the door, leaning against it. I breathe heavily, listening until the laughter outside dies down. I grab a rag and wipe my face again. I rubbed it raw before I left Clown Alley, but somehow I still don't believe it's clean. I don't think any part of me will ever be clean again. And the worst part is that I don't even know what I did. I have only snippets, and as horrifying as those are it's even more horrifying not knowing what happened in between. It suddenly occurs to me that I have no idea whether I'm still a virgin. I reach inside the dressing gown and scratch my stubbly balls.
142	Photo of nude woman from a collection of the Ringling Circus Museum, Sarasota, Florida.