

Shameless Donald

[Reader Advisory Warning]

Donald regularly spoke grabbing pussies—his excuse was that he was a veterinarian. In fact, Donald did not like cats (or animals generally.) He had little interest in managing his business, requiring regular bailouts from his parents. His main interest had always been himself and promoting himself and having sex. Websites in his city nicknamed him the ‘sleazy playboy vet.’ He was notorious but very wealthy and apparently above the law.

Late one day, a woman came in with a sick cat in a carry case. Donald smiled. “Looks like you have a pussy that needs help,” he told her. “Can I see it?” Her mouth dropped open. “Maybe your pussy just needs some friendly fondling. Pussies like that.” Donald was now leering.

“I beg your pardon!” she snapped.

“I was referring to your cat.” Donald was undeterred. “Want to see my gold toilet? I get more ass than it does!”

She sighed. “I heard about your reputation and would not have come here but it’s an emergency. My cat is sick.” She opened the carry case and took out a kitten.

“Ah you do have a little pussy,” Donald said. “First, I want to lick it.”

“Why do you want to lick it?”

“It looks naughty.”

“You just can’t stop, can you?”

“Stop what?” He reached out, lifted her skirt and yanked at her panties. She grabbed his hands, pulled them behind his back and cuffed him.

“I’m Detective Sergeant Jean Carroll and you are under arrest for sexual assault and being gross, and nineteen other charges.” She took him downtown and he never left jail (after making suggestive remarks to several guards and trying to bribe them led to his bail being denied.) Women, some men and one dog then came forward with their own stories and, after several trials, Donald was sentenced to 200 years

Shameless Donald (Reader Advisory Warning)

in prison, with no chance of parole, drinking another diet coke or eating another cheeseburger.

[This does not happen in real life.]