

FIVE SECONDS OF BLISS

What pitiful creatures we are. Mother Nature places us on a giant stage and then laughs at us. She gives us bodies that often betray us in nasty, nasty ways. We are animals, but we are also something more than animals, and it's this "something more" part which always ruins sex. You never hear of impotence or premature ejaculation in the animal kingdom.

Performance anxiety, the perpetual affliction of the sexually insecure, works a cruel, wicked inversion upon its victims. With mathematical precision, *concern* for one's performance works in inverse proportion to the *actual* performance that results. Self-consciousness, for all its good intentions, works against you. Sex is always worse when you're worried about making it better.

I've been a limp noodle and a quick shooter. I've been horrifyingly impotent, my cock a wrinkled baby turtle afraid to poke out its head. There was a time...recently...when, naked in bed with a girl, I came all over my leg even before I had a chance to stick it in her and then had to try and clean up the mess before she noticed.

What's worse than not being able to get it up or cumming too quick? How about cumming too quick before you've even fully gotten it up? That happened to me about a year ago at a cathouse just south of Reno.

I'm a white guy who doesn't feel guilty for being white, but I also enjoy having sexual relations with Negro women. I had Jungle Fever back before it was cool, byaaaaatch! Black women smell like honey, candle wax, and a hint of chicken soup, and that's all right with this here peckerwood. I like black chicks and they like me, so ya betta check yo'self before ya wreck yo'self.

I met my first Negress sex toy around the time I graduated from college. She was a dark-skinned, big-booty sista from Allentown, Pennsylvania, who was so shy she used to undress underneath the sheets, but once you got her goin'...rrrrrooWW! A real jungle cat. But come to think of it, I once had trouble getting it up with *her* after I'd blown off half my face snorting coke.

I have severe problems with the idea of paying for sex, but when someone offers you a free hooker, what do you expect me to do? Early last summer, a friend gave me and my entire travelin' crew a free pass at a Reno whorehouse. As I exited the blinding desert heat and entered the dark, icy-cold, high-tech bordello, the hookers lined up obediently in the front parlor. Wearing my gray Rebel soldier hat, I went straight for a 19-year-old dark-chocolate chick from Watts with a flat nose, big bubble butt, and greasy Jheri-curl ringlets. She said her name was "Bamboo."

She escorted me to a service desk and told the madame that I had chosen her for a private "party."

We retired to her small room. She lit some incense, turned on the black light, and flicked on her boombox to some buttery soul music.

As we lounged around her bed sipping soft drinks, she told me she only started hooking in Nevada two weeks ago in order to get money while her man languished in L.A. County Jail. I'm sort of surprised I didn't get a huge

erection merely from listening to her hard-luck story. I wanted to reenact the Watts riots between her legs.

But I was thinking too much, and that's always a bad thing. I started feeling that dreadfully familiar stony/frozen apprehension. I explained to her that I felt weird because there's something... *artificial* about having sex with a hooker. My whole head trip revolves around knowing that the chick likes me and is willing to lose control with me, but a hooker...well, she's like a paid temp worker.

"Oh, but I'm *attracted* to you," she said, with no way of me knowing whether or not it was a lie. "I think I might even have an orgasm with you."

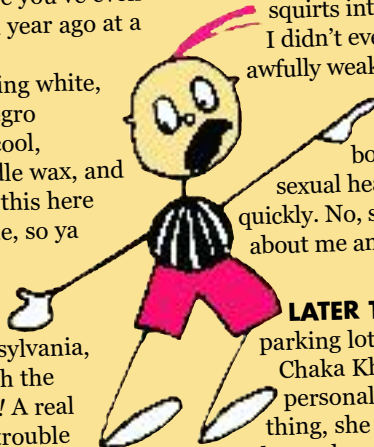
Nice try, honey, but I wasn't getting hard. She wiped off my pee-pee, still pathetically shriveled, with an antiseptic wet nap before trying to apply a condom. My pathetic wormy half-hard bone-bone nuzzled itself halfway up the condom before shooting a meager milky spurt *right as she was putting on the rubber*. Blop...blop...blop...a few quick, anxious

squirts into the rubber, and I was down for the count. I didn't even get a chance to stick it in her. It was an awfully weak orgasm, and I felt like an absolute idiot for blowing my load so quickly. When I told her I'd already cum, she laughed out loud. "I'm da bomb!" she shouted, thinking that her pulsating sexual heat was what forced me to shoot my gunk so quickly. No, she had almost nothing to do with it. It's all about me and my sick mind.

LATER THAT NIGHT, I was talking in the whorehouse parking lot with another black girl, a huge, stomping, Chaka Khan-styled hippo with a happy-happy, fun-fun personality. Wearing a swirly, leopard-patterned sarong thing, she said she was a fan of my writing. Then, out of nowhere, she offered to blow me for free in the front seat of her car, which was parked right in front of the cathouse entrance. Wow...*two* Negro girls in the *same* night in this almost-all-white state! Go, white boy, go! I became excited by the idea of getting caught and possibly lynched by an angry, torch-bearing mob of Nevadans. I unzipped my jeans and pulled it out.

I had no problem getting really hard. I was proud of my white-boy cock as her big bushy hair bobbed up and down on my lap. She stopped to compliment my dick and then kept sucking. She was good at it, too. I arched my back and shot a mighty load down her throat. Over a late-night breakfast at a greasy restaurant, she later told me she used to hook for a living and is now a madame at a whorehouse across town. A few days later she met up again with me in L.A. and we got a hotel room for the night. No problems at all. We both got off. The next day she drove me down the coast to San Diego, and white boy got a severe sunburn.

So why no performance anxiety in this case? Because this girl wasn't getting paid to do it...she *wanted* to do it. And that made all the difference to me. I enjoy being worshipped by women. If that makes me an asshole, well, just hope this asshole doesn't shit in your mouth.



MY ONE AND ONLY EXPERIENCE WITH A PROSTITUTE