



Dearest Dollface...Schnookums...Honeybucket...Doodlebug... Sweet Tits...Cockbiscuit...oh, my inestimable Li'l Love Lozenge and Spicy Hot Pocket of Steamingly Unrestrained Carnality, I have to warn you:

You'll be very, very disappointed the first time you have sex with me. It gets rapidly better once we're over that hump, but the inaugural experience will have you thinking I'm some sort of gay impotent retard. If my performance was a Broadway play, I'd close on Opening Night every time.

Yes, I realize you find me attractive, and yeah, I know you've seen the un-retouched photos of my stunning cock, and indeed, you've stood close enough to me that you're aware of my irresistibly sweet musk, so you're not sure what the problem could possibly be, but there's a problem. Trust me, Cunt Dumplin'—there's ALWAYS a problem with me the first time.

You'll try to assure me that it's *always* awkward the first time, but I'll be way *beyond* awkward. I'll be like some sort of sexual polio victim. We'll make out for a half-hour, and you'll be hot and wet enough to boil pasta, but then you'll wonder why I'm totally limp when my clothes fall softly to the floor. Somewhere down there, hiding amid the pubic hair, will be my penis. It's not only flaccid—it's *retracted*. A frightened snail. You'll suck on it and yank on it and spend all night trying to coax the groundhog out of its burrow, but to no avail. During more first encounters than I care to recall, I've spent from dusk 'til dawn completely mortified, lolling around naked without ever achieving an erection.

In the event that I actually get it up, I will not last long, at least not inside you. One time I actually shot my load in my *underwear* while only half-erect. Try explaining *that* to a new paramour. And the poor girls, bless their hearts, attribute my jackrabbit-styled preemie spurting to the idea that I'm overwhelmed with *lust* for them. HA! They fail to distinguish between sexual excitement and solipsistic terror. In my lifetime, there have been—what?—about 50 of these "first nights." And all told, I've probably lasted less than an HOUR inside these women—CUMULATIVELY.

It's not you—it's me. I know that sounds like I'm feeding you a line, but it's true—it's never been about you, always me. It's *never* you, no matter how objectively disgusting you are. If I'm in the right mood, I can get it up for dead rodents. My immobilizing first-time performance anxiety has nothing to do with how attractive I find you—I'm equally nervous with hot, curvy bombshells and lifeboat-sized pig-monsters. Whether I'm wildly attracted to you or repulsed by your very existence...whether I find you brilliant and charming or if I rank you lower than a trilobite on the evolutionary hierarchy...no matter. First Timer's Disease is always there with me.

I am not a relaxed person. I don't feel comfortable being in the same *room* with most people, much less naked with them. I surround myself with an invisible force field, and the first time someone enters my radar, all sorts of alarms start flashing. Not only am I cringingly aware of the other person's presence—it's as if I'm performing for the Super Bowl Halftime Show.

You can diagnose me as having a fear of vaginas and the women who surround them...or of being plagued with doubts regarding my adequacy...but those fears would stick around beyond the first encounter or two, wouldn't they?

Up in my brain, I understand that performance anxiety is counterproductive. The more I fret about a good performance, the worse I perform—and the less I care, the better I am. It's a scientific law. My mind realizes this, but my meaty loins are still clueless.

I have absolute confidence in my size and technique—it's just a matter of getting over that invisible "hump." Once I get in the groove, I'm a fuckhammer. Women whose steel-trap snatches have grappled with hundreds of cocks tell me—without my asking—that I'm the best fuck on the planet. We'll do it on the couch, and I'll ram you so hard the couch moves from one end of the room to the other and back before you plead with me to stop because you can't handle any more orgasms without fainting. These are actual quotes from satisfied customers:

Jesus Christ! Do you know any way to fuck but HARD?

Sometimes it's so intense, I just want to get out of the way.

You need to pull out, or you're going to kill me.

But these are all women who, for whatever reason, decided to sleep with me a *second* time. They agreed to hold my hand, engage in pointless chitchat, and wait until I felt comfortable enough to pole-vault over the "hump."

So just pretend I'm Little Bo Peep the first time, because the Big Bad Wolf is waiting right around the corner.

MY LIFELONG STRUGGLES WITH PERFORMANCE ANXIETY DURING THE FIRST INTIMATE ENCOUNTER WITH A WOMAN