



My testicles are very nice and shapely, but they can only produce so much Elmer's Glue, if ya know what I'm sayin'. And there are times, often after I've popped a half-dozen loads over a lazy afternoon of balling some nameless, faceless cum-bucket, where I'm able to lift the tube of Pepsodent but can't manage to squeeze any toothpaste out, if you catch the cut of my jib. After an hour of aimless thrusting, fucking doesn't seem so fun anymore. Suddenly, fucking conjures images of blind rodents burrowing inside damp underground tunnels...of soggy toothpicks poking between tartar-laden teeth...of a dirty rubber plunger seeking to unclog a toilet...of colonoscopes probing for rectal tumors.

One doesn't want to appear...unmanly. And one most definitely doesn't ever want to hurt a lady's feelings. What I DO want is for it to be over...please, holy bleeding Jesus Christ, let it be over. And so on those grim occasions, I'll roll back my eyes, emit a token grunt, and pretend as if I've blown my wad. And my lady friends have never been able to tell the difference.

Much has been written about premature ejaculation, yet there's a sinister Conspiracy of Silence regarding its Evil Twin Brother—delayed or nonexistent ejaculation.

It is perhaps the greatest, most pervasive Unspoken Truth in Western Civilization:

Men fake orgasm. A lot. And yet cultural taboos and prejudices prevent us from talking candidly and openly about it.

As research for this important, groundbreaking article, I asked several adult males whether they've ever faked an orgasm, and all but one of them responded in the affirmative, and he was a little weird, anyway. The men I queried...no, wait, I don't like that word "queried"...sounds too faggy...the men I've quizzed regarding the Faked Male Orgasm (FMO) usually said it was because they were disgusted with their partner. Their FMOs were typically isolated occurrences involving one-night stands when they suddenly sobered up enough to see the stretch marks or smell the stench.

So why did these gallant knights fake it rather than confront the maiden with an unpleasant truth?

To spare her feelings? Only indirectly. Most of them, in typical swinish boy-pig oinkety-oink fashion, seemed breezily unconcerned with her "feelings." But they ALL seemed highly fretful about what possible damage the spurned woman might inflict on them once her feelings were hurt.

FAKING THE MALE ORGASM

We've all heard the salty sailor's joke stating that women fake orgasms because they think we care. So why do men fake it? Because we KNOW they care.

Because, simply, anyone who's able to rub two brain cells together knows that women are childlike, irrational, hyperemotional, immature, vicious, vindictive, petty, unfair, poopie-faced creatures, and to imply that they can't draw the venom out of your Love Fang—EVERY fucking time—is just too much truth for their fragile little china-doll hearts to handle. To imply that her inflamed, slimy Pleasure Orchid may not be the Blue Ribbon-winning flower she fancies it to be will ultimately only bring suffering on you rather than on her. To claim that her vagina is anything other than a Golden Honey Palace is to invite pain upon yourself. Undeserved

pain, but pain nonetheless. A woman who feels less than desirable is fully equipped to rain hellfire on the chump who made her feel that way.

It never occurs to her that she might be unable to satisfy you. It just isn't part of her psychological makeup. It doesn't compute. *Huh? Say what? Not satisfy you?* she'll ask, failing to understand the situation's simultaneous gravity and hilarity.

And yet it is funny...when a female fails to reach climax, the male is blamed, but when a male can't seem to pop open another creamer to dump in her coffee cup, the male is *again* blamed. The male *always* gets blamed. That's an unfortunate fact of our culture, and one with which I'd counsel all young boys to familiarize themselves.

'Tis relatively easy to fake a male orgasm while wearing a condom, so long as the rubbery device is disposed of with swift discretion. But an unsheathed penis will find it difficult to emulate a jizz-load. Unlike the female orgasm, the male orgasm leaves a "footprint," as it were. Emotions are easy to fake...bodily fluids, not so easy. One cannot impersonate a bodily fluid the way one can fake the exaggerated grimaces and turkey-gobble sounds of male ecstasy.

If you choose not to wear a rubber and your woman is the suspicious kind prone to doing regular "dipstick checks," you may have a problem. Inserting an alien fluid into her vagina when she isn't looking presents several difficulties, and one should never underestimate such tasks' formidability. Should one stash a turkey baster near their mattress? This is a matter of personal preference, and a subject on which I am not legally authorized to comment at this time.

But without fear of violating the conditions of my parole, I can make this statement: The Veil of Silence which enshrouds Faked Male Orgasms has persisted for far too long. It is time for us to raise the curtain, to pierce this invisible hymen.

Our strength, kind gents, may lie in withholding our precious fluids. Just as women seem to relish the psychological power that comes from the fact that our bony, cylindrical wee-wees don't always deliver them to Shangri-La, we boyfolk may get a lot of mileage from letting the ladies know that their furry li'l snappin' turtles don't always close the deal for *us*, either.

So next time, guys, don't fake it. Instead, pull it out, shrug your shoulders, and blame it all on her. Please, God, blame it all on her....

