

foot, and my boy used to religiously ingest this random stink foot powder for sex. Man, the things we do to make love.

The Bootleg Boy Toy

In the heart of my pill dependency, I had another pure opportunity that became my usual disaster because of my lack of effort to fix my ED. I got a random call on a Saturday night from a female wanting to hire me. She said, "It's my birthday, and I'm here with a few girlfriends. Are you available tonight?"

Now, I usually would give last-minute parties away, but when I heard the location was Trump Tower Central Park West, I knew it was someone with big bucks, so I was keeping this gig. After some scheduling back and forth, I quoted her \$200; we confirmed 2:30 a.m., and I showed up with my dance bag, ready to put on a show. I knocked on the door, and it opened to literally the most beautiful woman I had ever seen in person. I mean, she was flawlessly stunning. She greeted me with this huge, inviting smile, and it was clear she was in a bathrobe with nothing underneath. I'm startled yet in awe of her as she led me into the

living room area of the hotel suite. The room was dimly lit but empty. I was expecting a room full of girlfriends celebrating with her, but no one was there, and oddly, all the furniture was covered in white sheets. When I saw this, my mind immediately flashed to the movie *American Psycho*, where the killer covered all his furniture in plastic before he killed someone, so I had a momentary freakout. I regained my composure, then asked, "Where would you like me to do the show?"

She responded that she wasn't interested in my dancing, and my purpose for being there was that her husband had a voyeur fetish and enjoyed watching her in sexy scenes. She wanted us to sit across from each other while sensually covering ourselves with baby oil. The goal was to make it look hot and sexy as possible while her husband watched from a distant corner across the room. Most importantly, we were supposed to act like her husband was not there and not acknowledge his presence at all.

She asked me to just change into a towel, pointed to a chair for me to sit in, and handed me \$800 cash. Now, I was completely blown away and creeped out at the

same time. Yes, this woman was gorgeous, but I really felt uncomfortable with this voyeur husband looking from afar, but fuck it, I was here, and I was definitely not giving back the \$800. Just in case things escalated to more than a body rub, I took a 20-milligram Cialis to be ready.

We sat across from each other to start the scene, and I must admit, it was super sexy. She had this huge bottle of baby oil that was sitting in a bowl of hot water to make it warm. Then she drenched her body in it, limb by limb, rubbing herself all over while biting her lips. She appeared to be fully in the moment, and her energy was pulling me in. I started to get turned on and took the bottle, doing the same—covering my body with oil and rubbing it all over myself.

We sat across from each other, but close enough that if we both sat forward, we were within reach. We soon started to rub and caress each other's bodies, and there was an apparent buildup of desire. As I'm caught up in this moment, I can't help but see movement from the corner of my eye. The husband had entered the room, and although he was not close to us, I could clearly

make out what was going on. Dude was butt naked with one of those Muslim head coverings that only revealed his eyes, so his face is completely covered.

He has a bottle of Astroglide in his hand while he is madly whacking his meat with the other hand. Like, you could hear the whacking from across the room: wock wocc whoc wocc whoc.

Before I continue, I would like to make it clear that I have nothing against gay people. I support any way of life that one chooses. I have very close gay friends, but I am not a gay or bisexual man.

So, to have another dude in the background, naked and banging off, was way out of my comfort zone. I couldn't help but worry if this guy would make a move on me, so I was definitely paranoid and overthinking. Now, I'm not supposed to acknowledge him, so he didn't say anything directly to me, but he was speaking in a low voice, giving subtle orders to his wife, sharing his wants and enjoyment.

A fun fact about me: after all my years in the club with the loud music, I can't hear for shit. This was making matters 10 times worse because in my



discomfort at the moment, everything he said to his wife, my deaf, non-hearing interpretation, was all fucked up. An example would be if he said to his wife, "Baby, move over to the right," my non-hearing paranoid brain would hear, "Yum. I bet his asshole's tight." Or if he said, "I love that position you're in," my deaf interpretation would be, "I can't wait to penetrate him."

So between the crazy whining noises and the bad hearing interpretations, I am creeped all the way out and my dick won't stay hard for shit, so ain't no fucking happening.

But even with the inconsistent erection, she says, "That was great, we can stop now," and hands me \$1,200 more! This was in addition to the \$800 when I showed up. That's \$2,000 for about 45 minutes of baby oil play with a limp noodle. I was ecstatic! She then let me know she felt comfortable with me and wanted me to come back the next time they were in town. "Hell yeah, I'll be back!" But she also mentioned, "And next time I would like to go a little further." Ah shit, the pressure was on now; I got to get me and my dick on

the same page. Couldn't sell out two times in a row.

The next time, same situation, and I popped another Cialis. But since it had already let me down, I traveled to a random sex shop and asked the clerk for the strongest thing he had. He gave me Dick Density Gold, said it was his best seller. I popped the pill and showed up, praying this pill worked better than Cialis. Now, I had no idea what was in this pill, but my first reaction was, oddly, I had to take a shit, but not a normal shit. Like an I-did-a-colon-cleanse-diarrhea-everything-needs-to-exit-your-anatomy shit. I was on the toilet for 30 minutes straight. A roll of toilet paper and a shower later, it was time to work, and we were back in the scene with the oil and naked bodies, but this time, I had the Erection of Life. Dick Density Gold came through big time.

The only thing was, along with the boner, came a splitting headache. My face turned flush red, and I'm pretty sure my heart was beating out of rhythm. I was trying to keep my composure during the scene, but I was on that thin line of getting paid to fuck the hottest woman of my life or calling 911 to stay alive.

Like any responsible adult male, I chose to f██k the hot chick for money! The couch-caressing oil action got so steamy that we decided to take the scene to the bedroom, and now it was really going down. I dived between her legs and started the Bruce-lick-tongue-kung-fu-enter-the-36-chambers style p██y eating, and she went crazy.

After about 10 minutes, it was batting practice, and I was Dick Density deep balling her like an MLB Hall of Famer. We were both loving the moment, and apparently the husband was too, as he appeared out of nowhere and slammed a stack of \$100 bills on the bed, then said, "Oh yeah, I like this s██t!" My a██le instantly clenched as my deaf ear heard him say, "He's about to get this d██k." I began to feel the creeped-out energy and feared my boner was a goner. Luckily, he didn't say that, and my d██k didn't go down either. This was the Erection of Life. Nothing could get it to go down. Nothing, nothing, nothing. No, I mean seriously, nothing! I literally could not get my d██k to go down. My s██t was petrified.

I lost all sensation. I couldn't feel s██t; couldn't enjoy

s██t and couldn't c██m for s██t. My d██k was just a dead log. After about an hour, she was begging me to c██m, and I was using every focus technique I could think of to try to b██st a nut, and it wasn't working. I was ready to call it quits, as she appeared satisfied, but it became clear that they weren't going to be happy unless I c██me also.

So eventually, I had to call timeout from the scene, and I jumped on Google for help with this Dick Density Gold erection. After some quick searches, I learned I needed to drink a glass of ice water to somehow help me ejaculate (I have no idea why, but I tried it, and it worked.)

So finally, I was able to blow my load, which she insisted I do all over her v██ina! I shot her box up like she was the winning coach of the Super Bowl, and my d██k was the bucket of Gatorade. She loved it and oddly I guess the husband did too, as this ending became the routine every time we got together, which at first was nice until over time I begin to suspect that after I blew my load, her hubby was helping her wipe up by licking

her clean (overthinking, paranoid mind strikes again and I'm creeped out times 10).

So on and off for the next 3 years, I was the boy toy for this rich, powerful couple 5 to 6 times a year when they came to NYC. The problem was, because of the weird circumstances, I could only get an erection about 50% of the time to really sustain a good session. This started to put tremendous stress on me to perform, and I needed a solution. I couldn't lose this \$2,000 a session.

My way of solving this problem? Just take more pills! Next time, the D███ Density Gold didn't work. So I tried the Platinum. Then I tried the Platinum with Cialis. Then the Platinum with Cialis and Viagra. Then a Platinum, a Gold, a Cialis, and a Viagra. You get where I'm going with this? I was completely overdosing on these pills, thinking the more I took, the better the result. Which is not how they work at all, and my erections remained inconsistent and completely unpredictable.

Eventually, my bootleg erection got me canned, and my boy toy gig was done. \$2000 a night to f███ the

most beautiful woman I'd ever seen, and I overdosed and over thought my way out of the opportunity. But in my d███'s defense, a butt-naked-meat-w███king hubby in the background, with me being deaf and hearing all the wrong s███t, definitely stacked the odds against me.

Sometime after, just like many of the sex store/gas station drugs, D███ Density was just a high dose of Tadalafil, aka Cialis. So, me taking 100 to 200 milligrams of a medication that was only meant for 20 milligrams was just a waste, and luckily it didn't have side effects that could have been life-threatening. Ironically, Cialis had been working just fine for me in my other sexual situations, so my bootleg boy toy fails were all in my head. In hindsight the boytoy situation was extremely damaging to my ability to use pills for ED help. Not understanding the role anxiety played in making pills ineffective, it created a deep degree of doubt. Taking Viagra/Cialis in these extremely high doses with no success created a negative imprint where I worried every time if the pill would work. Prior to this I was fairly confident, but those days were over.

Like I said earlier, if I was confident it would work. If I wasn't it didn't. Simple as that. So if you hit a point where the pills are not working for you, most likely it has nothing to do with the pill. Could be in your head. Pills just open your blood vessels for more blood to flow in and ironically anxiety causes your body to restrict blood flow...and clearly the anxiety is stronger. If you don't believe in your dick, its nothing a pill can do.

Penis Injections

The third route, and I still believe this is an effective route, are injections. I mentioned earlier that my dad was a vet, and he was getting all these prescriptions and giving them to me. One brand I got hold of from him is called Edex, and one is called Caverject. Now, let me be clear: this sh!t is NOT for everyone!

You need to do these injections right before sex. They come in individual packets with a water base and a powder that you mix in a syringe and inject this mixture into your penis about 10 or 15 minutes before you want an erection. The truth? Even though it works, it is vastly inconvenient.

To most guys, the very idea of injections in your

penis is horrifying, but I'll tell you the truth — it sounds worse than what it really is. These brands use a very, very tiny diabetic needle, and if you do it the right way, you don't even feel a thing. If you can get over the whole small needle in your dick thing, the erection you get is implant level. It is some SERIOUS wood.

But it also comes with some serious drawbacks. Number one, as I mentioned earlier, is the inconvenience. Unless you have very regimented sex with your partner at home at a time, you know it's coming, finding a way to prick your dick can be tricky. If you're hooking up with someone that you met in the club and go back to their place, you'll have to carry this sh!t with you. And when you're all hot and heavy with a woman and you know it's time to get it going, now all of a sudden it's "Excuse me a second; I gotta run to the bathroom."

Well, at least that was my line! I would have to stay in that bathroom way too long, which was kind of a mood killer, but when I would come back out, everything would be good to go. For me, it really killed spontaneity. I'm a guy that likes to have an