

## The Born-Again Virgin

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You walk into the bar and have a look around. There's a group of females off to your right, some rowdy guys to your left, and the bar in front of you.

*Might as well start with a drink; the evening's young.*

You head up to the bar and order your usual. Leaning on the bar, you glance over at the group of females. As expected, several of them took notice as you walked in and are surreptitiously trying to check you out.

*Amateurs.*

As you make a point to overtly check them out, deliberately looking them up and down in your usual judgmental fashion, a husky catches your interest. Her dumb, happy look, her tail lifted so high that it strains against her thin, red panties under that comically short skirt, and the way she already looks completely smitten with you. She's perfect: a nice, easy lay who will probably go crowing to her friends afterwards, which means *more* nice, easy lays.

Drink in hand, you step over to her, making it a point to ignore everybody else, even though you can practically *smell* their arousal. The more you ignore them now, the more they'll want you later. It's classic science.

"Hey," you say, leaning in to get really close to the husky, "What brings you out tonight?"

The husky blushes and gives you that trademark grin. "Oh, you know," she says, looking up at you teasingly, "Just out hunting around."

You cock an eyebrow and snort. "I see. Well, I'm on the hunt, too, and I think I've just captured you. What do you say to that?"

"Ooh," the husky says, shivering, "Bull catches husky? Quite the role-reversal, don't you think?" She laughs airily.

You roll your eyes. "Yeah, I guess," you say with a hint of impatience. "How about we get out of here, and I show you what happens when I catch my prey?"

The husky grins back at you. "Okay!" she says.

You escort her out of the bar, and the two of you make good time walking to your place. All the while, she chatters on mindlessly about some girly shit that you couldn't care less about, but if it gets you in her pants, you'll grunt and interject "uh, huh" at all the right times.

You walk in, and her eyes widen, impressed. She should be. This loft costs you five grand a month and serves really only one purpose: getting you laid. You could live in a place a tenth the price and still stay warm and dry, but you don't. This place is close to all the bars, comes fully furnished with all the classy art and stuff that chicks dig, and has all the amenities a top-dog bachelor like you needs to seal the deal.

"May I offer you some wine?" you ask, looking over your shoulder at the husky.

She's busy looking at an imitation of a painting by some famous artist, Picasso or Da Vinci, maybe—you can't really tell the difference, but you've mastered the art of smiling and nodding when someone claims to recognize it. Not that it matters with her. You can practically hear her thoughts, *ooh, look at the pretty picture!* You shrug and step up to her, away from your wine refrigerator.

"You know," she says, whirling to put her paws on your chest, "What I'd *really* like is to feel you inside of me."

You grin in spite of yourself—easy lay was right—but you quickly regain your composure and nod.

"Right this way," you say, escorting her into the bedroom.

You both waste no time taking your clothes off. Geez, she's as eager as you are! And that body—mmf! You move up to each other, and you put your hands on her shoulders. Your lips meet, and she whimpers in pleasure. It's to be expected—you *are* the best kisser you know, after all. You make out while leading her to the bed, where you both flop over onto it. Your fingers trail down her body, grazing her nipples as they make their way to her crotch. As expected, she's burning up down there and already wet.

"Let's get started," you say in a husky voice, rolling her over under you and deftly spreading her legs with your knees.

Your long, tapered cock grazes her vulva, eliciting a whine.

"Um—can I be on top?" she asks. "I've never had a bull before."

"Don't worry," you say, "I'll be gentle. Believe me, I've given lots of orgasms to girls just like you. I have just what you need."

She shivers excitedly as you lean forward to kiss her neck and simultaneously thrust forward lightly to bury the tip of your prick in her. *Fuck*, she's hotter than you imagined! Your cock throbs with anticipation, begging to be pushed deeper inside, but you resist. *Better to savor the build-up*, you think to yourself. Exhaling slowly, you pull back and push in a little more, your eyes nearly rolling back in your head as you savor her scorching depths. Of course, for her part, she's panting and moaning already. You haven't even gotten more than a few inches of yourself in, yet, and she's already looking like she's gonna cum.

*If only all girls were this easy!*

"You like that, huh?" you ask. "I bet you do; some girls call me the pussy whisperer."

As you say it, you angle your hips upward to rub her g-spot. She whines with pleasure and wraps her legs around your waist, pulling you in deeper. Your eyes cross—how is anyone *this* hot and wet inside? But you quickly shake it off and pull back out. You're gonna go at *your* pace, and she can just appreciate what you give her when you give it to her.

"Uh, uh, uh," you say, "Getting a little eager, are we?"

The husky looks up at you questioningly.

"You girls always want to jump straight to the main course without enjoying the appetizer," you tell her. "But I'm an expert at this. Trust me—you want me to go at *my* pace."

The husky opens her mouth to protest, but just then, you reach down with your fingers to graze her clit, and she quickly forgets her complaint.

*Works every time.*

"Don't you worry," you breathe, "I'm gonna give you so many orgasms that you'll lose count by the time we're done."

"I'd be surprised if you can give me even one," she replies.

You suck in a shocked breath and do a double-take. Her eyes turn red, and her back writhes against the bed as leathery, black wings sprout from her shoulder blades.

"Do you even *hear* yourself?" she asks disdainfully, her dumb grin gone and replaced by a penetrating glare.

"Whoa, what the—?!" you ask, pulling back, but her legs are still wrapped around your back, keeping your cock nestled inside of her.

"*I'm gonna give you so many orgasms—please!*" she mocks. "You think *you* give *me* orgasms?" She laughs derisively. "No, you're quite mistaken. *I* will orgasm whenever I damn well please. For that matter, *you* will orgasm whenever I damn well please!"

Your eyes widen as you feel your dick growing much, much more sensitive.

"Who do you think you're fooling?" she demands. "This place? It's obvious you don't know a red from a white wine or Van Gogh from Munch. You saw me as an easy lay, didn't you? Bring me here, dazzle me with what a *big, smart, cultured bull* you are, and then take me right to bed, huh?"

"But *you* said you wanted to get to bed," you protest, struggling, definitely not feeling like fucking her anymore.

"And I *do*," she replies. "I'm eager to experience these 'many orgasms' you're going to give me. Psh—I bet you can't even *get* me off!"

"I've gotten hundreds of females off!" you reply hotly. "And if you weren't such a bitch, I might have gotten you off, too!"

"Oh, you may have been *present* when all those females got off, but do you actually think it was all *you* that did it?"

"They weren't sitting there masturbating," you reply smugly.

"Yes, and I'm sure you came up with your 'technique' all by yourself, did you, hmm? Why, I'll bet the very first time you had sex, it wasn't an awkward moment at all! Your very first experience had her screaming your name and singing your praises, didn't it?"

You blink and frown. *What a stupid question.*

"Uh, yeah," you reply. "Ever since I hit puberty, I've been a sex machine. I don't *do* awkward."

She shakes her head. "I knew I was going to enjoy you," she says. "Let's explore that, then! They say the way a male's sexuality develops is based on his very first time with someone else. If he's a stud, he'll continue to be a stud. If he's lousy, he'll develop erectile dysfunction or delayed orgasm. Most guys, though, are about average and stay that way. I'm regressing you to that first time as we speak. Your dick should already feel more sensitive, virginal. Let's have a bet. If you can get me off before I get you off, then I will make you even *more* of a stud. But if I get you off first, well, this is your first time all over again: if it goes badly, well, your sex-life might not be as good."

"You're crazy," you retort. "Who the hell do you think you are?"

"Whatever skills you picked up after your first time are gone," she says, ignoring you. "If you were truly born the sex-stud you think you were, then you have nothing to worry about. But if what you learned was picked up through learning from more experienced or more adventurous sex partners, well...that wasn't yours to claim in the first place, and you won't have it now."

She peers at you, her eyes flashing with intensity. "So, what do you say? Do you think you can get me off?"

To emphasize her point, she shifts slightly, and you gasp. Holy *shit*, your cock *does* feel more sensitive! Still, this bitch doesn't know what's coming. Clearly, she hasn't heard *any* of the rumors about you!

"You're on," you reply. "I dunno if you can hold up your end of the bet, though. I'm a sex-beast! Do you think you can actually make me *better*?"

"I'm not worried," she smirks. "You still have to get me off, and right now, I'm at about a zero out of 100."

"Well, that makes two of us," you retort.

"Is that so?" she asks, shifting her hips again.

Your eyes bulge, and you double over. Shit, you've *never* felt this turned-on before! Your balls contract, and before you can think, you instinctively pull out, gasping in shock.

"You were saying?" she asks, smiling sweetly.

"Very clever," you say. "You put something up in your cooch that makes my dick sensitive. But you forgot one thing: you never said I had to use my dick to get you off. My whole *body* is built for sex!"

She shrugs indifferently. "By all means, give it your best shot," she says, examining her fingernails.

How *dare* she be so indifferent about this?! That haughty bitch needs to learn her place! The anger you feel makes your dick shrink a little bit—score one for you—as you slide down the bed to bring your face to her crotch.

But something's...different. You've eaten out a hundred girls; you should *know* what to do now, but for some reason, her pussy looks...new. Exciting, but...foreign, like you have no idea where to even start. It's

the weirdest mental block you've ever had, and you would laugh at yourself if this weren't do damn humiliating!

"Oh, are you a gynecologist, too?" she asks, spreading her legs to look down at you. "Because last I checked, if you want to eat me out, you have to, you know, actually *touch* me with your tongue."

"I know that!" you snarl, struggling to remember what part of her to lick.

*Is it the side? Do girls like that? Damn, she smells really good.*

Your prick hardens and begins to throb at the mere scent of her. Damn it, how are you supposed to concentrate when you feel like you're gonna shoot your load all over your bed?

"Well, hurry up! Do you think girls want to wait around all day while you try to figure out what to do to please them? No, you idiot! We want you to dive in, get us off, and get out. Now, get on with it!"

Your heart pounds. What do you do? She's obviously displeased—that's never happened before! Without thinking, you begin just licking all over her, slathering her crotch in saliva.

*Man, she tastes as good as she smells!*

Your cock begins to drool, and you start feeling your balls squeezing.

*Oh, shit!*

You throw yourself backwards away from that alluring taste, panting with fear as you realize you almost got off again!

"Well, thank *goodness* that's over!" she snaps. "Do you think I want your nasty tongue all over me? Is that what you think the ladies want? A tongue bath? You didn't even *find* my clit!"

Your face burns with humiliation. Wait...clit? Damn it, you *know* that word!

"This—this has never happened to me," you say weakly. "I—I *know* I know what to do, but—"

"You could have fooled me!" she snaps. "Please, with you crowing about how you get all those females off? I bet you haven't even gotten *one* off! You're just like all those other guys: you see a pussy and fall all over yourself!"

"Let's get one thing straight, lady: I am *not* just like all those other guys!" you snap. "I may have forgotten how to use my tongue, but I've still got hands!"

"*Dazzle* me," she spits, her eyes widening as she mocks you.

At least your dick has once again shrunk in humiliation, small consolation, given the circumstances. You move up to her again, this time careful to keep your nose far away from her crotch. Your hand shakes a little as it comes near her. Wait, why is your hand shaking? You suddenly realize that your whole body is trembling with excitement.

*Oh, for fuck's sake, not this again! How many females have I bedded?*

But the excitement your body feels begins to creep into your mind, and you feel your heart pounding with anticipation as you reach out to touch those strange humps that you don't have. Your fingers make contact. She's really hot, like *burning* hot, and she's kinda wet and slippery. You don't know for sure, but you're pretty certain that's a good thing. You move your hand closer to her, pressing your palm against that hot, wet mound. It feels really nice, and you instinctively begin petting it.

Your finger slips inside, and you gasp, your eyes constricting.

*Oh, my gosh, it's nice in there! I—I wanna put my dick in there!*

Forgetting yourself, you eagerly move between her legs again. Your member throbs with excitement as you bring it close. You can *feel* her heat even without touching her.

She clears her throat, and you suddenly snap out of it, leaping off the bed and looking at her in panic.

"What the hell have you done to me?!" you cry. "It was like I'd never seen a pussy before!"

She blinks and grins. “I *told* you,” she says. “And apparently you weren’t the sex-god from the beginning, were you? No, if I remember right, there was a certain doe named Dora who took you under her wing.”

*Dora...* Your eyes constrict. You’d completely forgotten about her! She was your first—how did you ever forget your first? She was patient and put up with all your bull crap as you explored her body. She taught you things, didn’t she? What...what were they?

“Are you gonna stand there all day, or are you gonna fuck me?” the husky demands. “Come on! Get in, get me off, and get out! Quit stalling!”

Your heart pounds in your ears, and you feel yourself taking fast, shallow, labored breaths. What has this bitch *done* to you? Why can’t you remember a single thing that Dora taught you? Why are you acting like you’ve never seen a pussy before? Why is it that so much as touching this bitch makes you want to get off? You don’t know what’s going on, but you do know one thing.

“Okay,” you say nervously, “I don’t wanna play this game anymore. Just—just put me back to normal, and—and go away. You can say I was terrible—I was—but just...put me back the way I was.”

“A bet’s a bet,” the husky replies, “And neither one of us has gotten off. A stalemate is not an option.”

“Fine!” you snap, feeling trapped, “Then *I’ll* leave and call the cops!”

You turn and head for the door.

“I wouldn’t do that, if I were you,” she says coolly.

You hesitate.

“If you walk out that door, then your dick will *never* get hard again. How do you think the ladies will feel when you can’t even get hard for any of them, let alone get them off?”

“You’re crazy,” you say dismissively, continuing to head for the door.

“Do you think I’m joking?” she asks, her voice freezing you in your tracks. “Don’t test me.”

You turn slowly to face her. Your palms are sweaty, and your gut feels like you swallowed a brick.

“That’s better,” she says, beckoning. “Come on...you’ve got a *huge* dick. Surely you’re not completely worthless with such a nice gift as that?”

You bristle, in spite of your apprehension, your hands clenching.

“That’s right. Use that frustration! In, get off, and out!”

You stride back up to the bed, climb between her legs, and thrust inside. She’s right about one thing: you *do* have a huge dick; it’s pretty much impossible to use wrong!

“Ow!” she cries, sliding back. “You’re supposed to get me off, not impale me! Ever heard of being gentle?!”

You wince. You *know* chicks don’t get off on being stabbed!

“Sorry,” you manage.

You slide back, hoping to try again more gently, but the feeling of her luscious insides makes your balls clench hard. You grit your teeth and hold stock-still.

“Get *on* with it!” she demands. “Do you think you just sitting there inside of me is gonna make me get off! No! Move your hips!”

Panting with the exertion of keeping your orgasm in check, you squeeze your eyes shut, scream, and pull out. You feel a chill go down your spine as you nearly lose it.

“Come on! Is this the best you can do? Geez, I’ve been with a lot of virgins, but you’re by *far* the worst! Those other guys could all at least let me feel *something* before they blew their loads!”

“Well, how the hell am I supposed to pleasure you when my dick’s so damn sensitive that the slightest touch nearly sends me over?” you demand.

"That's never been a problem for you before, has it?" she replies, grinning wickedly. "You've always been used to being in control, taking things at *your* pace. Isn't that right? Well, what if the females you've bedded wanted to go faster? You always just blew them off, saying you knew what they wanted more than they did! Did it ever occur to you that females might want to have a quickie sometimes, too? Oh, no—you're the *male*, and *you* decide when they cum, isn't that right? Because of course, they're completely unable to get themselves off, but once you start, they're completely unable to resist the inevitable orgasms that *you* have decreed they should have! Try *listening* once in a while; show some respect!"

"I'm not letting you trick me into getting off faster," you growl. "Then you win and leave me...like this!"

"Oh, I'm going to win anyway," she replies flippantly. "You might as well just get it over with."

"I *tried* to leave, and you threatened me!" you retort. "Make up your mind, you crazy bitch!"

"Oh, no, that was you quitting, throwing in the towel, raising the white flag...like a coward," she replies. "I want to see the look in your eyes when you realize you got bested by a *girl*, when you realize that a girl made *you* cum, not vice-versa. You walking out the door robs me of that satisfaction."

"This is fucked-up," you mutter.

"What's fucked-up about it?" she demands. "You think *you* get to decide who cums when? Bullshit. I'm just doing to you what you've done to the 'hundreds of females' you've been with."

"They *liked* it!" you snap. "They *all* talk about how great I am!"

"Well, I'm about to make liars of all of them. Are you gonna try to fuck me, or what? This conversation is boring."

"Fine," you growl.

Before you even push in, you start thinking of all the icky things you can—blood, violence, gore, scat, anything revolting—to try to take the edge off your throbbing prick. You grit your teeth, and every muscle in your body tenses as you push back inside that hot, wet, tight opening. But the second you're in, you can't focus on any of those things anymore. Your mind is drawn like a moth to light to all the sensations you're feeling in your prick, how her vaginal walls stroke you with even the slightest movement, how she's so slick and wet that you glide in and out of her without any effort at all, how her heat seems to seep into your cock and make it ache for release. A new layer of sweat breaks out on your brow as you fight your balls begging to be unloaded.

She clears her throat expectantly, giving you just enough distraction to remember what you're supposed to be doing. Hardly daring to breathe, you stroke in and out, new waves of pleasure and desperation rolling over you with each thrust.

"What are you doing?" she demands.

"What does it look like?" you snap.

"It looks like you're having a minor spaz attack. I didn't bed a vibrator; I bedded a bull. You're stroking what, a quarter inch, if that? Come on, use all twelve inches! Geez, do I have to tell you *everything*?"

"I...can't..." you fume through gritted teeth, "Or I'll get off."

"You're *going* to get off anyway," she replies. "Are you gonna get off without giving me *any* pleasure at all, or are you gonna give it the old college try—sorry, *high school* try—that *was* when you lost your virginity, wasn't it? I own your orgasm, and *I* will say when you cum or don't. Until then, why don't you quit lying there like an impotent wet blanket and actually, you know, think about someone *other* than yourself?"

You snort and pant, your nostrils flaring. "I'm *not* impotent," you growl.

"Fine, limp-dicked, whatever," she spits. "Whatever you are, you are a *terrible* lover!"

Your pride fully incensed and your blood boiling once more, you sneer and thrust your full length into her, stopping just short of impaling her. Sparks fly in your mind as her insides caress, stroke, and swallow you

member. Your balls ache, but you triumphantly hold them back, willing yourself to think about rubbing her face in her own orgasm.

“Ha!” you exult. “I bet you didn’t think I could do that, did you?”

“Well, at least I could *feel* something this time,” she says, unimpressed.

She gives you an expectant look.

*Shit.* It took everything you had to slide into her, and now you’ve got to slide back out? *One stroke at a time. Just...just make it through that.*

You take a few preparatory breaths and then slide out of her, leaving just the tip of your prick inside. She shows just the faintest glimmer of arousal, but it’s enough! You’ll take what you can get at this point. With a few more preparatory huffs, you slide back in and then back out all at once. Then you have to stop and rest. Your testes are literally quivering on the edge of release. If you so much as *breathe* on your cock, you know you’re going to get off.

“What’s the matter? A big, strong bull like you can’t take a sweet little husky like me?” she asks. “Come on, Mr. Big-Dick! Fuck me like you mean it, or I’ll make you cum right now!”

“If you could have done that,” you gasp hoarsely, “You would have done it already.”

In response, she flexes her pussy around you, making you cry out as your teeth clamp shut in a desperate attempt to stop yourself from going over the edge. If you were on a razor’s edge before, now you’re tight-walking on a single hair! Your body shakes uncontrollably from the exertion.

“You were saying?” she asks. She continues, her voice almost gentle as she reaches forward to put her paw on your trembling jaw. “Come on, stop torturing yourself. Just fuck me and get it over with. Sex is just...easier that way, don’t you think? Get in, get off, get out. So much less trouble.”

“But females don’t get off that way,” you manage. “You have to build them up.”

“The only ‘building up’ you’re doing is building up my frustration,” she replies. “I could have gotten off like an hour ago if I’d just been fingering myself, thirty minutes ago if I were using just an ordinary dildo. But look at how much time you’ve wasted. Do you *really* think you know any female better than she knows herself? *Wake up!* I’m *telling* you what females want—as a *female*—and it’s not you lying on top of me trembling like a cold chihuahua. I want a *male* with a big *dick* who will fuck my *brains out!* You have hips, you have a dick, now fucking use them!”

You resent the idea that she thinks she knows what females want more than you do—which of you has pleased more females? Definitely not her, you think.

*Stupid bitch.*

“Fine,” you growl. “If it will get you to shut up and go away, I’ll do it your way.”

She smirks, and you throw caution to the wind and begin humping like there’s no tomorrow. You can feel your orgasm building rapidly, but you don’t care. You’re *determined* to get her off!

Faster. Harder. Her eyes widen. She gives you a look of surprise. That’s it! Yes! Oh, but *fuck*, your cock is beginning to dribble. *Fight it!* She’s beginning to breathe heavily. Yes! Get off, you stupid bitch!

Her expression changes. She looks straight at you; her look of surprise and pleasure is gone. No...was it...was it all just a trick? You whimper as your balls begin squeezing. There’s no turning back now. You might as well just—

“I told you I own your orgasm,” she says. “That’s why you haven’t cum, yet. That’s why right now you’re on the edge and can’t *quite* tip yourself over.” She gives you a malevolent smile. “I might have let you cum easily if you’d just done what I asked, just get in, get off, and get out, but *no*, you wanted to fight me on it. You wanted to be the know-it-all *male* again. Tsk, tsk.”

You feel your body tensed as if it’s going to get off, that zenith right before you blow your load where every muscle in your body is as taut as the cables on a suspension bridge, where you can’t breathe because even your diaphragm is pulled tight.

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*Oh, shit...what if I'm stuck like this? I—I can't breathe!*

"Yes, you must be feeling it now, that desperation," she says, sliding off your dick effortlessly.

It's like you've already gotten off: your dick is so sensitive that her walls rubbing against you make you want to scream.

"I'm ready to collect my winnings now," she says, "But you don't deserve to cum inside of me. Only *studs* get to cum inside of me. No, you can cum on your sheets like the pathetic excuse for a lover you are, and then you can lie in it and wear it as a mark of shame."

*This can't be happening! What the fuck is wrong with my body?!*

"Cum."

Your muscles suddenly start moving again, forcing an anguished scream from your lips as your hips lurch forward. But instead of driving your prick into her nice, warm pussy like they should, they drive it into cold, uncaring air. The feeling is so...unfulfilling! But even worse than that, you feel your balls finally empty themselves. Your naked, exposed prick lurches and flings your cum in an oscillating stream that splatters your sheets, your chest, even your chin. Pent-up from what feels like a lifetime of waiting, your balls continue to squeeze desperately and unload another huge stream of your spunk, prolonging your orgasm. But instead of relief and satisfaction, all you feel is humiliation as she leers at you, silently judging your piss-poor performance, her eyes burning into you like searing brands of shame. You find yourself wishing that you would just quit cumming, that this whole ordeal would just end!

But your orgasm isn't finished. Your virginal balls continue to tremble and ache as if they hadn't even started emptying, yet! Your hips pull back and thrust forward again, once more driving your spewing cock through the air as your balls pump yet another load out of you. You feel your cum flying as if in slow motion. It splatters against you, getting lodged in your coat and beginning to seep through, feeling hot and sticky against your skin. You should feel pride at producing such a massive load, but all you feel is revulsion and powerlessness to stop it.

And still your balls pump. Over and over your cock splatters you with their contents, caking your underside with your pungent essence, a stinking, sticky white flag on your chest that seems to scream to the world, "I'm not in control! I came because I was told to! I was...conquered."

Tears form in your eyes as the full realization hits you: you were *conquered*. Like your ancestors long before you, you were driven into a hopeless situation, stimulated against your will, and robbed of control of your most private, most intimate bodily function. You realize with horror that you were raped, that even your own body turned against you and *made* you get off.

Your own words from years ago come flooding back to you: "If she got off, then she must have liked it. You can't rape the willing."

How could you have *ever* thought that?

Overcome with humiliation and helplessness, you collapse on the bed while your traitorous penis continues to coat your underside in shame. You sob into your pillow, curling into a fetal position and desperately trying to shut out the knowledge that the husky is still there. But her laughter at you is impossible to drown out.

"Well, I must say, you are by far the most *pathetic* male I've been with," she says through laughter-induced tears. "As promised, I'll be keeping that legendary prowess you boasted of. Good luck with your future encounters—don't worry, I expect you won't have many once word gets around about how *terrible* you are!"

She turns and leaves the door open as she leaves. Your dick utters one final spurt and then retreats into its sheath. You should at *least* feel relieved to have gotten all of that out of you, but you don't.

You just feel empty and indescribably violated.

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It's been several months since the incident. You've been through all the stages of grief over what happened: the denial, the anger, the bargaining, the depression, and now you're finally—you think—ready to accept what happened. You don't *like* it, make no mistake, but you finally realize that you can't change it. You haven't been to the bar since the incident. Though your mind until now wouldn't tell you why, you knew it was a dangerous place to be.

But today, you're finally going to give it a shot. It's been a long day at work, and for once, you just want to relax and unwind with a nice cold one.

You walk in, fighting the urge to rush back outside. You remember how confident you used to be when you came in here, but you can't imagine how you pulled it off, not with so *many* females looking at you. You make it to the bar on shaky legs and order your usual. The bartender gives you a funny look as he hands you your drink. Neither one of you acknowledges the elephant in the room: that you're not acting at all like your old self.

But as you take a drink, you feel some of your cares melting away. You tentatively look around the bar and see some of the females checking you out. You smile faintly but avert your eyes. You're...not sure you're ready.

A cow walks over to you.

"Hey," she says. "I haven't seen you in a while. Where'd you go?"

You swallow nervously. "I, uh...just had a bad experience and needed some time away," you say.

"I'm sorry to hear that," she says. "Anything I can do to help?"

"Well, there is one thing," you blurt, glancing below her waist.

Your eyes bulge—you can't believe you just said that—now she's going to think—

"If what I've heard is true," she says, moving in close and pressing her udders against your crotch, "I might be able to help with that."

You gulp. *Crap. Too late to back out now.* You nod, and she leads you out of the bar. Somehow, you wind up at your place, in your bedroom. Her clothes come off.

"Is something wrong?" she asks. "Don't like what you see?"

You start. "No, I—I do...it's just..."

"But you're still dressed," she says, pouting a bit. "How are you going to breed me if your clothes are still on?"

"Oh, I..." You trail off and hastily begin undressing.

Your cock throbs with excitement. You shudder and take extra care not to touch it for fear of setting it off. You remember that it didn't used to be this way, that you used to have so much self-control. You suddenly realize this was a terrible mistake: things are going to go *horribly!* You know how sex is for you now: you're going to make a fool of yourself trying to bed her. She's going to give you that *look*—that look like you're crazy and incompetent—and at first, she's going to feel sorry for you and let you keep trying, but then she's going to have had enough and push you away. Neither one of you will get to get off!

*Get in, get off, and get out. That's what females want.*

It's been your mantra for...how long? You don't know, but it seems like the right thing to do, just save everybody the embarrassment and frustration.

"Playing hard-to-get?" the cow asks, grinning. "All right, I'll play."

She moves up against you, and you feel her udders brush against your sheath. You shudder excitedly, and any hesitation evaporates.

"Let's breed," you growl in her ear.

"Ooh!" she gasps as you flip her around, push her over the bed, and plunge into her.

The second you're inside, you feel your balls squeeze.

*Yes...I'm gonna get off this time!*

You pull back and thrust one more time. Your balls contract, and you spurt up into her, feeling terribly relieved. You rest on her back a moment, savoring the feeling of getting off as your dick slurps out of her.

"But—" she protests. "You were supposed to be really good at this! I thought sex with you was supposed to be amazing!"

You suddenly remember how you *used* to bed females, taking your time to get them worked up, slowly building their arousal and making them beg you to get off, teasing their clits with your fingers, tongue, and prick, until their bodies buzzed with anticipation. You gasp, realizing how far you've fallen.

*No! I—I have to make this right!*

"That, uh...that was just taking the edge off," you say. "I—I'm still good to go."

You flip her back around and start rubbing your fingers all over her pussy, but the look on her face tells her you're not hitting *any* of her spots. You try your tongue, but the taste of your own jizz turns you off, and you can't follow through. You sit back on your haunches, and both of you sigh in disappointment.

"Look, I'm...I'm gonna go," she says, the look of distaste plain on her face as she uncomfortably gets up and starts getting dressed.

You make no move to help or hinder her. You collapse on your butt, staring at the floor. All you can think about is what a colossal failure you've become.