

Questions of identity



There was this black man that met me - I was cleaning at a hotel & bar and he was the cook. He had some very tight, white pants on and he had a huge dick - He used to follow me; he'd hang around, follow me while I was cleaning. I would clean and he'd watch me, and I would look over to him - he'd be taking a break and he'd be watching me & he had this huge hard-on - he let me know that he wanted to fuck me. I was intrigued - by his dick, you know, but I didn't know... I thought it was kind of fun and evil - started thinking it was 'evil'; this guy led me down a long road of sexual adventure - He was 37 and I was 16.

For a moment there, I thought to myself, I don't like white guys, I like black guys - I liked him; liked his skin, liked his huge cock, liked everything that was going on... we had many rendezvous in a motel that he paid for; I was an underage girl and he liked the underage girl - he was practically having sex with a virgin and it *turned him on*. He did things to me that he did not do with other black women. He went down on me - and he did it very well.

But I fooled around with him for about a year & 1/2 - finally, I think I got tired of it 'cause he was married, with 3 children - One day I said, "This is over; I'm wasting my time with you & I need to go out and find somebody else." And he told me, "You have been a beautiful experience." - and that was the end of that; I never saw him again.

female
PERVERSIONS

Let's jump ahead - when did you feel comfortable approaching women & what was your first date like?

After that, I went to college; I had a boyfriend, back home; I was partying... there was this bisexual woman that was in my writing class. She was very exotic - she wore dresses, little house dresses - with no underwear on. One night, I had this urge and I went over; brought a bottle of wine, cheese & crackers. And we sat; we liked each other and I fed her the cheese, wine & crackers... and then, she got a big sleeping bag out and she says, "Have you ever slept with a woman?" I said, "No," and she goes, "Well, c'mere - and sleep with me." I knew, right there in my head that this was *not* just friendship. [laughs] I knew that this was sexual. She was gorgeous - the more I touched her skin, the less I slept.

She got up the next day ; she put a house dress on, with nothing underneath it & hit town - I was left there, alone in her apartment, thinking how excited I got sleeping with a woman. I went to the bathroom & there were these two real butch dykes in the bathroom. They were naked & getting ready to take a shower; and they looked at me and said, "Well, why don't you come join us?" I said, "No - I gotta go." Got my clothes on; left. I walked around the entire town feeling, "I'm ready to come out."

I knew I was gay then - I was having a hard time coming out. Those women with their naked bodies, one getting into the shower & the other one getting ready, asked me to join them... and I didn't do it. I kinda wish I had now, [laughs] but I'm so much older.

