

We paired off, our friends upstairs and me and Jason in a guest room with white carpet, a red bedspread, and tacky furniture detailed in gold paint. His lips were as soft as I remembered from the playground, his face pre-shaving smooth. We had our clothes off in moments. How did that even happen? My memory is a blur of color and texture. We slid into the cool sheets like otters sliding into the water.

What I remember is wanting everything.

His touch sent sizzling waves coursing over my body. This was nothing like when I masturbated. This was the best thing I had ever felt. My skin was electrified where we touched. Thigh to thigh, chest to chest. His arms around me. My hands in his hair. He smelled like boy and awesome.

I slid down under the covers, my cheek against his taut belly. And there was his penis. Hard inside but shockingly soft and smooth on the surface. I put my lips on the velvety end of his penis and took him in my mouth. After a while—who knows how much time passed—we changed places. And his mouth was hot and wet on the slit of my vulva. The new best thing ever.

When we were face to face again, we did not talk. We did not think. We did not consider protection or consequences. We were far too absorbed in good-yes-slick-hot-more-now to ask ourselves if we were ready. Instead we went to work figuring out how our parts fit together.

The problem was the parts.

Like mismatched puzzle pieces, they just wouldn't go together no matter how we twisted and writhed. His aim was terrible, and though I was aroused, my prepubescent body was also tight and unaccommodating. In the midst of this conundrum, our friends knocked on the door, ready to go. We scrambled, slightly dazed, out of the bed and back into our clothes. Jason and I hardly spoke, pretending, instead, that nothing had happened.

A few days later, his best friend asked me if we'd had sex. I didn't know what to say. Had we? There was no penetration. Nobody

I don't know why I like it. I don't know why I'm only attracted to girls, not sure why I think dudes are gross. But the definition of gross, i.e., men, is not what I'm thinking about right now. Right now, I'm naked and lying stomach-down, my belly pushed into the green scratchy carpet of my bedroom floor. My head is between my girlfriend's legs and I'm finally having sex. Here's my tongue. Here's my girlfriend's vagina. Here's my tongue on my girlfriend's vagina and here I am having my first sexual experience. Ever. And it's awesome.

"But how do you *know* you're a lesbian?" Basketball teammates asked me yesterday. "You've never even had sex with a woman. How do you know that's what you want to do for the rest of your life?" I just knew. And, well, now I am having sex with a woman. And I was right. A proud dyke.

I'm licking my way to my identity.

I feel like a natural at this.

Courtney's pubic hair starts tickling the tip of my nose, which is about to make me sneeze. Fuck! That would suck! So I push my face further into her folds. Pressing my nose and mouth more into her, I can now feel her pubes on my tongue.

They don't taste gross either.

I don't know if it's my saliva or some sort of wet coming from Courtney's vagina, but I feel a liquid starting to spread across my lips and trickle down my chin. Then she moans. I must be doing something right.

With her feet on the floor and her knees bent over my shoulders, I loop my arms around her legs and hold on tight. My hands grab onto that soft area between the top of her thighs and the insides of them. It's so very grab-able. I'm in love with it already. I squeeze my arms around her legs like they're a harness slapped down on me for a roller coaster ride. Yes. I hold on for life.

My tongue separates the lips of her vagina and I find her clit with the tip of my tongue. At least I think it's her clit. It's this hard little ball thing. I press on it, and Courtney's legs start to quiver. I'm not

pornographic
is
something
that is done
to
stimulate
an erotic
feeling.

—Christy
Gerrits
1:19 public
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quite sure what to do with my chin, so I push it closer to her, dig my chin a bit further past the fringe of her lips. She likes this. She moves her hips, riding my face like the horses she loves. Her hips are bucking.

Like I said, I'm a natural.

I explore. I unwrap my right arm from her thigh and stick two fingers inside of her. Wet, warm—could be called swamp-like—but only a swamp found in heaven! So welcoming. Mesmerizing. Lush. My fingers have found their place in the world. They were always supposed to be right there. My mouth, too. It's like I'm whispering a hidden language into her body, a language I'm finally letting myself speak.

I push my fingers further in, add a third, pump away. From her increasingly loud moans and heaving breathing, I know she feels good. ~~The further in I go, the more it feels like I'm touching a part of myself, my identity revealed. Every second in her vagina, I am more and more a lesbian. I am myself.~~

And this is fun—a lot of fun!

A slightly-salty wet seeps out of her as she grabs onto my hair and squeezes my head with her legs like I'm one of Suzanne Sommers's ThighMasters. I'm having a harder time hearing her moans now. The sound is all muffled because now, with her legs squishing my ears into her inner-thigh flesh, I feel like I have ear muffs on for this muff-diving adventure. But even with muffled hearing, I can still hear some epic moans. And then she pushes her wet vag further into my face, gyrating. Well, this is the best activity, ever, though my jaw's starting to get a little sore and I'm losing some tongue strength. She's wearing me out.

But with my tongue on her clit and her body squirming about, all I can think of now is *I'm a lesbian! I'm a lesbian!* This realization is on a solid rotation in my head. It's all I can think about. Yes, now I'm an official lesbian. Hell yeah.

There's another big moan and some more hard hip thrashing and more of that thigh-squeezing and then soon her hands let go of my