

Heaux Confession 1: The Candyhouse, or Tales from the Bordello

By Triston Brewer

Narrator: How did I get started in this? Of course you want to know. Everyone always does. It doesn't matter that I am an artist and that you can see me in some show or some article at any given time here in Berlin. No, people always want to know about the sordid tales of prostitution and sex. One of my talents just so happens to be that I am an excellent fucker and there is really no need to deny the truth when it is staring me directly in the face:

Love can't pay the rent.

But lust?

Lust has been making ends meet for me in Berlin for months now. Not that I don't have 7 other jobs to juggle to try and make it all come together. But after getting fucked over at jobs in Berlin where I don't get paid or where I get sexually harassed, I decided to cut out the middleman and make the money I need. Berlin is a city where you take all the talents that you possess and figure out a way to hone those to survive.

And in this city, there is no such thing as gay or straight; Husbands who want a black man to stud out their wife? Done. Or, a gay couple who need that extra spark? Ignited. Satisfaction guaranteed.

I represent the intangibles, those extra ingredients that make renting me worth it. I call the shots. I say when. I say how.

I add ambiance and sparkle to their overworked lives, which they desperately need.

You've seen 'Pretty Woman'.

So without further adieu, here are the stories.

This is only the introduction. I hope you were paying attention.

Welcome to the heaux confessionals.

[car sounds, city street]

After selling barely nothing at Mauer Park, I took a last minute ride-share from Berlin to Frankfurt. And the driver and his lovely girlfriend said all of eight words to me.

Not that I cared. Just get me the fuck there so I can make my money.

So I was more than relieved to arrive at The CandyHouse four hours later. The German Autobahn has its strong points. And when I arrive, Micha is there, as loud as ever.

[Micha]: "Greet me Foo Foo!"

[they kiss cheeks]

"You have direct competition this time."

<footsteps>

N: Into the office walks a big hunk of chocolate. As I scope out my competition, Micha continues...

[Micha]: "And he has a 26cm cock."

N: Because saying "he has a big massive cock" is not enough information for a madam. It's all about size, dimensions, positions.

[Micha]: "And, you have a high roller client scheduled for twelve, so get ready. How was teaching the children? Molest any?"

N: A madam with enough heart to remember my real job. I couldn't help but laugh. As I walked into the kitchen, I met my co-workers, who were walking around in various states of undress. Not that I was complaining. I entered Emile's room, the house caretaker, where he was lounging in barely there boxer briefs, YouTubing Brazilian pop music.

[Brazilian pop music under]

[Emile]: "Hey, you're back!" <kissing cheek sounds> "This time you have the Canopy Dream room."

N: Emile smiled and adjusted his crotch. Hey, I couldn't help but notice!

[doorbell]

The doorbell rang once, which means it's a client. I had not been here even an hour and already work beckons. Sure enough, in walked Herr MoneyBags.

[Cha-ching!]

So much for a disco coma to prepare for tonight's skankery. Instead, I decided to have a little hash to calm my nerves.

[lighter sparking up]

It seems Herr MoneyBags was an all-nighter, a client eager to devour every cock in the house. For his appetizer, he called in my fellow big black Brazilian and another hot Brazilian boy into the S&M room, which was adjacent to mine. I tried to block out the grunts and porn DVD, but it was difficult to do knowing what was happening on the other side of the skank sugar walls.

[muffled grunting]

And before you knew it, Emile was introducing me to Herr Moneybags.

[Emile]: *[muffled]:* "We have another black boy. I'll bring him to you."

N: Thirty seconds later I was in the S&M room staring at a table covered with used condoms, beer, poppers, and a vat of coke accessorized with 50 euro denomination notes all around.

Yes, this is my life.

[Herr M]: "Hello"

N: He was naked as the day he was born, stroking his glorified clitoris.

[Herr M]: "Would you like some coke?"

N: And you know me, heauxz. I don't do drugs. I do drug. But since I'm 'on the job' so to speak, I have to make an exception. Just a little dab'll do ya. I take his platinum Visa card, making a Karen Carpenter line for me and a Mama Cass line for him.

[snorting sound]

This, dear heauxz, is when I make the heaux disconnect, separating mind from body as he re-positions me, pops me into his mouth, and I think of all the hot nations and territories I've conquered in the past.

Condoleezza Rice and Kofi Annan never could or would envision this.

[Herr M]: "Can you come?",

N: he asks me, stroking his unit.

[Herr M]: "I can if you do"

N: His eyes are glossy and hazey from the crackery on the nightstand.

And two minutes later, I'm wasting ten million children and waiting for him to release his own bastard abortions onto his stomach. But alas, he can't. Of course he can't. He's done enough coke to knock out Naomi, Kate, and Amy.

[Herr M]: "That was hot. I go to the bank and get some more money. I want you and the black Brazilian boy together.

N: He leaves. I clean the room, shower again, and re-moisturize my body to get ready for bed. Surely, he is not coming back for more. Is three cocks not enough?

Apparently not, for ten minutes later, he returns and calls for the first two escorts from before back into the room. Somewhat relieved, I go to the kitchen for some light housekeeping.

And there are plates everywhere, filled with white residue and then some. I consolidate them, make a pile and wait for MoneyBags to call me back.

And I wait and I wait.

An hour later. Nearly 4am to be exact, there is a major dilemma brewing in the heaux house.

Cocaine? Check.

Poppers? Check.

Cigarettes?

Frantic, Emile asks me to go out and buy a pack.

I say sure and head out for what I expect will be a five minute foray.

Wrong.

All the stores are closed. None of the hotels have any. As I circle around Frankfurt's main station, heels clicking, I finally stumble across the only bar that is still open and grab a pack of Marlboro Lights.

[heels clicking, city noises]

When I return, Emile has news for me.

[Emile]: "Ay, He wants you and I together in ten minutes."

[N]: For a few minutes, I hesitate. A ménage a trois with Emile? Ordinarily, I'd be good to heaux, er, go, but in this moment, I am feeling very shy and I don't want to go through with it. Besides, after five hours and counting, I just craved a disco coma. But I have only seconds to think about this conundrum, for Emile returns stark naked, grabs my hand, and ushers me into the S&M room.

[sex noises]

To conserve energy, Emile and I, without prior discussion, morphed into tag team skank partners. As Moneybags laid there and sucked on Little Brazil, I used my fingers to massage the client's cavernous man pussy.

[sex noises]

The question was, would I be able to come after all this skankery?

A resounding yes. With a visual aid like Emile within arm's reach, it was a given.

Emile had also pledged to come, but he breathed a sigh of relief when Moneybags requested a break.

[Herr M]: "When are you going to bed?"

[Emile]: "I don't know",

N: Emile continued to offer his jewels to MB's mouth. *<sex noises>* After ten minutes, we reconvened in the kitchen for a break.

"If we have to go another round, I'm definitely going to need Viagra,"

I said to Emile, as I sat in the kitchen, drinking my third cup of coffee, something I never do.

[Emile]: "I know him. He's a regular. He's almost finished."

[N]: "Well, that's good, because it's nearly seven in the morning and no one else is up to fuck him but us!"

[Emile]: "I think he's done, so I will go in and send him off with a bang".

N: An hour or so later, I had somehow managed to drift to sleep despite the abundance of caffeine in my system, but a bathroom trip was in order. As I walked through the hallway, I encountered Emile, who was shaking his head and pointing at the S&M room.

"He's still here?! Who's in there now with him? Which boy did he wake up at the crack of dawn to invade his crack?!"

[Emile]: *[whispered]* "I don't know. I don't know! It's after eight and I have not slept. No gym for me today."

N: And no gym for an escort is like no diuretics for a runway model. This was not to be taken lightly.

No gym for me either. Two hours later, hunger overtook me, so I woke up and went grocery shopping. After running more errands, I returned home to compare notes with all the other boys about our mutual client.

The tally?

Two grams of coke.

Seven beers.

Two bottles of Ballantines.

Four packs of cigarettes.

One value pack bottle of AstroGlide.

Countless condoms.

And he said "I love you" to each and every one of us.

It really pays to be a heaux.

<music out>

END

Heaux Confession #2: The International Cock Off

By Triston Brewer

<music intro>

Narrator: Welcome back to the heaux confessionals. Part 2: The International Cock-Off

<music out>

One night, I was besieged by the trick that I allowed to get away each and every time...for the past two years.

Marek has been after me almost since I moved to Berlin, but I have always resisted. Something always come up - travelling, a show, my nails. I've been giving him the runaround forever and a day, because I know that he just wants to verify if the stereotype about black men is true.

I know he knows it's true about me. Germans talk, like I've said. But I decide that I've made him wait long enough and tonight he will know first hand.

I arrive and Marek reiterates what every fag in Berlin already knows: he's a porn star. Make that porn 'actor', because if stars make such shit money as the ones in Berlin typically do (trust me, I did my research), then I don't ever want to be a fucking star.

Pun intended.

[N]: "Have you been to the States?"

[Marek]: "I went to Miami on a porn shoot, "

N: Oh great. Not only had he done porn in my country on his first visit, but he did it in one of the biggest non-cities. That is no place to go if you want to experience America proper. But then again, how proper can it be if you're naked for ten hours with fluffers hovering around you?

Another reason why I had never come by before was that we had never worked out the rules of engagement. I already knew he was packing a large tool. Well, so was I, and unlike him, thousands of people had not seen mine. At least not yet. We get down to

business: The international cock off. Heaux up or blow up. So there are two men in the room, six legs, and a quick trick assessment.

Hotness factor: dead heat.

Assets: length is sometimes admired, but girth always prized.

Length is given, but girth is earned.

America 1, Germany 0

<wrestling bell ding>

Assuming the position, one would assume he'd be used to such measurements since it is quite apparent that he can literally fuck himself. But that was not the case.

<sex noises>

Power bottoms can be a hot commodity on the heaux totem pole. Marek was leaning dangerously close to a demotion. For a self-proclaimed porn star, he obviously had a lot to learn. I had not decided just yet if he was worthy of the knowledge I could bestow on him, but for now he would learn one of the trick essentials for wanting a roll in my homosexual hay.

[N]: "Breathe." **<breath sound>**

He passed the test with flying colors, although not as sky high as others I'd had before. With an attachment like this, I was sure many a time he was a BBD: bottom by default. I was fucking him for all the people he'd tagged before who couldn't walk straight for weeks afterward.

And later, when I tell him that our session could have been on a hot porn DVD, he agrees, and I know that I will see him again. But there's a line, and he will be lucky if he jumps to the front of it, even in the desperation months I'm currently in.

Sexual chess.

Checkmate.

<music>

Strap on your dildos, heauxz. You're going to be in for a bumpy ride.

I raced home to meet my 3:15. Of course, I'm on time and able to quickly transform my flat into a trick paradise. He arrives at 3:30. After a few minutes of introduction, he states,

[Georgio]: "I'm a Berliner."

N: That explains the tardiness.

We jump right into round one and I was good to heaux, and so apparently was he. It wasn't until round three that Georgio had a confession.

[Georgio]: "I'm usually active"

N: Yeah, right, I say to myself as I bend him over. There's nothing worse than a bottom in denial and I intend to fuck the doubt right out of him.

<sex noises>

And to paraphrase Moses: let my penis go.

God or the heaux goddesses must have heard my pleas, for Georgio's phone rang and I took the opportunity to dislodge myself from him and roll a joint. I needed something to slow him down, if it was at all possible. We were already past round three and he had made no hints about leaving. This could be a long lustful night and so far we had not had a break sufficient enough for me. After a few puffs, I managed to block out the banter behind me as I thought of all the errands I had intended to do today.

[Georgio]: "Do you like three-ways?",

N: He smiled into my eyes as he massaged my back. Was my trick trying to trick me? This was a loaded question. If I said no, I'd be labelled a prude, thereby possibly decreasing my odds of a return visit. If I said yes, I might not survive the rest of the night. But before I answered, I thought to myself: Is it night-time already? How long had he been here? I may have to delve into my heaux reserves!

But then I concentrated on the task at hand.

So to paraphrase Nancy Reagan: just say maybe.

[N]: "Sometimes."

I left it at that, waiting for more information before I answered definitively.

A rule of trick etiquette: always checkmate the date.

[Georgio]: "It could be very nice."

N: Of course it would be nice if I were involved. I'm a goddamn heauxfessional!

It had already been nice; that I could say. But how much further was I willing to heaux?
The question I posed to myself: how much lust did I care to give?

[N]: "Sure, why not?"

Apparently, I was willing to venture just a little bit further down the yellow trick road. All in the name of research, heauxz. Research!

By the time Slutlana arrived, I'd learned enough information to know I was possibly maybe getting in over my head.

But what the hell. I was doing this for art's sake. Writer's block can be a bitch and I intended to cure mine.

[Georgio]: "I have not been fucked in over four years."

N: He massaged my feet.

[Georgio]: "I am usually active."

N: That explained a lot, since he had obviously waited far too long. Better late than never, I suppose. Trick etiquette: always let bottoms in denial vent. Feel their pain...to an extent. It makes them more receptive in bed.

As Georgio and I awaited Slutlana, I received the massage I'd been waiting ages for.

Slutlana arrived and immediately made herself at home. We were already undressed and soon, so was she, quickly down to her black thong and nothing else.

[Slutlana]: "Do you have anything to drink?"

[N]: "In my kitchen. Go ahead. Make yourself at home."

If I had known a Russian was coming, I would have at least stocked some Stoli.

Georgio and I continued on and she returned with my bottle of red wine, which was nearly full. She drank right out of the bottle, smiling at us. Ghetto Russians? I was in lust already.

Still, errands and a sense of duty ran through my mind. I was supposed to have dinner with Emile tonight! What would be my explanation? Writer's block?

I discreetly reached for my heaux satchel and swallowed a Viagra pill. This was one of those break in case of emergency heaux fiascos and with two members of the former Soviet bloc in my bed, things were more than likely just heating up and I wanted to be prepared. Besides, it was not necessary to come. But repeated failed attempts at reproduction were going to be in order. I was in Russia, at play in the fields of the whores.

<music and sex noises>

What's worse than a bottom in denial? A sex-starved girlfriend so deprived that one round of real sex sans dildo knocks her cold. And that is exactly what happened, as Slutlana managed a round with both of us, then excused herself to my red sofa, where she watched from a distance briefly before passing out near an almost empty bottle of wine.

America 1, Turkey 1, Russia 0.

Maybe it was the red wine? I can't take all the credit for her heaux coma.

Whatever it was, Slutlana was out hot, and now I would have to contend alone with her far hornier half.

Let her pass out, I thought to myself. For apparently, we had all night.

One down, one to heaux.

And Georgio began with another massage. And I tried to manage a way to clench my ass without letting on that I was not interested in that.

For Georgio had been allowed to change the rules of our engagement already. Our intended mid-afternoon romp had evolved into a sex marathon complete with dildos and Russian sluts. These things I could accept. In fact, I welcomed them. Why the fuck not? The whore, the merrier.

But some things. Some things? Some things were non-negotiable.

I had played along with their dildo charade, positioning myself in the middle and shifting my weight from one ass to another, but not excited in the least. Instead, my mind drifted. I wondered when was the last time her other hole had experienced the real thing?

Georgio's repeated attempts at my ass answered my question. I was not appreciative of his turkey baster theatrics. Past listeners know all too well.

I fuck Turkey. Not the other way around.

Because of the multiple massages he'd given me over the course of the night, apparently Georgio felt he had received permission to access any areas.

Not so fast.

Ausgang nur.

That's right. Exit only.

Rule of trick etiquette: always know how you like your bread buttered, heauxz. I personally like most of my butter on one side.

But winter is a choosing season and who wants to get left out in the cold? I had to at least feign interest somewhat if I wanted to summon up the dynamic heaux duo in the future.

Georgio had told me they lived about ten blocks up. That was the perfect location. They were far enough away that I didn't have to share a supermarket with them and possibly see them at the checkout lane...but close enough that if the mood struck me, I could invoke a classic fuck and flee from my house to theirs without wearing thermal underwear. Some people call it strategy.

I call it heaux analysis.

Georgio tried and tried. A few times, he even pried. But I resisted him slyly at every time. As it turns out, it was merely foreplay for what he really wanted. Moments later, Georgio flipped over to quench the clench. Just as I was about to come, Georgio got up and out of the bed, where he re-positioned himself over the wall.

[Georgio]: "Fuck me!"

N: Eastern Europeans are so demanding!

His command and my wish, however, were one and the same. At least for the first three walls. By the time we got to the kitchen walls, I wished I could come so he could then see that I was physically disinterested.

<sex sounds>

Goddamn side effects!

<orgasm sound>

In a heaux panic, I faked an orgasm, quickly pulled of the condom and dropped it into the pile near the bed. My previously released tracks would mean he'd never know the difference.

I coaxed Georgio back to the bed to lie down next to me. Immediately, he was all over me like a wild man. Like a man that had not had that kind of sex in four years.

In four years.

The odds were ostensibly stacked against me, but in situations like this, is one really losing?

Georgio certainly wasn't; back into the crack of my ass with his tongue. Interesting, he was sucking me off with only a condom on, yet he was licking my ass without Saran Wrap? Wonders never cease and Georgio showed no signs of slowing down.

<sex noises>

Rule of trick etiquette: insatiable sluts must be paced or else everyone in the bed suffers.

[N]: "Let's wake her up and I'll make us something to eat"

[Georgio]: "Hmmm. Maybe we can order something."

N: Georgio rubbed my calf.

[N]: "I think it's too late to order something"

[Georgio]: "Do you want to be alone? We can leave if you want."

N: If I want.

If I want?

Now the decision to hurl myself deeper into this sexual Bermuda triangle rested solely on my shoulders. What could I do? Listeners were depending on me to deliver and I'd hate to let them down. I took one look at Georgio on my bed and Slutlana on my couch and I played my heaux hand.

[N]: "Wake her up after I start cooking this schnitzel."

Usually, snacks and drinks were sufficient for my tricks. But with these two, I needed the energy meat would provide me.

And carbs. Lots of them. I cooked fries and made banana smoothies as my guests rustled in my bedroom.

The smell of food must have awakened her for Slutlana was back in my bed when I returned, sitting at the edge, one leg dangling. I sat their plates on the coffee table and

began to roll dessert. As I worked under the candlelight, I looked Slutlana up and down.

[N]: "Why do you dye your blonde hair brown?"

I studied a carpet that didn't match the drapes.

[Slutlana]: "I get bored. Everyone in my family is blond."

[N]: "I guess there aren't many in Russia that look like me. How do you think I would do?",

[Slutlana]: "You wouldn't make it out alive!"

[N]: "If I must die, I'll take it like that. Besides, I'm doing alright for myself now. I think I'm holding my own."

Take that, slut. I take my trickery seriously.

[Slutlana]: "It's early"

N: Slutlana grinned, gliding her fingers up to my hip.

"For you, maybe. We've been at it for a full eight, nine hours. And I do mean full"

I winked.

[Georgio]: "I think it's early for all of us."

N: Fuck.

I'd been double-teamed, outvoted.

Three-ways may sound sexy and they usually are. But they take a lot of work. An idle hand is a heaux abomination. Posture and breathing are crucial to ensure you look as sexy as possible without choking to death. Menage a ochos are far easier.

Don't ask.

Slutlana was back for what turned out to be a brief blast of skankery. It seems she was a Russian with stamina issues. No matter as Georgio made up the slack.

<music and sex sounds>

Finally, he came and we all passed out with me sandwiched in between.

Buoyed by the green sugar, my mind drifted once again. I was nestled between satin skin in front and a grisly beard on my backside. Some people are couples.

When we all woke up in the late morning, Georgio still had his hand placed firmly on my crotch. Heaux intuition told me it had been there the entire night.

[Slutlana]: "What time is it?"

[N]: "Almost noon"

I said, looking at my clock in the windowsill.

[Georgio]: "We have to go soon"

[N]: "Let me make you some coffee."

Anything that would accelerate the departure.

[N]: "You brought your bike inside?" *<yelled but muffled>*

[Georgio]: "Yeah, while you were sleeping."

N: So his hand had left my chocolate salties a few minutes during the night.

I stand corrected.

By the time I'd returned, Slutlana had re-packed her bag as neatly as she'd arrived with it, and Georgio had on underwear for the first time in nearly twenty four hours.

Soon all that remained were their clothes. They quickly dressed and brushed their teeth. These sluts had brought toothbrushes. Now that's a heauxfessional. After a

quick once-over in my mirror, Slutlana and Georgio had satisfied their vanity enough to leave my apartment and venture back into the real world.

I mean, Berlin.

<music>

END

Heaux Confessional 3: The Unexpected: Neverland Edition

By Triston Brewer

Narrator: Welcome to the Heaux Confessionals, Part 3: The Unexpected: Neverland Edition

[music]

On my days off, which are few and far between, I like to fuck.

There. I said it.

Let's just get that little tidbit out of the way. Not to say my weekdays leave me lonely, but that's another story. Here's this one.

I should have seen it coming. I turn on the television to news that Michael Jackson is selling Neverland. Where will the kids run to now?

Consider it whoreshadowing.

On my days off when I want to get off, I log on. Usually, one of my power of three trusty tricks is but a message away. Not today. For the heaux cosmos was misaligned for me today. Trusty tricks became hard to trust. To put it bluntly, I was a day early and a fuck short.

Goddamn Thursdays!

[music in]

Five hours later, darkness approaching, and still no one to share my lust with. Not missing a beat, I sprang to plan B. The time was approaching to dig into the trick reserves.

My trick reserves are like breaking the emergency glass on a speeding train. You had to know just when to reach for that lever.

Enter Jonas.

Jonas was fresh out of his teens at twenty with a hankering for older men. Aside from the fact that I was considered an older man, I generally refused to date anyone born after Thriller. Besides, what could a spring chicken teach me?

Turns out a bucketload.

I swallowed my heaux pride and crossed the kindergarten divide, inviting Jonas to my flat for the first time. While awaiting Chicken Little, I pondered other factors in tonight's hard won trickery. Not only was Jonas twenty, he was German and twenty. Not that being German was a negative. Quite the contrary. Germans can be lovely to have on call in a sex pinch.

But how low can you heaux?

[music]

Narrator: Jonas arrived, made himself comfortable, and I soon realized that I was nervous. I figured it should be the other way around. I had just the remedy for this.

As I rolled a joint, I made small talk with him.

[N]: "Did you find my flat OK?"

[Jonas]: "Yeah, I live right across the bridge"

[N]: He took off his shirt.

[Jonas]: "I was running late because I had to shave."

Narrator: At least he was past that stage of puberty, I lamented to myself. Not that Jonas was small. He was German, after all. But the number twenty was flashing across his forehead like a billboard ad.

[N]: "Right across the bridge?"

Narrator: Perfect. Now he'd develop a crush on me and I'd have to see him on the streets. It was a risk I was willing to take during this sexual recession.

[bed squeaks, moans]

Narrator: Once nude and lying on my bed, age was quickly a thing of the past as Jonas proved to be quite schooled in trickery. I was used to taking the lead, controlling the rhythm. The rules of trickery firmly state: big sticks bear big responsibility.

To my elated shock, Jonas took it like a specialized heaux, motioning me to go harder, faster, deeper.

[slap sounds]

Narrator: He was slapping my ass and gritting his teeth. What a little slut! What kind of a role reversal was this? I was about to be out-fucked by a young buck?

Not on your heaux luck!

I'd already swallowed enough pride today. Some things are always worth fighting for. My sex reputation was on the line. How could I live with myself knowing the Gerber baby turned me out?!

I huffed and I puffed and I flexed my significant skank muscles to a powerful climax.

Mission accomplished, I laid down to bask in the heaux afterglow.

[Jonas]: Round one was great!

Narrator: Jonas grinned at me. That sly grin alluded to the realization that he was young in age but old in heaux. A pause was in order.

I rolled another joint and pondered sexual chess with chicken.

This was a teen heauxfessional! I refused to be upstaged.

Round two and I gave it to him like I would any other trick, setting aside the age issue just long enough. It made for an interesting session. So intense that I now had to acknowledge the glaringly obvious:

What's a pluck here and there every now and then? If there's grass on the field, play ball!

[sex noises]

I didn't fake the second orgasm. I did fake the desire for a round three. But if necessary, I would.

Fortunately, Jonas had to go home. I suspected curfew. Whatever, I was off the heaux hook.

[email sound]

The next day in my emails, a message from Jonas, extolling the session we'd had and asked to meet again any time.

Score another turn out.

Just as sexpected.

[music]

Narrator: A take on bisexuality.

I get asked this all the time:

“Are you really bisexual?”

“Are you sure you're not gay?”

You can call me gay if you want. I don't care. You can call me bisexual if you want. Again, I don't care. But please...do not ever call me straight.

The first time I was ever with a man, it didn't even matter that he was a man. Are you following me? I was in love with the feeling that someone was into me.

Me! I may be bold on the surface, but anyone that has had me...that has really had me...knows that I am one that has to be taken, to be grasped, to be approached and claimed. It's not that I am so cocky. I'm shy in nature and I've always had a hard time asserting myself when it comes to flirting.

So the first time that I was with a man, it was not that I was feeling *him* so much as *it*. It was the first time that something struck me inside enough for me to not be afraid of where it would take me. The gender was irrelevant. I was ready for the journey.

He courted me. He won me over. He did all of the things that someone that cares about someone does. And I noticed them. I respected them. And I did something I had never done before.

I opened myself up.

He just happened to be a man.

I never was in a closet, and there was never a day that I railed against that first act or the moments thereafter. The experience made me stronger and made me realize that what two people mutually choose to share between one another is all that matters.

Let's be clear that I know which side my bread is buttered on most. Really, I do. But I also note that in the moments I make a connection, the gender has never mattered.

So when I walk down the street, I notice the men and women, I notice the breasts and the crotches, the chests and the asses. If you wink at me and I'm feeling you, I'll wink back.

It's all lust, baby!

[music out]