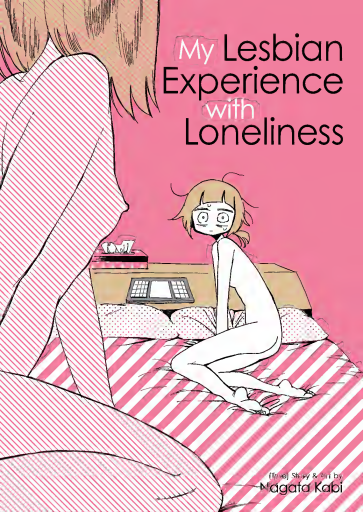


My Lesbian Experience with Loneliness



(I)nsy & Shi by
Nagata Kabi

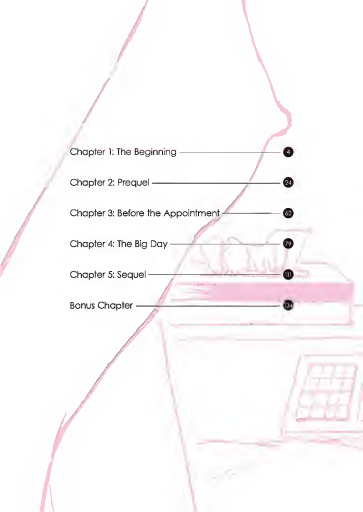


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My Lesbian
Experience
with
Loneliness

(true) story & art
Nagata Kabi





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Chapter 1: The Beginning

Here I am,
twenty-eight
years old.
I've never
dated anyone,
never had sex--
and on top
of that,
never had a
real job.

It's
June
2015,
the
middle
of the
day.

And
I'm face
to face
with a
woman
from a
lesbian
escort
agency.



When it comes to anything sexual, I'm about as experienced as a newborn—or something like that.

HEE HEE HEE!

.....

WHEE!

And let me be clear here, this is not making me feel sexy at all.

COUGH

LIE BACK.

I have a bald spot on my head. (I hide it, but still.)

And my arms are covered in scars from cutting, but there's no way to hide them.

FLOP





It's a story ten years in the making.

In order to be a grown-up, I was after some sort of "sweet nectar" that's supposed to come with adulthood.

In order to live as myself...

And how did it go?

Why did I suddenly muster up the courage to call an escort agency?

...a
decade
ago.

I remember
when this
suffering
began...





LOOKING FOR PART-TIME HELP.

HELLO? I SAW YOUR HELP WANTED AD.

Knowing I didn't belong anywhere-- that I had nowhere to go every day-- made me extremely anxious.



I lost the things that had given me shape, and as they disappeared, I felt like I was dissolving into thin air.

I thought that belonging somewhere, having somewhere to go every day = me.



Fortunately, everyone there was really great.

I found a part-time job, six days a week.



I thought that would make me happy, that everything would get better...

I thought it would be nice if we could be like a family.

I started causing problems for everyone, coming in late, leaving early, calling in sick...



But gradually, it got harder-- both physically and mentally.

IF YOU DON'T MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL, YOU CAN'T STAY HERE.

THIS ISN'T SCHOOL.



I GUESS I GOT THE WRONG IDEA SOMEHOW.

AAW.



...OF how it had even happened.

But at the time, I didn't really know what I'd gotten the wrong idea about...





I didn't feel hungry, and I didn't think I deserved to eat.

THE SHAPE OF MY LEGS WAS DISTURBING



Incidentally, I'm 167cm tall, but at the time, I weighed 38kg.

(8th, 24th)

I still have these thoughts, and I'm sure there are some I haven't noticed yet.



I DIDN'T DESERVE TO EAT OUT

I BOUGHT CAKE

TO DEFINITELY PAY FOR IT.

AMUSE 201

I DIDN'T DESERVE TO DRINK ALCOHOL

Others in the "I don't deserve to XX or I will seriously pay for it" series include...

I was twice as sensitive to the cold as a normal person, and when I did eat, I'd sometimes end up feeling sick.



SO COLD

MY CHEEPPED SKIN NEVER GOT BETTER AND THERE WAS ALWAYS THIS MYSTERIOUS YELLOW LIQUID Oozing OUT

IF I BARELY BUMPED INTO THE HEATER, IT WENT A BURN

At the time, my skin was a mess and my cuts basically never healed. I got low-temperature burns at the drop of a hat.

But I was happy to be falling apart.

And then I could find a place where I belonged.



Getting hurt absolved me of something. I thought it would lower the bar for other people to accept me...

...the welcoming kindness of a hospital bed.



But I still wasn't anywhere close to...

And I totally got it.

"BUT IT'S EASY TO UNDERSTAND THE PAIN WHEN IT'S MY BODY THAT'S BEING HURT. IT CALMS ME DOWN."



"I DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND THE PAIN IN MY HEART. IT DOESN'T HAVE ANY REAL FORM."

I read about a person who hurt herself. She said...

Years later...

You can see it; the cause is very clear. Creating and seeing the dummy pain calms you down. You feel better right away.



Putting the invisible pain in my heart into words was a process that took time and effort, and more than that...

I think it was a natural reaction from my body's starvation switch being flipped.

Eventually, I did a one-eighty from not eating at all, and started overeating.

So then, what did I do? I gritted my teeth.

I COULDN'T LEAVE THE REGISTER.

But I had no choice in the matter. A desire to eat would suddenly take over my brain, so powerful that it almost drove me mad. I could do nothing in that state of binge eating, which was a serious problem.

HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM (LIE.)

SORRY! I JUST ...!

And I would pretend to go to the bathroom and race into the staff room.

Which wouldn't be a big deal on its own, but this happened over and over.

I HAVE TO GET BACK ALREADY. RH RH RH RH RH!

Back there, we had food taken off the shelves for being past the expiry date, and I would frantically stuff it into my mouth.



When there was only instant ramen...

Sometimes...



THEY CRUSTED LIKE NOTHING!

I'd just bite into them.

And I didn't have the time to add hot water and wait three minutes (I was already in the middle of a shift)...



...and if I sprinkled the soup powder on them, it just fell through the cracks and didn't stick at all.

IS THAT HOW MUCH I WANTED TO EAT?

The non-fried noodles are particularly hard, so they'd be speckled with my blood.



Bread and cookies were easy to eat, but I'd end up feeling really sick later.

I was sure that if anyone saw me, they'd think I was possessed or something.



(ALTHOUGH IT WAS TRICKY HAVING WATER IN THE PACKAGE THAT HAD TO BE DUMPED SOMEWHERE.)

Finally, I kept a supply of yam cakes in my locker.

So my position there gradually got worse.



In my experience, you can try to do things like this on the sly, but people can basically tell.

My memories from that time probably fuel that.



Even now, ten years later, I'm still held prisoner by the thought of what I'll do if I desperately want to run away, but can't leave my post.

I tried to go to work and collapsed in the hallway of my house. I couldn't move.



One cold morning, after six months of this...

I got fired that day.

EMAIL FROM THE ONLY PERSON AT WORK I'D EXCHANGED ADDRESSES WITH.

THE MANAGER'S SUPER MAD, AND YOUR TIME CARDS NOT THERE ANYMORE.



That day threw me into a dark, painful space with nothing below my feet.



I'd lost my lone candidate for a place to belong.





It felt like no matter how hard I tried, it wouldn't really be trying at all.

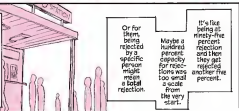


When other people couldn't see that I was trying...

Some people take rejection from one thing as being rejected from everything.



I think I'm one of those. Or maybe all of them. Yeah, for me... I felt all of that.



Or for them, being rejected by a specific person might mean a total rejection.

Maybe a hundred percent capacity for rejections was too small a scale from the very start.

It's like being at ninety-five percent rejection and then they get rejected another five percent.



...was also required to enjoy food, to keep yourself neat and tidy, and to mutually respect people. But at the time, I didn't know that.



Several years later, I realized that this "something" other than money...

So eventually, I went home.

WHAT IS THIS...?



I ran out of the house because I'd had all I could take from my parents. But I actually had no choice but to rely on them.

It was pathetic. I hadn't thought I was so helpless. I was disappointed in myself.



I had that thought dozens of times over the next several years.

KEEP DOING THIS WITH YOU!
IT'S TOO HARD

I JUST CAN'T.



"I've finally reached the limits. I can't be any more disappointed in myself."

I always think it must be tough for people recuperating at home, too.



Whatever a binge looks like on the outside, they're seriously suffering on the inside.

But I'd think about the many merits of being dead over being alive...



Each and every day was hard. Twenty-four hours without a moment of respite. No matter how I looked at it, dying was an easier option.

...and it was surprisingly aggravating.

GRAR!

GOD-DAMMIT !!!

I'LL CLAW MY WAY OUT OF BED WITH MY LAST DYING BREATH!

IF THIS IS HOW IT IS, I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE!

That was how I started to think.

The background of the entire page is a pattern of diagonal stripes in shades of pink and white. A jagged, sawtooth-like vertical line runs down the center of the page, separating the left and right halves. The stripes are consistent in width and spacing, creating a rhythmic, textured effect.

My Lesbian
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Loneliness



So I ate food, and the bingeing gradually stopped.



If I got my body out of starvation mode, I could get the binge eating under control.

It was hard for me to be in the house, so I went on endless walks.



I DID IT...

I was finally living a normal life (up in the morning, in bed at night, three meals a day).

NORMAL LIFE

IT WAS A SIMPLE THING BUT I FELT SUCH A SENSE OF ACCOMPLISHMENT!



ALL RIGHT/ NEXT, A JOB!

Help Wanted!







YOU CAN DO THAT ONCE YOU'RE A REAL SALARIED EMPLOYEE.

OH... WE CAN'T ACCEPT THAT.



I didn't know what I wanted, or where I wanted to go.

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO USE MY MONEY FOR?



UGH, IT'S TOO HARD BEING AT HOME, SO I'LL JUST GO TO WORK.



Whenever, wherever-- I was always uncomfortable, one way or another.

I was always flustered and in pain.

...are related to when I'm trying to make myself look good due to an inferiority complex, or when I don't understand how I actually feel.



Recently, I've realized that the times when I'm uncomfortable...

TOTALLY BLANK RESUME



SALARIED EMPLOYEE STATUS.

LOOKS LIKE I JUST HAVE TO GO FOR IT.

I only had a high school diploma, but I looked for places that did mid-career hires and went to interviews.



I worked at the bakery for two years, but then I lost the will to work and stopped being able to get out of bed.

I simply sought my parents' approval.



HE'S GOING TO A JOB INTERVIEW

I'M TIRED! I TRIED!

I couldn't listen to my own feelings, or have my own opinions about myself.



This interviewer took plenty of time to speak with me, too, smiling the whole time.

An osteopathic clinic.

THERE USED TO BE A LOT OF OSTEOPATHS IN THIS AREA, BUT I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT NOW.

YOU CAN TELL WHEN SOMEONE'S DOING WORK THEY ENJOY.

I'M SURE IT'S LIKE THIS IN THE FOOD SERVICES AS WELL...

WELL...

IS AN OSTEOPATHIC CLINIC YOUR NUMBER ONE CHOICE FOR WORK?

He also asked me what I really want to do.

Of course...









I'd never
said yes
to it,
either.

Although
I'd never
said no to
drawing
manga...

For some
reason,
they
reached
deep into
my heart.

ONLY
ONLY
ONLY
ONLY
ONLY

The tone
of his voice,
the fist
pump, the
smile, the
smell, even
the air
around
him...

I couldn't
stop crying.
Not after
I got to the
station,
not after
I got on
the train.

Even
though he'd
only said,
"Good luck
with
manga"...

The truth
didn't
matter--
it just felt
okay to
completely
believe
in that.

He
probably
really
meant it,
and I was
happy at
that
moment.

But that was what I thought.

I'M GOING TO FIGHT HARD.

I'M SO HAPPY...

Even now, I can't really stand up and proudly declare that I like manga.

SMILE
YEAH!
GOOD LUCK!!

AGH

I still remember him while I'm drawing, and I straighten up every time.

But even though the people who interviewed me all had tough jobs, they had enough energy to smile. They seemed like they were enjoying themselves.



I had thought that adults never had fun. I had thought everyone was suffering.

There was one other impression I took home from those interviews.

But would I get there if I was always worrying about what my parents thought?

I'M HOME.



I wanted to be that kind of shining adult.

HONORABLE MENTION



For three years, I submitted to newcomer contests while working part-time.

I was just too terrible at group work (although it was just three of us), so I quit...



My friend invited me to start an independent manga group together, but...

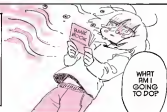
It was like a wall grew between my friends and me, and I spent several years not seeing anyone.

CATCHING UP ON RECENT SOCIAL ACTIVITY ONLINE



I felt bad, and that made it hard for me to see them.

The million yen, plus the money I'd saved from odd jobs, was finally used up.



And then, around that time...

I was
even more
unemployable.



And now
that I'd been
out of work
for two years
after quitting
my part
time job...

I'd make
it to the
building,
but
wouldn't
go in.
Or I'd run
away during
the break.



After going
to about twenty
interviews and
getting no job
offers, I couldn't
even make it
to any others.
I just gave up
right away.



I did too
much of that
all over the
place, so when
the phone did
ring, I was too
scared to
pick it up.

I GUESS
I HAVE
TO DIE,
AFTER
ALL...



I'M SO
BAD AT
BEING
ALIVE...



I was like a new person.



It was almost like I'd made my way out of a deep cave.

I couldn't think at all. It was like everything in my head had fallen out, and I couldn't read text.



But after two years, the spell was broken, and things got really hard again.

I had thought it would be smooth sailing after I made my debut...



It was painful, like I'd been shoved into this tiny space. My own contours seemed uncertain.

I couldn't think anymore.



...but my empty head was flooded with sounds spilling through my ears.



This went on for several months, so I went to a doctor for the first time in ages.



I could read again.

I CAN READ!
I CAN REEED!

I UNDER-
STAND
THE
MEAN-
ING!!

.....
!!
I started taking a prescription, and the first thing to improve...



I started reading articles and books that seemed related to the topic.

I wanted to find some hints as to where this pain came from, and how I could resolve it.



Eventually, I came across a book on mental illnesses in pubescent children, and somehow...





I wondered if I still had desires from when I was a baby.



And I was so happy when my mom would look at my butt or touch it.

...maybe the desire to devour boobs was a regression.



I mean, isn't there some part of sexual desire that resembles a baby's desire? I didn't know, but...

That was all I could think.

THAT'S WHAT I WAAA-
AAANT !!



I saw a woman write on Twitter (or something) that maybe what men seek in women is a mother who lets them have sex with her.

But I wanted something more, like the general concept of a mother-- a presence that would accept me, which is something everyone wants.



I'll just say this: a "mother" might be the person who takes care of the house.







ALL I
WANT IS
TO BE
HELD.

START
WHERE
THE BAR
ISN'T TOO
HIGH...

At any
rate,
thanks
to that
article,
I was able
to view
my desire
head-on.



When
I thought
about it,
I had a long
history of
wanting to
be held.



When I was nineteen,
I'd be behind the register,
thinking anyone would
do, for just two seconds
of it--or one second.
I only wanted someone
to hold me.



It was
all I
could
think
about.

**FORGET
ABOUT
ALL
THAT!!
JUST
HOLD
ME!!!**

And
at my
therapist's
office...



And having my back touched did make me feel calm and happy.



Which reminds me. When I worked at the bakery, I went for massages a lot.

The other forty percent was my desire to relax under someone's touch.



Sixty percent of why I went was my sore neck and shoulders.

But my neck and shoulders weren't particularly sore.



I thought about maybe going for massages again.

I searched Twitter daily for "free hugs" and the name of a location, thinking I might find something.



IS SOMEONE MAYBE DOING FREE HUGS SOMEWHERE?!

OH!

And
I never
actually
ran into
any,
either.



In the
end,
I didn't
find any
info on
free
hugs.

A A H !



Recently, I read an article online
that described feelings of
confusion teenage girls have
the first time they try sex.
That sometimes all the girl
really wanted was an embrace,
cuddling up in bed,
or even just a nice meal.

In the pursuit
of that comfort,
some people even
end up hurting
themselves mentally
and physically,
like clinging to bad
sexual relationships.



I had this
feeling
like, oh,
everyone
wants to
be held.

HOW
HARD
IS IT,
EXACTLY?*

GETTING
SOMEONE
TO HOLD
YOU, AND
FEELING
SAFE...

But for anything more than that, I'd only want to pursue it with a woman. And the reason behind that...



By the way--when it comes to free hugs, gender doesn't matter to me.

It wasn't that I wanted to be a man; it was more like I hated belonging to a gender at all.



...was that I didn't want to accept that I was a woman.

...before I was seen as myself.



I was excessively afraid of being defined as a woman...

SAVING THIS!



HE'S BARE! HE'S BARE!



WOMEN'S BODY



NOTE THE DIFFERENCE

Plus, I was more sexually interested in women's bodies than men's.

Writing about all this now, it makes a lot more sense.



But it wasn't like I was lusting over a particular woman or anything.

Back then, though, I was totally, utterly... clueless.



And, as you can probably guess, these are all things that I know now, from experience.

I was sure I'd go my whole life and die without anything even vaguely sexual.



I felt like I shouldn't even be thinking about things like that.

I'VE NEVER THOUGHT ANYTHING LIKE THAT!!

Reading that really shocked me.

"Because I can remember what it felt like to appreciate life, I don't want to be a disaster--for my own sake."

By the way--in her manga at that time, Natsuko Taniguchi wrote:



But wasn't I actually responding to the demands of the me who wanted to please my parents?



I had thought I wanted to live up to my parents' expectations.

Oh/ What if...

It was all because that wasn't what they wanted. The me who wanted their approval-- who was making me do all this work--had totally missed the mark...



The fact that they weren't the least bit satisfied even though I was supposedly doing all this for them...

Was that why I'd been suffering for so long?

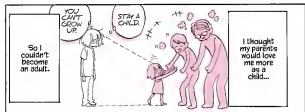


And the me trying to please my parents was the only version of me I'd listened to.

I WANT TO BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND MY OWN FEELINGS!!



I WANT TO LOVE MYSELF.





Maybe it was this.

DON'T GROW UP STAY A KID!

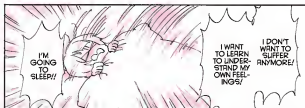
The pain of being pushed into a tiny place...



JUST THINKING IT MUST BE OKAY, RIGHT?!

But I felt like even just thinking about it was totally forbidden.

I was already grown up, so it should have been fine for me to be interested in sex-- or even to be having it.



I'M GOING TO SLEEP!!

I WANT TO LEARN TO UNDERSTAND MY OWN FEELINGS!

I DON'T WANT TO SUFFER ANYMORE!



I CAN'T SLEEP...!!

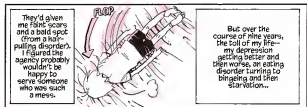




...THINKING LIKE THAT ANY-MORE!!

I SAID THAT I'M NOT...

AH...!!



They'd given me faint scars and a bald spot (from a hair-pulling disorder). I figured the agency probably wouldn't be happy to serve someone who was such a mess.

But over the course of nine years, the toll of my life--my depression getting better and then worse, an eating disorder turning to bingeing and then starvation..



BUT...

IT WOULD GIVE ME MORE THINGS TO WRITE ABOUT, AND THAT WOULD BE HANDY, RIGHT?

(THE MAGIC EXCLUDE)



Hey, me back then! That's exactly what happens.

U N N N H

ROLL

U N N N H

ROLL

In the journal I was keeping at the time, I wrote

"Maybe I'll be able to look harder at the past by getting some experience in the present."

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*About \$200-\$300 U.S. Dollars





...the world was a bigger place.

The next day...



It was easier to breathe.

...connecting me to a continent I'd thought was unreachable.

A bridge had sprung up over the course of the night...



But my heart was pounding, and I couldn't stay still.

I hadn't made an appointment yet...

Instead of bowing to the demands of the me who wanted to please my parents, I was thinking and acting for my own sake.



Since I'd looked at the place's website-- no, since I'd run the first search...



I couldn't believe how fulfilling it felt.

My physical body hadn't changed, even if the world had opened.

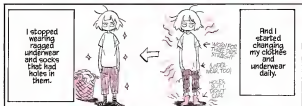


I finally realized something.

So I could go anywhere I wanted in this bigger world.



I had to clean up.



...and keeping neat and clean was loving myself.



I thought spending time, effort, and money on myself...

...the people around me were nicer, too.



And when I was able to love myself...



When I relied on other people for everything, it was hard for me and it burdened everyone else.

And yet, all that time, I hadn't been able to do it.



Taking care of myself was good for me and for the others, and it was more effective in all kinds of ways.



It exploded, finally freed.

My longing for the sexual contact I'd denied up until then...



But I couldn't deny it anymore.

It was stupid how much that stuff filled up my head.



...into my work.

I channeled that bottled-up energy...



I was even able to make those work calls I was so bad at.

I HOPE TO HEAR FROM YOU ABOUT THIS SOON.

HELLO! HOW'S IT GOING?

I was so eager to work.

...for the first time in over a year, I got the go-ahead for one of my pitches.



And...

Things kept going almost magically well--like I was in one of those dodgy advertisements you see in the back of magazines.



Maybe I hadn't had the motivation to try before that point.



I was getting those results just because I was trying.

My mind kept wandering. I couldn't concentrate.



But even when I was working...



Maybe
a little
bald spot
wouldn't
bother
them.

Surely
they'd
had
clients
with
mental
health
issues
before.

STROKE...

FL

IP

It
sounded
worse
than ever.

Gah!
No way.





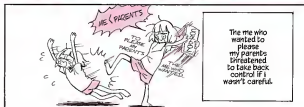
About a month or so with











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It was like I'd fallen so low that I couldn't bounce back fast, no matter what I did.



But I'd given up on a "proper" life for so long that I didn't have any clothes.

I ended up borrowing money from my mom to hire an escort, i.e. the worst thing ever.



CAN I BORROW 10,000 YEN?...?

MOM...

And because the temporary income I'd been counting on was less than expected...

©2007 Shueisha

I wasn't hiring this woman for fun. I thought I had to do it for something far more important.



To be honest, though, I didn't feel guilty about it.

I needed to step into a place I'd thought I could never go.



I needed to affirm the things I hadn't been able to.



What was I even doing?

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO PREPARE MYSELF FOR THIS.

W N N G H !



THIS IS WAY BEYOND ME.

...and do all kinds of first-time stuff with her.

I was off to meet a stranger, accompany her to my first love hotel...



And then I left a little early.

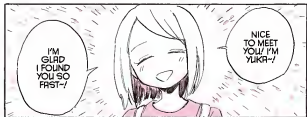
In the end, I just dawdled the rest of the time away.



Standing on the train platform...

I was finally going to realize this huge dream.













While the bath was running, she asked me about my experience and sexuality.



I'd actually been looking forward to that since I'd seen it on the agency's website.



We got in the bath together!

COME ON IN!
♥

YOUR HANDS ARE COO-COLD!



She washed me first.

And then we got in the tub, with her holding me from behind.



N-NO...

RIGHT, A CRUSH, THERE'S NO ONE...



DO YOU HAVE A CRUSH ON ANYONE RIGHT NOW?

A CRUSH...?!





I responded to her smooth smile with an indescribable expression.

Since I lacked a lot of human contact, I couldn't move my face the way I wanted.

MY FACE... ISN'T REALLY MOVING.

MY EXPRESSION'S FEELING THE VIBE

SHH

THIS...!

I didn't know if she realized it, but...

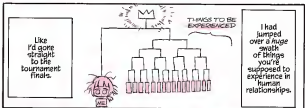
smooch

...was the first time I'd ever been kissed.

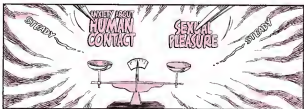
That...













Things started to feel hopeless.



I figured those girls had opened their hearts, unlike me.

IT WAS THE BEST I'VE EVER FELT.

REVIEW:

EVERYTHING FLASHED BEFORE MY EYES!

MY LEGS WERE ALL TWITCHY! ALMOST WENT CRAZY! NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD FEEL THAT GOOD.

I thought of the reviews and comments I'd read about this agency.



Someone who failed at being a person?

What was I?



I'M SORRY.

IT'S NO USE, IT'S TOO HARD...





She
took
it the
wrong
way.

SHE
PROBABLY
THOUGHT
I WAS
MOANING

HMP?
HERE...?

HUH
?!!

LEAN
JUST
TO
TRY?

DO YOU
WANNA
PUT A
FINGER
IN ME,
TOOP

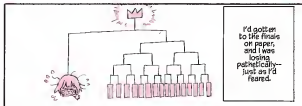
SCARY,
SCARY!
PUTTING
IT IN IS
SCARY--
I CAN'T!

IT CAN
BE
QUICK.
YOU
WANNA
TRY
PUTTING
IT IN FOR
JUST A
SECOND?

Maybe it
would've
been
better
to just
admit
I was
scared.

WHY?

AAH! BUT
IT MIGHT
SOUND
RUDE IF
I SAY I
DON'T
WANT TO!



But it didn't seem real. I almost didn't believe it was happening.



It should have been incredible.

I was touching another person's body, but it didn't feel like reality.



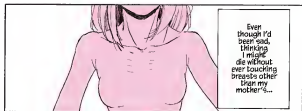
RIGHT, LIKE THAT.

LEARN BACK.



Her breasts, her body-- everything was right there in front of me, but I couldn't touch any of it.









RRRRRRRRRR

THAT'S
PROBABLY
THE "FIFTEEN
MINUTES
LEFT"
CALL

spring



OKAY~!

THANK'S.

HELLOP

OKAY.



it
was
over.

RIGHT,
THANK
YOU.

click



HOW
ABOUT
WE JUMP
IN THE
BATH?

ALL
RIGHT.





Amount: 2190 USD

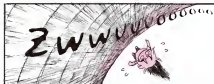




The background of the page is filled with diagonal stripes in shades of pink and white. A jagged, sawtooth-like vertical line runs down the center of the page, separating the left and right halves. The stripes are consistent in width and spacing, creating a rhythmic, textured effect.

My Lesbian
Experience
with
Loneliness





The experience was like running up to the massive wall that stood between other people and me.

OH! MOM LEFT SUPPER FOR ME.



I'd been so nervous that day that I'd basically eaten nothing.

GOMP!



THANKS FOR THE FOOD!



They say
your first
kiss tastes
like lemons.



I'd
thought
maybe
it was
true.

WELL,
I HAVE
NO
IDEA.

So many
people in
this world
have been
kissed—
and I'd
heard
it a lot.

Or that
it would
amount to
more than
a limp fruit
in my supper,
at least..



The
experience
had put me
on the side
of the people
who know.



And now
I'd finally
moved over
to the
"done it"
column.



For
twenty-eight
years,
I'd fought
against a
value system
that
emphasized
sexual
experience.

**HA
HA
HA
HA
HA!**



HEH
HEH
HEH.

NGRAH

HEH
HEH HEH...
MWAH HA.
HEH HEH...

THE ME
WHO SAID
ALL THAT
STUFF,
WHO
WORRIED
ABOUT ALL
THIS...!!



I'M
FREE~!!
I'M
TOTALLY
FREEEE
~!!!

**HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA!**

BUT IT'S
ALL GOOD
NOW. I DON'T
HAVE TO GO
THAT FAR--
I CAN STILL
CALL
SOMETHING
"WEIRD" IF
IT IS WEIRD.



CLEAR! SO CLEAR

AAAH~!
I LOST!
THIS TIME,
I LOST.
THE PULL
OF THE
WORLD
IS TOO
STRONG~!



All the things that alluded to sex, the things I'd thought I could never touch and didn't even have the right to look at—I could reach for them now.



Drawing this manga was basically the first time I wrote it. I'd been excessively—childish—conscious of sex.

Before that, I hadn't even been able to say the word "sex"—much less write or type it.



It was advanced communication, it revealed everything about you—it made your heart naked.

Now that my eyes were open, I discovered all the things trying to tell me how sex was.



I'M SORRY...

I HAD NO DER...

IT'S NEXT-LEVEL COMMUNICATION, AFTER ALL...

I guess there's not really any hymen-shaped thing?



And then I read more about the hymen.



Along with diagrams that showed the hole that allowed menstrual blood through.



...there were diagrams with the entrance.

When I looked it up online...

On Yahoo Answers, I found a lot of questions about "a mysterious object" or "why won't a finger go in," so...maybe people have different shapes?



Hymen or no, maybe there was something other people had that I didn't.

I wish they'd teach us this stuff in school.

WRIT, PEE COMES OUT OF THERE? TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AND I NEVER KNEW THAT!



At any rate, there were too many explanations about the hymen.

I HAD ABSOLUTELY NO KNOWLEDGE OF MY OWN BODY!

And now that I think about it with a clear head, the erotic doujinshi I'd used as reference had been man x man-- so of course things wouldn't end up like that.



By the way, the sex was nothing like an erotic doujinshi.

Had I been seeking something I could never get with my body? Something that didn't even exist in reality?

WHAT'S THE YAOI HOLE?

- A MYSTERIOUS ORGAN IN MUCH OF BL (BOYS LOVE) THAT DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE THE ANUS IN POSITION, SHAPE, OR FUNCTION.

WHEN THEY DOSE UP, IT GETS WET ETC HIGH PERFORMANCE.

Had I actually been looking for the eroticism of the yaoi-hole fantasy?

WHY NOT...?!



I realized I'd never read any works with girl x girl sex.

Since I'd resisted thinking about sexual things, maybe boy x boy had been the only erotica I'd been able to accept.



Rather than boy x girl or girl x girl, I only had the completely unrelated boy x boy.

But maybe it had had an effect on me as my only point of reference, and that had led to hurting my partner.



I didn't think I'd been that influenced by those works.

It's weird to learn about your own life and bodily functions through nothing but fantasy.



The problem was that I didn't know anything other than the sex in that kind of fiction.

...I'd be seriously shocked when I learned about women.



Sometimes I think that if I were a guy, surrounded by this insufficient education and tons of fantasy sex...

It's the fact that we're never given the correct information.



I'm repeating myself here, but the problem isn't the stuff in fiction.

I realized that, for some reason, my memories were transforming.



And then, as the days went by...

EXCLUDING MY REACTION...



THAT IN ITSELF IS LIKE AN EROTIC DOWNSHIF.

RIGHT. JUST DOING IT IS SEXY AND LUSCIOUS.

Before even going, I'd considered drawing a manga about it.



I HAVE TO WRITE IT DOWN BEFORE MY BRAIN DRESSES IT UP INTO SOMETHING ELSE!!

I SHOULD JUST GIVE UP ON THIS, RIGHT?

AND THIS STORY ISN'T INTERESTING. I CAN'T CREATE CHARACTERS, EITHER.



I TRIED TO DRAW NEATLY, BUT IT'S A MESS.

I was working on something for a magazine at the time.







I FEEL SO
INCREDIBLY
SATISFIED
AND HAPPY
NOW.

I realized
that the reason
I had trouble
meeting people
was my
compulsion
to try to make
myself look
better.



I COULD
NEVER REALLY
SHOW MYSELF
TO PEOPLE
BEFORE THIS.

YEAH,
I MEAN...



Leaving
me with
"no choice
but to die,"
like I'd
once felt.

I'd worried
about being
unable to
create
anything
interesting.

MAYBE I
CAN WRITE
IF IT'S
ABOUT
MYSELF!!



My subject
matter did
help me out
at that
point.

Imagine
this as a
Japanese
television
morning drama:
cheerful
background
music playing
as the
protagonist's
future
opens up.

MAYBE
I'VE FINALLY
FOUND
MY WAY
FORWARD!

THAT
WAS FUN
TO DRAW.
I WANT
TO DO
MORE!



▷ QUIT
LIE
DIE

▷ TRY HARD
DON'T TRY HARD
DIE
ON HOLD

▷ RUN AWAY
APOLOGIZE
DIE

▷ FAKE SICK
TRY HARD
DIE

Death--
an option
I'd considered
in the ten
years since
high school--
was put on
hold for the
very first time.



WHY CAN YOU GET
UP IN THE
MORNING
EVERY DAY -
AND GO TO
SCHOOL FOR
THINGS

Up until then,
I'd never
understood
how people
could just
keep on living.



I'd thought that everyone had to be lapping up some sweet nectar I didn't know about.



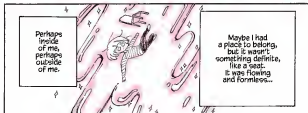
MMPH!
IT REALLY DOES EXIST!

Now it was like that nectar was suddenly being poured into my mouth.



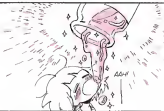
I think the essence of that sweet nectar varies from person to person.

A reason to live, the power to live, a place to belong in this world...



Perhaps inside of me, perhaps outside of me.

Maybe I had a place to belong, but it wasn't something definite, like a seat. It was flowing and formless...



At any rate, I think "sweet nectar" is a good way to describe it.

...my sweet nectar had been my friends and their compliments.



The last time I'd lived a proper life, in my high school days...



I'd thought the only way to be fulfilled was to go back to having friends like that.



But I'd found a new sweet nectar.

All the people who pass my work on even further...



Having something with feedback to write about, having so many people look at what I draw...

Transmitting my signal, having people receive it, being recognized by people.



I think I know how to fill up my heart now.

And being treated like an adult was a sweet nectar like a drug.

LIKE I'M A REAL GROWN-UP!!!

MET TWO



WANT TO ORDER SOMETHING?

OH

And at that point, I didn't have to push my work out into the world. The (publishing) world came to me.

I still had basically no friends-- and I hadn't seen my old ones in years-- but I wasn't lonely.



It stopped feeling like I was being pushed into a narrow space, or like I was the only one who couldn't grow up.

I'd prayed like that. Maybe my wish had been granted.

PLEASE LET ME DO GOOD WORK.

I DON'T NEED FRIENDS OR LOVE.

Actually, in the few years before that, whenever I'd gone to the shrine...

COMPARISON OF APPEARANCE



CAN'T TRY

BEING LAZY

By the way-- "being lazy" and "being unable to try" might look the same, but they're not.

I think that starving for a sweet nectar you can't drink-- being unable to try-- is because you can't love yourself.

BUT I CAN TRY NOW.

IT'S NOT LIKE I WAS BEING LAZY, YOU KNOW.

Being lazy is when you don't take your work or other people seriously, and you don't try even when you're drinking the sweet nectar.

I wrote
"thesex"...

LAST REPORT

Incidentally,
when I
published the
report on pixiv,
I still didn't
quite have the
courage to
write "sex."

...meticulously
quoted me
on that
word.
It was
simple and
humiliating.



And
everyone
who
offered
their
opinions,
pulling
from the
text...

WHAT
ARE
YOU
DRAW-
ING?

UM,
AN
EGG...

I HAVE
TO
MOVE
SOON...

LIVES AT
RISK!

I also
figured my
relatives
would die
from shock
if they
read it.

I decided
not to think
about the
shock-
induced
death
of my
family.

I WON'T
BE ABLE
TO DRAW
ANYTHING
INTERESTING.

WELL,
IF I WORRY
ABOUT MY
RELATIVES
DYING
FROM
SHOCK...

ADULT
I WANT
TO BE



PARENTS' IDEA
OF A PERFECT
ADULT

MORE THAN
HAVING A FAMILY



HAS A FAMILY

DOES WHAT I WANT
TO DO AND HAVING
THAT ACCEPTED BY
SOCIETY



HAS A STEADY
JOB

(WON'T NECESSARILY
HAVE STABLE INCOME)

STABLE
INCOME

I also recently realized that becoming the adult my parents wanted me to be *was on an entirely different path* from becoming the adult I wanted to be—and it had always been that way.

...I would have to stop trying to please my parents, and avoid all the misplaced effort that caused.



So, for me to draw my own words as myself...

A cornered rat will bite a cat, and a thirtyish woman backed into a corner will go to an escort agency and publish a report on it.

I wanted my parents to see that and get upset, so I could leave their house and be independent.



MIGHT BE A GOOD OPPORTUNITY. THIS...



AS IF I
CAN LIVE
MY LIFE IN
FEAR OF
BEING
A BAD
DAUGHTER!

Even if
it didn't
go well,
I had the
feeling it
would still
be better
than what
we'd had
before.

The background of the entire page consists of diagonal stripes in shades of pink and white. A jagged, sawtooth-like vertical line runs down the center of the page, separating the left and right halves. The stripes are consistent in width and spacing throughout the image.

My Lesbian
Experience
with
Loneliness

~ BONUS CHAPTER ~

I asked
for a
different
person.

In November
of 2015,
I went for
the second
time.

My mobile
phone address
was unintentionally
super gay,
so I didn't want
to use that.
I considered
a disposable
account...

BEFORE THE
BOOKING

WHAT
SHOULD
I DO ABOUT
MY EMAIL
ADDRESS
WHEN I MAKE
THE APPOINT-
MENT?

It was
totally
obvious
to the
people at
the agency
that it
was me.

**I'M
SO
EM-
BAR-
RASS-
ED!!**

Unable to deal
with the hassle,
I cracked and
made the
appointment
with the address
I use for work
(even though I
could've used
my pen name).



I tried to read between the lines of my requested girl's blog-- to see if they'd told her.



It was raining the day we met.



HUHP?

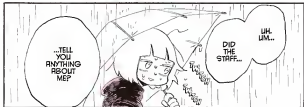
UM.

I NEED TO APOLOGIZE TO YOU.

DOES SHE KNOW IT'S ME OR NOT?



THE TRUTH IS, I GOT MY PERIOD TODAY.







And, of course, once I thought about how I couldn't touch her, how I wanted to touch her, how I should just touch her... my head didn't move.



We chatted for a bit, and then she washed my whole body with her hands!



I wanted to wash her like she'd washed me.



I decided to stop making fun of my own small breasts.

SMALL BOOBS HAVE A CHARM ALL THEIR OWN.

.....

I wondered if I could do a little better than the first time.

JUST A SHOWER WARMS YOU UP SO MUCH, YOU KNOW?

AAAH.

THERE WE GO!

MNI

MM.



I basically managed to touch her hand and her breasts and her back.

AGH! WHY CAN'T I TOUCH LIKE THIS? WHY?!

MY HANDS ARE ALL LUMPY

Even though she touched me everywhere, there was a chasm between our bodies.

Even though I wanted to touch more.

I'd chosen a seventy-minute session this time, so it was over in the blink of an eye.

OH!



So what
was that
hollowness
inside me?

She was
so funny
and nice,
and it *did*
feel good.

AA
AA
AH
....!!

AH!!

AH!

NOT
EVEN
ONCE...

SOME

THAT

I
DIDN'T
HUG
HER.

L...



~ BONUS CHAPTER: END ~

SEVEN SEAS ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

My Lesbian Experience with Loneliness

(true) story & art by NAGATA KABI

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READING DIRECTIONS

This book reads from *right to left*, Japanese style. If this is your first time reading manga, you start reading from the top right panel on each page and take it from there. If you get lost, just follow the numbered diagram here. It may seem backwards at first, but you'll get the hang of it! Have fun!!





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28 years old.
No confidence.
No direction.
Never had sex...



The candid tell-all of a young woman's struggles with depression and sexuality that has taken the internet by storm!

OLDER TEEN (16+)

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