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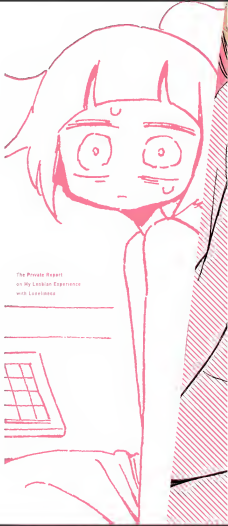
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永田カピ

by 2004.08.01  
in My Lesbian Experience  
with Loneliness





The Private Report  
on My Lesbian Experience  
with Lovelace

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The Private Report  
on My Lesbian Experience  
with Loneliness

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	CHAPTER FIVE	CHAPTER FOUR	CHAPTER THREE	CHAPTER TWO	CHAPTER ONE
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BONUS CHAPTER	THE DAY AFTER	THE DAY OF THE INCIDENT	MAKING THE RESERVATION	BEFORE THE INCIDENT	THE BEGINNING

74

111

79

62

24

4



I had never dated anyone before, nor had I any experience sexually. I didn't even really have any experience being a functioning member of society.

But at age 28, on a midday afternoon in May, 2015,

I sat cowering before an older lesbian prostitute.

My familiarity with sex was the same level as any newborn coming into the world for the first time.

UFUFU...

.....

To be honest, I was well beyond having any sexual feelings for the woman in front of me.

TAKE A LOOK.

I had this bald spot on my scalp (though I was making attempts to hide it).

There were also the self-inflicted cuts lined up neatly along my arms, but it was no use trying to hide those.







This is my story, over ten years.

And to search out whatever 'sweet nectar' it is that'll let me find out how to be a grown-up.

Here, so that I can learn to accept myself, and carry on living...

And how it all ended up.

Why I'd suddenly resolved to come and hire a prostitute in the First place,

Ten  
years  
ago.

I can  
remember  
when the  
pain  
started.





IN REGARDS  
TO THE  
PART-TIME  
JOB OFFER,  
AND...

HELLO, YES...  
I NOTICED YOUR  
ADVERTISEMENT  
IN THE PAPER.

Losing that  
"something I  
belong to"  
and "a place to  
go every day"  
made me  
incredibly  
anxious.



And that  
now they'd  
been pulled  
out from  
under me,  
I'd dissolve  
into the air  
and disappear  
forever.

Back then  
I'd thought the  
"something I  
belong to" and  
the "place to  
go every day"  
was all I was.



Everyone  
I worked  
with was  
so lovely.

I started  
working  
part-time  
six days  
a week as  
soon as  
I could.



"Maybe  
that'd fill my  
heart right up,  
and make  
everything  
better again?"  
I thought to  
myself.

"Wouldn't  
it be nice,  
if we could  
all be like  
family to  
each other?"

My absences, lateness and early departures from work started causing problems for the manager.



But as my mental and physical health started deteriorating,

IF WE DON'T HAVE ANY USE FOR YOU HERE, YOU'RE GONE, UNDERSTAND?

YOU'RE NOT IN SCHOOL ANYMORE.

*I must be misunderstanding something about this place...*

Aah.

Not just how badly I was mistaken.

But back then I still didn't understand what I was missing in the first place.



Excuse me!

Looking back, it seems obvious



Sorry, do you mind if I leave early?

What I wanted in a workplace was "somewhere I belonged, which would accept the whatever happened"



They're places people go to receive wages in exchange for services rendered

Of course, workplaces aren't really anything like that at all.



I would have to look elsewhere for "somewhere I belonged, which would accept the whatever happened"

I NEED SOME-ONE TO BELONG-!! LET ME BELONG HERE-!!

No place for someone who couldn't work for her wage.

In any case, I didn't feel I had any right to eat when I wasn't hungry.

MY LEGS WERE THE WORST CROSS SECTION.



Incidentally, my height at the time was 167cm, and my weight was 58kg.

Some I still have today, and there are probably a bunch I haven't noticed yet.

IT'D BEEN EVERYTHING TO NEVER RESOLVE...



I DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT TO DRINK ALCOHOL.

Other items on my list of 'Things I don't have any right to be doing, which I'll surely receive some terrible retribution for...'

I was unusually weak to cold, and sometimes things I'd eat would badly upset my stomach.



MY WANTS WOULD GET CHIPPED, AND STOP PRODUING THE NERVE YELLOW SWEET.

Back then my skin was dry and rough. Cuts never seemed to heal, and I'd get Prosbite as soon as the weather turned.

But I was happy to be so broken.

I thought this might be a way to find somewhere to belong.



When you're hurt, you get exempted from all kinds of things, and everyone's expectations of you are lowered to compensate.

nothing else even came close.



But aside from the kindness and sense of belonging I'd found in hospital beds,

had written something like this, and it really spoke to me.

But when my body hurts it's so easy to grasp that it helps to calm me down.



When my mind is hurting there's no shape or mark to look at, so I can't understand it very well.

Someone who had self-harmed.

Later in life,

it's much quicker and clearer to make some visible 'dummys' pain. It helps you understand the cause and effect behind the pain inside you, and it can be reassuring to have physical marks to look at.



To actually put into words the mental pain that you're feeling inside, takes a lot of time and effort.

I figure this was just my body's hunger naturally kicking in, but..



Before long I'd made a complete switch from under-eating to over-eating.

I only managed to stay standing there through sheer force of determination.



At all times of the day, my brain would decide to give me these insane impulses to eat (overeating episodes) which I couldn't do anything to control.

I CAN'T LEAVE THE REGISTER...

I'm just going to use the bathroom! (lie)



Excuse me a minute,

I would pretend to go to the toilet, and run to the changing room,

Just once would be enough for me, but I ended up doing this countless times.

I've gotta get back, Wahh! ahhh!



and determinedly shove food into my mouth that'd been collected for being past its sell-by-date.





I figured  
if anyone  
saw me they'd  
think I was  
possessed or  
something.



(IT WAS  
IN A BAG,  
SO I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
TO DO WITH  
THE WAVED)

By a  
last resort,  
I had some  
Korinyaku  
stashed  
away in  
my locker.

My  
standing  
with them  
was getting  
worse and  
worse as  
the days  
went on.



Experience had  
taught me that  
no matter how  
sneaky I tried  
to be, they'd  
find me out  
eventually.

Maybe  
that's the  
kind of  
feeling  
that led  
to what  
happened  
next.



Even ten  
years later,  
I still feel  
that  
fear of being  
trapped, unable  
to leave my work  
station, wondering  
what to do if  
I start to feel  
I have to run.

On my way  
out to work  
I froze, and  
crumpled  
down in the  
hallway  
unable to  
move my  
legs.



One cold  
morning,  
after around  
six months  
in this  
state...







that no matter how hard I actually tried, none of it would really mean anything.



I thought as long as other people didn't recognize how hard I was trying,

There are people who say that "when you reject one thing about me, I take it as a full rejection of me as a person".



I'm one of those three, or maybe all three.

Yeah, that's me I'm all of those



Or maybe they'd take a specific person's rejection as a complete one

Maybe they never thought that 100% was good enough to begin with,

Maybe they're already 95% anyway, and someone's just adding the final 5% rejection.



For me to be able to enjoy the things I was asking, to look after my health and appearance, and to respect other people, and have them respect me.



I didn't know it then, but later in life I learned that this 'something' other than money was important in so many different ways.

So in the end I came home

What the fuck...



I almost couldn't stand being near my parents, but after stamping out of the house, I couldn't help but run right back and cling to them.

I was disappointed in how pathetic and incapable I turned out to be.



In years to come, I would return to this line several times over.



"I don't know how I could possibly feel more disappointed with myself!"

I also think people who are recovering at home have it bad too.



People who are overreacting have things a hell of a lot tougher than it might look at first glance

Ahhh... it'd be so much easier if I just died...

But whenever I started to think of all the advantages that there were to dying, rather than carrying on...



How should I do it?

Every second of every hour of every day, it was tough and painful. Anyone would agree the best thing for me would've been to die.

it pased me off more than I thought it would.

WHAT THE FUCK!!!

I SHOULD DIE AFTER I'VE STRUGGLED TO GET BACK UP A LITTLE LONGER!

IF I'M REALLY THAT DAMN WORTHLESS,

I thought to myself.





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