MY FIRST TIME

Six Gay People Share With You the Stories of Their "First Time" — Their First Gay Sexual Experiences

My Best Friend

I was 13 and she was 14. She had shoulder-length blond hair and green eyes. She was very tall--5'6". Well, I was very young and short--5'. Anyway, I thought she was the most beautiful person on earth. And she was my best friend. (How many lesbians do you think slide into this with their "best friends"?)

Oh, I know what you're thinking. "Thirteen! That's too young to count. That's only adolescent play." Well, I had already had my "play" with a couple of other friends. I consider this to be my first "real" experience because the love and the desire I felt was very deep and intense and "real".

Still, when one is that young things don't go very fast. It takes a long time to build up the courage to go from one step to the next.

Looking back I recall a lot of touching, casual touching, that seems to have started things off. And I thank God and our parents for allowing us to spend nights with our "friend." That's the place we slowly got to know each other. We began to sleep very close, and I can remember putting my arm or leg next to hers and being afraid to leave it there and afraid to move it, too.

Then one night on the pretext of pretending we were someone else - we kissed. Not a long kiss - just a little one. But my heart jumped and stuck in my throat. The next weekend (at my house) we pretended the same game and ended up laying one on top the other and kissing a lot.

Of course, we couldn't go on forever with the pretend games and it fell by the wayside as we got more involved.

The first night we actually made love was a beautiful experience. All I had done before was "fool around" and I knew that this night was more than I ever hoped for. The closeness and intimacy seemed to linger over us all night and all the next day.

Luckily, my parents believe in privacy and would never enter a room without knocking and don't mind locked doors. And at her house, her room was in the back of the house while her grandmother's room (with whom she lived) was at the front. To this day I'm amazed that my parents never questioned why we wanted to sleep over at each other's house all the time.

Getting It Over With

I didn't really enjoy my first sexual experience with another person, because I did it primarily to prove something to myself. I was relatively old when it occurred-- thirty-two, believe it or not -- and maybe that explains why things happened as they did. At any rate, my first encounter wasn't entirely positive

When I first came to recognize my homosexuality, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, I was horrified and assumed that my life was ruined. I had been raised in a conservative and very religious family, and so I felt incredibly guilty about my sexual orientation and decided that I had to suppress it at all cost. For the next sixteen or seventeen years, I remained celibate and isolated from other gay people.

Of course, things had to snap eventually, and they did. At the age of thirty, I fell in love with a very dear, heterosexual friend of mine (although I never told him), and for the first time in my life I realized what a beautiful experience love is. I came to see that I was only hurting myself by continuing to deny my sexual orientation, and I resolved to seek out other gay people so that, with time, I might be able to find someone who could return my feelings in a loving relationship.

However, I had such a hangup about being a virgin at thirty-two that I felt compelled to have sex for its own sake, to prove to myself that I could "do it". I met a young man in a local bar who seemed to look about as inexperienced as I was (I don't know how I ever thought I could tell that, and as it turned out, I was wrong). I invited him to spend the night at my house, and he accepted.

As I said, it wasn't an outstanding experience and even seemed kind of shallow. I need to feel emotionally comfortable with another person in order to enjoy sex, and since we were strangers, I wasn't really able to give much of myself. Since that time, I'm happy to say, I've managed to find someone I care about very much, and the relationship I've had with him has been very satisfying and worthwhile.

North of the Border

My first time...well, since I spent so many years in the closet, it wasn't that long ago. I was 29 and knew I was gay but I didn't know any gay people. My 30th birthday was only weeks away and I had promised myself I would take care of this omission before I reached 30. At the time I lived in upstate New York and had planned a weekend trip to Toronto, half on the pretext of attending a record collectors' flea market. I enjoy looking at old records, but I also knew that attending this particular show would place me in the heart of a large and trendy city without a worry that I might run into someone I knew. Looking back on it, the whole thing seems a lot more premeditated than I'm sure it did at the time, but I do think my actions were more than just a subconscious move to put myself in a position where "something might happen."

I drove up to Toronto on a Saturday afternoon (it took about three hours), checked into my hotel, ate dinner, and then was ready to walk up and down Younge Street to look at all the interesting shops.

A few months earlier I had discovered The Advocate at a local newspaper stand. I had even got up the nerve to carry one or two copies up to the register and, with feigned nonchalance, tried to convince the cashier that to buy a gay magazine was the most natural thing in the world. Of course, not a word was said by myself or the cashier (who couldn't have cared less). At any rate, I wanted to see more gay literature (translation: pornography) which wasn't available at the store near where I lived.

A few blocks from the hotel I happened onto a magazine store--it probably had some discreet name such as "Adult Books" --and I went in. The shop was well lit and certainly not a dive, so I oh so casually wandered over to the section that stocked the Blueboys, In Touch and Mandate and started browsing. After a little while I noticed a nice-looking young man beside me, also looking at a magazine. He was also occasionally looking at me. Now, I had already figured out what "eye contact" was, and this was definitely it.

After a few minutes he put back the magazine and casually made his way toward the door, glancing back once or twice. Since I didn't need to be hit over the head with a brick, I also put back the magazine I was pretending to read and casually (sort of) wandered to the door.

He was only a few feet down the street and paused (waiting for me to catch up). I didn't until the words came out of my mouth have any idea what I was going to say to him. He said, "Hi," and I said, "Would you like some company?" He would, so off we walked to my hotel. I was pleased that at least I hadn't used any of those famed cliches such as "Do you know what time it is?" or "Do you know where such-and-such street is?"

By the time we got to the hotel, we both had first names; his was "Scott." In the hotel room I thought I had better tell (warn) him that I had never done this before. He seemed actually pleased. (Later I learned that I was also his first "American.")

He was very gentle and considerate, and one thing very quickly led to another. I remember that the TV was on in the background and this was the night of the "Miss America Pageant." I thought it was somehow ironic that my first gay sexual experience would be in front of Miss America.

Scott stayed the whole night and I knew that I was very fortunate that my first time was with someone who cared enough to make it a beautiful experience.

One more irony...on Sunday I went to the flea market and ran into some friends (als record collectors) who were as surprised as I was at the coincidence that the previous night they had stayed in the same hotel, on the same floor, and in the next room. "It was a shame we didn't run into each other there," they said. "Yes," I lied, "wasn't it."

from Christopher Street



"Look, I'm just as nervous about this as you are."

In the Navy

I was in bootcamp. I had been there just a couple of days and I had already noticed the woman in the cube across from mine. I knew that she was different: it wasn't just her clothes, it was her attitude. Over the next week or so we spent all our free time together, which wasn't much. The beginnings of this relationship took place in an atmosphere of extreme homophobia--where even two women sitting together on a bunk was considered a lesbian act.

Finding a way to make physical contact in boot camp wasn't easy. It took several days of intense discussion and high level planning to agree that we would meet in the shower room at 2:30 in the morning. All went as planned and we were enjoying a wonderful experience when we were interrupted by the watchstander.

Our episode in the shower almost got us kicked out of the Navy. Our rescue came in the form of fast thinking. When interviewed about what was taking place, I announced that I had a fever and was taking a shower so that I would feel more comfortable, and my friend just happened to come along. Our story, incredibly, was believed. We remained in the Navy. However, I was discharged two and a half years later for homosexual tendencies.

Holiday Inn

There she was--my best friend--and I was in love with her. The fact that we were both married to men and had children didn't stop my realization that this woman had captured my heart without any effort on her part.

As my feelings became more intense toward her, my thoughts constantly went to "How can I get her in bed?" When I told her of my feelings for her, she took it rather well. As a matter of fact, she was very open to the idea of a weekend in Richmond--alone--with me--in a motel...Hee Hee!

Before too long, we were speeding along Route 64 to Richmond. We held hands most of the way. All of the wonderful things I was going to do to her (and vice versa) kept racing through my mind. It was hard to concentrate on anything else, including driving.

Well, there we were, checked in the Holiday Inn. Not wanting to appear too anxious, we showered (alone) and went downstairs for dinner and a romantic dinner it was: steak and wine, candlelight, and lots of time.

Well, the big moment came. Dinner was over and we were back upstairs in our room. We had another glass of wine while we undressed. By this time, my heart was in overdrive and my blood pressure was out of sight. Since I was the one with the bright ideas, it was up to me to make the first move.

As we lay there, she in my arms, I tried to kiss her. That was difficult to do since trying to breathe was taking all of my energies. Talk about nervous!! I was hyperventilating so much I thought I would blow her off the bed! The harder I tried to make love to her the more I shook. I was pathetic.

When it became obvious that I was on the verge of a heart attack, she told me it was going to be all right. She held me and rocked me and I finally drifted off to sleep.

The next day we didn't talk about it, but went about our then typical fun and games day of shopping. When we got back to the motel, we replayed the night before but with a different ending, one with which I was much more pleased. There was the usual first time bumblings but on the whole it was fantastic. Unfortunately for me, she realized that she wasn't gay after several months.

That was several years ago and my passion for her has been replaced with a warm glow from memories of my birth.

School Days

I felt a special little something extra for him simply because his family had bought our house when we moved out to go abroad. I didn't know him then; I learned this when my family returned to the States. So this was the boy who now lived where I used to; that seemed good enough for me to care just a little more, to be a little more curious about him. After all, this gave me more of a common ground with him than any other boy I knew.

Depending on where I was going to meet my mother that day, I would take one of two ways home from school. The first, and most usual way took me home to 125th street. The second took me over to Aunt J's. The second way I got to ride his bus; Aunt J lived next door to him. Aunt J's daughter was my best friend; however, she was six months older and a grade ahead in school. Our doctor and nurse games, or playing mommy and daddy, had been put to rest already. Too bad. I was still curious, though, and if I couldn't play with her I was willing to explore other avenues.

Now, luckily for me, he was also quite curious and willing to adventure. So, one day it happened. It was exciting. It introduced me to something thrilling. It let me in on something that made me feel real good! It happened in a private space that we created between ourselves at a brief point in time; it never, sadly, recurred with him. We were both six.

It was raining that day. School was out, and I was riding on his bus. We had our raincoats with us and were sitting next to each other in the double seat. Curious, we innocently diddled with each other, using our raincoats as a screen. The bus was getting emptier, there wasn't too much to be concerned about. It felt good. I mean, after all, this was the first time that anybody had played with me down there, checking it out, seeing what exciting things might happen. And I was doing all of the same things to him; I liked that, too.

Which of us was more precocious? I don't remember who suggested it, but we figured that if it felt good with hands, whatever would it feel like with our mouths? We found out. It was at least on a par with hands, and maybe even better.

Somehow we didn't notice the little girl nearby. I don't think she knew exactly what was going on, but she felt it incumbent upon her to report to the bus driver that two boys were doing something they shouldn't. Now, to come out of feeling so good to facing the bus driver (who didn't see anything) was a bit of a down. We vociferously denied that we had done anything improper. Either we were believed or he felt that it wasn't worth making an issue, because nothing more happened, no report to the parents or the school or anyone. I think the little girl felt a bit cheated because we didn't get in big trouble.

What I learned that day never left me. I was curious all through childhood: every excuse possible to go to the changing room at the swimming pool, thank you; any reason to be in the locker room at shower time. Ah, curiosity is exciting. Any time someone tries to tell you that children aren't sexual, tell him to sit on it (it might do him, and us, a world of good).