

My Lesbian Experience with Loneliness



(True) Story & Art by
Nagata Kabi

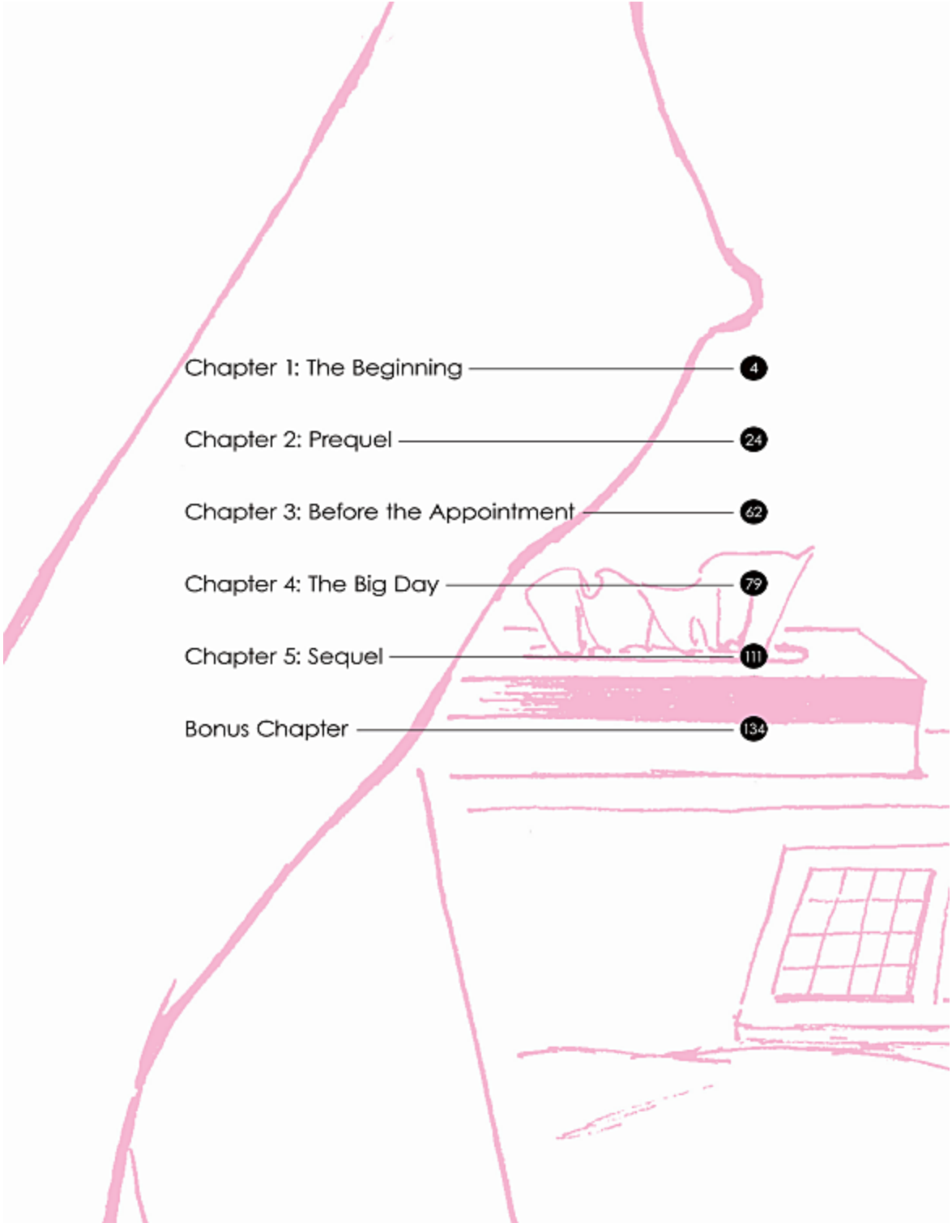
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A pink line art illustration on a light gray background. On the left, a person's profile is sketched with simple lines. On the right, a desk is shown with a laptop that has a grid pattern on its screen. A book is lying flat on the desk, and a pen is positioned below it. A table of contents is overlaid on the left side of the image, with lines connecting chapter titles to page numbers in small black circles.

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Bonus Chapter — 134

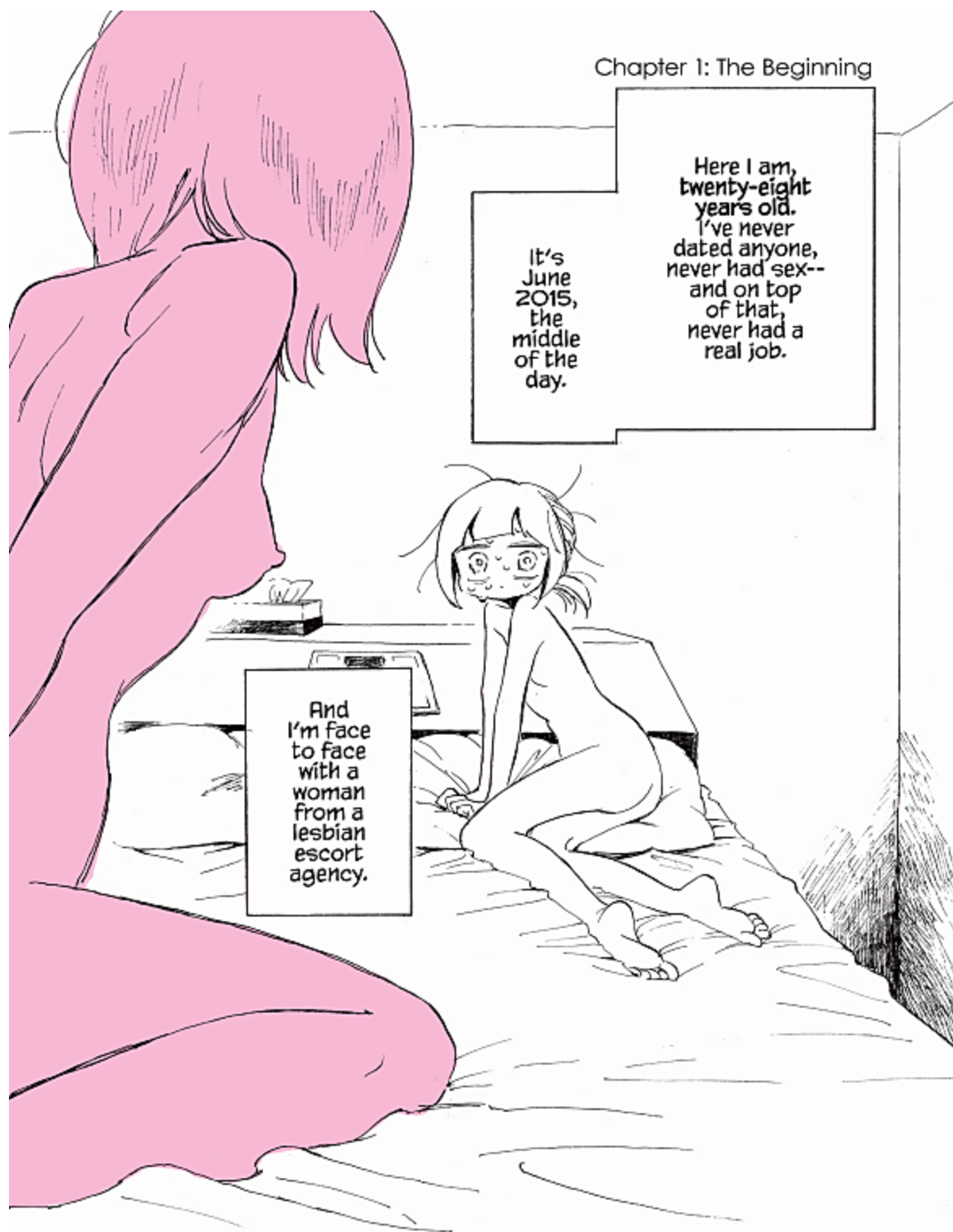


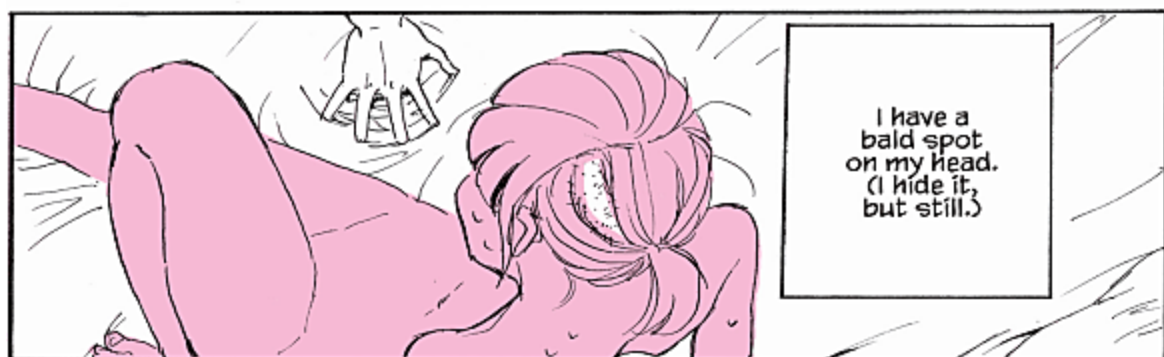
Chapter 1: The Beginning

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.

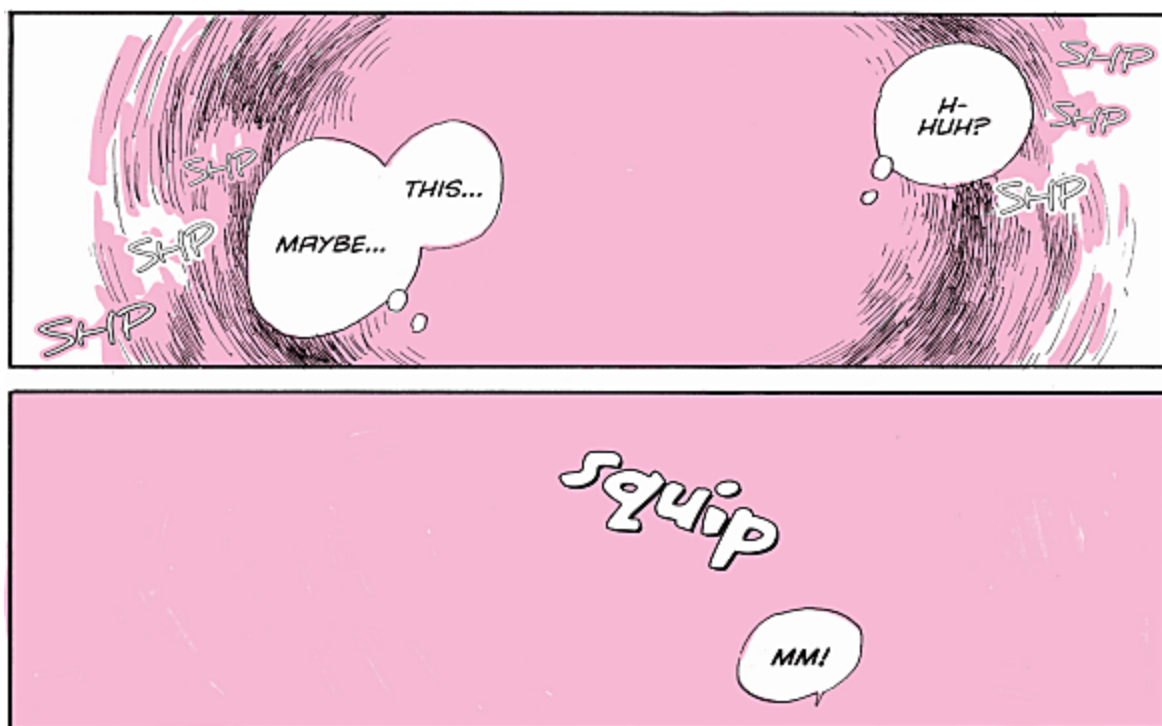
And
I'm face
to face
with a
woman
from a
lesbian
escort
agency.







*Doujinshi are creator-owned comics and books, similar to fanzines--but generally much more professionally printed, thanks to a proliferation of cheap printing services in Japan. The word is used by English audiences almost exclusively for fancomics, often with a romantic or sexual take on an existing series.



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.

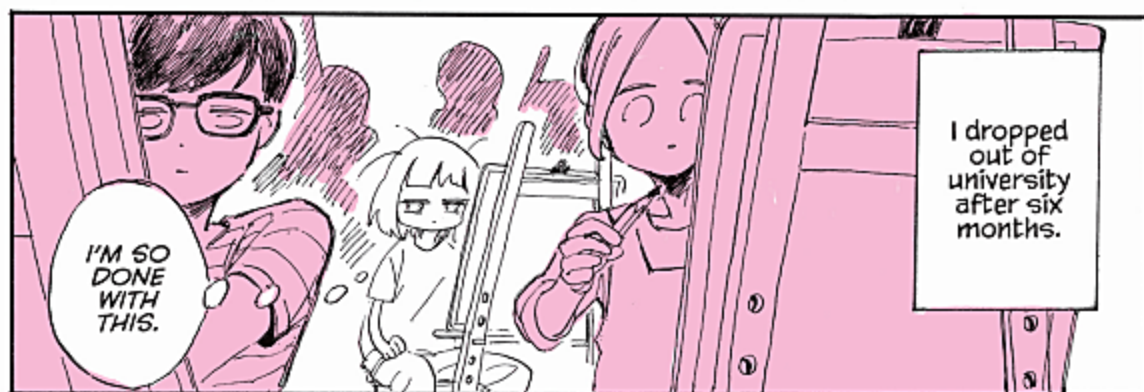
In
order
to live
as
myself...

And
how
did it
go?

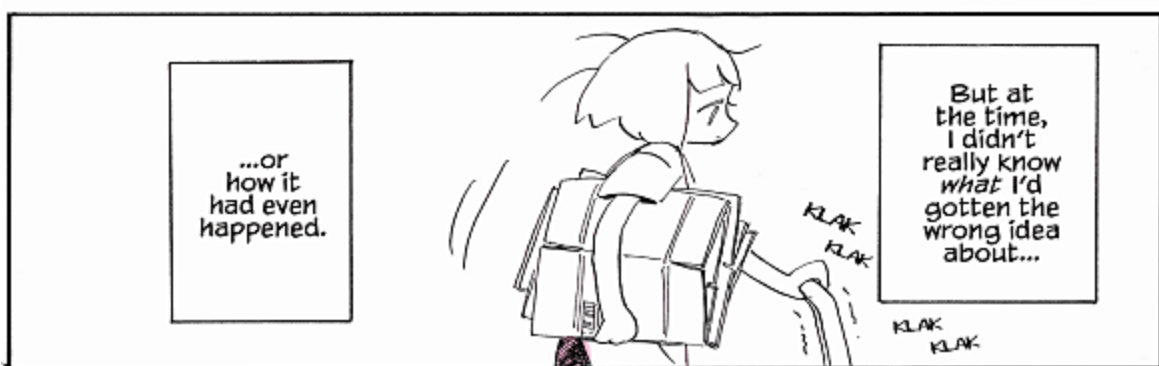
Why did I
suddenly
muster
up the
courage
to call an
escort
agency?

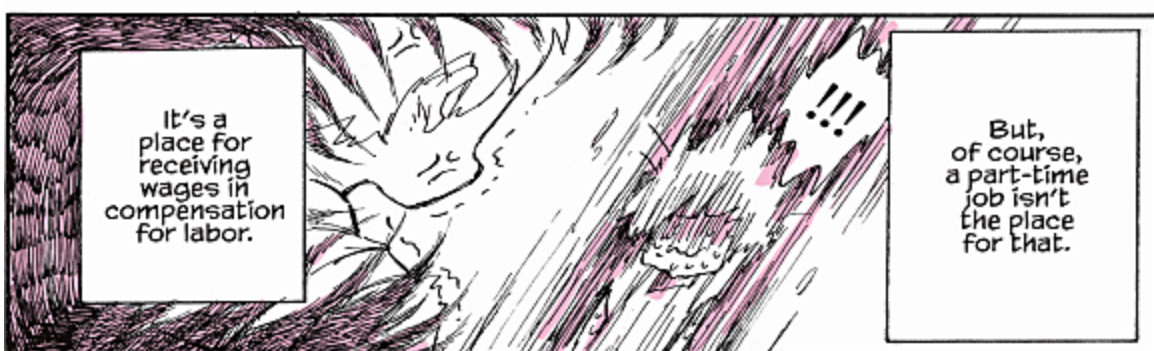
...a
decade
ago.

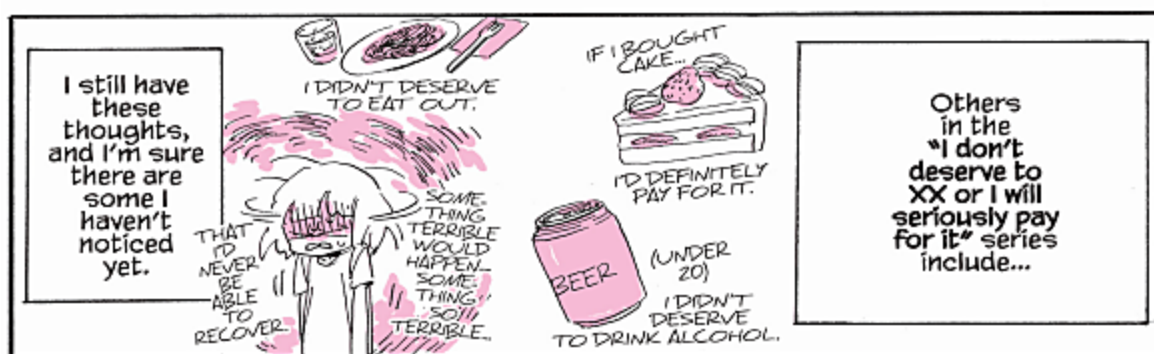
I remember
when this
suffering
began...

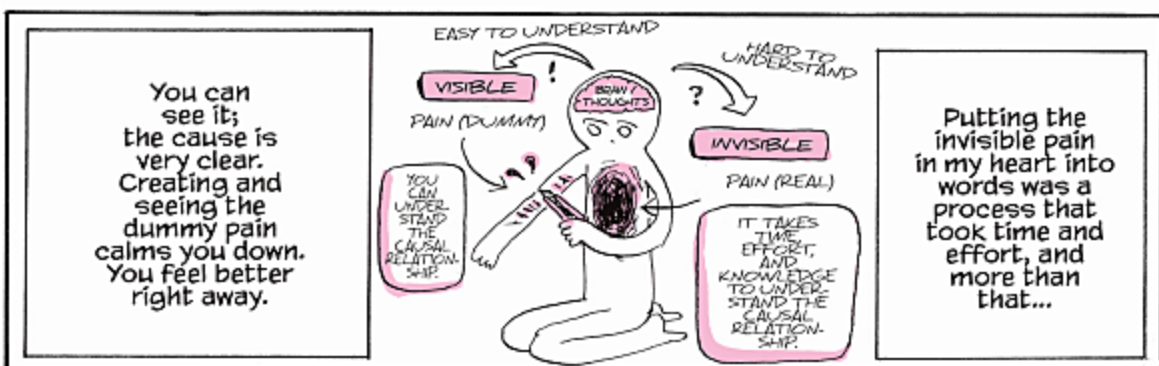


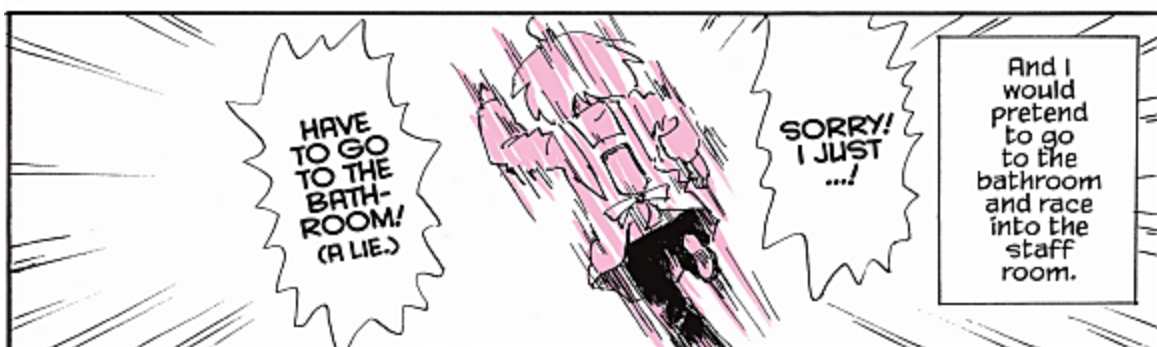














I was sure that if anyone saw me, they'd think I was possessed or something.



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

So my position there gradually got worse.



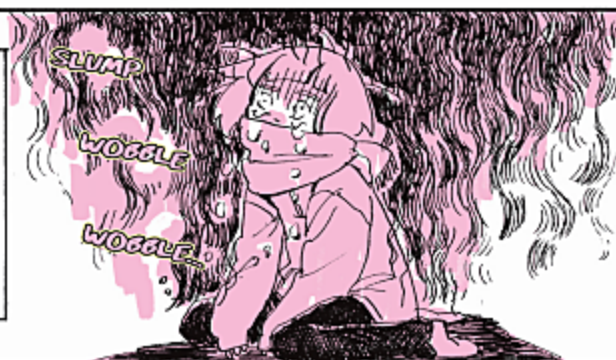
In my experience, you can try to do things like this on the sly, but people can basically tell.

My memories from that time probably fuel that.

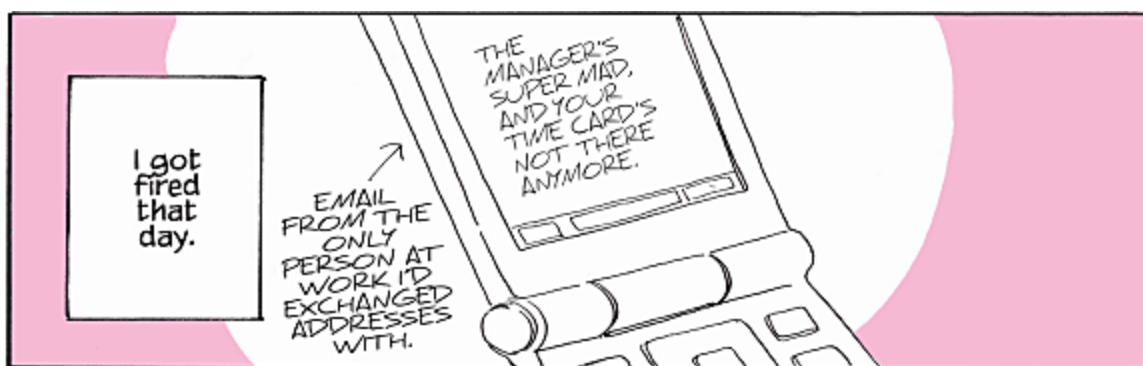


Even now, ten years later, I'm still held prisoner by the thought of what I'll do if I desperately want to run away, but can't leave my post.

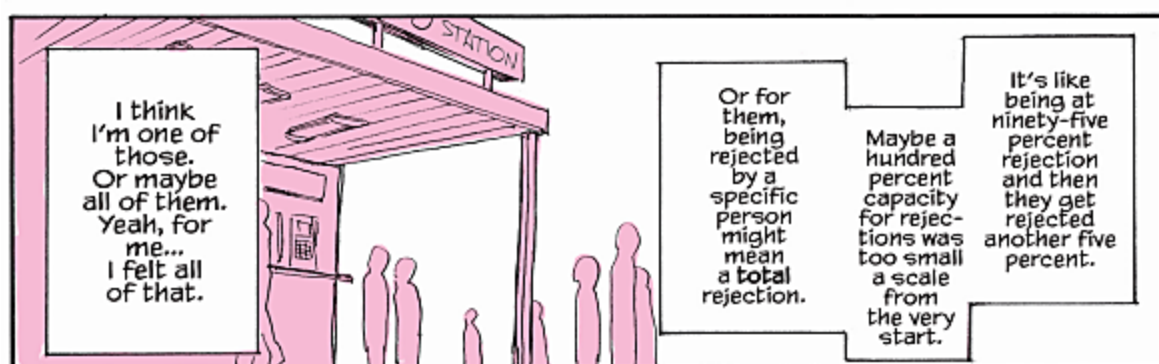
I tried to go to work and collapsed in the hallway of my house. I couldn't move.

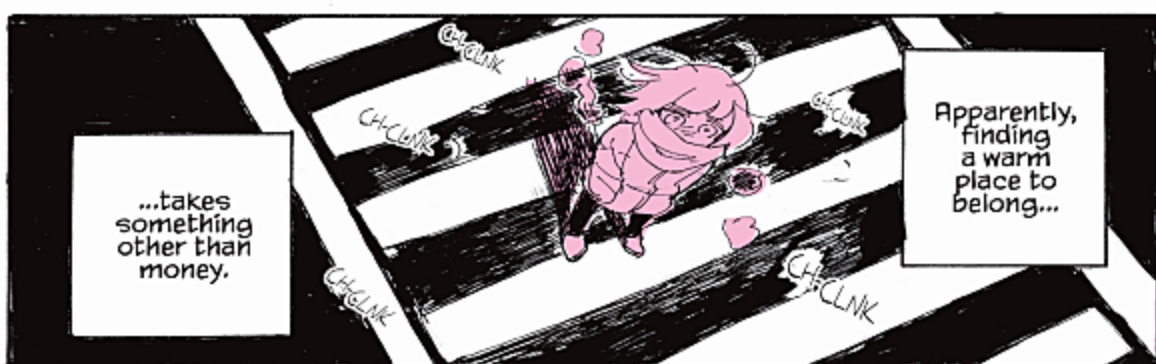
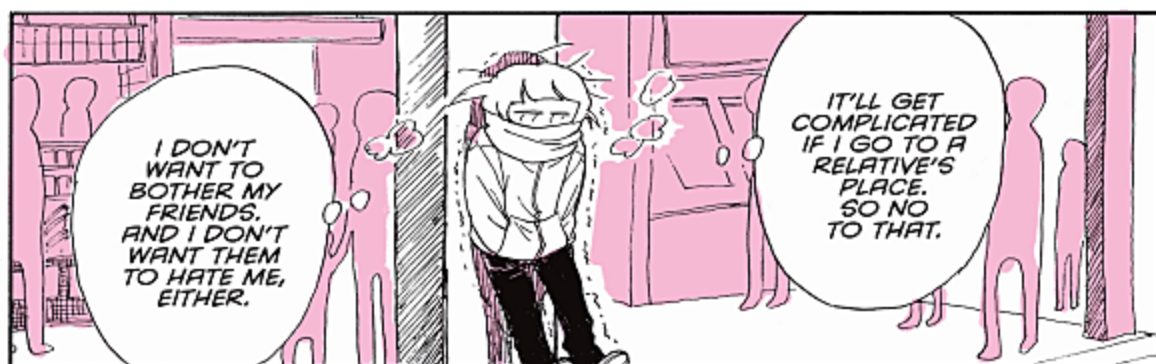


One cold morning, after six months of this...









...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.

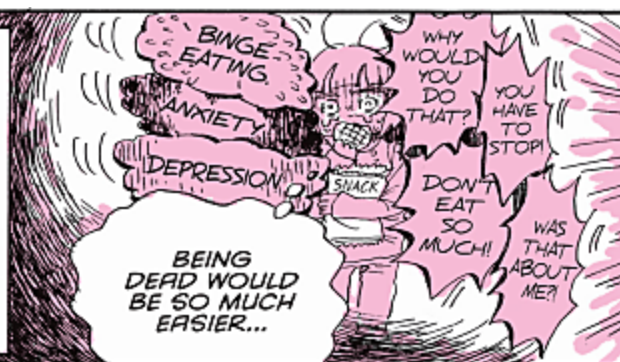
KEEP DOING THIS WITH YOU!
IT'S TOO HARD.

I JUST CAN'T...



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

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



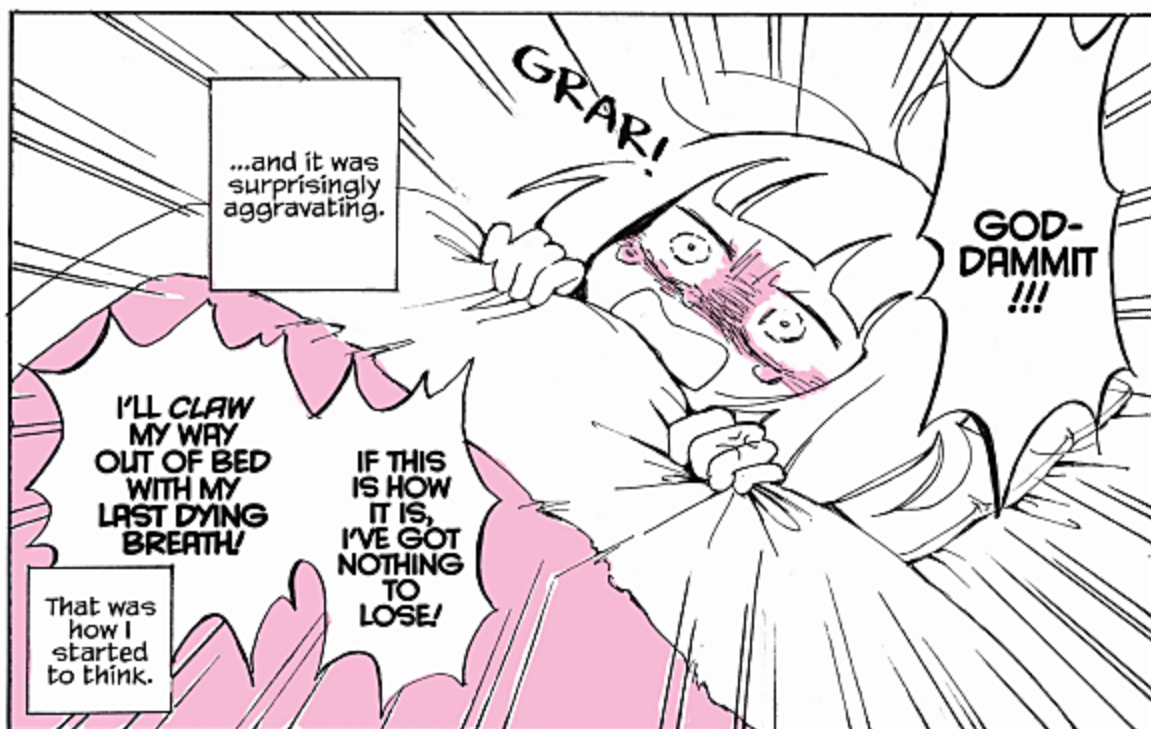
Whatever a binger looks like on the outside, they're seriously suffering on the inside.

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



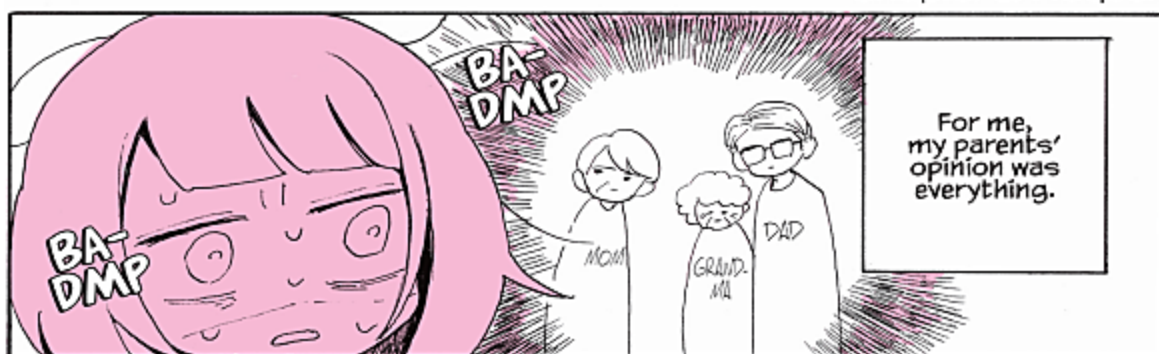
Each and every day was hard. Twenty-four hours without a moment of respite. No matter how I looked at it, dying was an easier option.

...and it was surprisingly aggravating.





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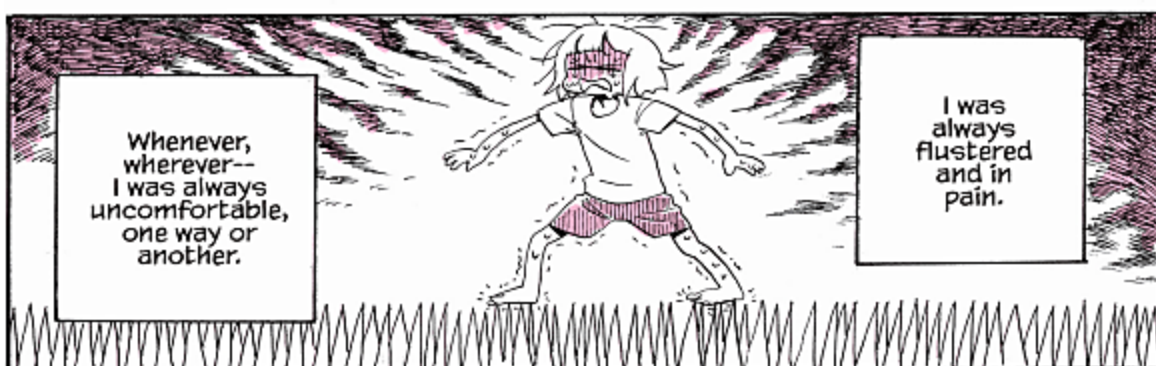


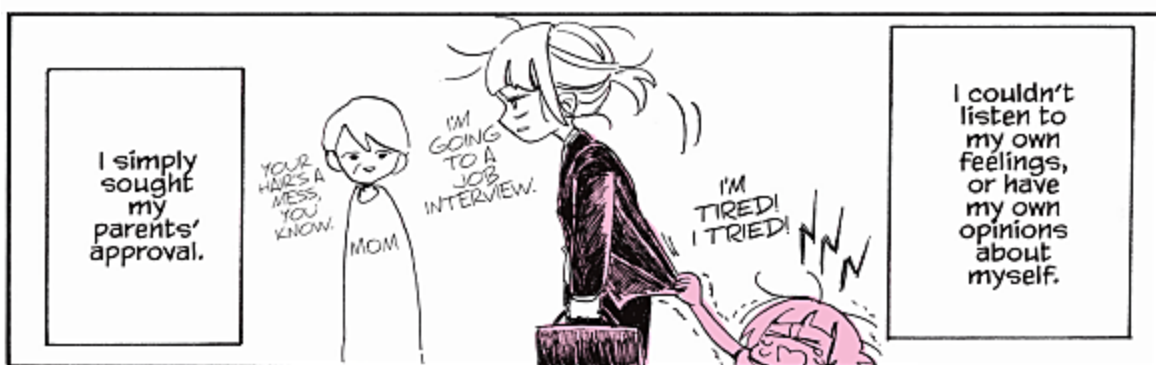
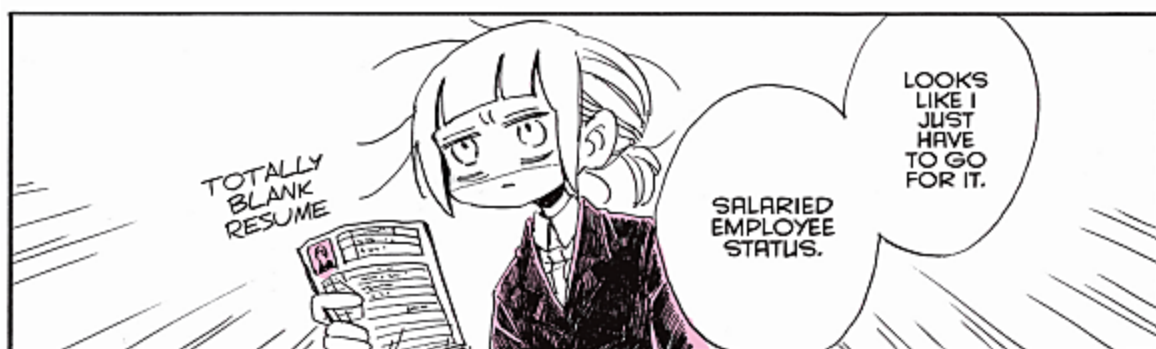
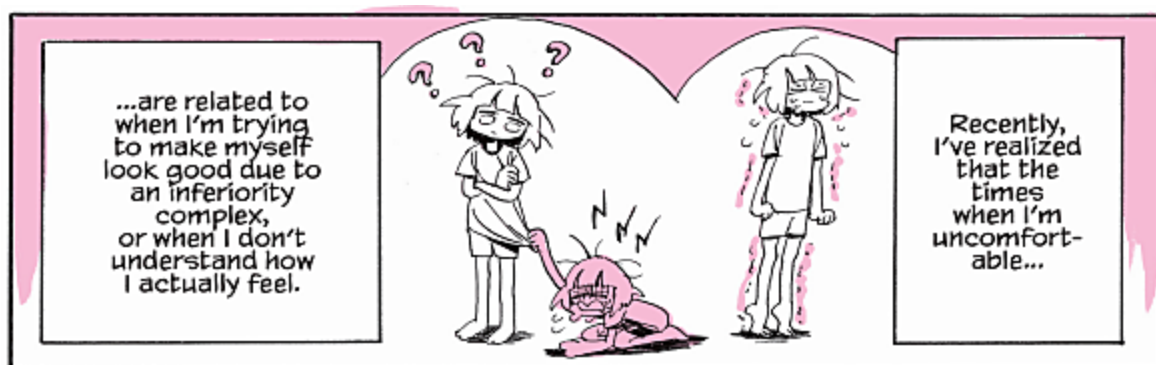


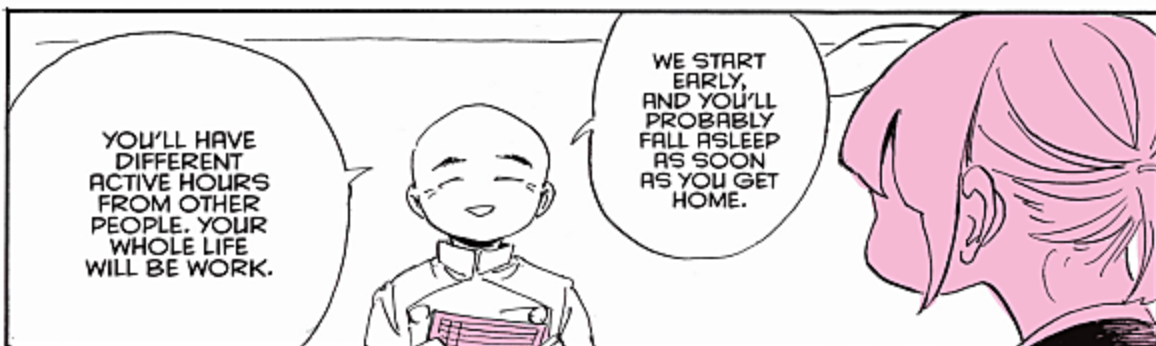


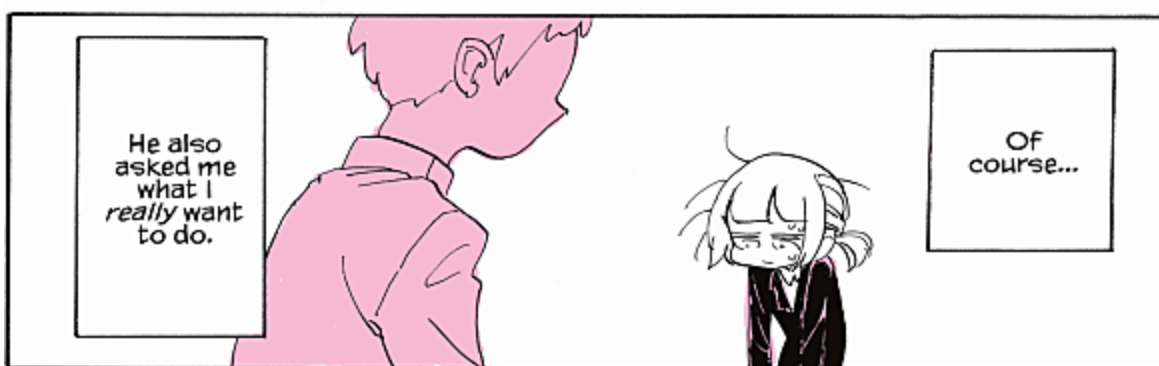
*About \$10,000 US.

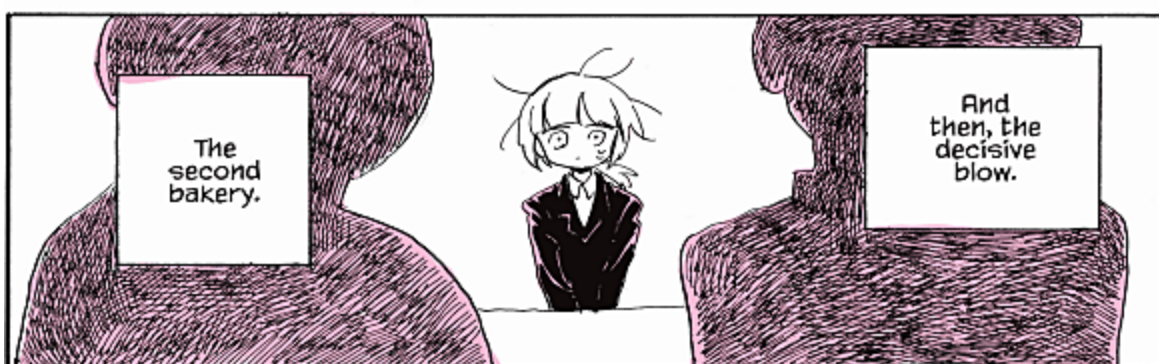
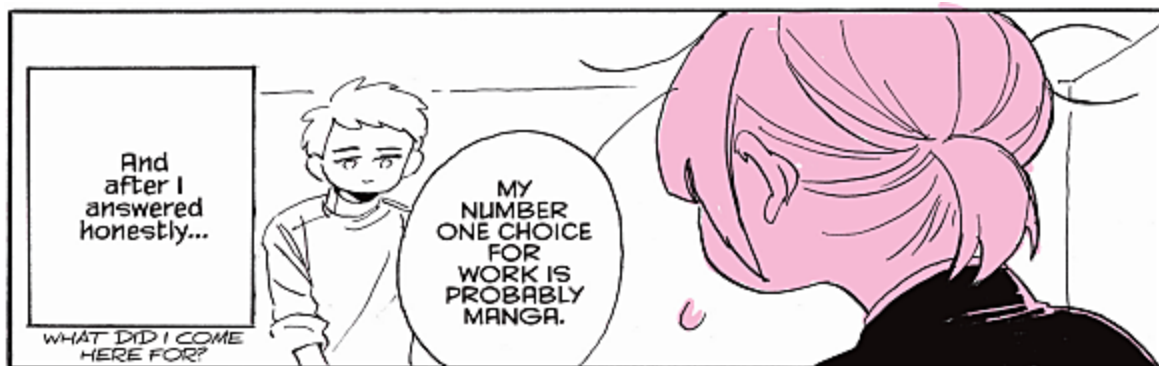


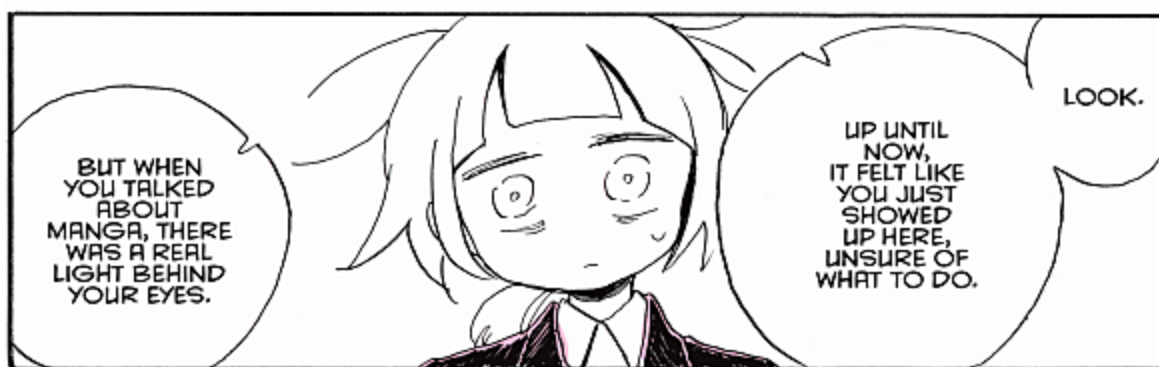
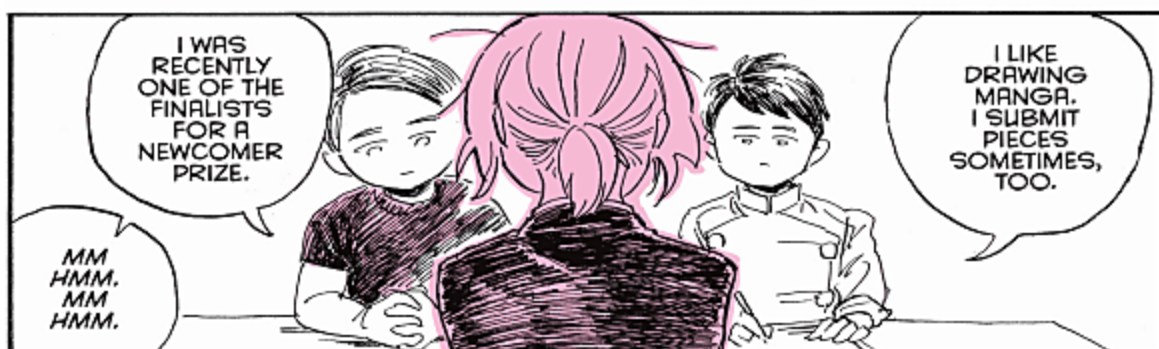
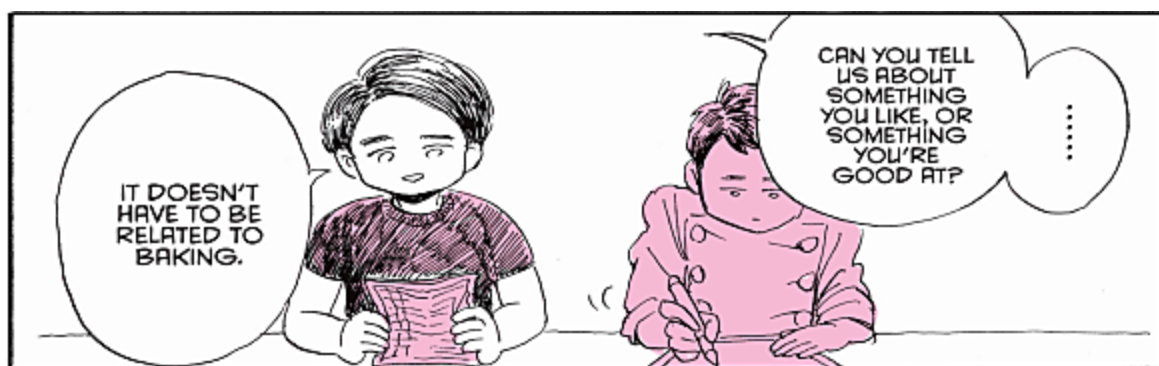


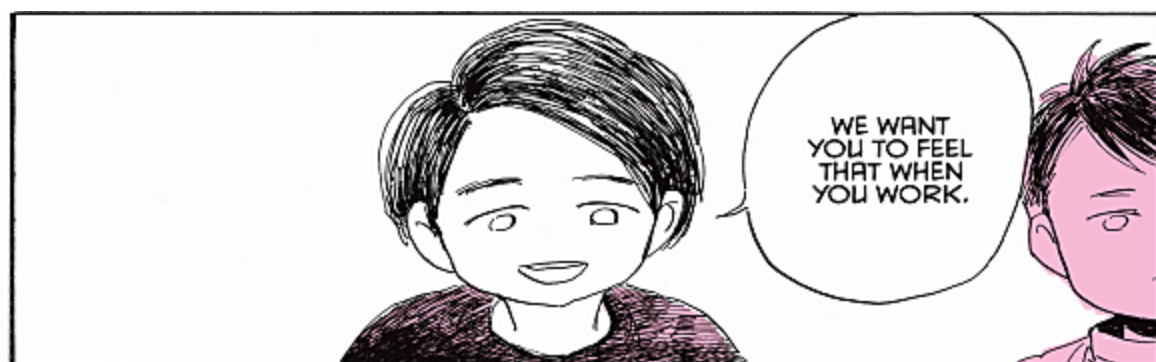


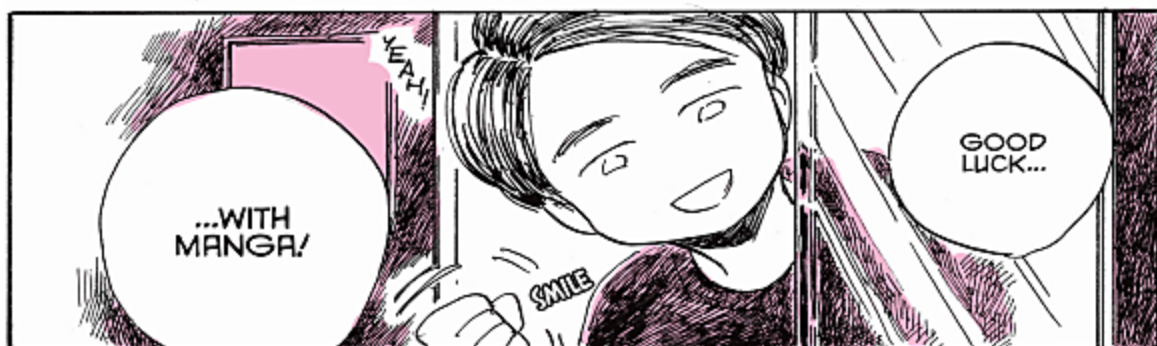
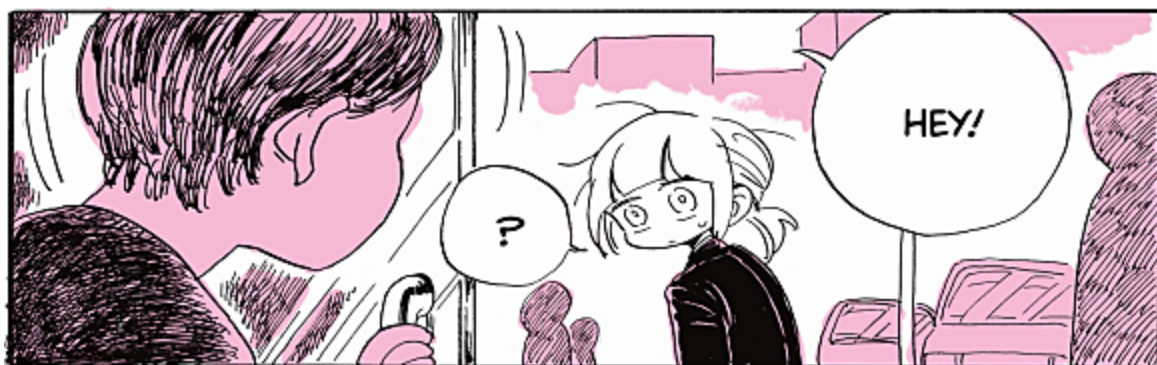








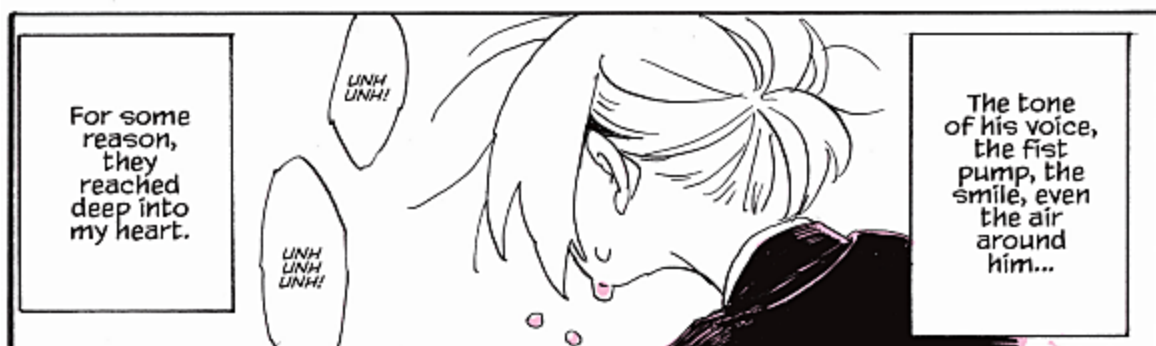






I'd never
said *yes*
to it,
either.

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



For some
reason,
they
reached
deep into
my heart.

UNH
UNH!

UNH
UNH
UNH!

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



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

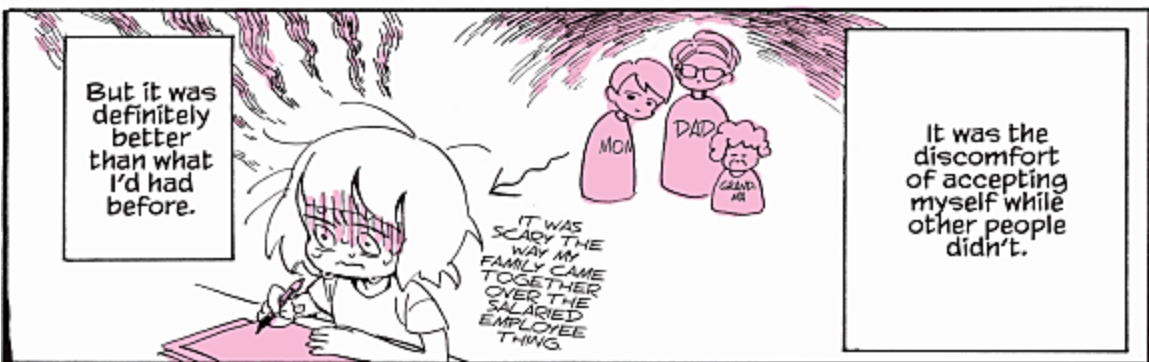
Even
though he'd
only said,
"Good luck
with
manga"...



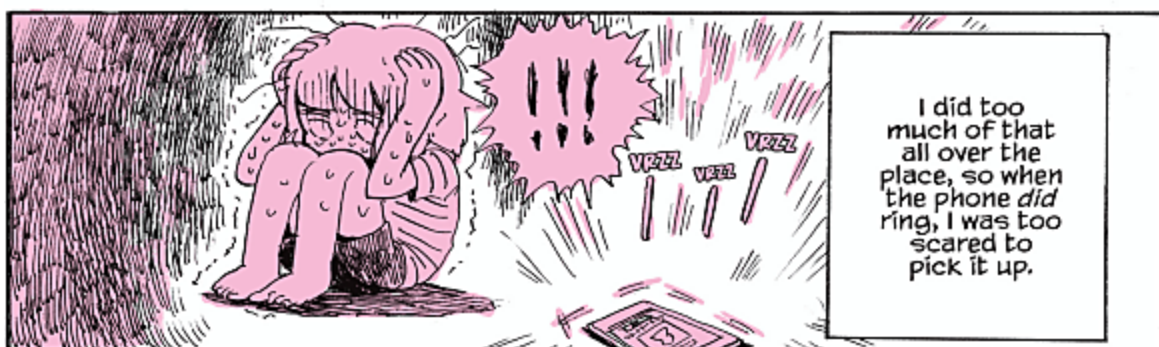
The truth
didn't
matter--
it just felt
okay to
completely
believe
in that.

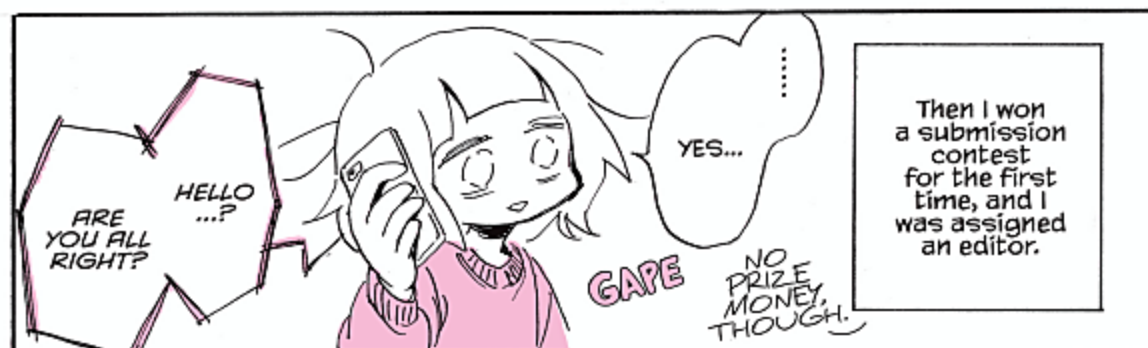
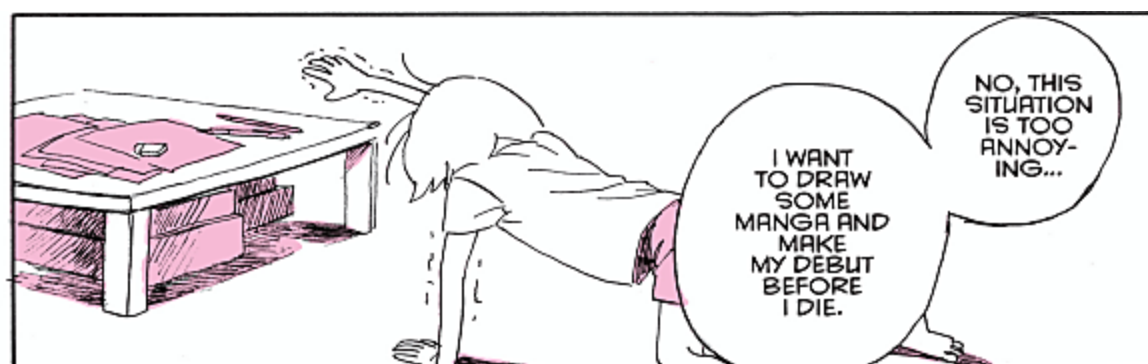
He
probably
really
meant it,
and I was
happy
at that
moment.

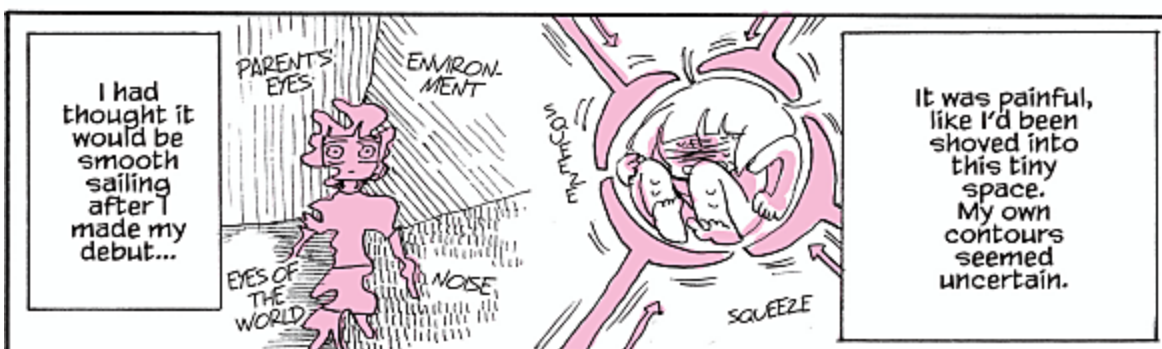














This went on for several months, so I went to a doctor for the first time in ages.

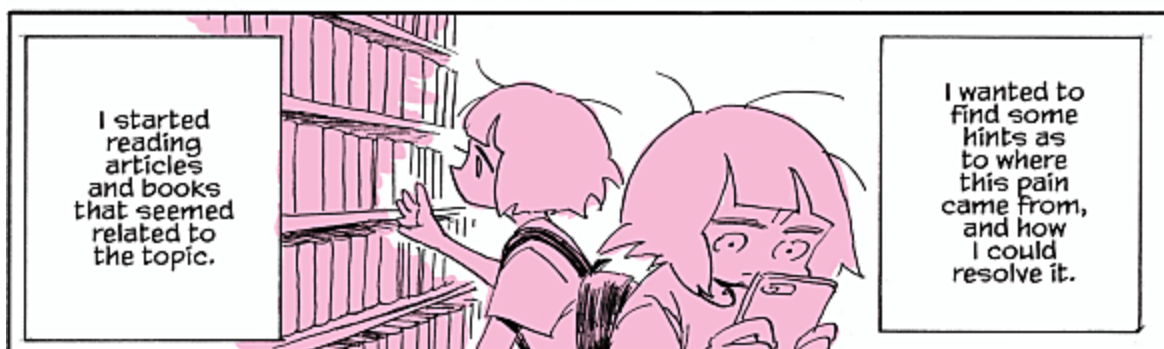


I could read text again.

I CAN READ!
I CAN REEEAD!

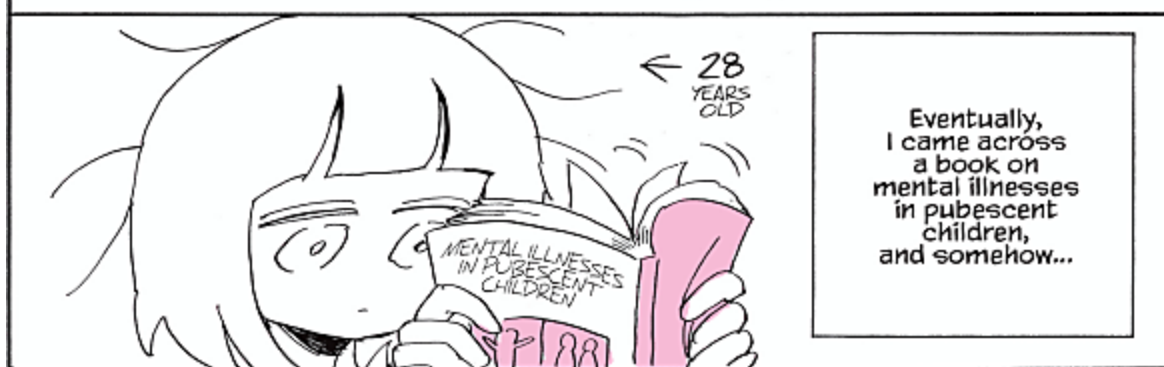
I UNDERSTAND
THE MEANING!!

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

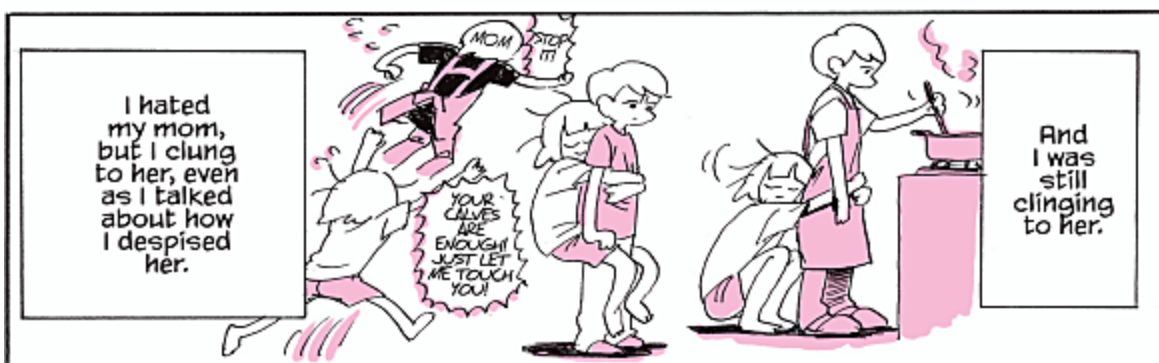
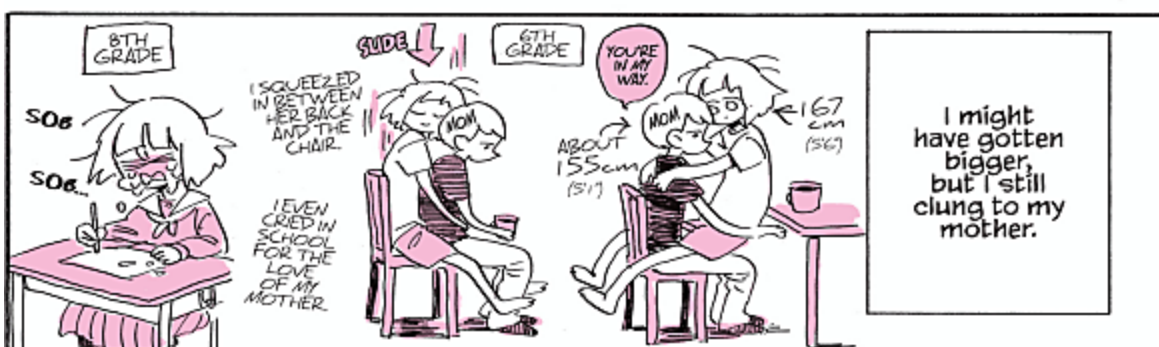


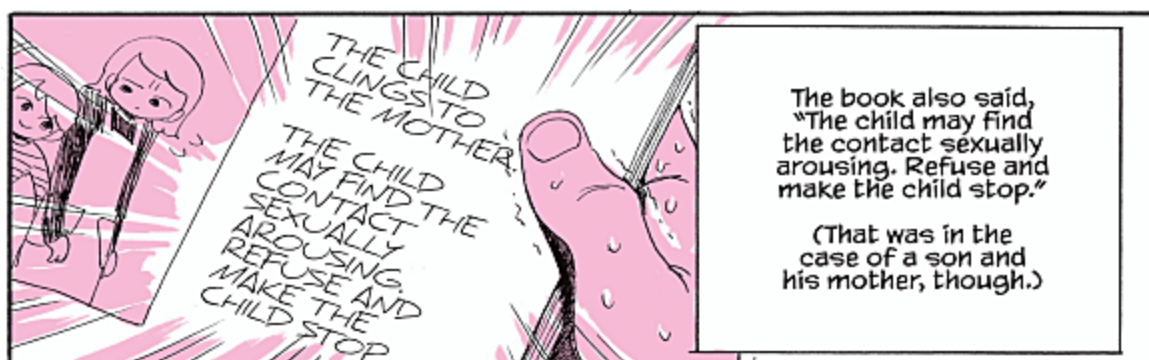
I started reading articles and books that seemed related to the topic.

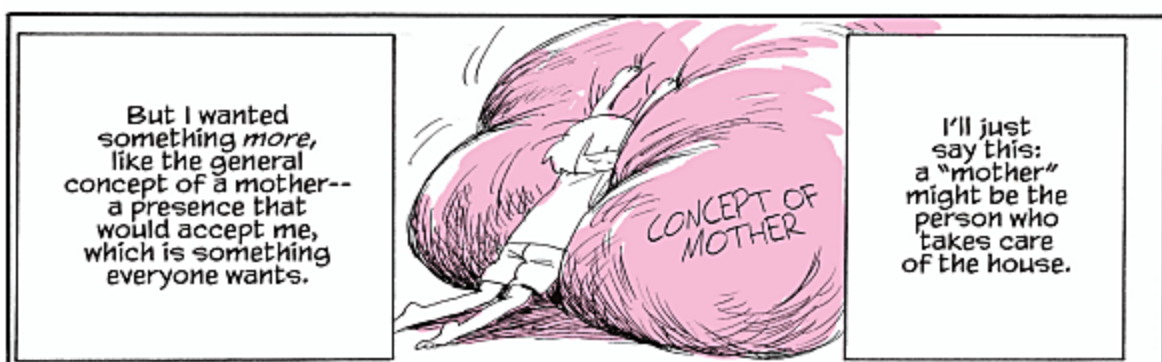
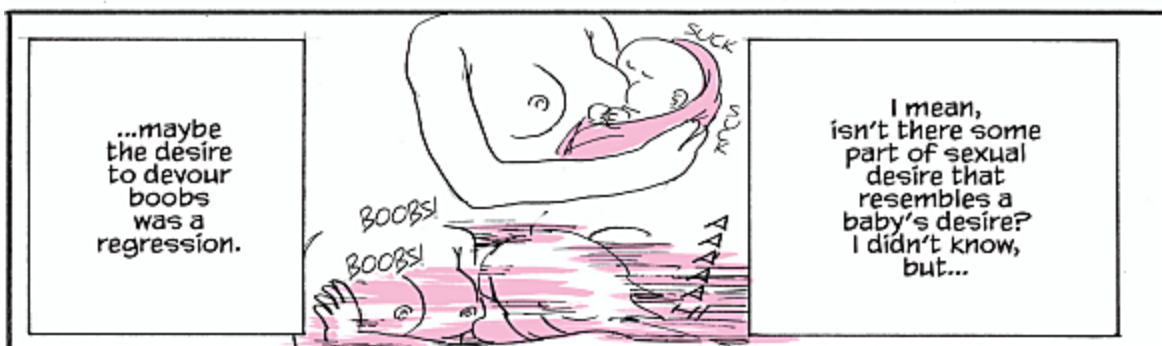
I wanted to find some hints as to where this pain came from, and how I could resolve it.



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

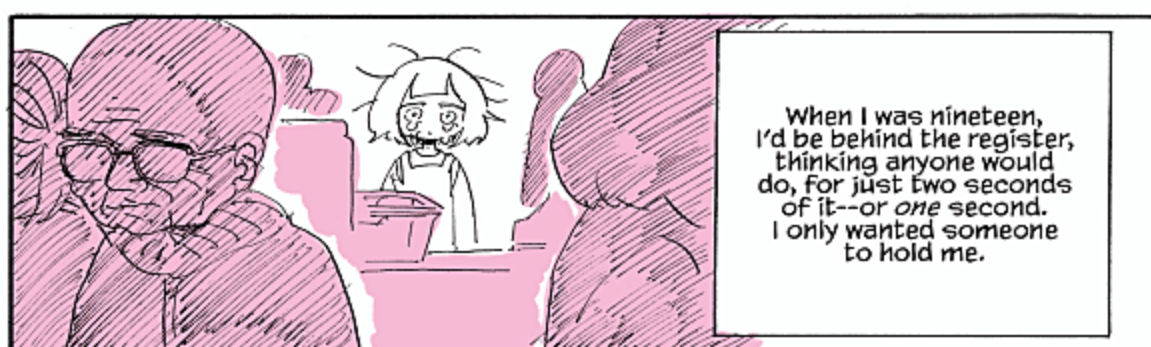


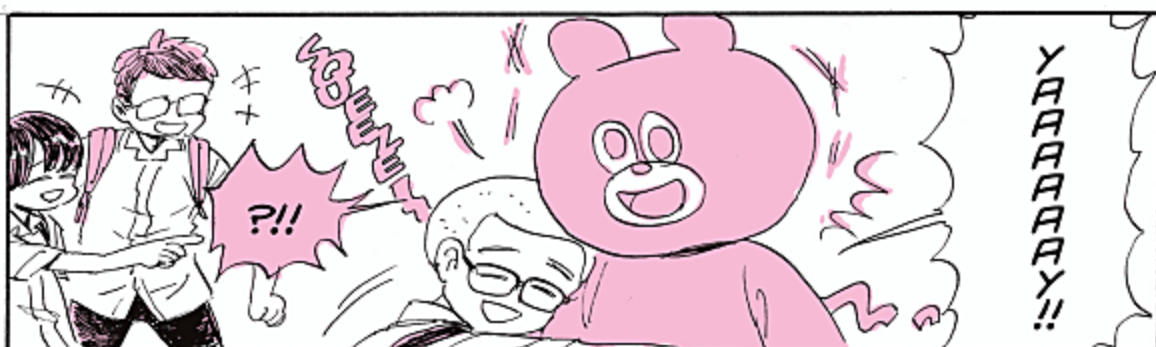




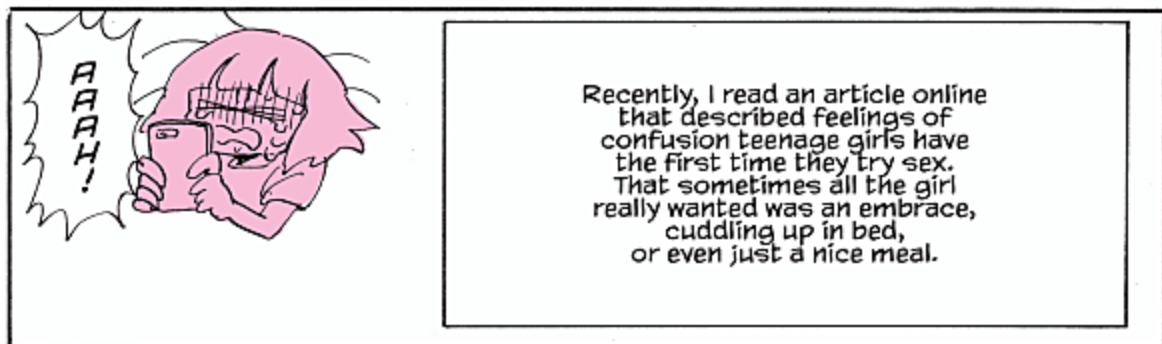
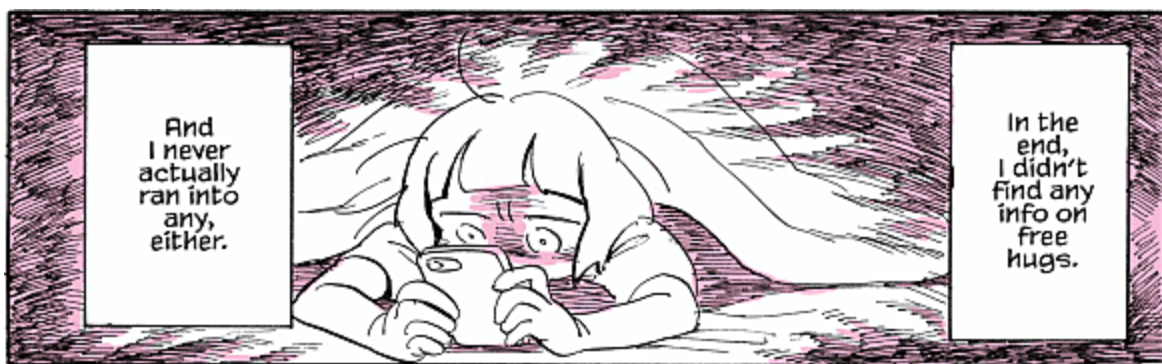










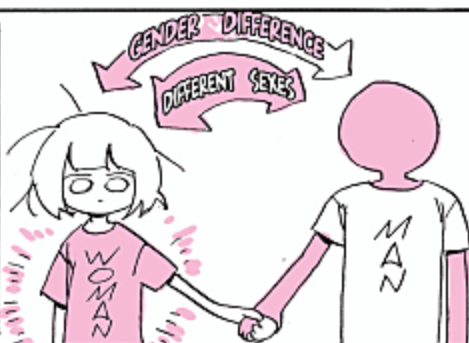


But for anything *more* than that, I'd only want to pursue it with a woman. And the reason behind that...



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.



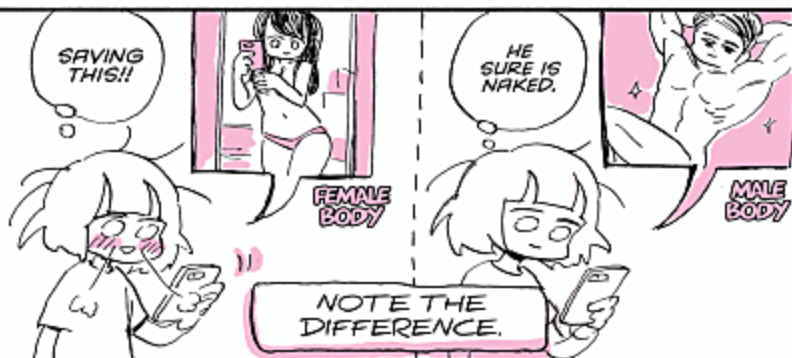
...was that I didn't want to accept that I was a woman.

...before I was seen as myself.



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

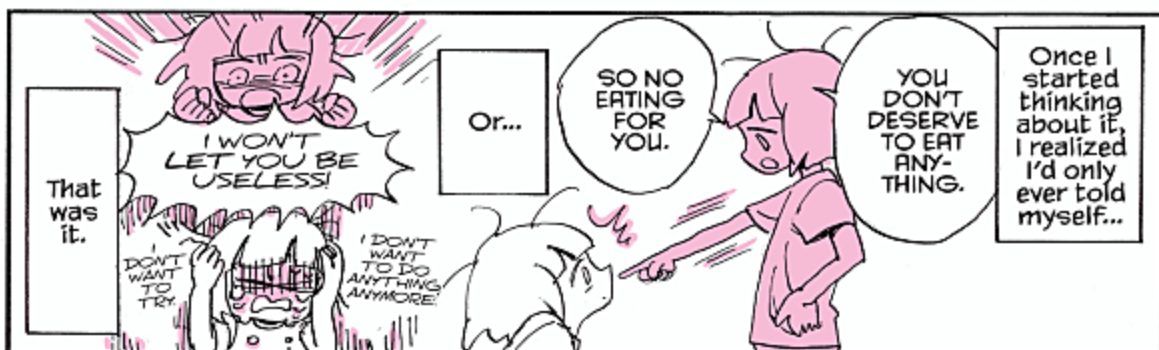
SAVING THIS!!

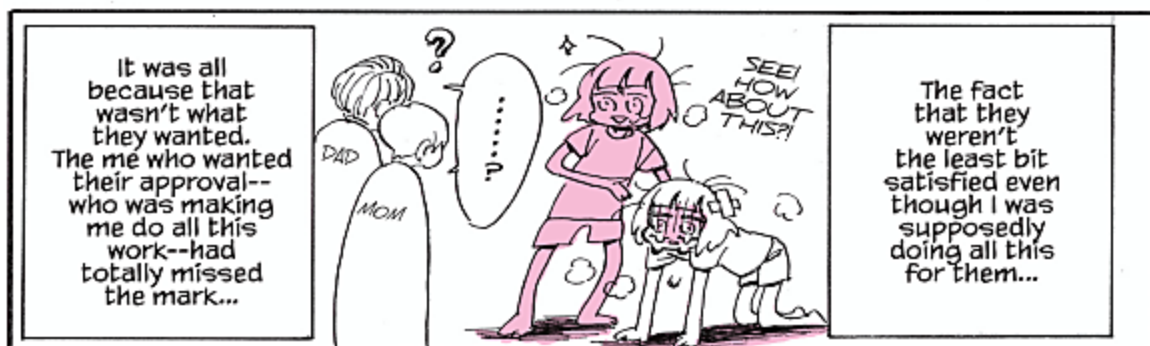
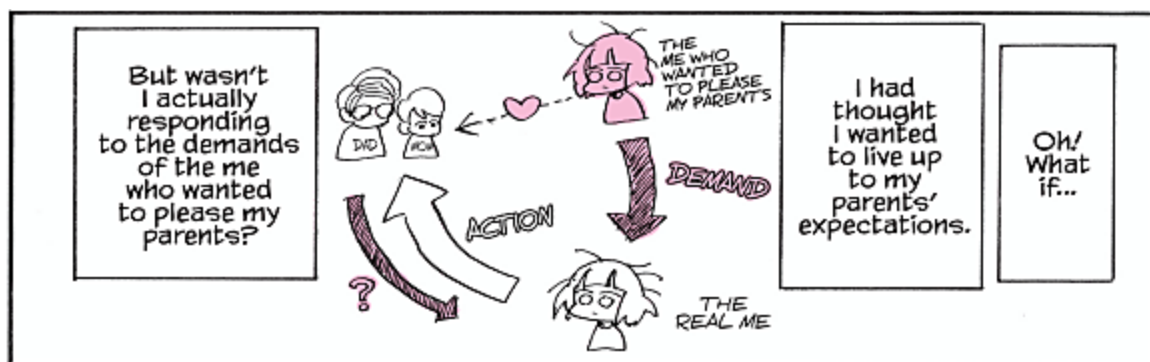


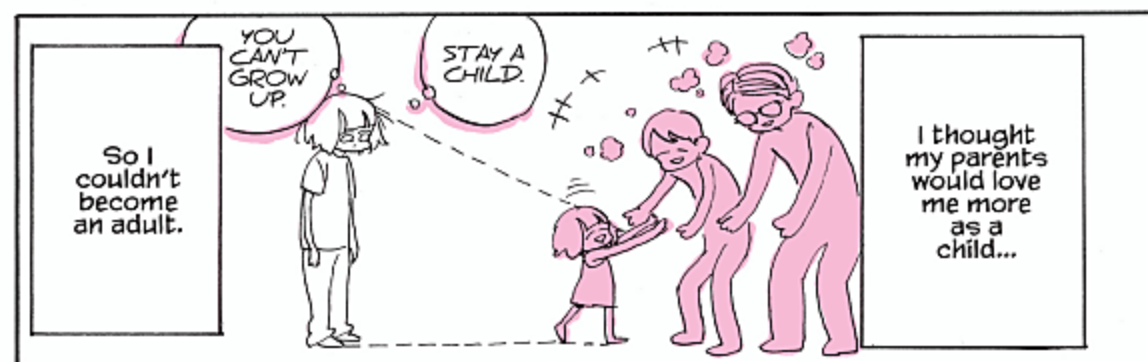
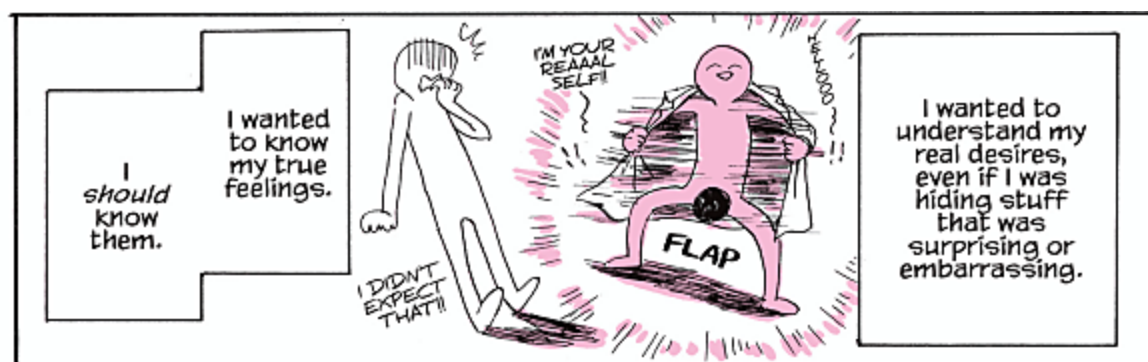
Plus, I was more sexually interested in women's bodies than men's.

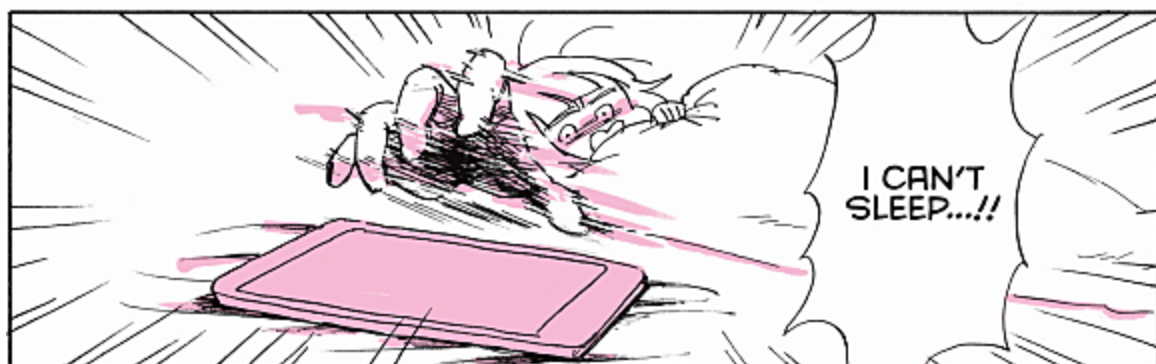
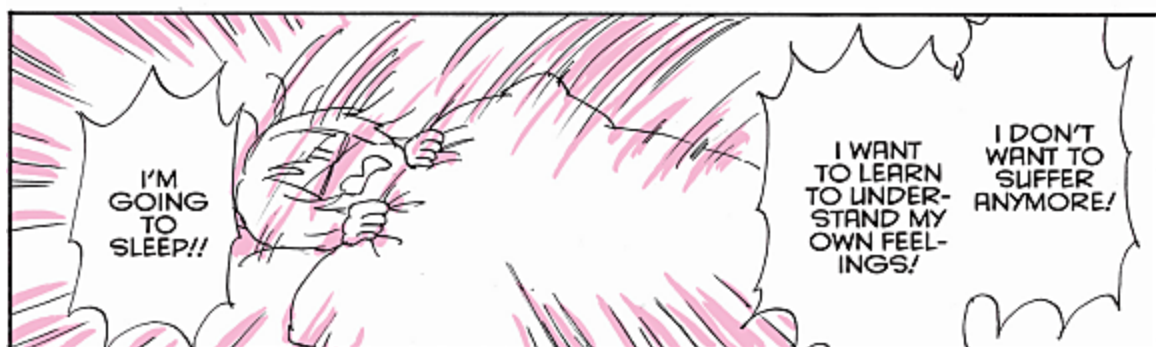


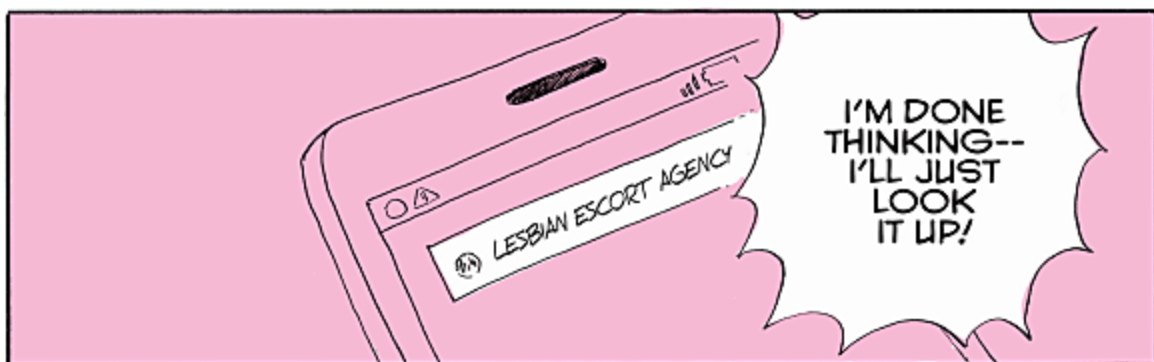
※Life's Mountains and Valleys [人生山あり谷あり]
(LEED Publishing), Chapter 13

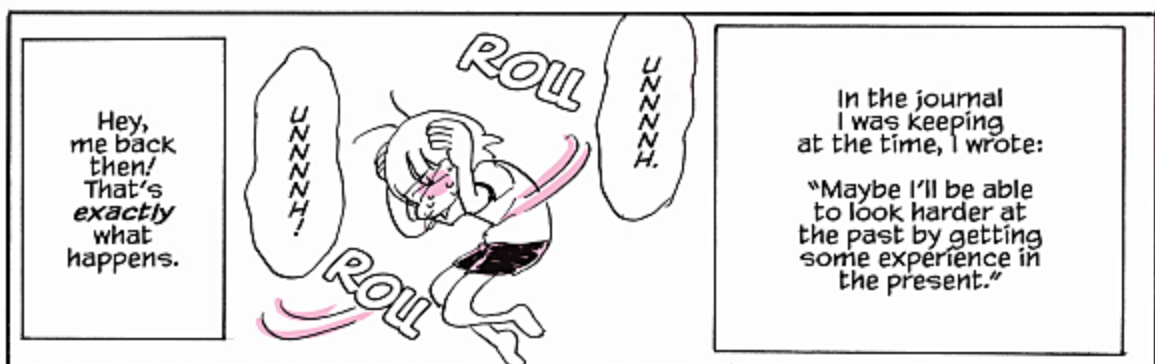
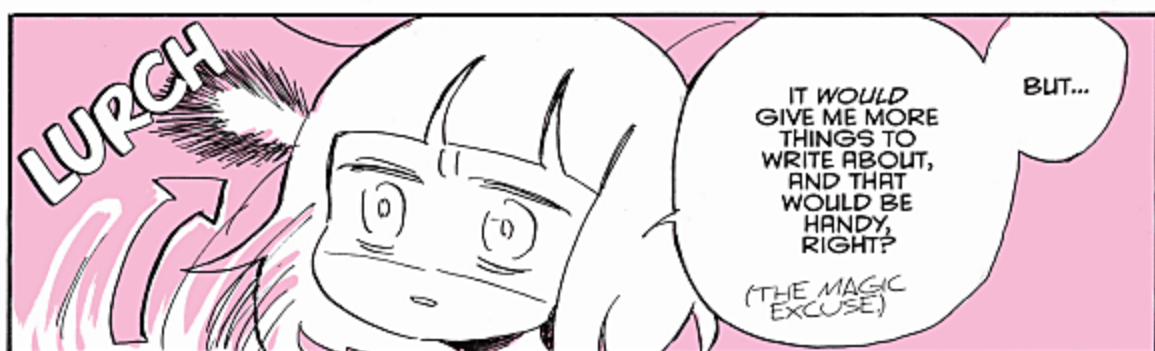
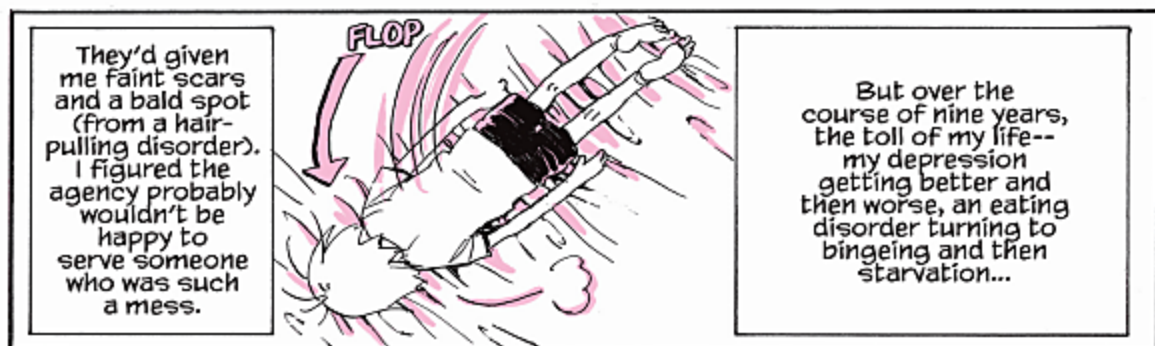














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Chapter 3: Before the Appointment



*About \$250-\$300 U.S. Dollars.





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.

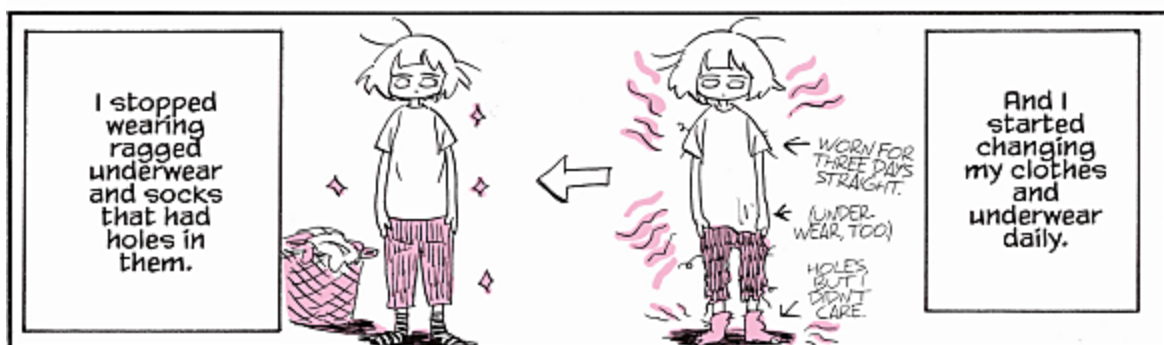


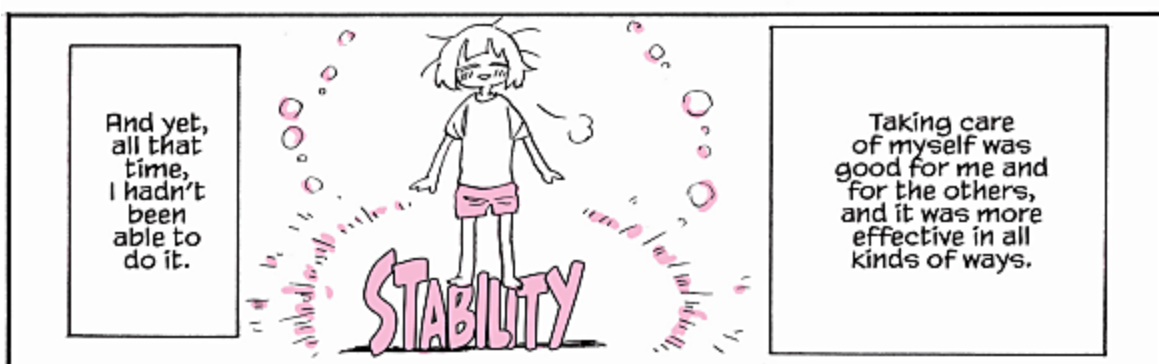
I finally realized something.

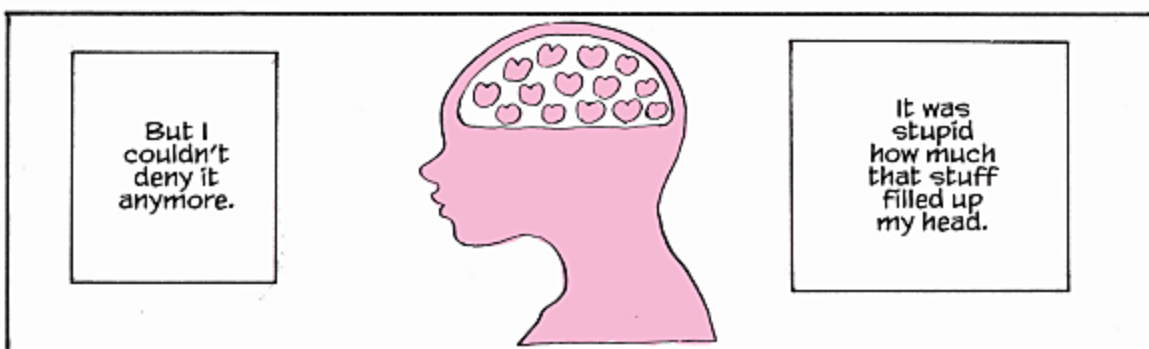
So I could go anywhere I wanted in this bigger world.

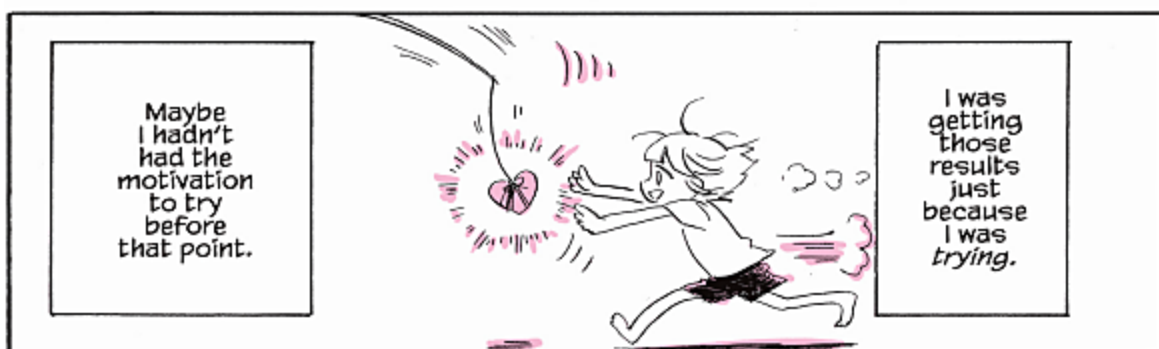
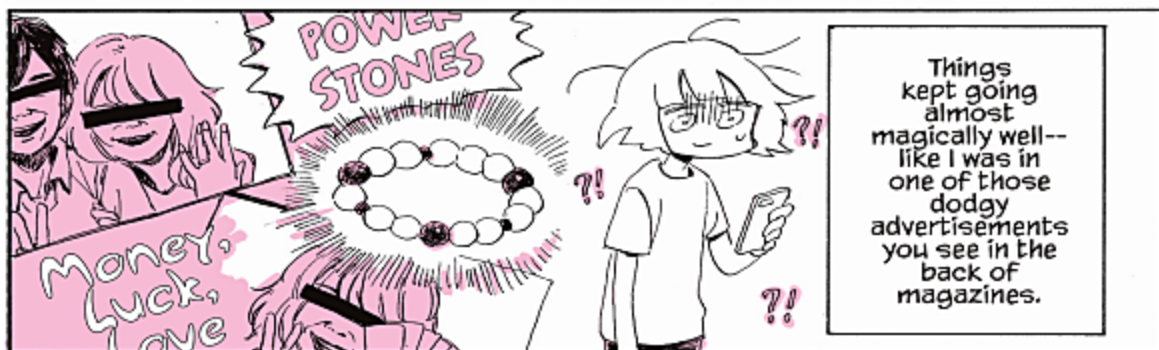


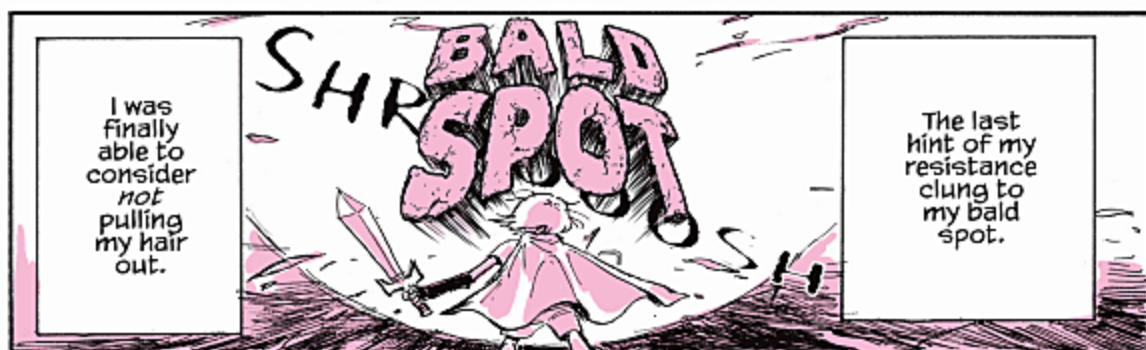
I had to clean up.











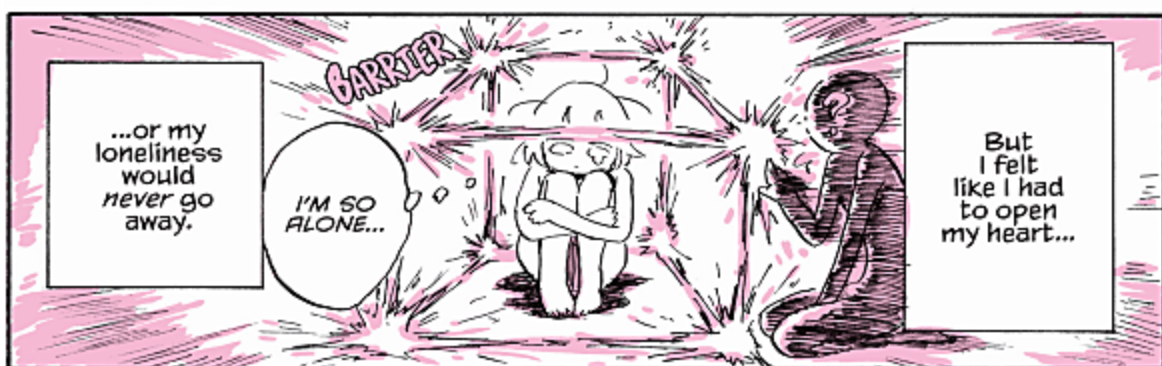
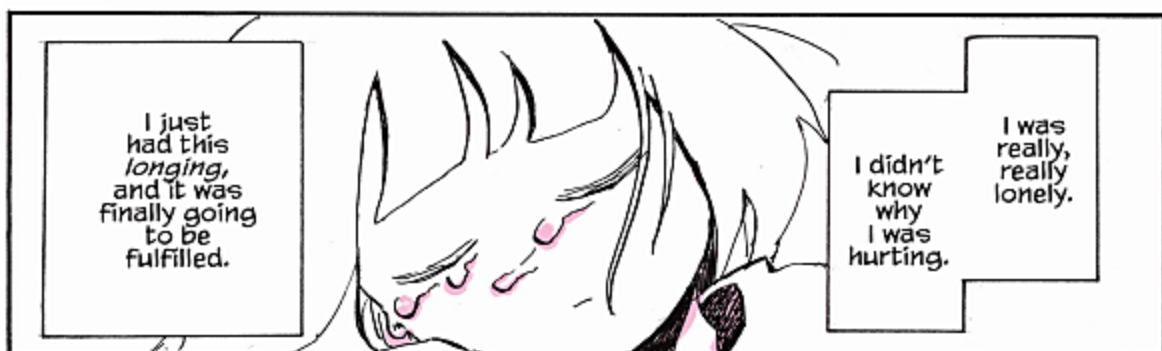
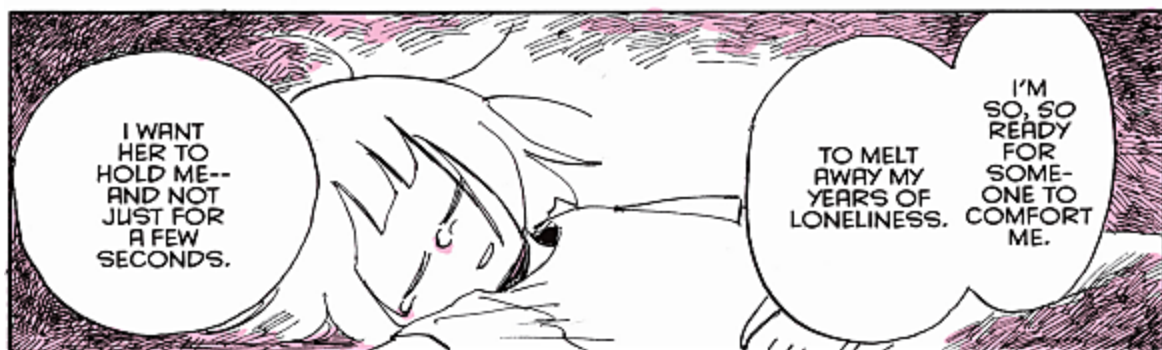
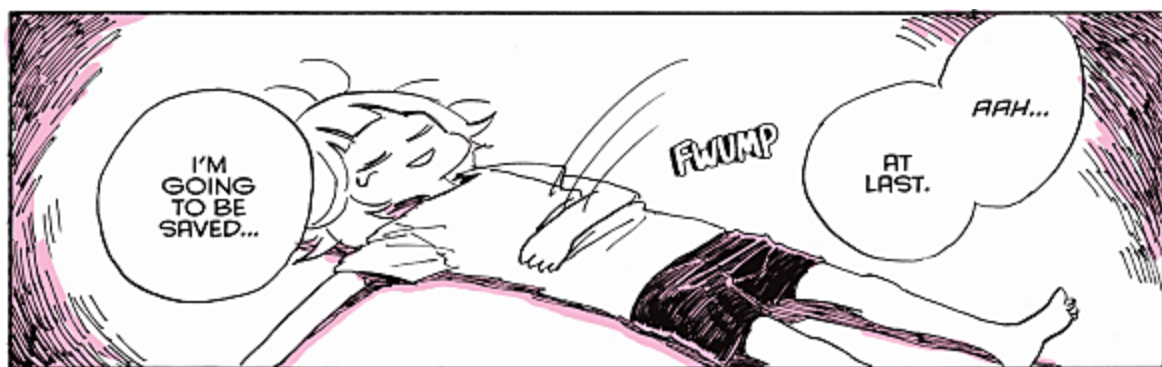


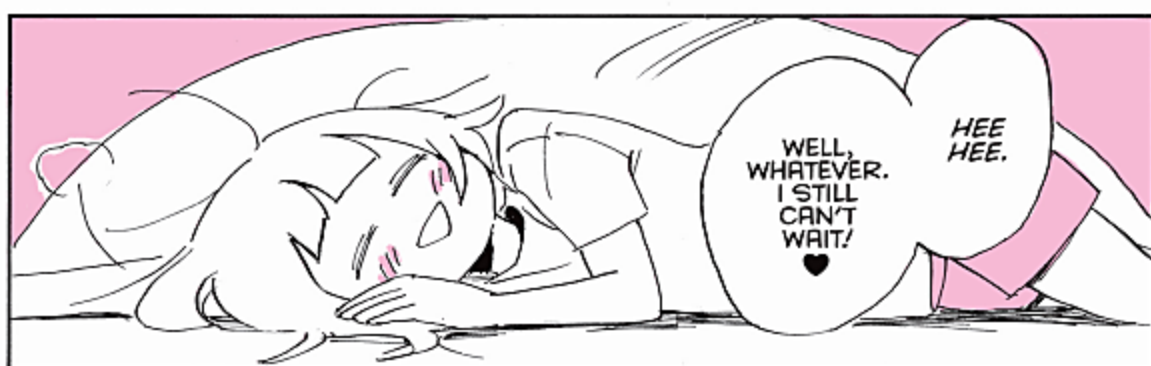
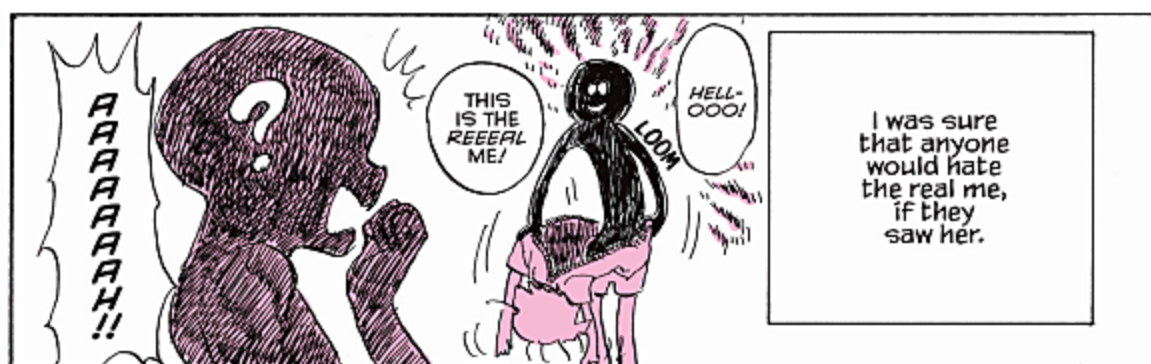




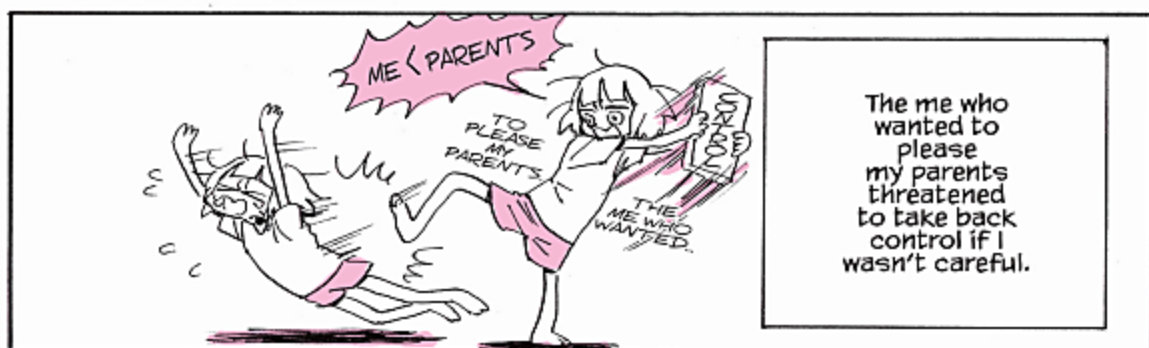
*About a tenth of an inch.

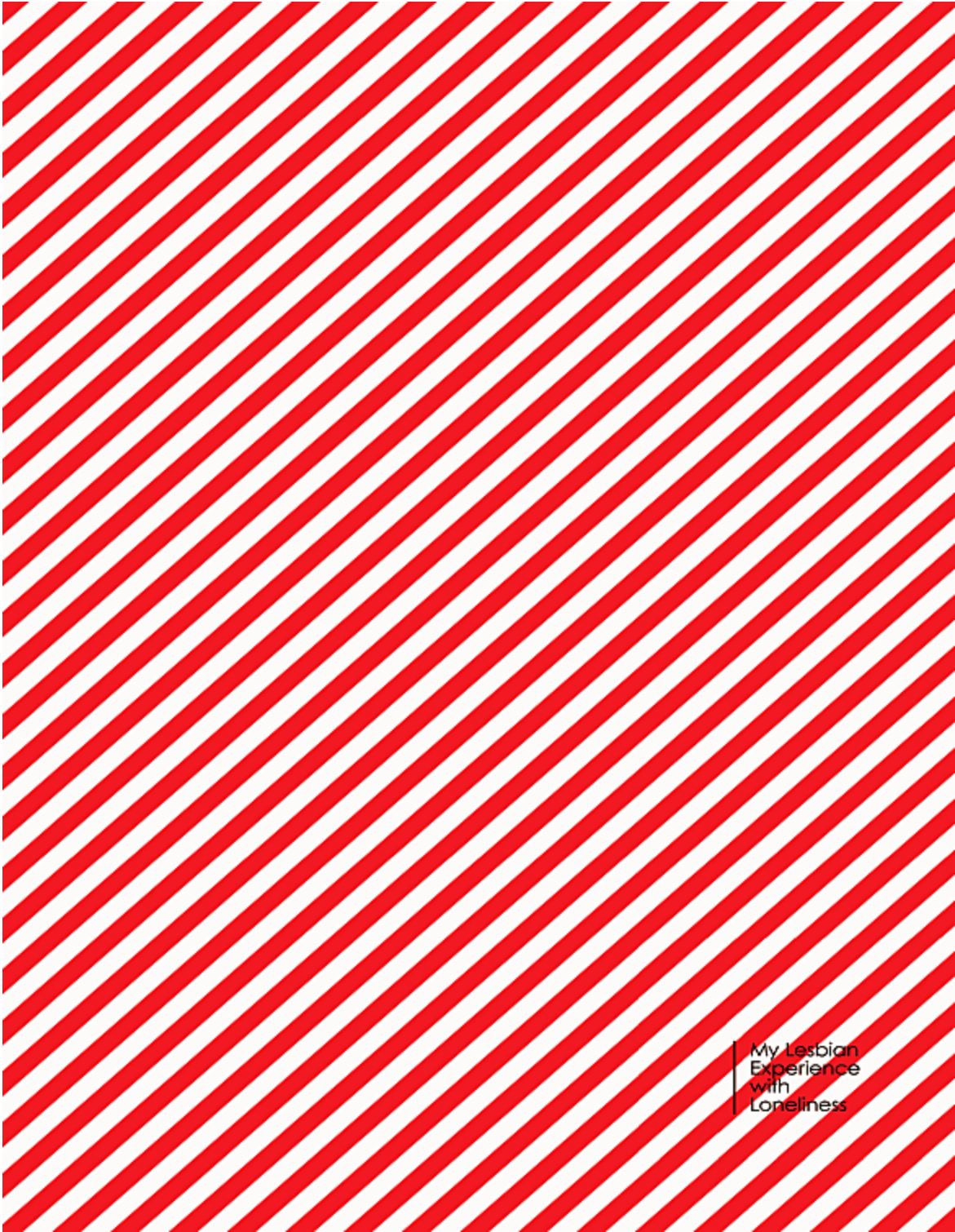












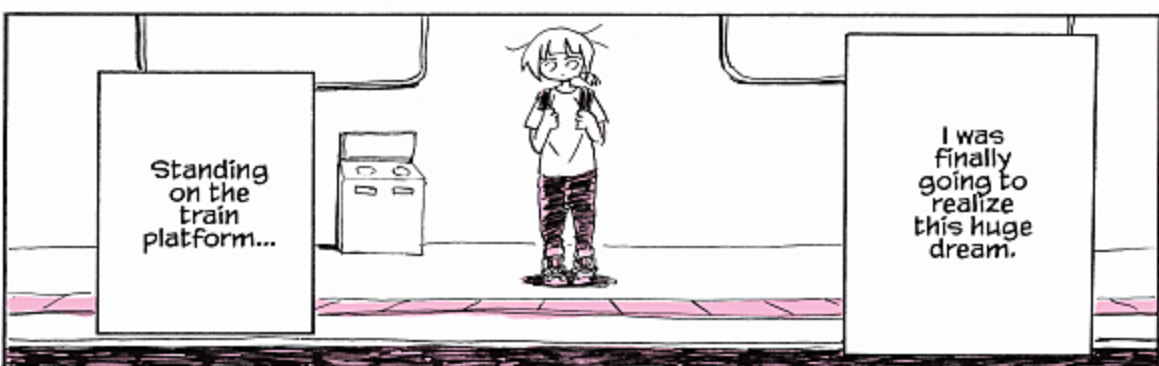
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Loneliness



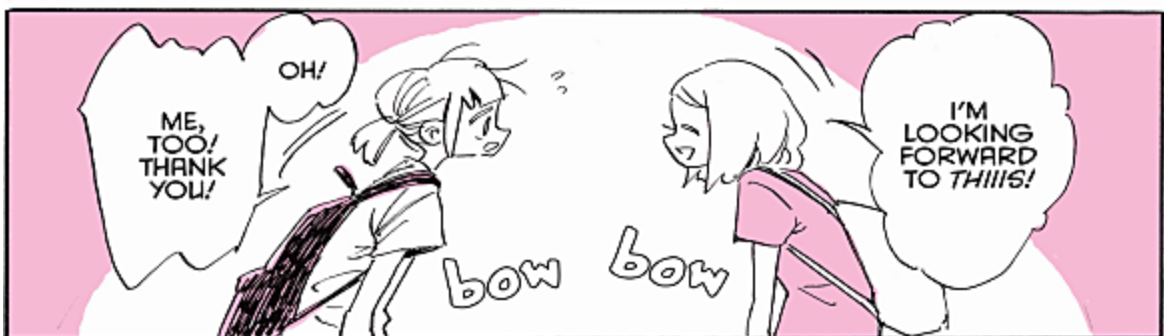
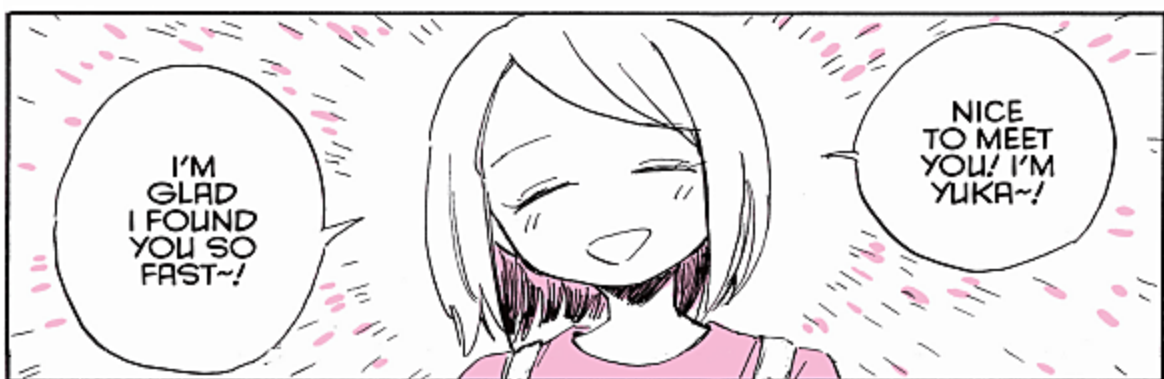


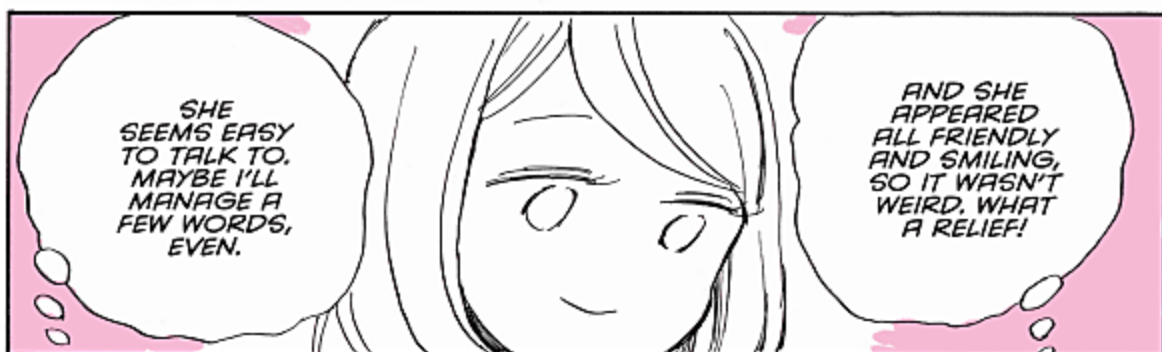
*About \$100 US.

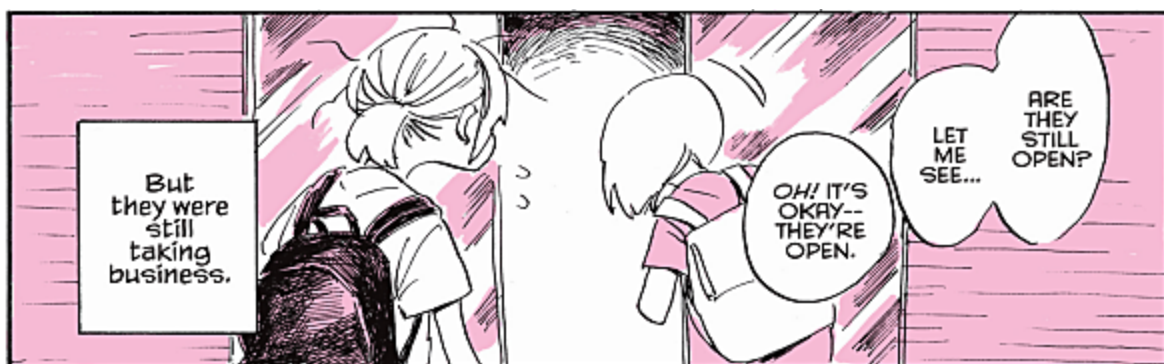


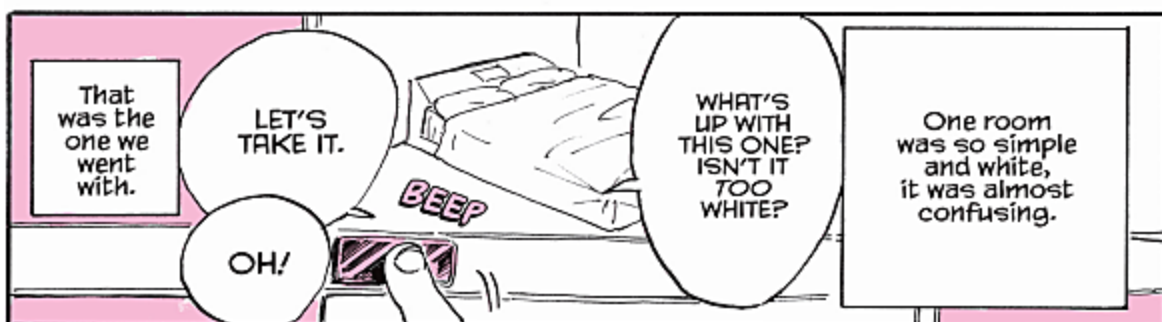
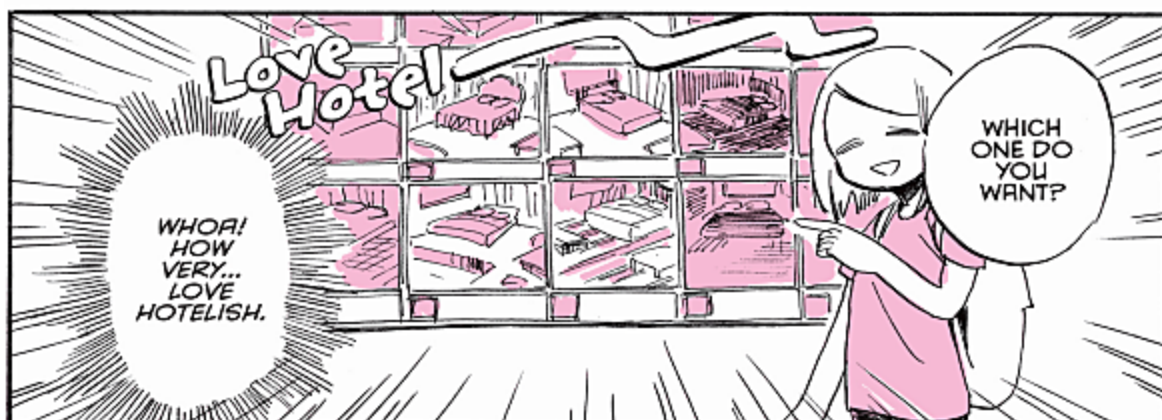


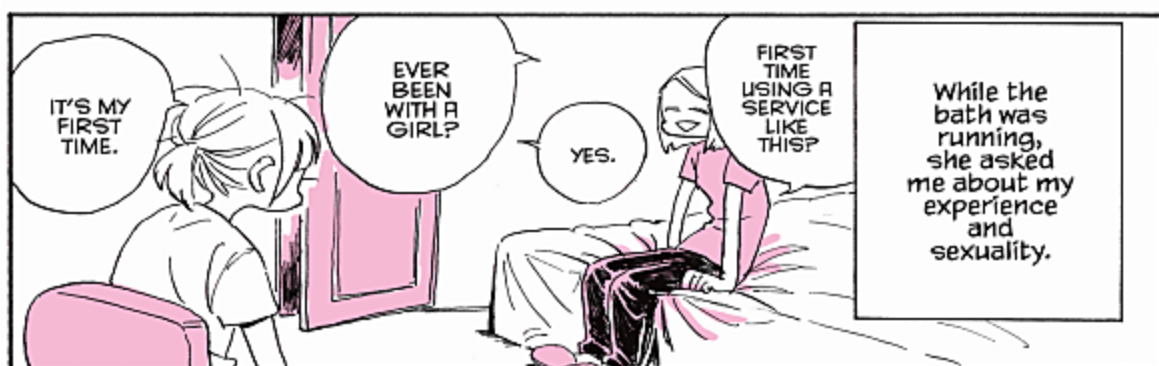
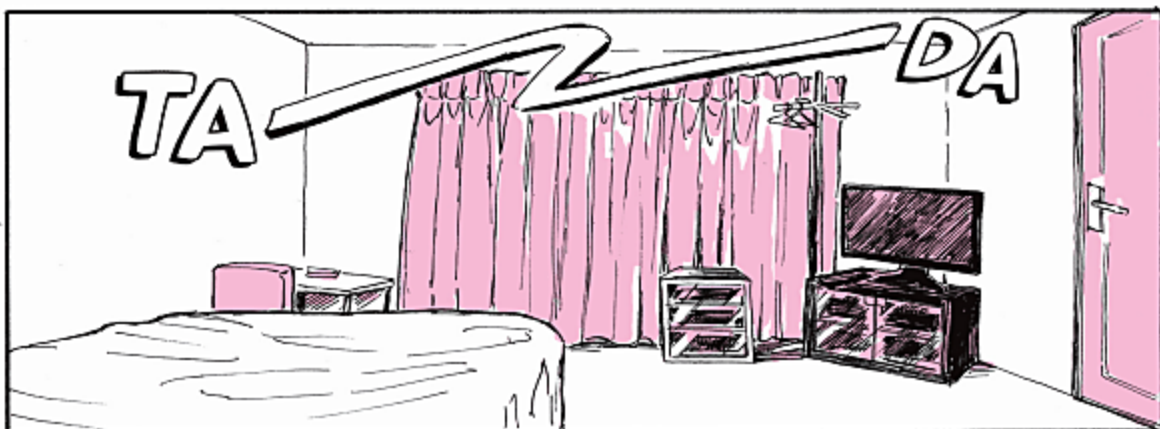
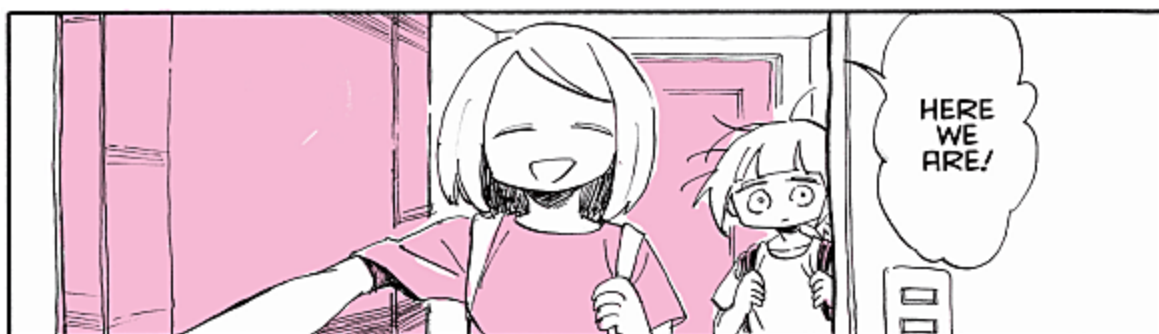


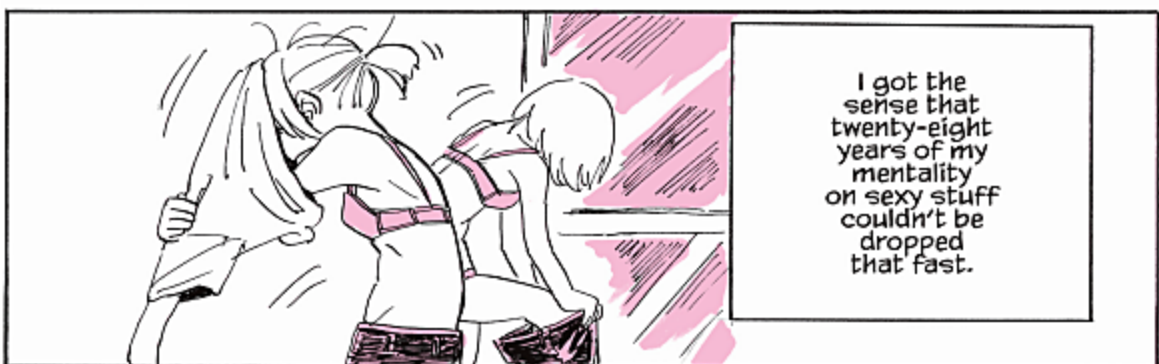
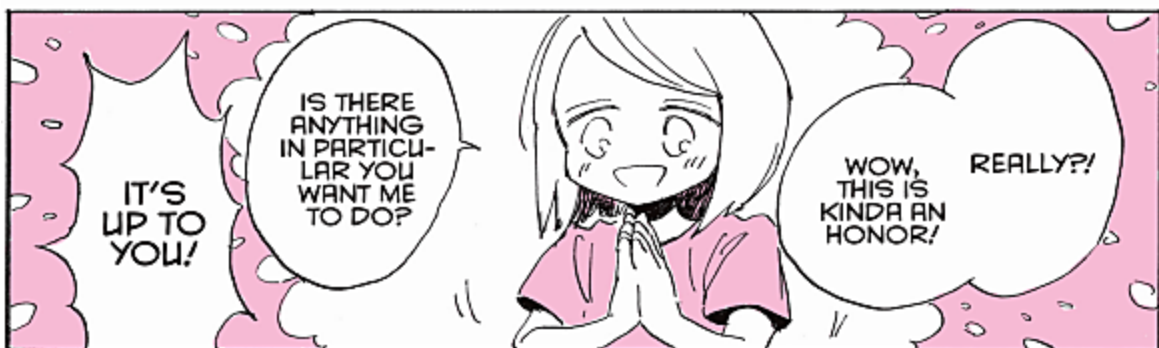


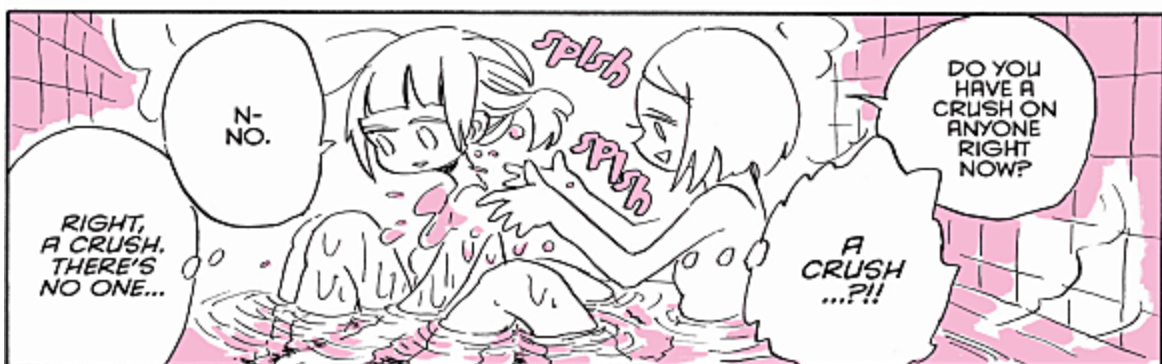


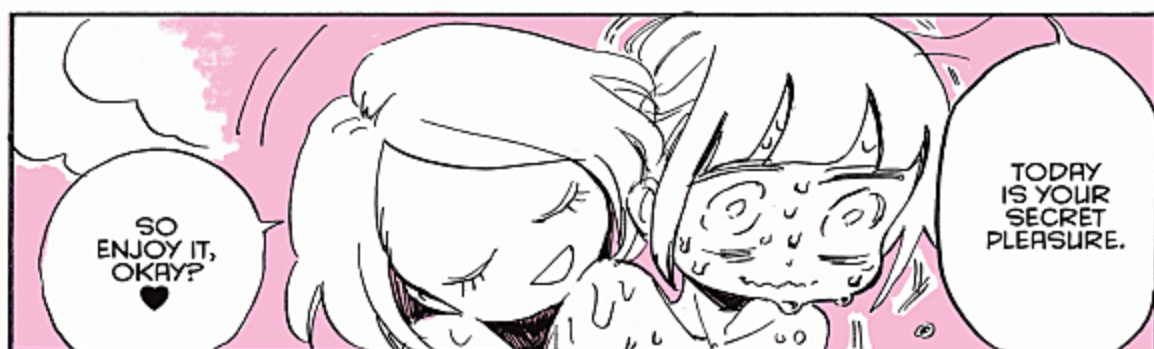
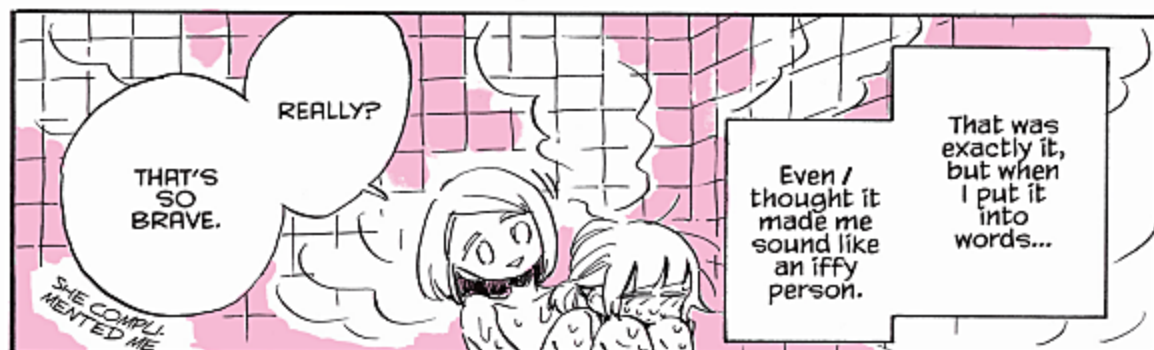


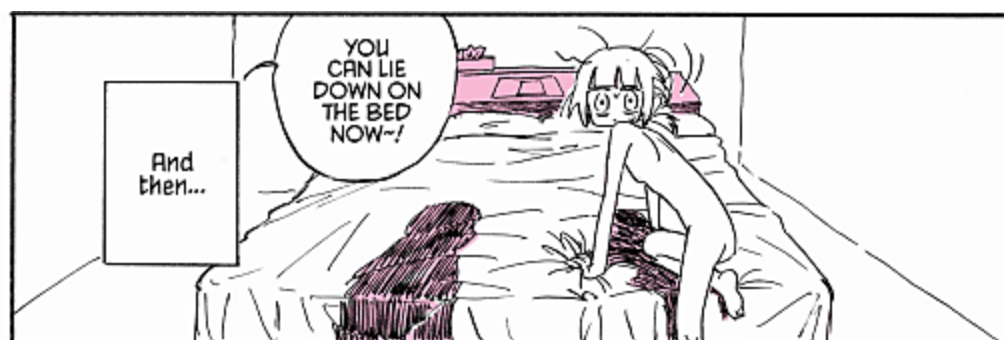


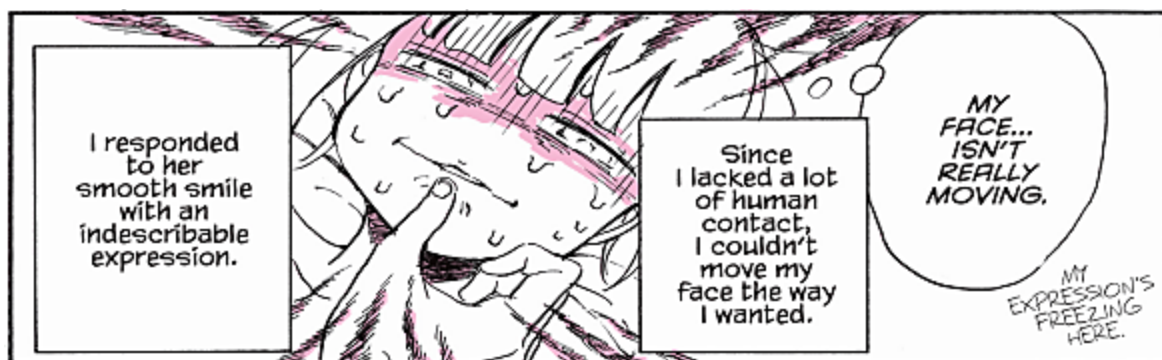


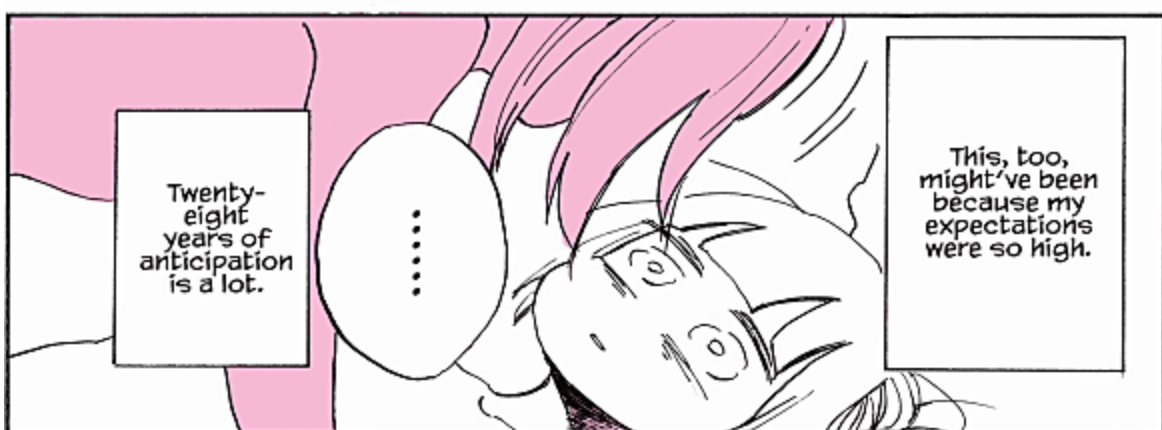
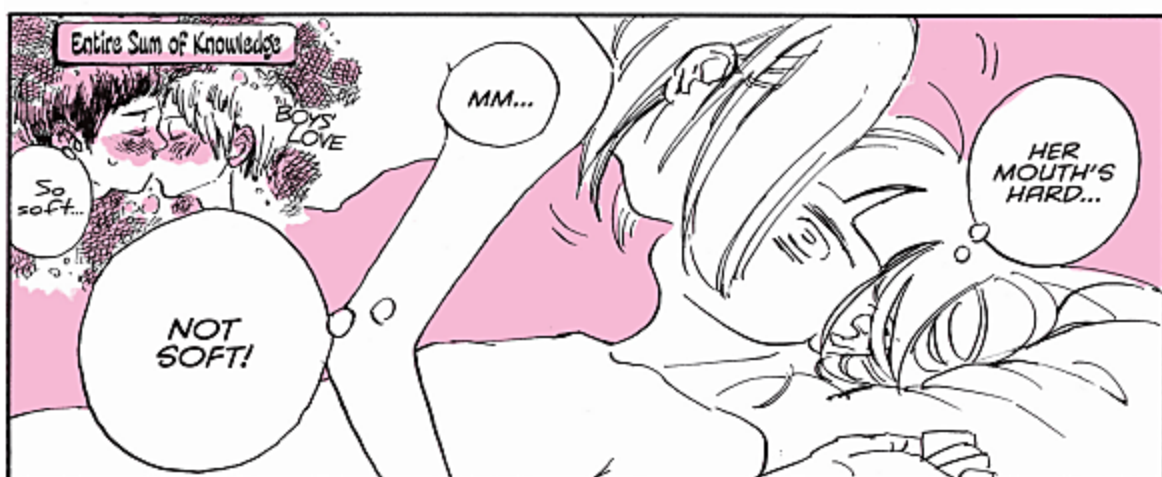


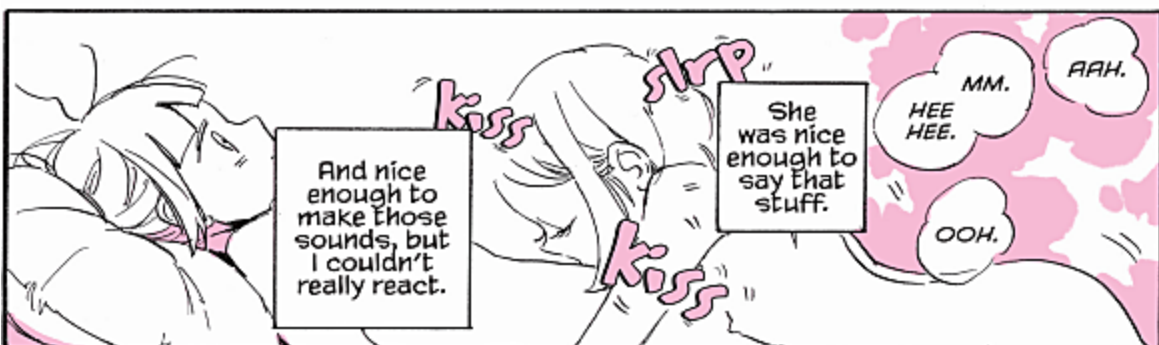
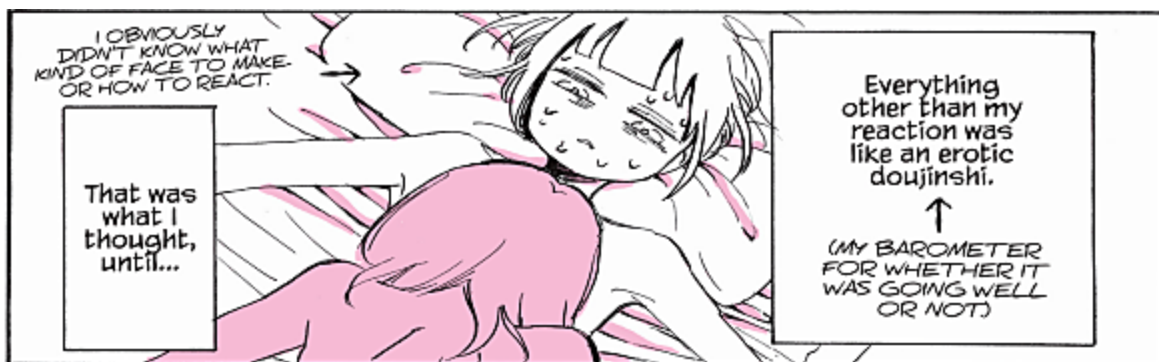


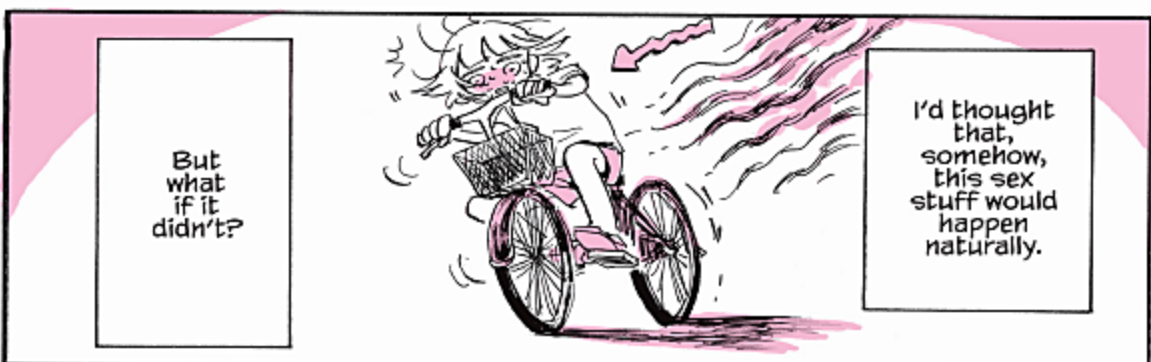
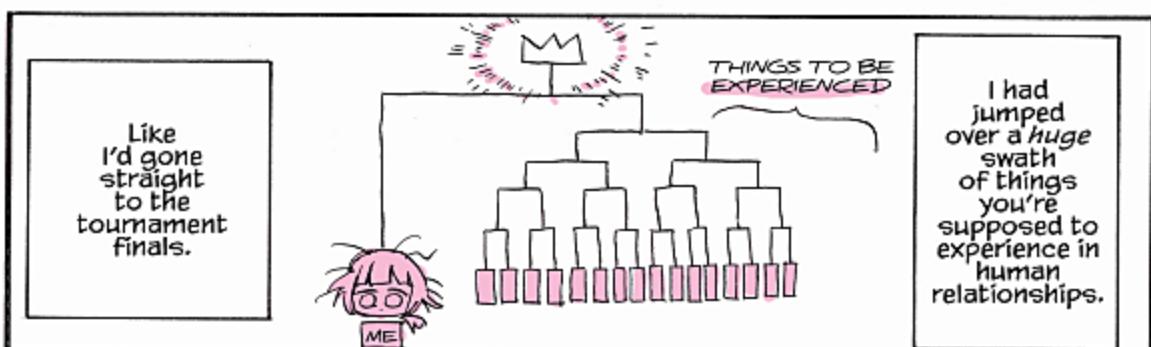


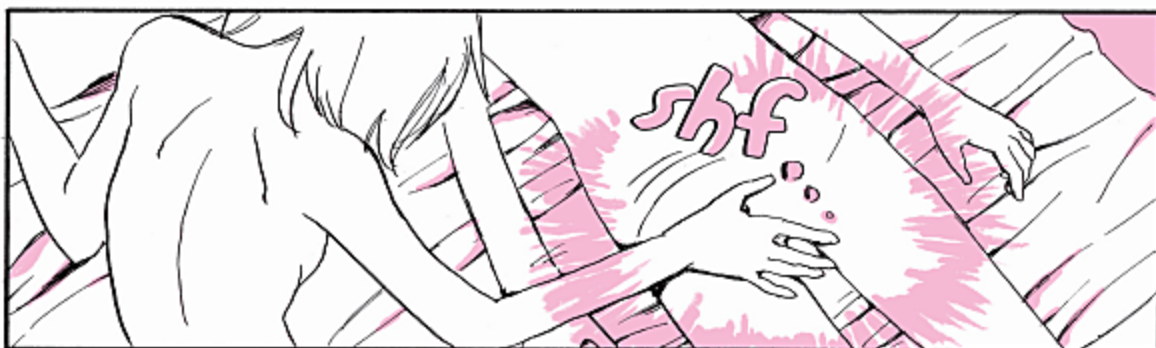


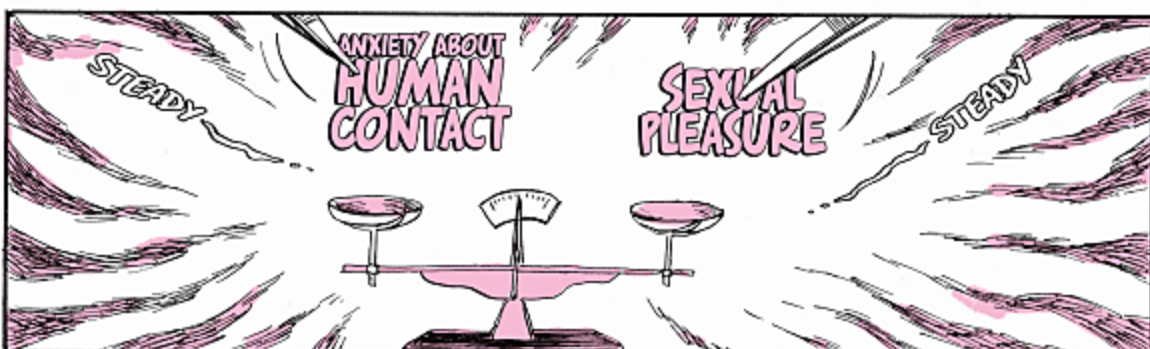


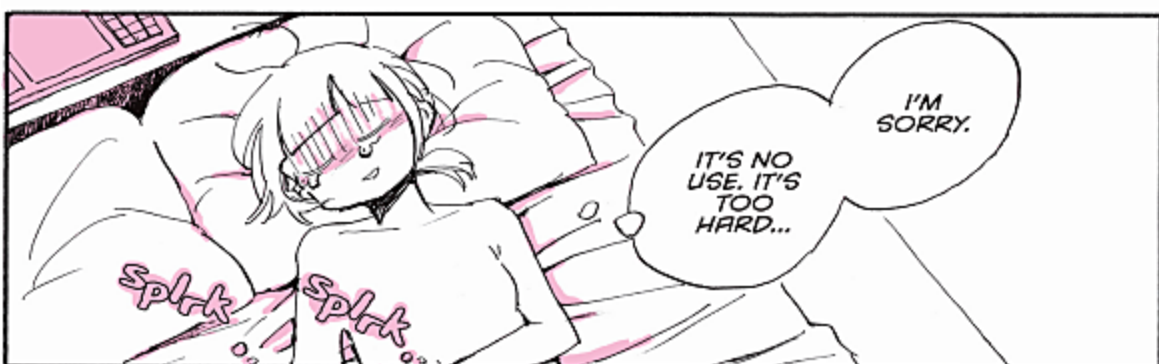


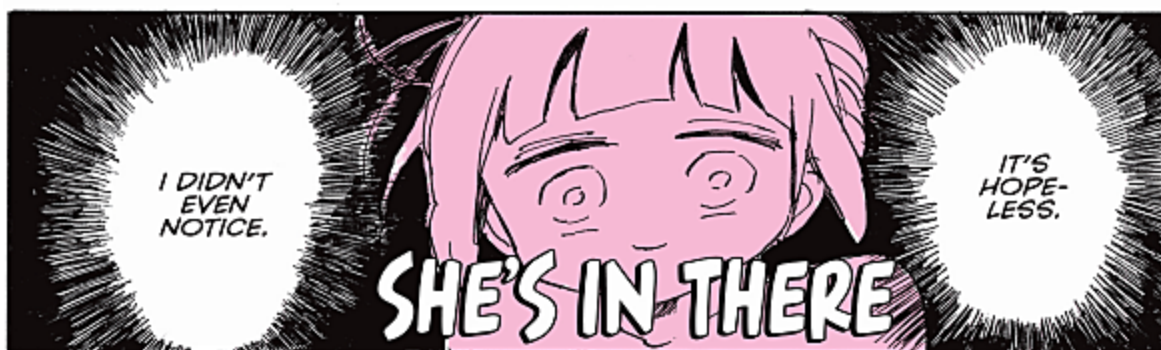




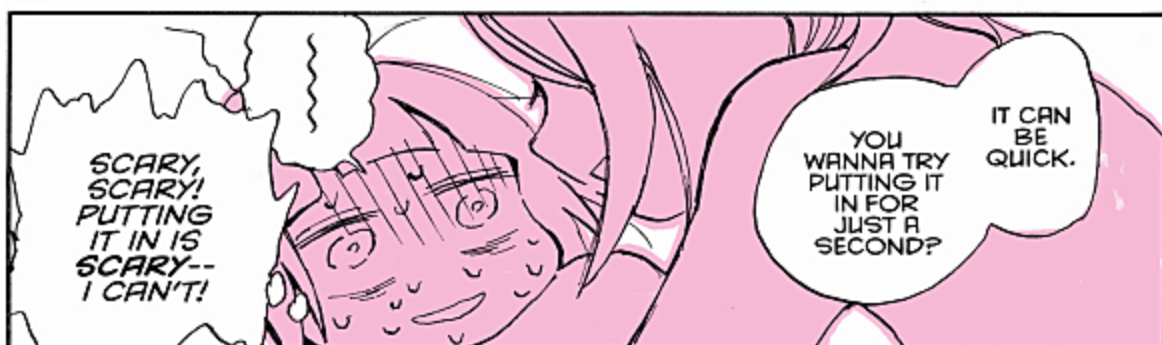
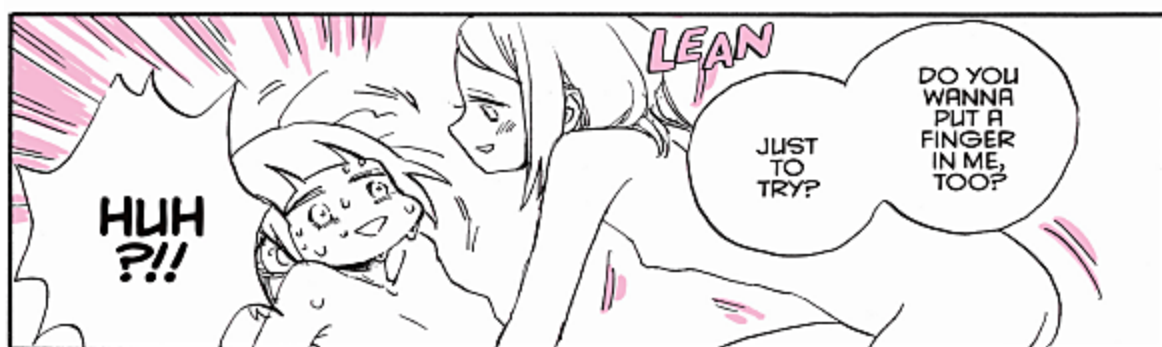


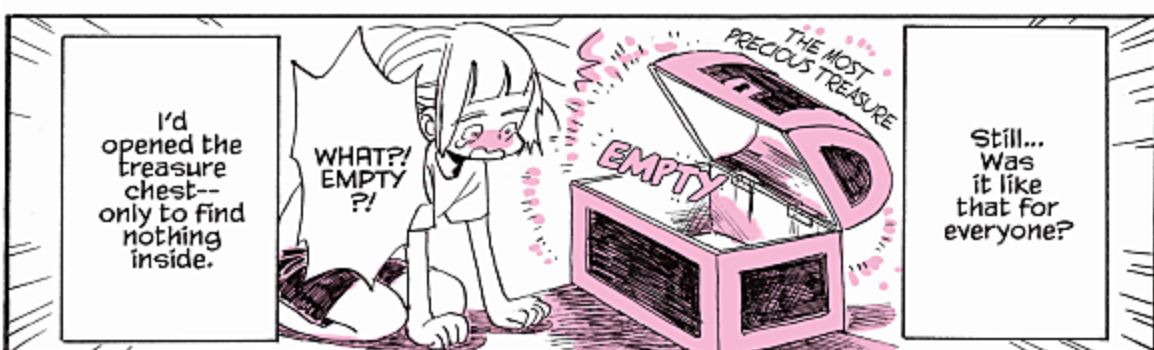
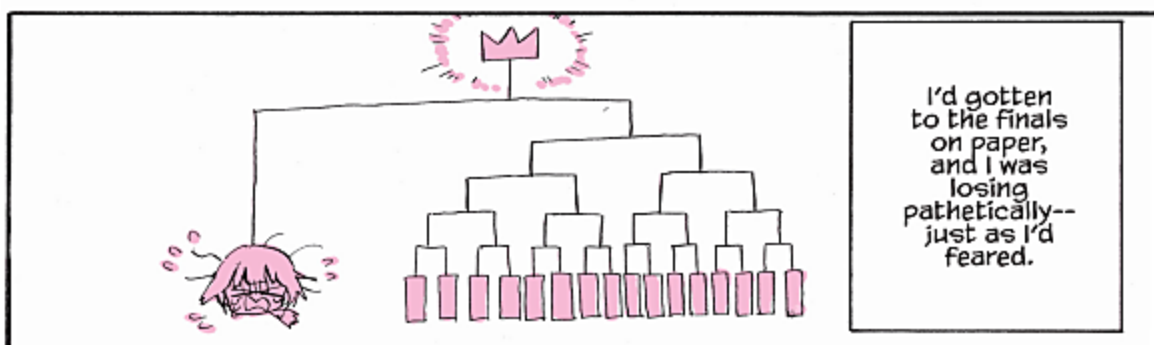
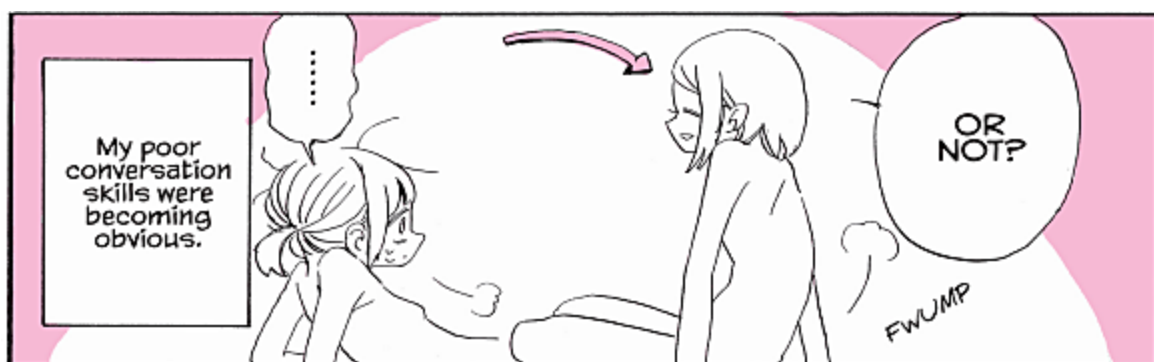




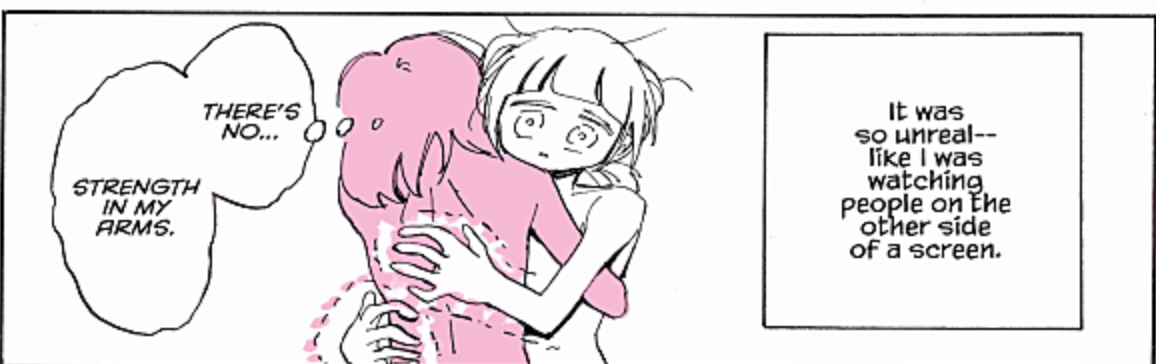
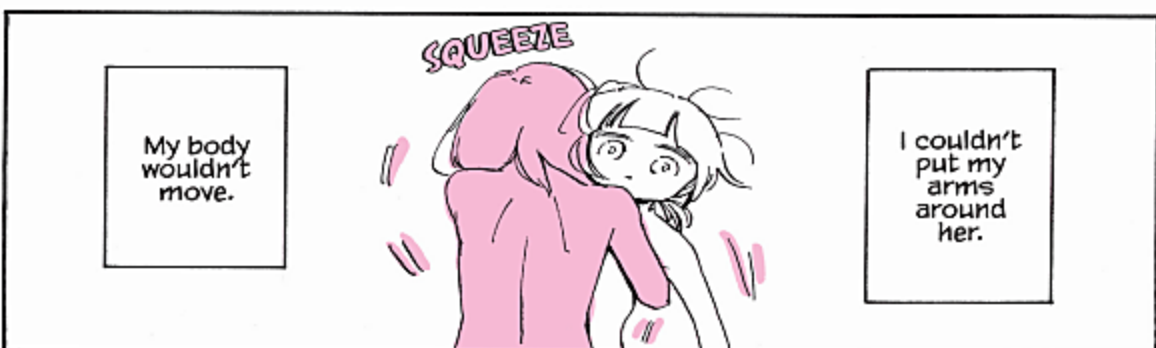
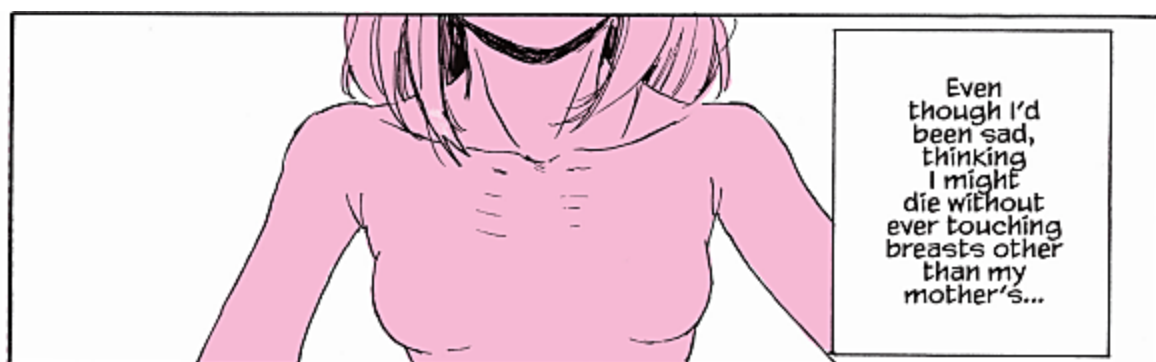


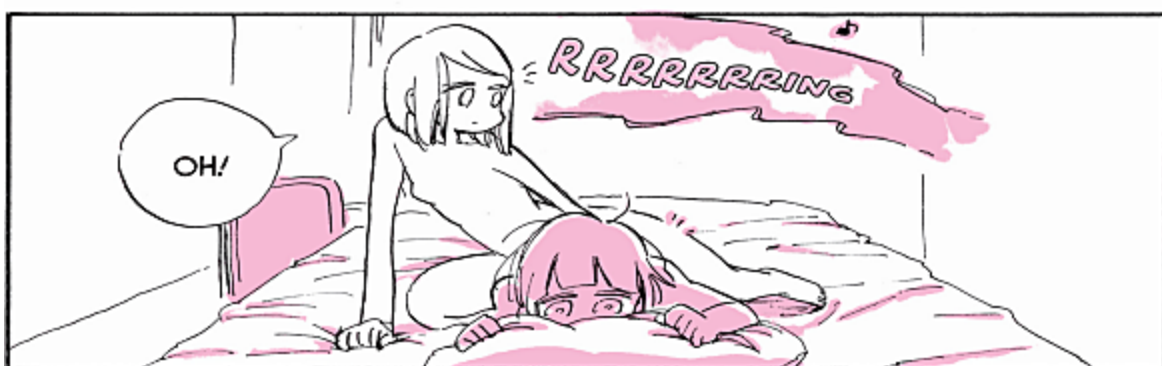
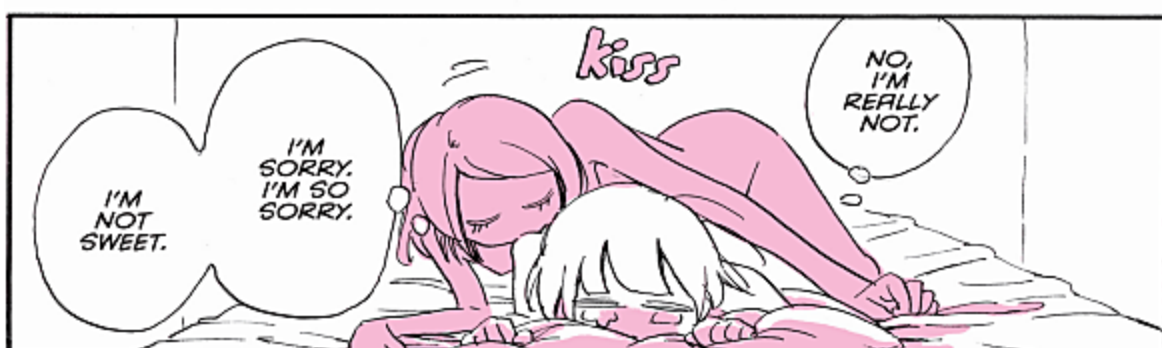
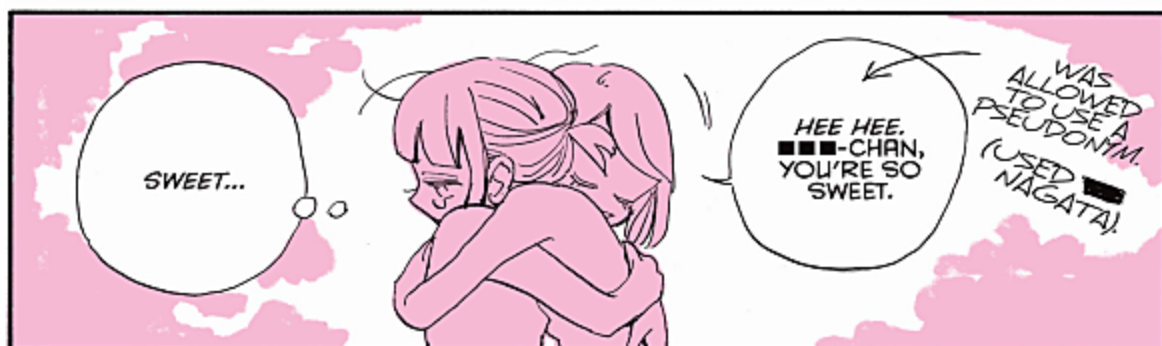


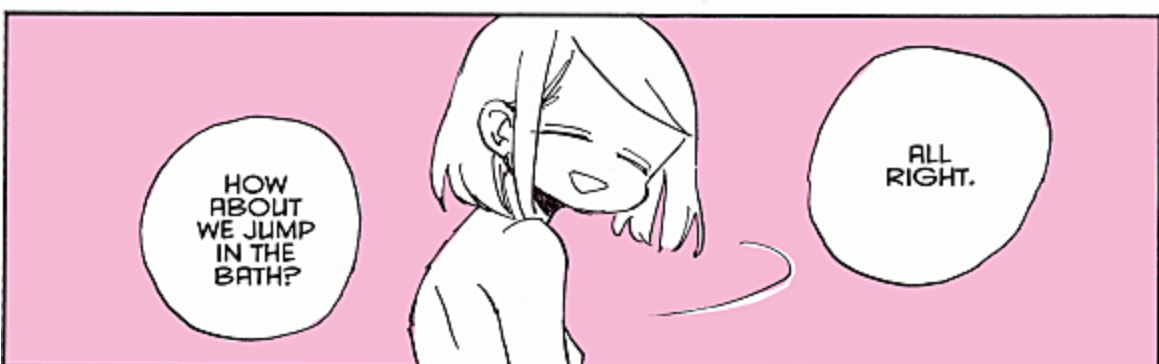
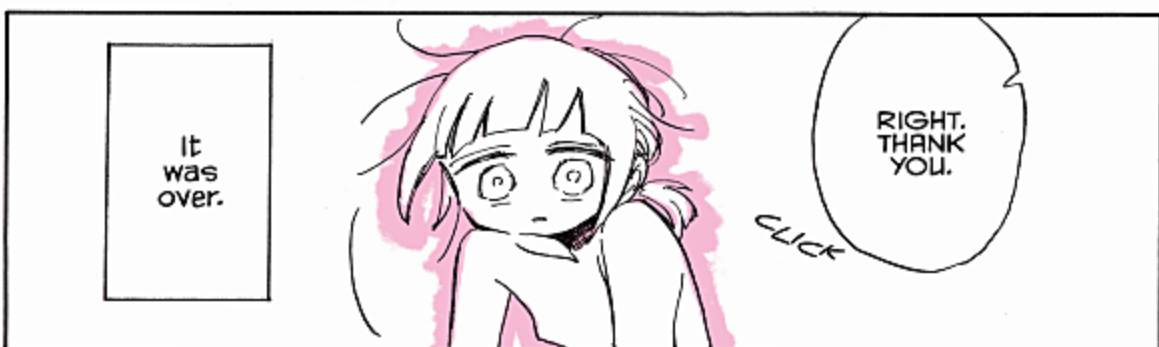


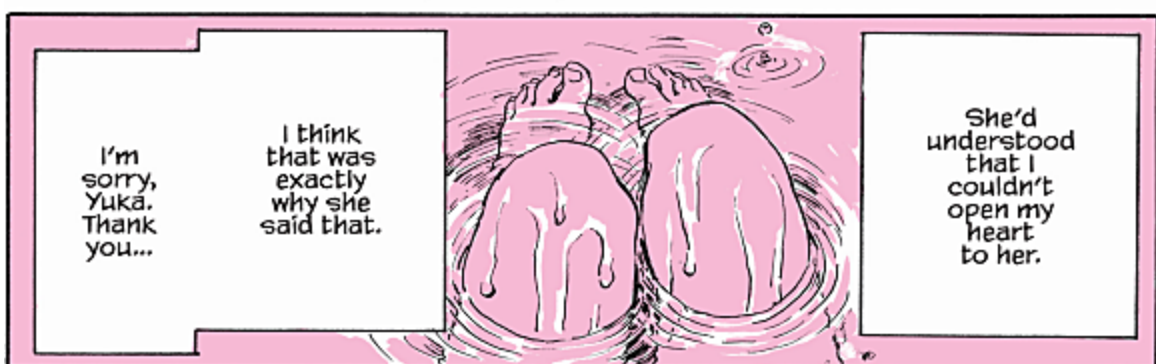
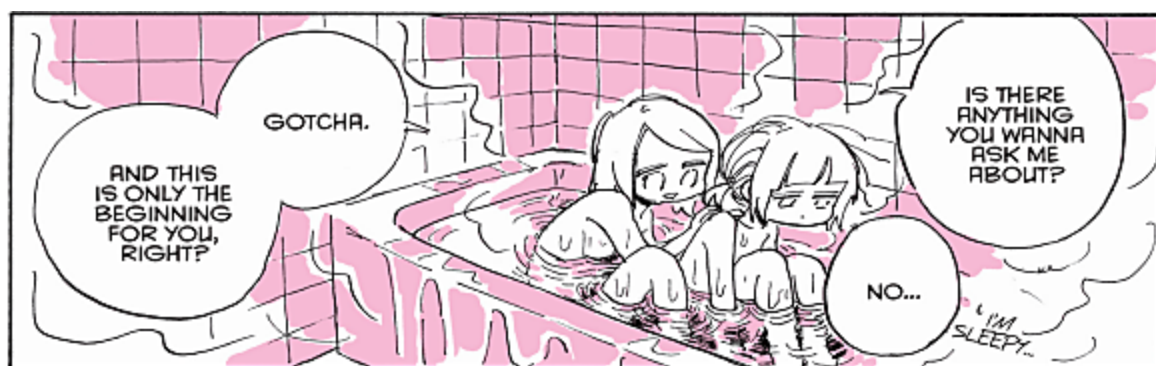






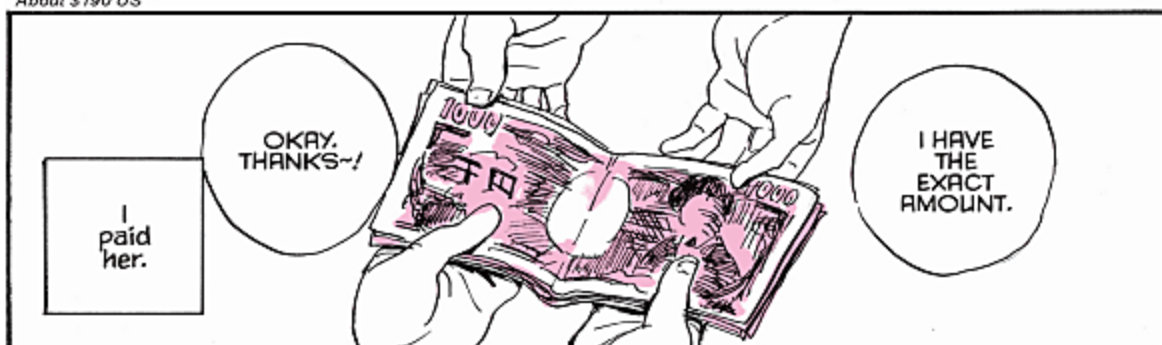


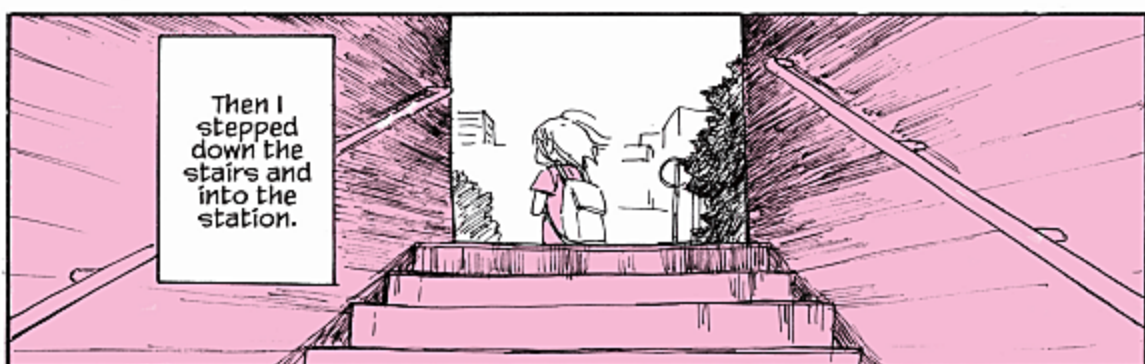
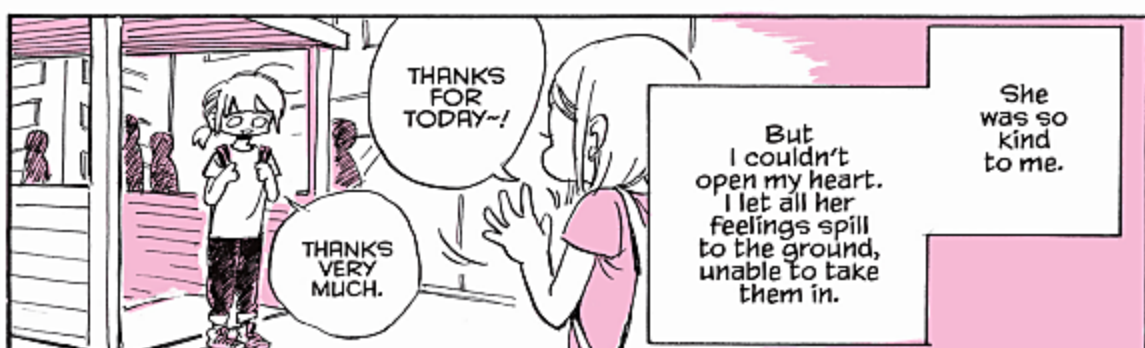
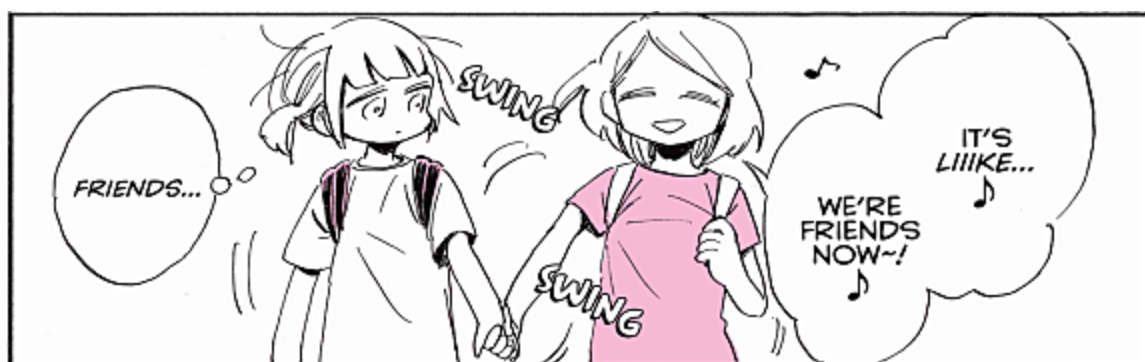


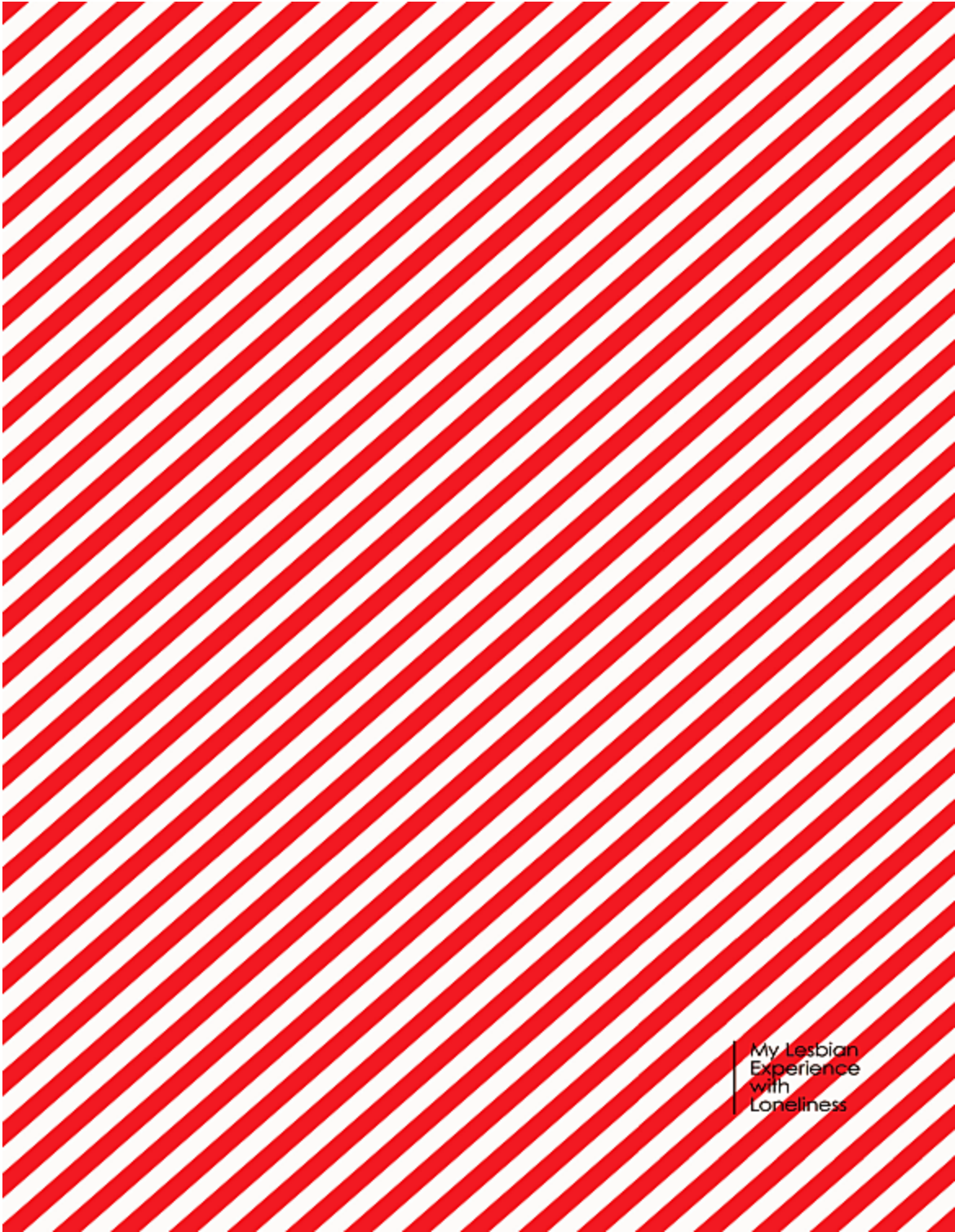




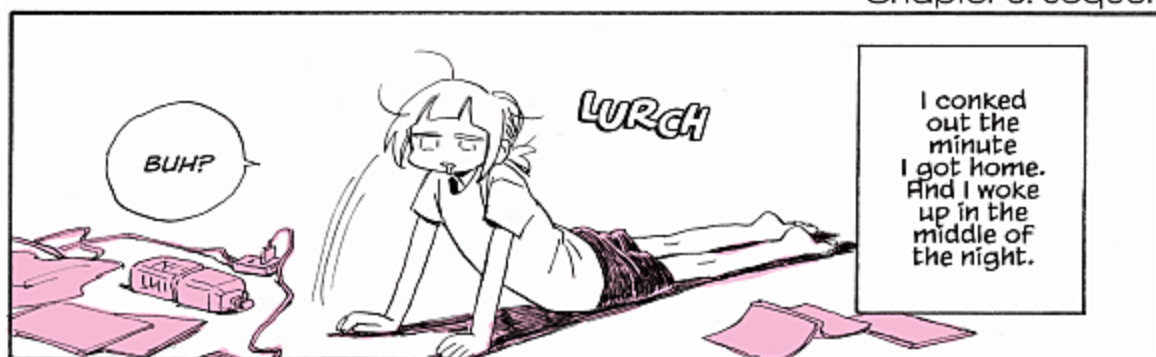
*About \$190 US



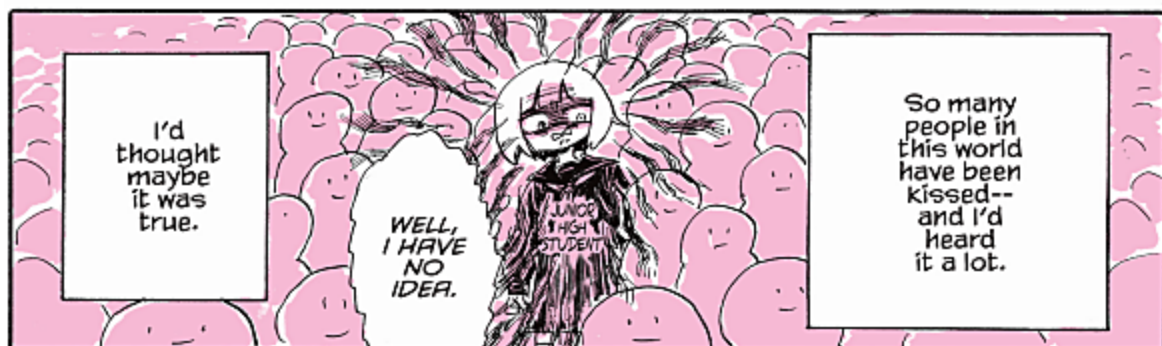




My Lesbian
Experience
with
Loneliness

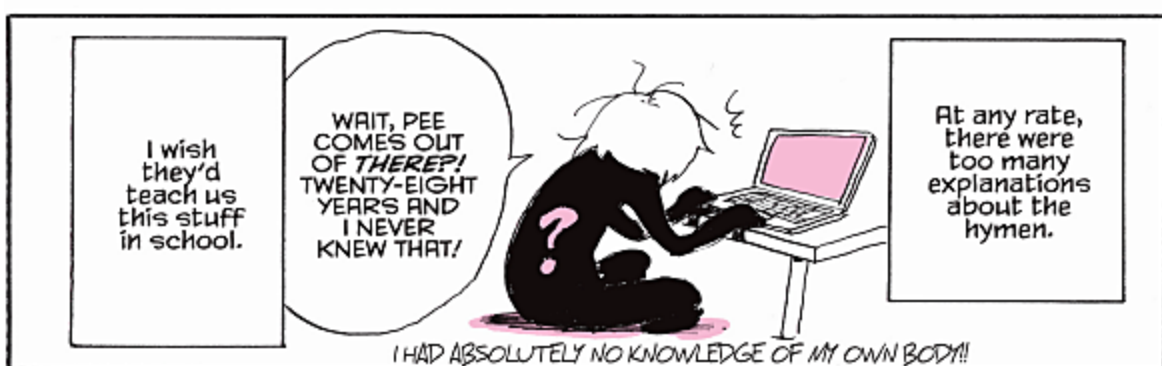
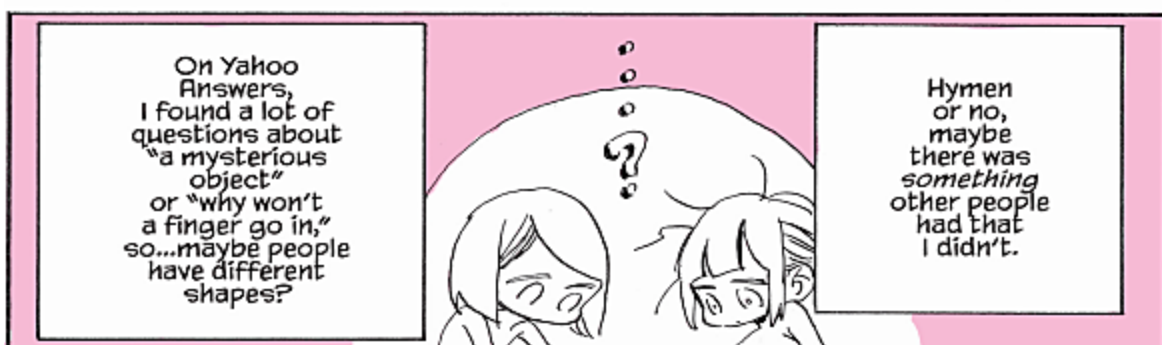
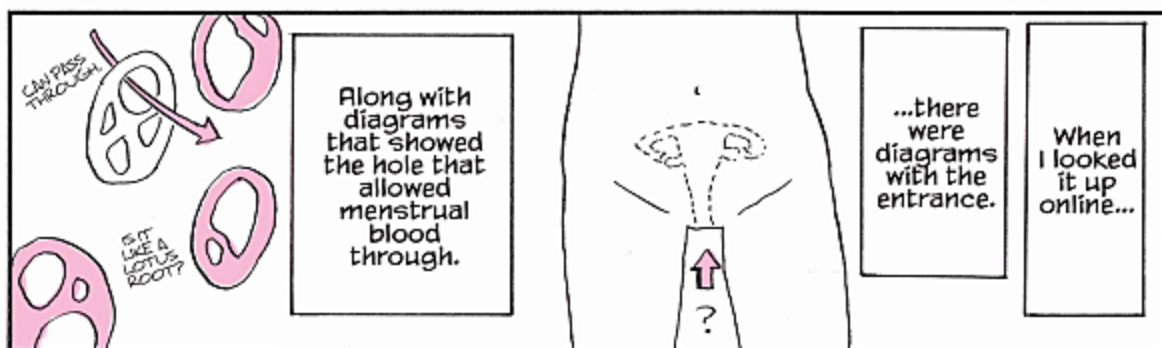
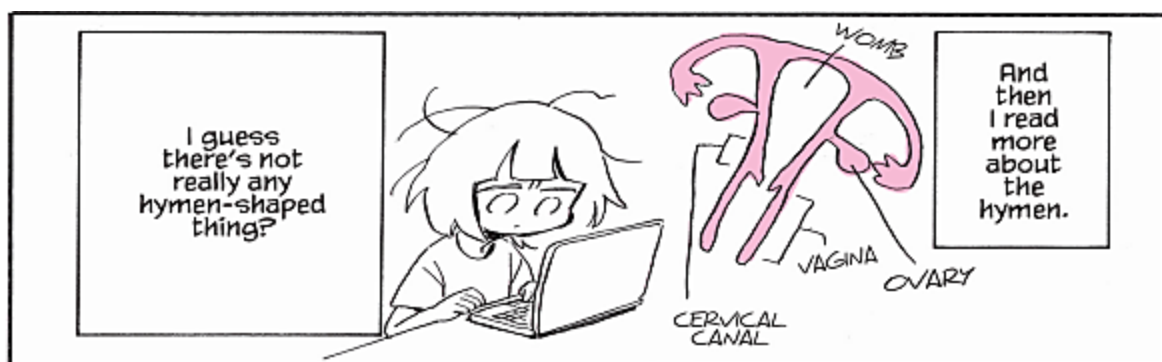












And now that I think about it with a clear head, the erotic doujinshi I'd used as reference had been man x man-- so of course things wouldn't end up like that.



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 IS 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 BONE, STUFF GOES IN. 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.



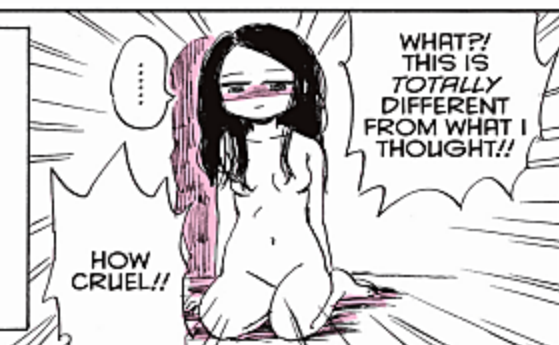
I didn't
think I'd
been *that*
influenced
by those
works.

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.



But since I didn't know anything about other people, I thought: "What about me?"



I wondered how to make it so people would want to read it, even if they had to pay for it.

I realized that everything I read was that kind of thing.



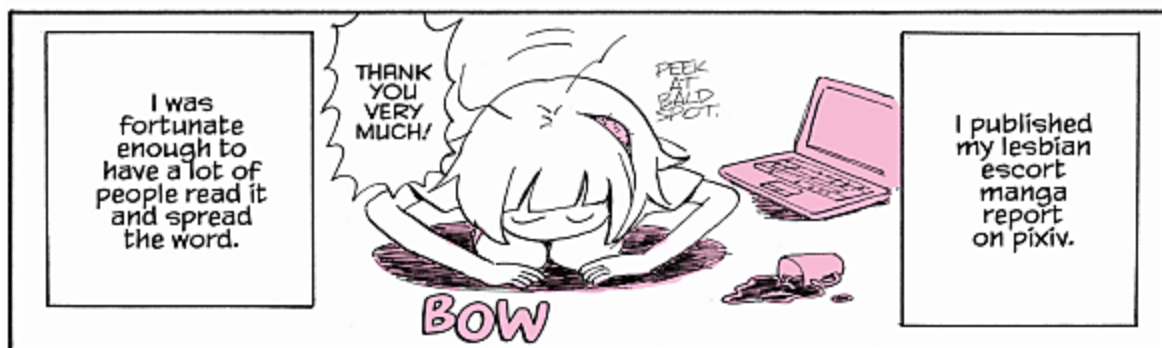
I'd want to read something about the secrets people hide. I'd pay money for that, too.

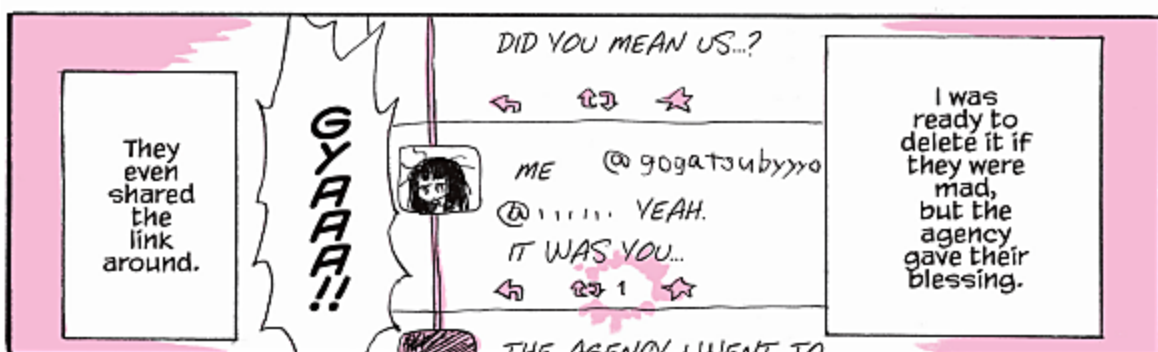
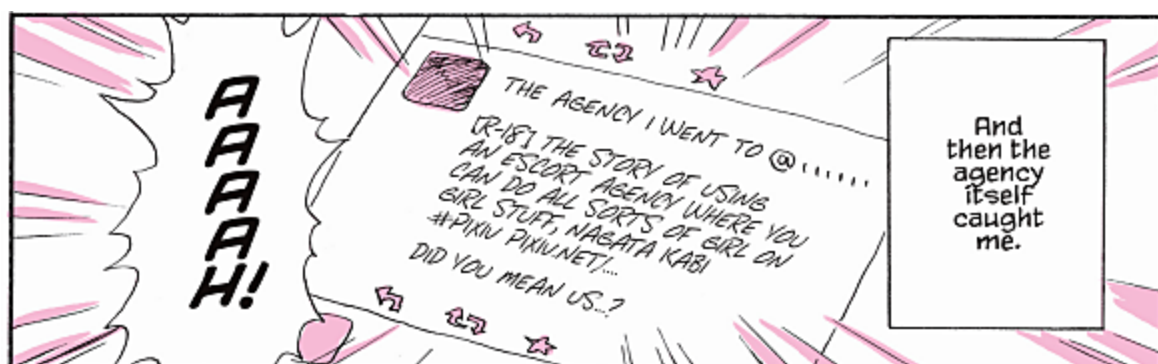
AH!

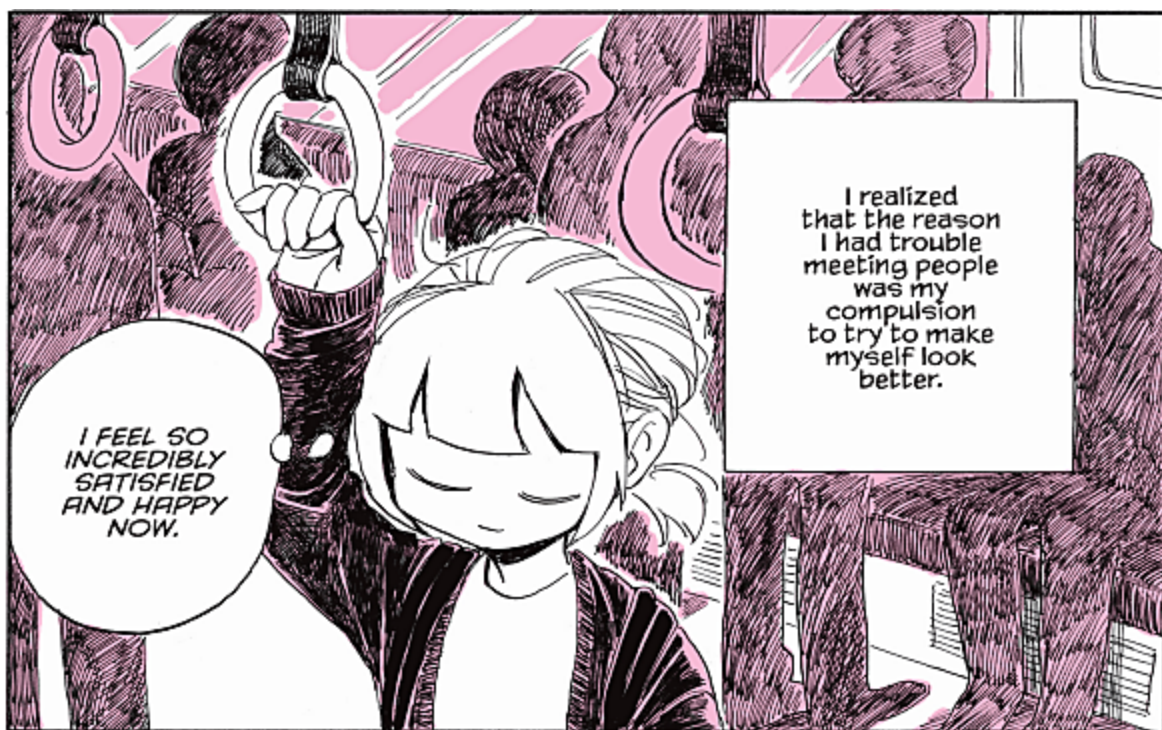
STUFF THAT SHAKES PEOPLE UP.

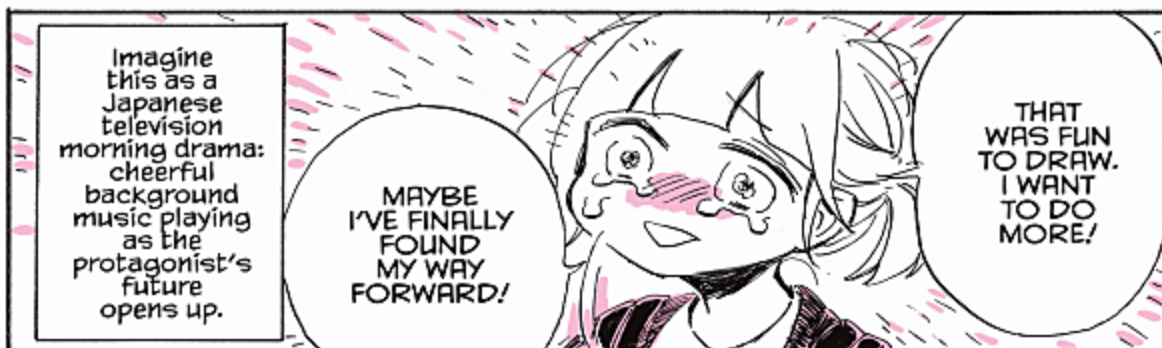
STORIES ABOUT MY TRUE SELF...!

I WANT TO WRITE THAT STUFF, TOO.











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



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

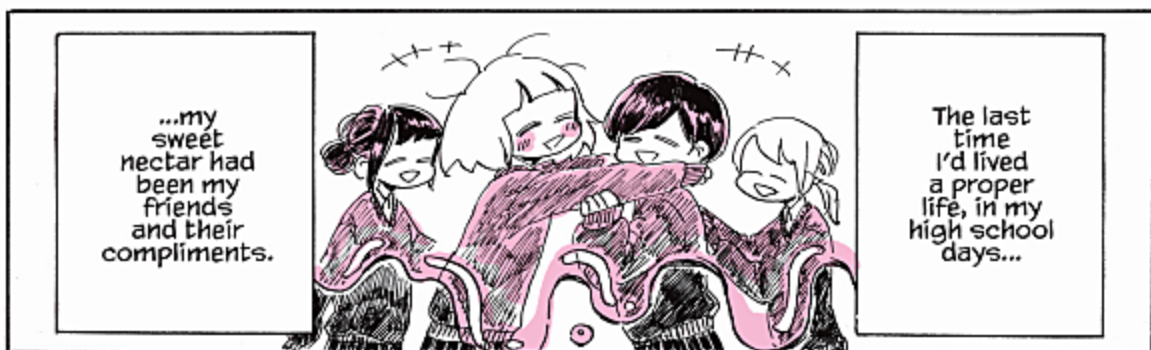


Perhaps
inside
of me,
perhaps
outside
of me.

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

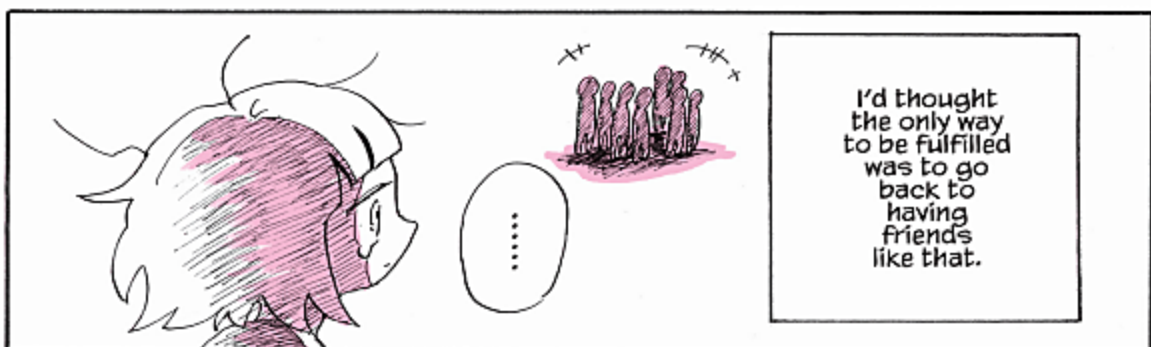


At any
rate,
I think
"sweet
nectar"
is a good
way to
describe it.



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

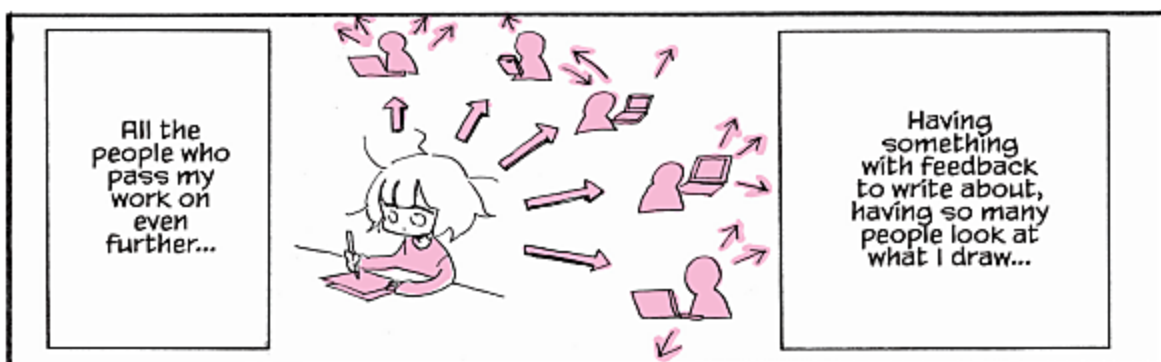
The last
time
I'd lived
a proper
life, in my
high school
days...



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.



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 BY 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.



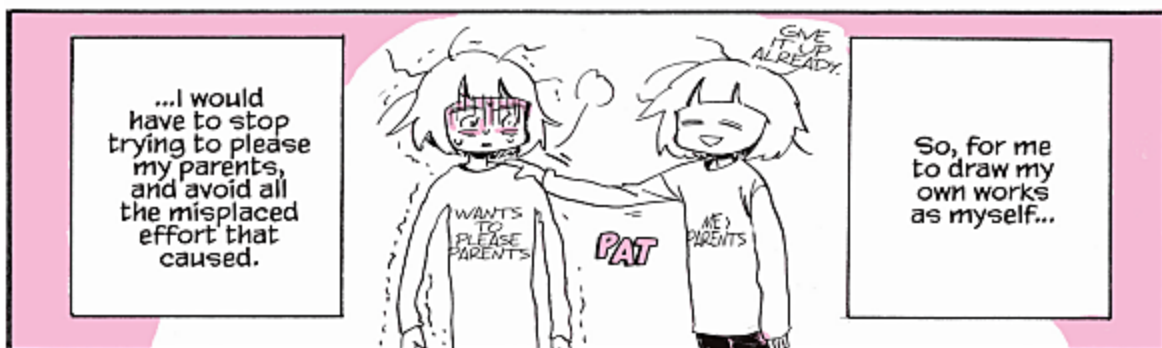
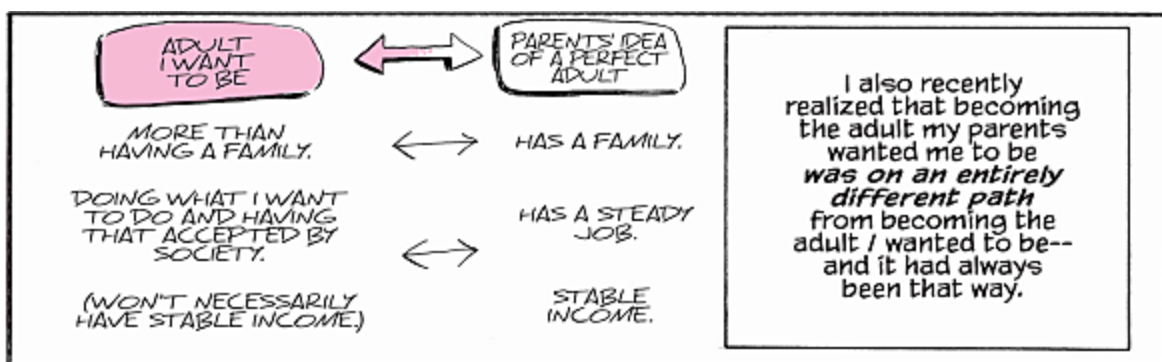
BUT I CAN TRY NOW.

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.









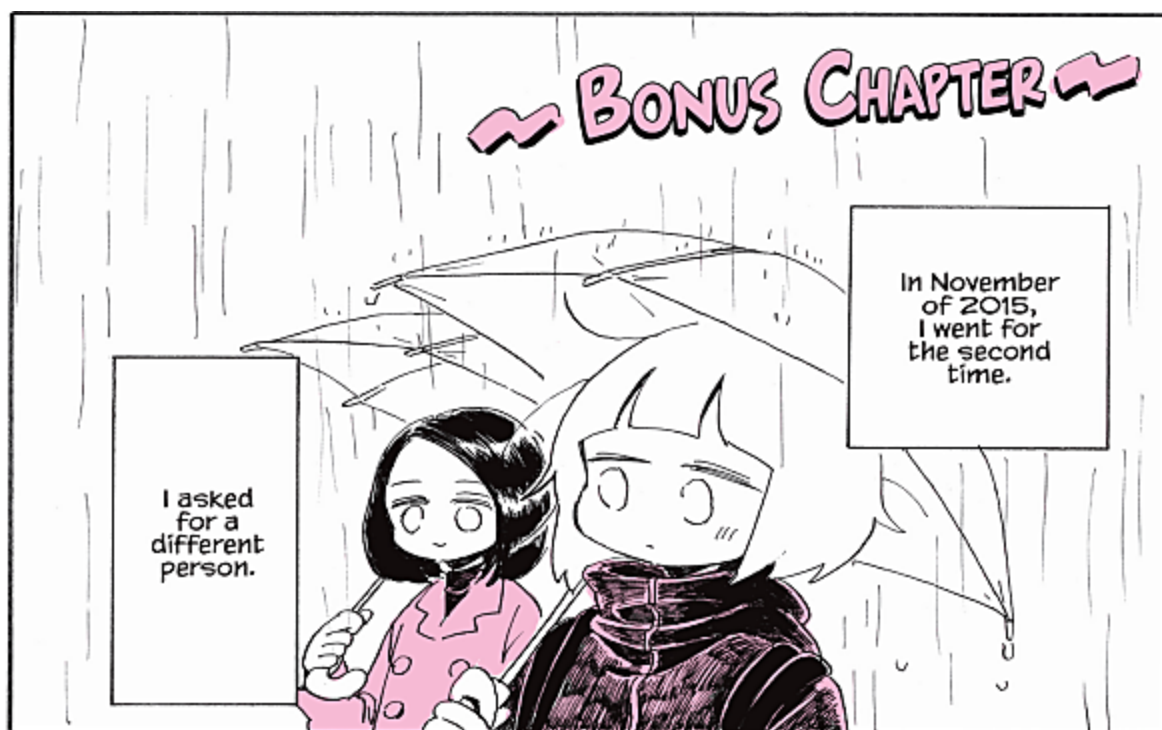
AS IF I
CAN LIVE
MY LIFE IN
FEAR OF
BEING
A BAD
DAUGHTER!

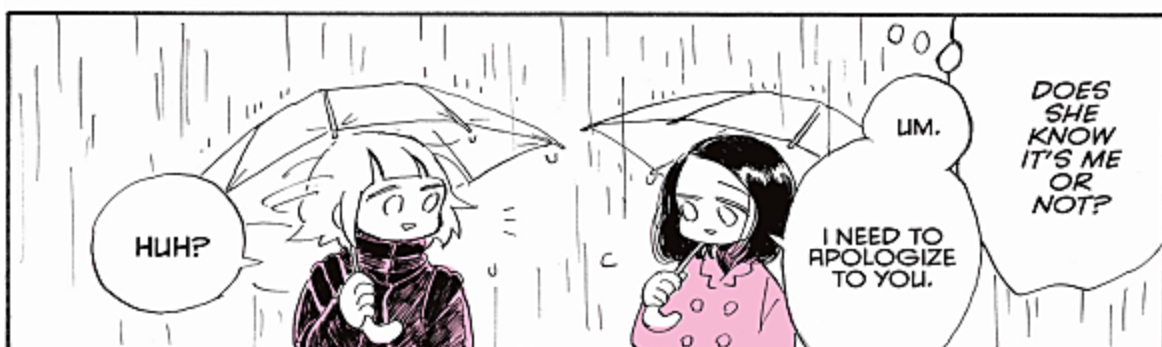
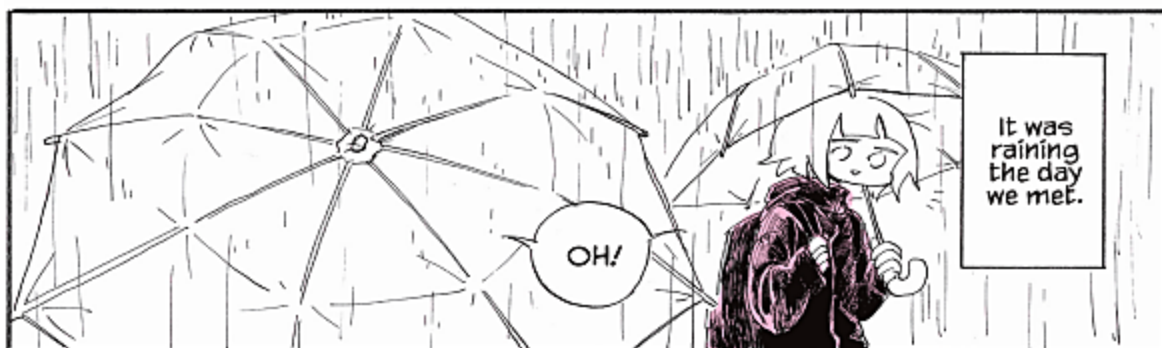
Even if
it didn't
go well,
I had the
feeling it
would still
be better
than what
we'd had
before.

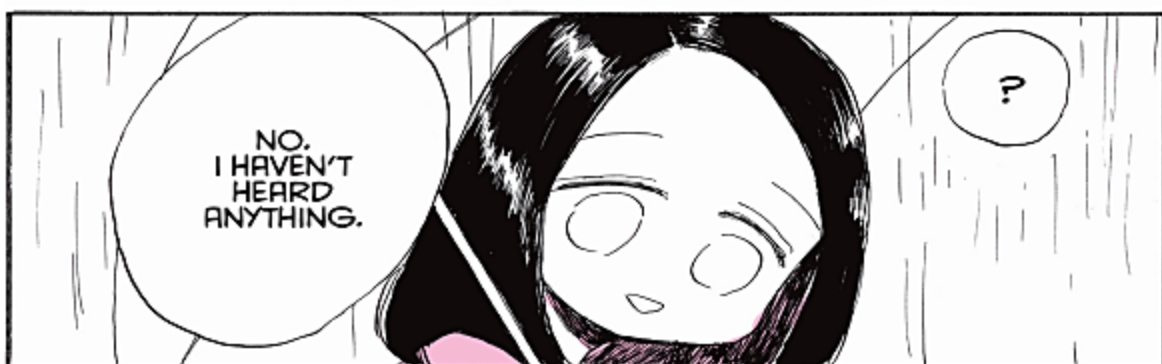


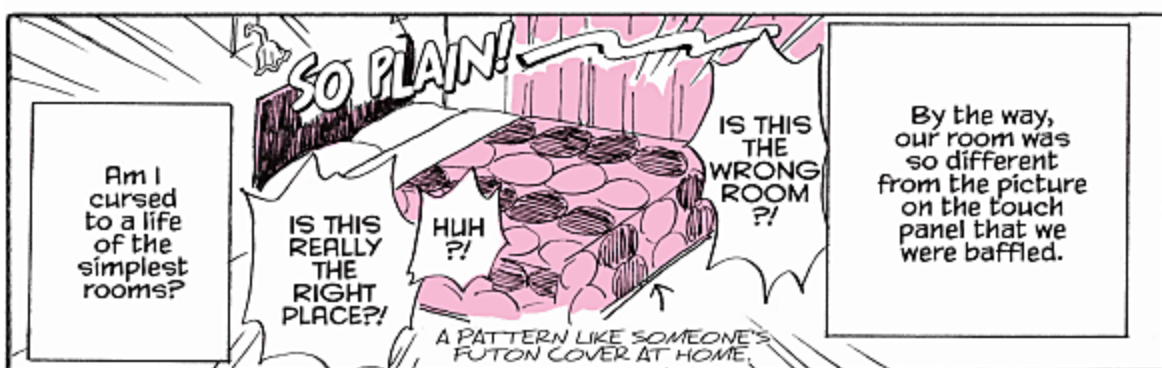
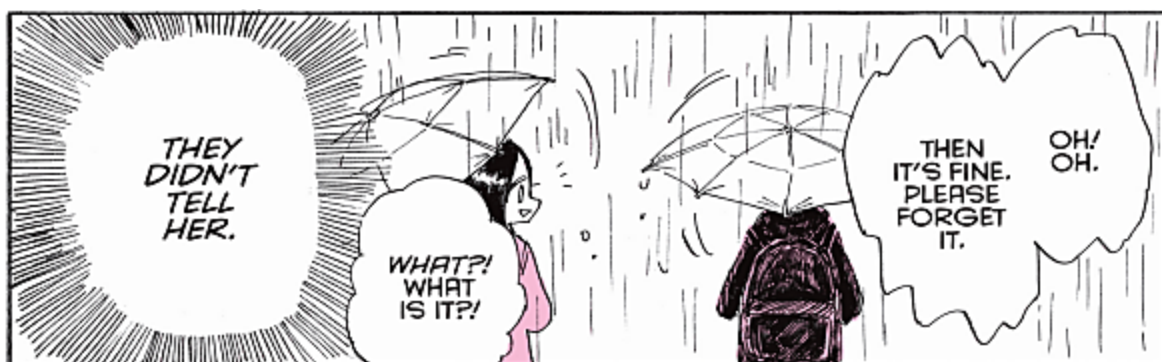
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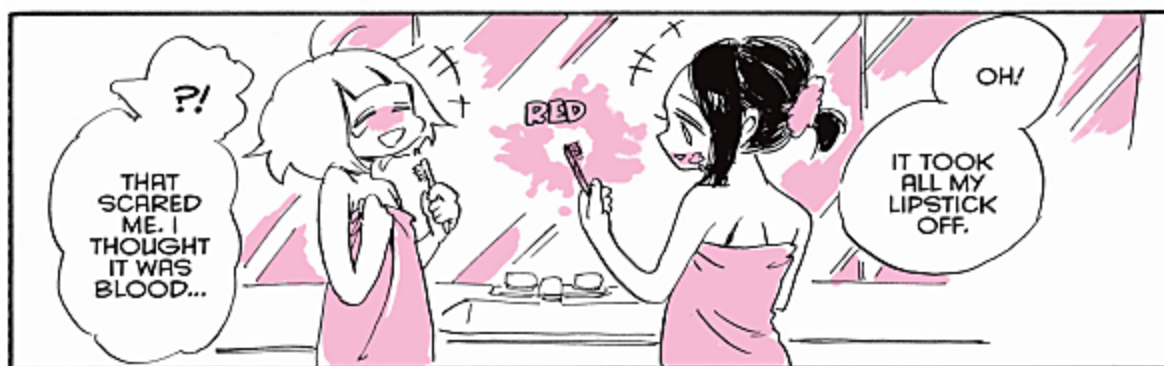
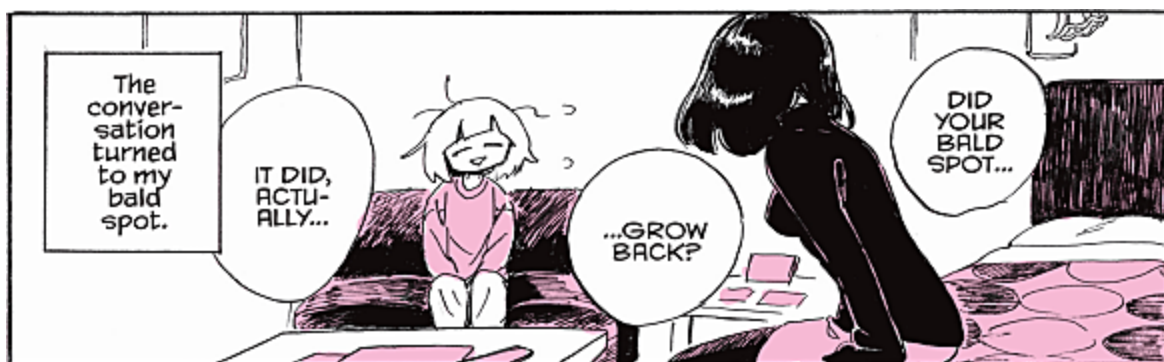
~ BONUS CHAPTER ~

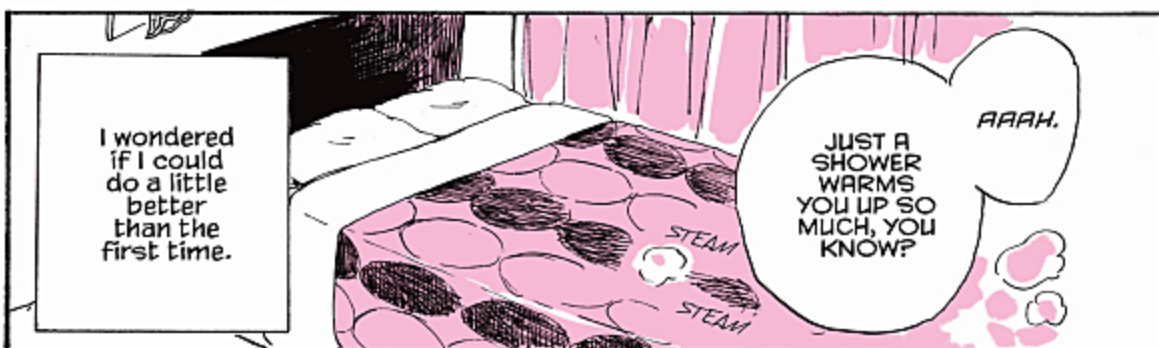
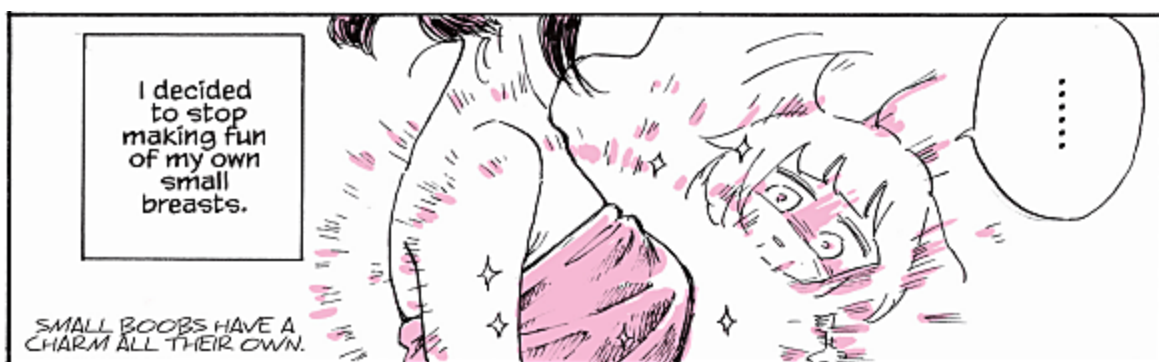


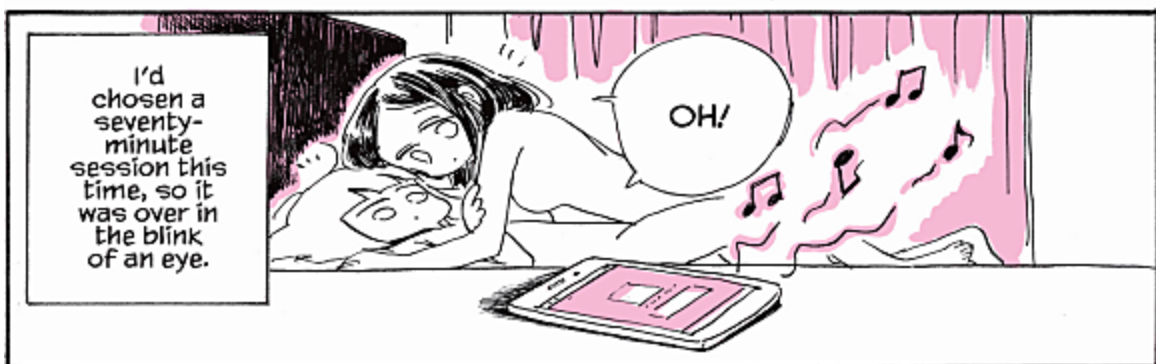


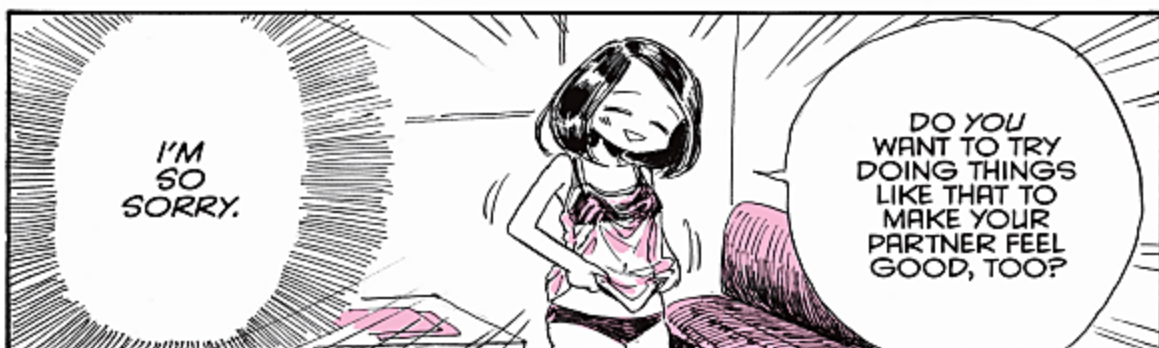
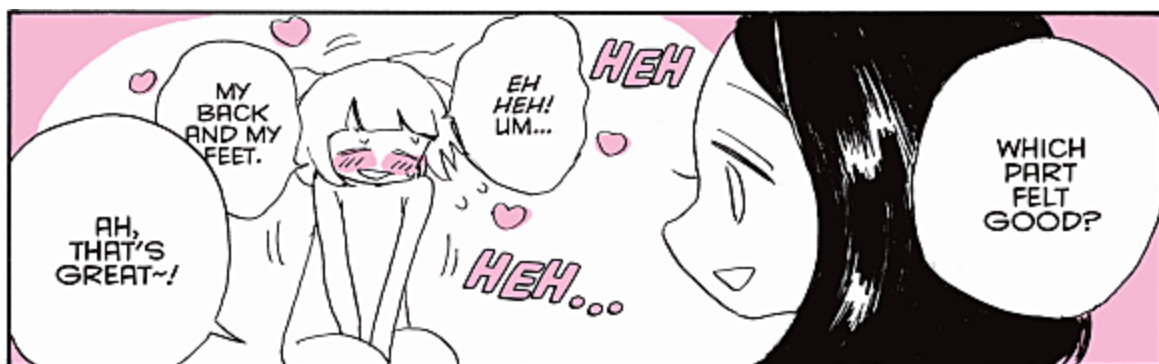




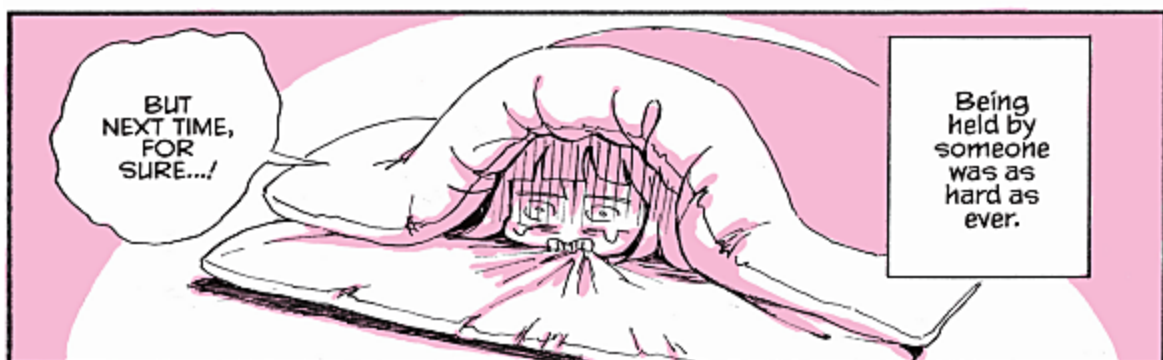
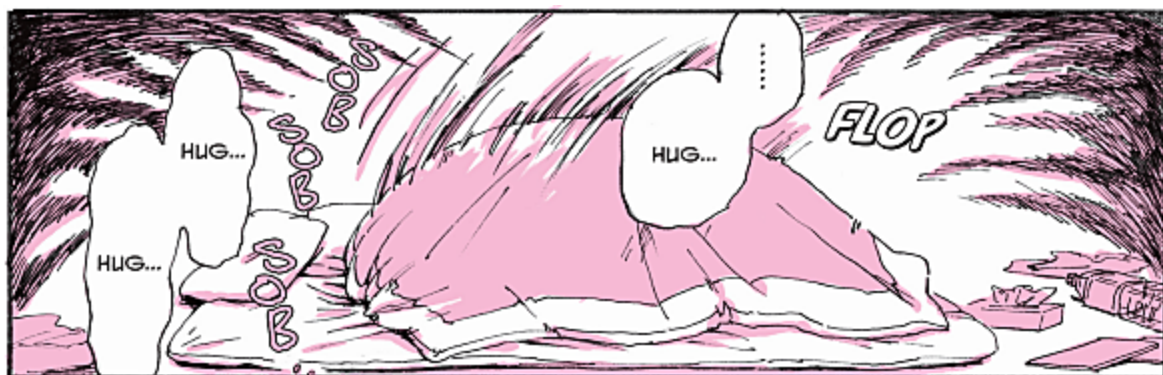












~ BONUS CHAPTER: END ~

SEVEN SEAS ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

My Lesbian Experience with Loneliness

(true) story & art by NAGATA KABI

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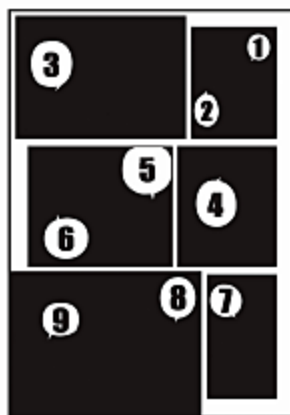
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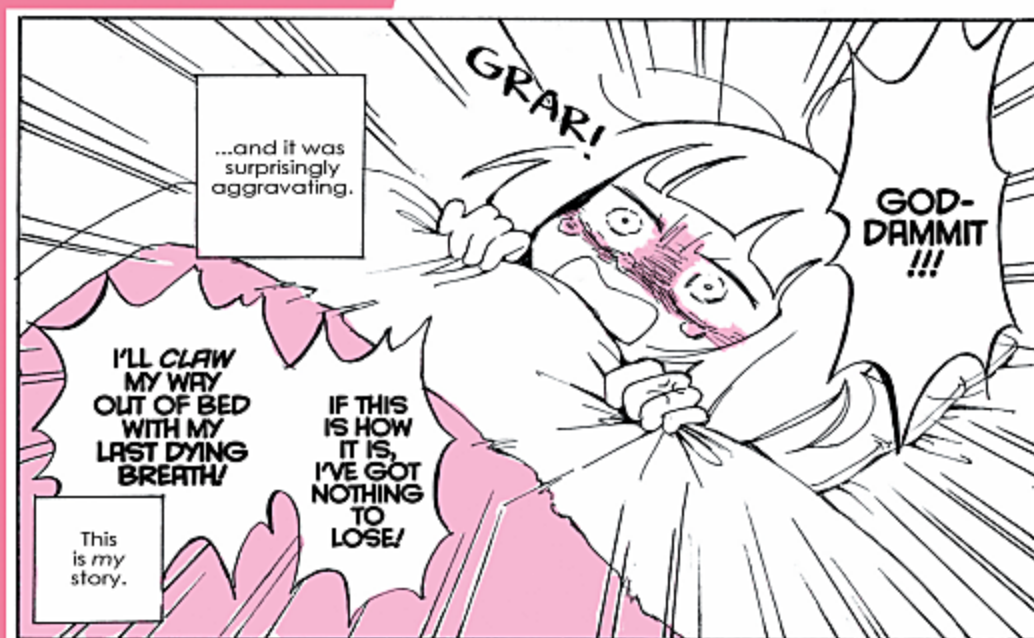
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READING DIRECTIONS

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!!



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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