

Annette paused in front of me, grabbing my hand and leading me up to the steps of the empty building. "No one is here right?" I whispered just in case some security guard was planning on jumping out any time soon to bust us. "We wouldn't be here if I thought there was any chance of us getting caught." She whisper-shouted like an angry mom. We finally reached the top of the steps and became leveled with the oriental vomit colored rug. Annette walked into the room and made her way over to the couch to start unpacking her laptop. I walked slowly and cautiously, heights were not something that I could deal with easily. We were a fairly short distance from the ground, however, one tiny push or mistake and I'd fall over the railing like humpty dumpty. I watched Annette's computer light up with the familiar hum of her nearly broken laptop. Forcing my feet to move I worked one in front of the other, until I was standing right next to the couch. "*Okay, okay, be cool. You got this, Cathy. You've got this! It's just a video, nothing huge!*" I cheered myself on with an inner pep talk to try to bring my anxiety from a ten to a healthy nine point five, which was its usual state.

Annette and I met during the start of freshman activities week at our college. It was an attempt to get the incoming freshmen to befriend each other and make this place really feel like home. Instead, it only made everything feel that much more isolating. I mean, here you are in a group full of thirty other kids playing ice breaker games and learning each other's names when you could be in your dorm eating mac and cheese. Although, if I hadn't been forced to go to the freshman activities, I would've never met Annette. We were placed in the same group and she didn't pay much attention to me until we were told to find a partner for the three legged race. It's not like she picked me out of the crowd of thirty other people, I was just standing next to her and she looked at me. We lost the race due to my extreme lack of running skills but she continued to talk to me at every freshman activity during that week. We've been friends ever since despite my complete innocence to sexuality and the way she embraces it. I guess opposites do attract.

I glanced at Annette's computer and saw exactly what I both hated and wanted - sex. "Grow your cock to ten inches in two days!" The screen flashed on each side with different ads that ranged from penis enhancement to fucking horny moms. I could tell that Annette was excited to show me one of the videos on this horrendous site. I started out the day with a curious and open mind towards sex, which for me, a sheltered eighteen year old was progress. I had always been told that sex was something to avoid even in my thoughts and that my body was not something that I was meant to explore before marriage. Yes, I know that sounds cliché but there is absolutely no way that my crazy christian mother would ever allow me to think any different. She thinks saying "Oh god!" is a sin. I looked back at Annette after having zoned out for a few moments only to see that she was waiting for a sign from me to start playing the video.

I gave her a reluctant nod and sat on the arm of the couch, terrified for what my virgin eyes were about to be burned by. Annette put her arm around my back and patted it for comfort. I wished she would not touch me at a time like this. This was serious for me and I wanted to hit the point in my life where I enjoyed this kind of act. Cathy the sexpert, Cathy the sex goddess! Oh hey that's Cathy! I bet she just got back from having sex, she's so cool! I braced myself for the start of the video as the storyline of the porno unfolded. I never realized how sexual ordering a pizza could be. Before I knew it body parts were being put in mouths and genitals were being mashed together. After a while, I just started to laugh uncontrollably at the dramaticness of it all. Here is this woman that you could be getting pizza money from but instead you're fucking her and not getting paid for it? Shitty pizza man.

I should've explored this part of myself way back in middle school but I just can't take it seriously. Porn is either hilarious, disgusting, or both. How am I supposed to find sex appealing when this seems to be the most common way to see it? I remember the uncomfortable sex jokes that I'd hear in the hallways of both middle and high school and I'd always wonder what the hell they were talking about. It's not hard to understand the simple ones where people were just being disgusting but the ones that were more elaborate with their fetishes, those were the worst. I'd sit at home considering googling these things but knowing that if I did, I'd just want to claw my eyes out and vomit. It's not that I hate sex- I don't. I am actually decently fascinated by it since It's so odd when you really think about it. I mean people are putting their body parts together to simply show affection but putting your body into someone else's body should probably be a big deal? Annette had always told me that porn wasn't an accurate representation of sex and that I shouldn't take it seriously.

She also thought it could be hilarious at times but would then go on and on about how she fucked some guy just like a pornstar. I didn't mind her constant sex talk since she didn't say things like a middle school boy. There were no jokes about golden showers or vore, she was just honest about what she wanted and who she was as a person. In fact, I found it really interesting to hear her talk about her sexual endeavors because she didn't spend her friday nights like me. She would actually go out and hook up with people while I just sat in my room and do Monday's homework. What a crazy concept! So when I finally asked her about the logistics of porn and what exactly was fun about sex, she jumped for joy. She was so excited to teach me and talk to me about sex that she literally jumped for joy. Instead of answering my question right then and there, she decided to make a night of this lesson. Annette told me about how one of the buildings on campus that people rarely went in was open most nights. She decided that we'd go over with her laptop and she'd show me my first porno and then answer any questions I had. I think she was secretly hoping that I'd become some kind of sex hungry vixen. I was hoping that I'd have the knowledge of one and that somehow that knowledge would bring me to the point in my life where sex was something that excited me and didn't repulse me.

The squelching sound of the pornstars fitting together filled the room with a strange air of shame and disgust. I could tell Annette was having a good time though, so I did not ask her to stop the video. I only continued to laugh nervously and scooted over to a chair next to the couch. After a while, the video ended and my friend turned to look at me. "So? What did you think?" She asked excitedly and with a tiny hint of a sparkle in her eye. I took a moment to answer, leaving a long pause lingering in the air like the ribbon of a ribbon twirler. "I think I'm asexual." Annette looked at me with concern, not shock, until her stare faded into a smile. I could tell that she wanted to say something and she started to before I interrupted her. "I also think I'll never look at sausage pizza the same way again." Annette glared at my joke, but I could tell she loved it.