

Carolyn Gage

## Confessions of a Lesbian Groupie

I went backstage immediately after her number. I couldn't wait for the rest of the show. Who wants to see a bunch of drag queens anyway? But this woman ... well ... she had been something else. When a woman wears male drag it's an entirely different thing. It's not an impersonation of a man. Why would any lesbian want to do that? It's a celebration of a third species, as Wittig calls us.

And I mean, she was another form of life. She wore ripped jeans, which looked like they'd been painted on. And she sang this song, "I Want Your Sex," like no man could every sing to women. I mean, when a man says that to a woman, you know what he means. If he's old-fashioned, it means he wants to stick it in. If he's up on all the latest discoveries about women's bodies, it means he wants to show off what he's learned. But when this woman looked at me and sang, "I want your sex," I knew what she meant and it had to do with celebrating me, and it didn't have anything to do with that other shit.

And that's why I got up and went backstage so quick. I didn't want to let the moment pass.

I had to wade through a lineup of drag queens backstage. This was a lesbian/gay prom night, and most of the entertainers were the queens. In fact, Rusty was the only woman who had the nerve to appear in male drag and do a number.

I found her dressing room. She was in it, flushed with excitement and covered with sweat. She looked pleased to see me. I told her that I loved her act. She kept being flushed and distracted, and thanking me. She was taking off her makeup. I don't think she was getting the message.

I kicked the door closed, and stood up. I decided to take a blunt approach. "Look, Rusty, did you mean what you said when you sang, 'I want your sex,' because I sure as hell want yours."

She stopped what she was doing. Maybe that was a little too blunt, I thought. Now, I'm embarrassed. She's considering the offer. Fortunately, she didn't have to think long. I mean, I'm older

than she is, but not bad looking. In fact, there's days when I think I'm kind of too skinny, or a little too intense, but that's only when it's rained all day.

"You wanna go somewhere?" she asks me.

"Yeah."

"I've got my truck."

"I just live a few blocks from here."

"Okay, let's do that."

"Can you leave now?"

"Well, I'm on again in an hour and a half, if that's enough time for you."

"Sure." I smile. I'll probably come when she takes my clothes off. Or when I take hers off.

Well, I won't bore you with the details. We go to my studio apartment. I draw all the drapes. I mean, an hour and a half and we've already lost fifteen minutes of it. Not a time to be coy. I don't have a real bed, so I fold down the foam sofa.

"After you." I gesture to the foam. Rusty ignores the gesture. Instead she moves close to me and positions one of her legs between mine. Not aggressively. Just efficiently. And then she unbuttons the one button on my jacket and slides it off my shoulders. I realize the light's still on. I reach out a hand to turn it off.

"Don't. I like to see," she says.

"Believe it or not," I tell her, "I'm shy."

She laughs. I turn out the light. She's pressing her thigh into my clit. It reminds me of when I was a little girl and I would straddle the arms of the sofa to play horsey, and ride back and forth on my magic spot. Rusty's hands are gently stroking the skin on my upper arms, almost thoughtfully. I appreciate that she doesn't just go for my breasts right off.

And then very slowly she leans in and kisses me. Her hands are touching my upper arms so lightly I can barely feel them. But she's holding me just the same. And she kisses as slow and as light as she touches. I think my heart's going to stop. I feel her lips on my neck.

Catching my breath, I reach my hands around her waist, touching her as gently as she touches me. I feel the folds of her tee shirt above the jeans. I caress the fabric so lightly, I'm not even

touching her body, but I can feel her respond. Her thigh is telegraphing to my clit. And we stand like that for a minute. And then she begins to take off my shirt. It comes off over my head, so she pushes it gently up over my breasts, careful not to touch them. I raise my arms and she pulls it off over my head.

Now I feel very vulnerable. I'm glad it's dark. She reaches a hand towards my breast. I catch it. "Take yours off, too." She hesitates for just a second, and then strips off her tee shirt. She waits for me to touch her. I appreciate that. She must understand some things. Maybe they were done to her too.

I take my hand and center the palm over her nipple. Then very slowly I press it towards her breast until my hand is cradling her tender breast, as if it were a baby bird. I can feel her moan. She lets me stroke her breast, until I lower my face to lick her breast, to pull on the nipple with my lips, to brush my cheek against her lovely skin.

As I bend to her, she spreads her fingers across my back, gently feeling and holding at the same time. I kiss my way softly to her mouth. We kiss a little deeper now. And she touches my breasts while we kiss.

"Let's lie down," she says pulling back from me, but taking my hands.

I don't say anything. I can't. We sink to the bed. Rusty lies to the side and looks at me. It's dark, but I can feel her looking at me, and I like it. The bed is always a hard part for me.

"We can just do this if you want to," she says. "I'm happy."

I take her hand and hold it to me face. I'm happy too.

With her other hand, she reaches over to stroke my arm. She talks about the sky. It's a clear night, and the stars are out. I move very close to her. I feel her turn towards me. I can feel her breasts against my arm.

"Would you like to kiss again?" she asks. I'm smiling in the dark. I turn and kiss her. She keeps it very slow. I'm the one who pushes for more. I move my face over her. She's lying back looking at me now. I look at her too, for a long time. And then we kiss again.

"May I kiss your breasts?" she asks. I move over her so that her mouth can reach them. Rusty's tongue is like some tender brush, painting love on my nipples. I feel her passion, but I feel

her restraining it. Because she knows I'm scared. Because there's nothing more important than being there for your partner. I like this woman. I'm impressed. I take her hands while she sucks my breasts. I pull her hands over her head and then I kiss her again. I kiss her with all the passion I can see she's trying to control. She lets me set the pace for us.

I sit back and put my hands on her jeans. She settles her hips and folds her arms behind her head. I smile again and unbutton her jeans. She lifts her hips so I can slide her clothes down. Her public hair is red. It's a quality you can almost see in the dark. When I get her jeans down to the middle of her thigh I stop and look at her. And then lightly, I brush my fingers through her public hair. Getting acquainted. I smile at her. She's watching me.

My finger finds her clit and I trace around it so lightly she has to press her hips up to meet my finger. I bend over and kiss her hair lightly. I nuzzle my nose up against her clit, and I hear her take a breath, her body tense. She tries to open her legs for me, but she can't because her pants are still around her thighs. I press my tongue between her thighs, and I taste how wet and salty she is. I feel her hands touching my head. She runs her fingers through my hair as she raises her pubis to my tongue.

Suddenly she's sitting up. She says, "I have to take my clothes off. I want you to really eat me." I'm flattered. She strips off her pants and wraps her legs around my body. We hold each other in a tight embrace. "Take off your pants," she whispers. "Or let me take them off."

"You can undo them, but I want to take them off," I tell her. She says all the right things.

Rusty rolls me gently over. She looks at me again. We smile. She moves her hand over my clit. I can feel the warmth of her hand even through the denim. And then suddenly she slides herself down between my legs. She's licking me and nudging me through my jeans. I laugh. "Oh, did I forget something?" she asks. I like this woman. I really like this woman.

With her cheek lying against my hip, to the side of the zipper, she opens the top snap and begins to pull the zipper down so slowly it moves over one set of metal teeth at a time. She acts like this is the most exciting part of the evening, like we have all night. I'm self-conscious. I laugh and I reach down to unzip them

myself. She brushes my hand away and continues to undo the pants one millimeter at a time. I give up and lie back, smiling at the ceiling. This woman is taking me somewhere I don't even understand, but I want to go. Oh, do I want to go. Finally the zipper reaches the bottom. "You got any more zippers anywhere?"

"No. That's it." I sit up and she rolls to my side again. I take off my pants quickly, self-consciously. I sit self-consciously, cross-legged. Rusty rolls away from me. She hooks her arms behind her head again, letting me know they're not going anywhere in my direction. She starts to talk about constellations. She wants to rename them. It doesn't help. I'm sitting cross-legged. Scared.

"You know, this is just fine," Rusty says. I start to cry. Fortunately she can't see that's what I'm doing. "You're here and I'm here and we're lying here and we can see the stars, and I can't think of anything I'd like to do more."

"I thought you wanted me to eat you," I say, trying to sound funny about it.

"That was before I got to play with your zipper. Now, my life is complete. I've known perfect bliss."

"You're a liar."

"Well, actually, you're right. I'd like to hold your hand. I know we just met, but could I?"

I laugh and I give her my hand. I appreciate what she's doing.

She holds it just for a minute. Then she holds it against her face, the way I held hers earlier. And I can feel her pressing her lips against it. I get scared, and at that very second she stops.

"Carolyn, if you want to talk about anything, I'm here, you know."

"No. There's nothing to talk about. I just get scared."

"So do I."

"Guess we ought to go find other people who aren't then."

"No," she says. "No." And she takes my hand up to her face again and holds it very still. I can feel her breath on the back of my hand. I feel frozen in time.

"Guess you need to be getting back to do the second set."

"Not yet."

"I don't think I can do anything else."

"That was plenty for me."

"Oh, sure."

There's nothing more to say. I feel miserable. And older and skinny, and it hasn't even rained all day. In a minute she's going to get up and put her clothes back on, and I'll look somewhere else while she does, and then we'll say some stupid things and then she'll leave, and then as soon as she gets out the door, she's going to shake her head and start thinking of how she's going to describe me so that people will laugh when she tells this story about her big groupie.

She lets go of my hand. I look away. I can hear her putting her pants on. I wish I knew what I was doing, or who I was. At least I don't fake it anymore.

She hands me my shirt. I reach out for it, not looking at her.

"Wait." She takes it back. "Let me dress you."

"That's stupid. It's easier for me."

"No, I mean it. I want to."

I'm still looking away from her. I shrug. She takes my hand and threads it through one sleeve, and then she repeats it with the other. She's so careful and so serious about this, I start to smile. And then she lifts my arms and pulls the shirt down over my head.

"May I put your pants back on, too?" I turn my face away again, but I'm smiling. This woman is really something else.

She's taken the underwear out of the mashed up jeans. She threads my feet through as if they were made out of something that would break. And then she begins to slide my underwear up my legs. She has a look of concentration like she was figuring out the wiring on the back of a stereo or something. I start to laugh. She adjusts them over my hips.

"You know, you're really beautiful." She says it offhand, the way she made the remark about renaming the constellations.

I don't have to say anything, because she's already back at the end of the bed straightening out my jeans.

"Those are going to be harder," I tell her.

"Not harder," she says. "Just slower." She pauses for a second. "There's a big difference." She throws that one away, too, so I don't have to react to it. I don't know what to say. This woman is walking me through my nightmares.

She's right. The jeans are slower. But not harder. I begin to relax. She gets them up over my thighs.

"Would you mind if I kissed your clit good night before I tuck her in?" I laugh. She's so serious. "It's okay?"

"Yeah. I guess."

Rusty bends over me. She traces some light patterns with her nose on my thighs. And then she opens her mouth wide and moves it close up against my whole vulva, underwear and all, and she starts breathing out gently into the fabric. I feel a rush of warm air spreading all over my genitals. It just keeps getting warmer and warmer. I laugh. And then she kisses me on the clit, real quick, the way a kid would kiss her great aunt's cheek, if her mother told her she had to. And then she pulls my jeans up. And she zips them up and snaps them together.

"A job well done," I say.

"Anytime," she says.

"You mean that?" I ask.

"Yeah, I mean that. I'll even take them off if you want me to. But putting them on is really my thing. Not too many people specialize in that."

"Rusty, thank you."

"Thank you."

I put my arms around her. She holds me tight, but with all that gentleness. I don't know how she does that, but it's perfect. I tell her.

She takes my face in her hands and kisses me again. It's very different from the kiss a half hour ago. It's light years different. It's the kind of a kiss when you've been on a dangerous mission together, and you didn't know if you'd both make it back again, but here you are, and you did make it together, and you're both so glad.

She stands up and pulls me up with her. "Let's go." She's holding my hand and opening the door. I hadn't been planning on going back with her, but it suddenly seems like the most natural thing in the world. I grab my jacket and we're on our way.