Dear Diary,

Sooooooooo I slept with Kyle last night.

Funny how life manifests so quickly sometimes.

He is pretty much exactly what I was expecting. Very passionate, with a very caring touch, and very open and easy to be around.

I was far too much of a chicken to make any sort of move, so I’m glad that he is confident and was willing to make *all* of the moves for me.

He’s a really great guy.

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I will say I’m feeling differently than I thought I would.

So last night we watched that psychic CIA movie and then drank a little bit of wine and then after things progressed and we were relaxing in a post-coital stupor, we smoked together.

He’s a very comfortable person to be around and I really enjoyed getting to cuddle with him, but I realized that he and I would never work out - because I feel about him the way that I felt about Nick in a sense. It’s so easy to be with him physically, and he is really good and intuitive with his touch and ways of pleasing me… but I have to say that it felt *too* familiar. I don’t think I’m inherently attracted to him physically. I’m so attracted to his personality, but that isn’t enough for me at 23 years old anymore.

Even today after waking up, I didn’t feel giddy like I have after having a good night with someone. Which is really weird to me, because I felt like I was hyping this up so much in my head and I was basically obsessing over Kyle.

So… I don’t know what this means. I guess I’ll just keep letting the universe decide where to take this - and deep in my heart I’ll know that it won’t ever be able to go further than “friends”. I’m okay with that.

I know that I don’t want to be in a relationship. Especially now more than ever.

I mean it doesn’t help that the person I’m romantically seeing right now lives right above me. So I feel like my independence is being infringed upon. But besides that, I am just recognizing more and more that while I crave the physical touch of others, I need to be fully autonomous as a human as well. It was so nice being able to be around Kyle last night and this morning.. But part of me just felt, *I don’t know*… off?

Maybe it’s because I didn’t enjoy the sex a huge amount. To be honest, I was comparing it with Peter and I. Which I know isn’t a fair thing to do… but it’s *so hard not to*. Peter was something special, he and I had an insane physical and emotional connection.

Kyle and I have some degree of that, but it’s not quite the same.

I bet Kyle brings some new and great things to the table that Peter didn’t have.

But last night, there were definitely points in time when I was thinking to myself “I don’t want to be having sex with this guy anymore.”

At one point I told him. When we were going the first time I told him I needed a break. And when he wanted to start up again I told him no.

I think I could be a little bit better about staying true to what my body wants and needs. I **do not** need to sleep with someone if I don’t feel like I am in the mood for it. I **do not** need to continue having sex with someone just because we have started and I feel bad and want to let them finish. I **do not owe sex** to anyone, for any reason.

Sex should be a completely mutual expression of emotions that both parties thouroughly enjoy and communicate to one another.

Bramacharya.

I’m going to keep practicing this.

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So, in conclusion. I’m a bit confused.

I’m really happy that Kyle and I finally recognized that we are more than friends, and **believe me** I’m so fucking excited and nervous to see how this plays out in the next few weeks that we are still roommates…

But, I’m going to try to take this as an opportunity to be brutally honest with someone who prefers honesty and instills openness.

I don’t know what I need or want yet. But when I do know, I’ll be sure to be vocal about it.

Until then - stay tuned.

~ Jess

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