

okay so you're (i'm) a gay virgin and you (i) want to go on a date: how i think romance and sex work realistically but also it's still ironically an imagined scenario

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everyone knows that being gay makes your experiences growing up a little **different**. or maybe i'm projecting.
but everything is always projecting right?



i don't know if i've got my wires crossed from how america markets romance to **the hip and cool teens or something but i never really had the "typical" high school experience that people seem to have**. On those stupid purity test copypastas i still score a zero. mostly. (i can't tell all of my dirty secrets at once! they're social currency and i'm a big saver)

which is nothing to be ashamed of. i believe that if something's really meant to be, it'll happen. i'm in no rush.

i know that i'm still young. at the time of writing, i am currently 20. nice age. divisible by two, a multiple of ten. **and**

yes i know romance is overrated but i can't undo

but

it's hard to undo years of societal conditioning

[yes i know romance is overrated but i can't undo but it's hard to undo years of societal conditioning]

romance is overrated? yeah. I love my friends to bits. but sometimes you have to conjure a shadowy figure in your mind and go on a fake fucking date. and imagine what that's like. so if you're ready to get swept off your feet proceed. (click the link pals)

LET'S GO ON THIS HOT DATE!

menu

→ [mood music here](#). trust me. it's good. ←
crucial to the experience even



[the one night stand](#)



[the first love](#)



[the long term one](#)



[the reality](#)

the one night stand

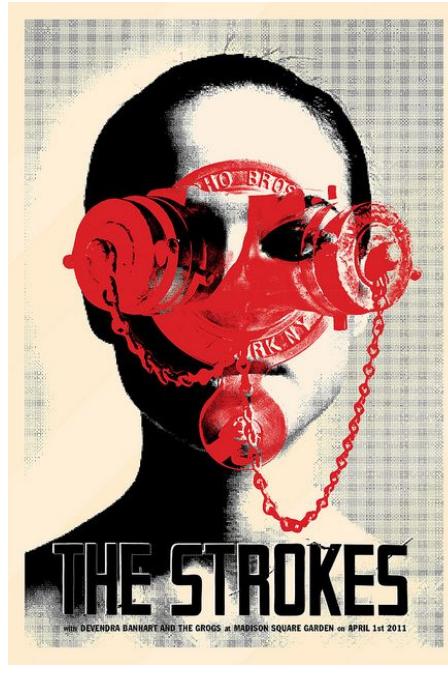
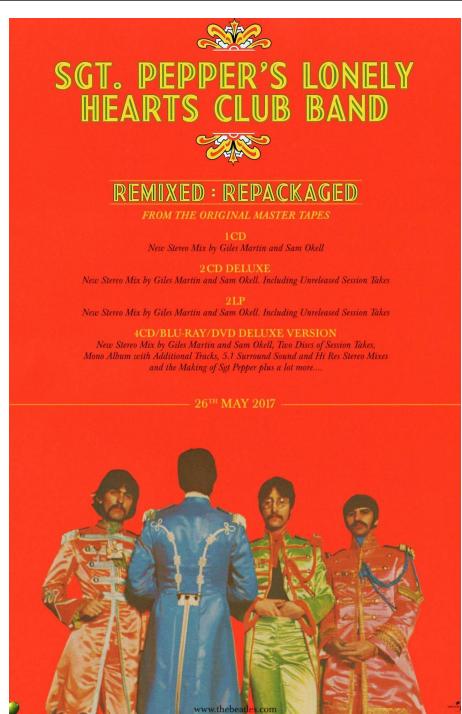
dinner was free because your date paid for it. you guys went to an olive garden, because, well. food wasn't exactly what you were focusing on at the moment.

you are at their place.

they've got beatles posters on the wall. and the strokes. also radiohead. you're sitting on their twin sized bed with sheets from target, you're pretty sure. they're next to you.

you:

- kiss them
- hold their hand
- not really feeling it anymore actually after seeing those posters ick



FITTER HAPPIER MORE PRODUCTIVE
COMFORTABLE
ON SUNDAYS RING ROAD SUPERMARKET
FOND BUT NOT IN LOVE
STILL KISSES WITH SALIVA
A PIG IN A CAGE ON ANTIBIOTICS

RADIOHEAD OK COMPUTER



you kiss them

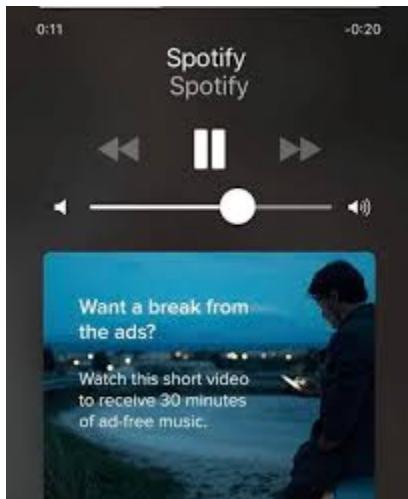
they kiss you back. it feels wet. you can taste the garlic from the unlimited breadsticks that you both had. you wonder whether or not olive garden lost money on that. well, not just your date eating a ton of breadsticks, but the breadsticks thing in general.

they cop a feel.

you also cop a feel.

the exploration feels scientific. clinical. though, not unenjoyable. you are simply mirroring what they're doing to you.

they lean over to their nightstand, and start playing some r&b song that you don't recognize.



you have sex for the first time. halfway through their orgasm, you hear:

Want a break from the ads? Watch this short video to receive 30 minutes of ad free music. (guitar playing)

you come shortly after hearing the ad. which was very coincidental timing.
they fall asleep. you leave right after.

you conclude, that even though you had been afraid of being naked in front of someone else,
that even sex didn't guarantee intimacy.

choose a new fantasy

you hold their hand

Roses are red, palms are sweaty



their palm is sweaty. stomach full of spaghetti. they say that they just washed their hands. you say that olive garden was great. they agree.

they've got those trendy room led lights that are shifting colors. you tell them that they're hurting your head. they turn off the lights.

you proceed to have sex.

you always imagined that it would feel different. and it did. just not in the way that you expected.

you're now both lying in the dark now.
silent.

you've officially done sex for the first time! you don't know how to feel, but their body feels warm next to yours.

[choose a new fantasy](#)

the first love

you've loved them for so long. ever since you first saw them, you knew that you were meant to be. at least, that's what your online tarot reading had said.

and you've researched it, and your signs were totally compatible!

you've asked them to come with you to hang out behind your old high school. and now they're here.

you:

- confess
- chicken out
- realize that they're kind of not your type

confess

you're walking behind the high school. it's a humid summer day. school had been out for months now. you stare at the back of their head, and wonder if you were making the best choice.

you stop walking. they stop walking, and turn to look at you.

you tell them that you

your heart feels like its in your stomach

you tell them that you

just do it already

that you

that you liked. them. they smile awkwardly.

"you're my best friend. and you're really great."



you know what was coming. but, somehow, you don't feel sad. you feel relieved. that you didn't have to think about it any longer.

"but, i don't like you that way."

you nod.

"sorry."

it's okay, you think.

you guys keep walking. you end up tripping and busting your ass on the old track, and you both have a good laugh about it.

you just forget that *that* happened. it feels nice not to be worried about it anymore.

choose a new fantasy

chicken out

you say nothing. and you spend the rest of the years afterwards regretting it.

because, the worst thing they could've said to you was no.

and the best thing that could've happened was that they said yes.

you eventually forget about it.

choose a new fantasy

the long term one

you guys have a cat called captain together. and you've officially signed a lease together. despite the fact that you've already been officially "moved in" for a while, there are still cardboard boxes stacked up in your (shared!!) living room.

you know all of their bad habits. all of their good ones. and they know yours. they're reliable. a good person, you think. and you're in love with them.

you've dated them for five years now. your sixth anniversary together was coming up.

you:

- don't look the gift horse in the mouth
- pry that gift horse's mouth open as wide as it can go
- realize you're not ready for that sort of commitment actually

try that gift horse's mouth open as wide as it can go

you're happy. but you're always afraid that happiness will end. that you'll end up falling out of love. they'll fall out of love with you too, eventually, right? so, you should do it first.

it's self destructive, you know. but, you decide that you want to break up in the nicest way possible. you know, that this is what's best for the both of you.

you've prepared a lovely picnic lunch for the both of you. you drive them out to the lakeside.

it starts raining just as you get there. they laugh and say it's okay. they've never had a picnic in a rental subaru before, and they love doing anything, as long as its with you. even if it didn't turn out like you expected.

it's corny as hell. and you remember why you love them so much.



you're both eating the ham and cheese sandwiches you packed. you put yours down, and breathe out. you say that you have something to tell them.

they look at you.

"i want to break up."

"will you marry me?"

their face remains frozen in happiness. but the little velvet box falls out of their hands.

you know, inside of that box, is the most beautiful ring that you'll never get to see.

[choose a new fantasy](#)

don't look the gift horse in the mouth

it's a stupid thing to do, some might say, but you take your happiness for granted. you don't worry about it anymore. you end up renewing the lease again and again.

the boxes in the living room eventually get unpacked, and like that, you're officially, together-together. your favorite posters have been framed, and they're hung crookedly on the walls, slightly off kilter.



it's not perfect, of course. but to ask for perfection from anyone was unfair.

you go on little adventures together, make up stupid nicknames for your cat, and argue about little things but eventually work it out and communicate and make up.

and you're happy.

[choose a new fantasy](#)

the reality

you don't have to love yourself to love someone else, but it makes it easier.

it's unhealthy to expect another person or other people to be able to fulfill all of your emotional needs.

sometimes, you have to sit there and learn to live with yourself.

peer into your black screen and learn to live with whoever's looking back.

choose a new fantasy