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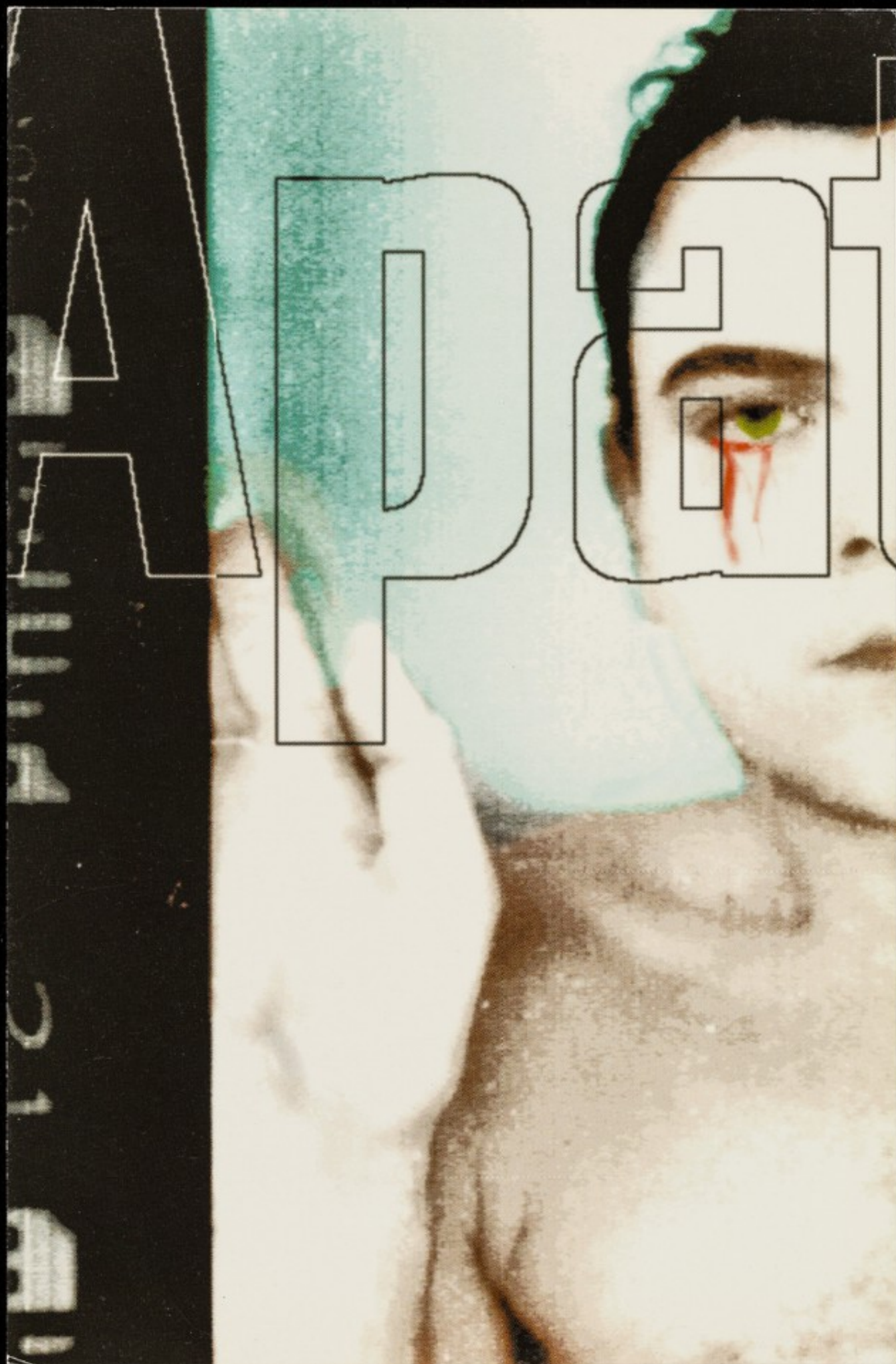
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"I know how to show him I want him to fuck me.  
I just don't know how to show him I want to use rubbers."

"I thought he'd be safe - maybe he was."

"I wanted him to know I really love him."

"He said it was his first time in a cottage. He was so nervous I thought he was bound to be safe."

"I wanted to be sure he would stay."

"He had his tongue up my arse and it felt great, then his fingers and before I knew it his dick too.

It was too late by then, wasn't it?"

"I just get depressed sometimes and, well..."

"I was really, really pissed."

"When you've taken some first rate drugs the rest doesn't seem to matter."

When I have unsafe sex I don't always know *why*. Funny though, it isn't really about having condoms on me. When I'm at home with the other half I've got a drawer full but we stopped using them after a couple of months.

I used to get home some mornings with that glow you feel after a good rogering in the bushes. But then I'd lie in bed and I'd *worry*.

Problem was I could never decide how safe was *safe enough* for me. Before I go out I think, I'll stick to hand jobs. But when his dick is in my hand I think "OK then, *definitely* no spunk in my mouth."

Now I know more or less what I want. Some of my mates don't use condoms with their boyfriends but they've been *tested*. I don't think I could go through that again and neither would my boyfriend. Anyway, if I got fucked without a condom again he is the last person I'd tell. So it's safe enough for them but *not for me*.

If you want to get involved in GMFA or make a donation contact: GMFA

  
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