

Praise for

NO HOLES BARRED

“Normalizing conversations around consensual sex is liberating. Mandii and Weezy have done such a great job creating an important, safe space for that.”

—Keke Palmer

“Funny, frank, and freaky, this book—so relatable.”

—Liz Goldwyn

“Wild, slick, and a hell of a lot of fun.”

—Kristen Arnett, *New York Times* bestselling author

“A space for people to embrace the pleasure, pain, and power of their intimate decisions”

—Shan Boodram, AASECT-certified sex educator
and host of *Lovers by Shan* podcast

NO HOLES BARRED

A DUAL MANIFESTO OF SEXUAL
EXPLORATION AND POWER



MANDII B & WEEZYWTF

WITH TEMPEST X

**BLACK PRIVILEGE
PUBLISHING**

ATRIA

New York Amsterdam/Antwerp London
Toronto Sydney/Melbourne New Delhi

**BLACK
PRIVILEGE
PUBLISHING**

ATRIA

An Imprint of Simon & Schuster, LLC
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020

This publication contains the opinions and ideas of its authors. It is intended to provide helpful and informative material on the subjects addressed. It is sold with the understanding that the authors and publisher are not engaged in rendering health, medical, or any other kind of personal or professional services in the book.

Mention of specific organizations or authorities in this book does not imply endorsement by the authors or publisher, nor does it imply that such organizations or authorities have endorsed the authors or publisher. Internet addresses given in the book were accurate at the time it went to press. The authors and publisher are not responsible for changes to third-party websites.

For more than 100 years, Simon & Schuster has championed authors and the stories they create. By respecting the copyright of an author's intellectual property, you enable Simon & Schuster and the author to continue publishing exceptional books for years to come. We thank you for supporting the author's copyright by purchasing an authorized edition of this book.

No amount of this book may be reproduced or stored in any format, nor may it be uploaded to any website, database, large language model, or other repository, retrieval, or artificial intelligence system without express permission. All rights reserved. Inquiries may be directed to Simon & Schuster, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020 or permissions@simonandschuster.com.

Copyright © 2025 by Amanda Rogers and Gila Shlomi

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this book or portions thereof in any form whatsoever. For information, address Atria Books Subsidiary Rights Department, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020.

First Black Privilege Publishing/Atria Paperback edition June 2026

BLACK PRIVILEGE PUBLISHING / ATRIA PAPERBACK and colophon are trademarks of Simon & Schuster, LLC

Simon & Schuster strongly believes in freedom of expression and stands against censorship in all its forms. For more information, visit BooksBelong.com.

For information about special discounts for bulk purchases, please contact Simon & Schuster Special Sales at 1-866-506-1949 or business@simonandschuster.com.

The Simon & Schuster Speakers Bureau can bring authors to your live event. For more information or to book an event, contact the Simon & Schuster Speakers Bureau at 1-866-248-3049 or visit our website at www.simonsspeakers.com.

Interior design by Lexy East

Manufactured in the United States of America

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data has been applied for.

ISBN 978-1-6680-6129-9

ISBN 978-1-6680-6130-5 (pbk)

ISBN 978-1-6680-6131-2 (ebook)



Scan here to get book recommendations,
exclusive offers, and more delivered to your inbox.

CONTENTS

TRIGGER WARNING: This book contains sensitive themes that may be emotionally challenging, including discussions related to abortion, reproductive loss, miscarriage, pregnancy loss, suicide, self-harm, sexual assault, stealthing, and victim-blaming. Chapters with these triggers are marked in the table of contents with an asterisk (*) by the title of the chapter. Please prioritize your well-being and consider skipping sections if needed. Remember, you are not alone, and support is available. Contact a trusted friend, family member, or mental health professional if you need assistance.

DUAL INTRO—Mandii B + WeezyWTF	ix
INTRO—Mandii B	xiii
INTRO—WeezyWTF	xxi
PLEASURE	1
01—HOW CAN I EXPECT YOU TO PLEASE ME IF I CAN'T PLEASE MYSELF?—Mandii B	3
02—WHY DON'T WE CHEAT TOGETHER?—WeezyWTF	19
03—DID YOU KNOW YOU CAN FIND UNICORNS IN MEXICO?—Mandii B	35
04—ARE SCISSORS ONLY FOR ARTS AND CRAFTS?—WeezyWTF	53

05—CAN I PUT IT BACK THERE?—Mandii B	67
06—IS PROTECTION EVEN PLEASURABLE?—WeezyWTF	83
PAIN	99
07—CAN I PUT YOUR PENIS IN A CAGE?—Mandii B	101
08—WHY STAND UP WHEN YOU CAN BE ON YOUR KNEES?—WeezyWTF	115
09—WHY DON'T THEY JUST CALL IT A VACUUM?—Mandii B*	131
10—WHEN DO YOU KNOW YOU'VE STAYED TOO LONG?—WeezyWTF	145
11—WELL, WHAT WERE YOU WEARING?—Mandii B*	163
12—DO YOU REALIZE YOU RAPED ME?—WeezyWTF*	179
PROGRESSION	191
13—WHAT'S YOUR PRICE?—Mandii B	193
14—WHY GET PURSES WHEN YOU CAN GET A STOCK PORTFOLIO?—WeezyWTF	207
15—DO MARRIED MEN REALLY TREAT YOU BETTER?—Mandii B	221
16—DOES LOVE SHOW UP WHEN YOU AREN'T LOOKING?—WeezyWTF*	233
17—WHY DO YOU NEED ME TO NEED YOU?—Mandii B	249
18—IF 9 MILLION PEOPLE ARE HERE, WHY DO I FEEL ALONE?—WeezyWTF*	265
POWER.....	281
19—HOW DO WE DEFINE POWER?—Mandii B + WeezyWTF	283
Thank You	289
Notes	291

**NO HOLES
BARRED**

DUAL INTRO

« MANDII B + WEEZYWTF »

NO HOLES BARRED brings together our personal stories and life lessons into chapters designed to help you cultivate a healthier relationship with yourself from the inside out. As Weezy so aptly put it, “We share our fuckups so that you don’t have to.”

We are the sex-positive duo Mandii B and WeezyWTF. While you may not have heard of us, those who have likely know us from our podcast, *Decisions, Decisions* (formerly *WHOREible Decisions*). Vice .com described *WHOREible* as “the raciest, rawest podcast on the internet.” This book delves even deeper than the pod by offering profound insights into overcoming trauma, building fulfilling relationships, and asserting control within and outside of intimate encounters.

We wanted to write a book where we could share our stories of sexual discovery, self-discovery, and growth, delivered with our signature candid, unapologetic, and always empowering attitude. We tackle complex subjects and shed light on the taboo topics most people shy away from. *No Holes Barred* is more than just a collection of experiences; it’s a beacon of solidarity from us to YOU. Our goal is to empower you to live your best sexual life authentically and safely.

By sharing our individual stories, we aim to create a space where you can see yourselves reflected on the page. Maybe you'll relate more to Mandii's journey, or you might resonate more with Weezy's tales. Or you might see yourself in both of us. Regardless, we hope *No Holes Barred* serves as a mirror for those seeking to explore their sexual side while overcoming any trauma that may be holding them back.

Maybe you don't have any trauma but worry too much about what others think, allowing friends, family, and society to dictate your feelings about your sexuality. We're here to break down those barriers. While not everyone's story is the same, we hope you will see a part of yourself in this book.

No Holes Barred, like our podcast, includes real experiences and stories. However, all names are fictitious, and recognizable features have been changed. Individuals who appear in the book have given their full, willing consent. Any resemblance to others outside these permissions is purely coincidental.

No Holes Barred is designed to be a safe space. We address sensitive topics such as sexual assault, and we want you to know that chapters with these triggers are marked in the table of contents and by the title of the chapter with an asterisk (*). It's entirely up to you whether your adventure explores or skips over these sections.

At the top of each chapter, we highlight some of the **Patriarchal Bullshit** meant to keep women down. We counter those myths with **Matriarchal Replies**—empowering responses from pioneering and iconic women who have inspired us. Their voices made it possible for our podcasts to exist. These trailblazing women paved the way for a book like *No Holes Barred* to be on the shelves. We honor their legacy by dismantling the patriarchal lies and encouraging women to take ownership of their stories.

Speaking of taking the reins, after years of success with *WHOREible Decisions*, we decided to change the name of our podcast to *Decisions, Decisions*. When we chose the original name, it was a deliberate move to reclaim the word “whore” and strip it of its stigma, taking ownership of a term most often used to shame women. It felt empowering to challenge societal norms and assert our autonomy. Over time, we realized that while the name resonated with many of our fans, it also created roadblocks when working with brands and trying to expand our platform. The stigma surrounding the word “WHORE” in *WHOREible Decisions* held us back from reaching a wider audience and aligning with more mainstream brands. We’re all about growing, and we see this book as integral to our evolution.

With *No Holes Barred*, we are celebrating the Power of P in a new way. This book isn’t just a narrative. It’s a damn revolution on how we understand and embrace our individual womanhood. Our book is deliberately divided into four transformative sections: **Pleasure**, **Pain**, **Progression**, and, ultimately, **Power**. Next we’ll share our personal introductions, allowing you to get to know us better. Each of us will discuss our motivations for writing this book and explain what the Ps—**Pleasure**, **Pain**, **Progression**, and **Power**—mean to us.

Within our chapters, we share the good, the bad, the ugly, and everything in between that helped us find OUR POWER, both sexually and intimately. We’ve faced a lot of fear and we’ve broken down barriers. And ultimately, we somehow both learned to love ourselves. And trust us: if we can do it, you can, too. Our goal in writing this book is to help you find YOUR POWER.

So let our stories be a guide, a cautionary tale, and a celebration of the incredible power that lies within you. The journey to finding your power is uniquely yours, but you don’t have to walk alone. We’re here with you every step of the way.

INTRO

« MANDII B »

WE ENTER THIS world with very little control over the decisions made around us. We don't get to choose our family members. We don't get to choose the social class we are a part of. We don't even get to choose our names. Many of us don't recognize the impact that our upbringing has on our adulthood and, inevitably, our sexuality.

I was born into a dysfunctional, middle-class family to a white mother and a Jamaican father. The name given to me came from the mascot at what used to be Florida Hospital Orlando: Amanda the Panda. My middle name, Nicole, came from my maternal cousin's first name. And my last name was simply assigned based on the man my mother chose to get pregnant by. Everything appointed to me seemed to be secondhand and like a bit of an afterthought. I was the firstborn of what would later become known as the "house of girls." My mom, Tammi, raised me in a single-parent home with two sisters, so the presence of men was few and far between.

One weekend a month, the three of us spent time with "Daddy," who often flashed his money to try to remind us how much cooler and better he was than my mom, even though we only got to see him

forty-eight hours out of the entire month. I can only recall one time when he came to see me play in any of my basketball tournaments at school. My dad was a well-paid, blue-collar construction worker who helped build water tanks for sewage waste throughout the state of Florida. Then again, as an adult, I recognize that anyone can be considered “well-paid” when they are only concerned with feeding and providing for their own damn selves. Ironically, however, cash was the only value he brought to us as a parent. Daddy was a human ATM and boasted about the very little he would contribute to our overall well-being growing up.

My mother had boyfriends, some of whom moved in, but those relationships always felt one-sided. My mother seemed to be giving more than they were, and they took whatever they wanted with little regard for how that would affect her daughters. I never referred to another man as “Dad” and viewed my mom’s boyfriends as “friendly uncles” that I knew were sleeping with my mom. I watched her work multiple jobs my entire life to ensure she could support us all. At first, she waitressed at local diners and restaurants like Shoney’s and Olive Garden in the evenings. Then she became a tech at the same hospital I was born in, working her way up to become a licensed practical nurse.

So here I am, the product of a failed relationship, with a front-row seat to many other failed relationships after that. There’s a narrative about women growing up with “daddy issues,” of course, but I don’t think many of us consider the impact of relationships that we see growing up and how they will affect us on a personal level. Before we go deeper, I’d love for you to think back to the adult romantic relationships you witnessed as a child. How many of them were healthy? Which ones did you choose to ignore so that you could be what you were, a child? Did any of them become #couplegoals for

you, or did you find yourself looking up to the families showcased on the Disney Channel?

Little did I know that the socioeconomic factors that impacted my family would also have a chokehold on my journey of self-exploration. To save money, my sister and I were made to share clothes and dress like twins despite being a whole year and twenty days apart. I vividly remember being teased in elementary school for wearing knockoff Adidas sneakers with four stripes instead of three. Some of our Christmas mornings were filled with presents donated from the church or the Salvation Army. We moved from one low-to-middle-income apartment to another, and life was financially and emotionally hard. It wasn't until middle school that my dad stepped in and showed off his money by getting us our first pairs of name-brand sneakers. I'll never forget—a pair of white Classic Reeboks and a black pair of K-Swiss sneakers. Foot Locker was running a two-for-\$89.99 special on select styles, and I couldn't wait to sport a pair of them on the first day of school.

I remember watching movies and looking at the lives I wished I had. I'd go to my friends' homes and view what I used to think was a more "perfect" and functional family, later to find out that all that glittered wasn't gold. Much like my other friends, Weezy's life seemed the opposite of mine. I used to joke and say she was like New New, the character Lauren London plays in the movie *ATL*. While we both loved hanging with the bad boys and getting into clubs with our fake IDs, that was where the similarities ended. Weezy drove a Jaguar in high school, and her house had a perfectly manicured lawn, a huge water fountain in the front yard, and even a movie theater. The all-white home had big glass windows that allowed you to peer in and see the huge chandelier and red carpet on the stairs. Just looking inside, I imagined that the people who lived there had a life

I could only ever dream of. Her mom would always have snacks for us and be down to gossip about what was happening in pop culture or what boys we were hanging out with and entertaining. We'd leave this gated community with our drawstring ponytails and grills in our mouths, riding out to Boosie and looking like two peas in a pod. My time with Weezy and her family at her home only solidified that we lived in different worlds.

Here we are, humans placed on Earth with only one life to live. And it turns out that for the first eighteen years of our existence, we are under the supervision of people who are products of their own fucked-up circumstances. So, depending on how messed up our parents' lives were, in my mind, that dictates how difficult our childhoods will be. I'm a '90s baby, and let's be honest: As millennials, can we say we have memories of our parents going to therapy? I can only speak for myself here, but in my primarily Black and Brown community, mental health care was not an option, nor was it discussed. I'm not even going to begin to unpack how that follows us into adulthood. We have this whole book to examine that.

School was where I felt like I had the most control of my destiny. If I got perfect attendance, got the best grades in the class, and aced all the subjects, I would be set up to get the best job, be rich, and make a perfect wife to someone. I strove to make straight A's throughout school and even tested into the gifted program to skip second grade. My mom decided not to allow this as she wanted me to grow up around my peers. By high school, I was not only working two jobs, playing sports, and attending classes, but I began to see more of what makes life so difficult to navigate.

Friendships became more challenging to maintain as I took more responsibility for how their actions impacted my overall well-being. I began to clear the fog around my family members, who were pre-

viously given passes simply because “blood is thicker than water.” I found navigating dating and showing up for people to be even more difficult than clocking in and out of my job or showing up to class on time. Why hadn’t anyone explained the intricacies of human interaction to me? There should have been a class for that. Conflict resolution, forgiveness, overcoming grief, and effectively communicating emotions with people cannot be realized without the right tools.

My first job was when I was fifteen, the summer leading into tenth grade. I worked alongside my cousin at a Quiznos franchise. I made \$7.25 an hour to start, and once I learned all the sandwiches, I would get a \$0.25 raise. Of course, my overachieving ass learned to make all of them in the first month. I was overjoyed to finally be making my own money. When I turned sixteen, I went to work in retail at the mall and began five grueling years of folding shirts and stocking shoes. I had bills, and although it was just my cell phone and the gas to fill my 2002 Hyundai Sonata’s tank, I saw how much I had to work to afford the least bit of life’s joys. By this time, I had only been on a plane twice. One time, I went to St. Louis for the family reunion of one of my dad’s many girlfriends, and the second time, I went to New York in seventh grade to see my half-brother off to serve in Kuwait following the 9/11 attacks. There was so much of the world for me to explore—I just knew it!

Then there were the boys. Figuring out how to start or even maintain romantic relationships with guys without a blueprint or an example of seeing a healthy relationship would prove to be a struggle. I would be remiss not to say bluntly that my thoughts on relationships were all kinds of fucked up. Call it cliché, but this was the era of *Flavor of Love*, and the height of reality television was centered around competing for love. So I figured that searching for love was a competition. Was getting a partner really any different from *The*

Hunger Games? May the strongest win—or, in many cases, the most pretty and delusional. Then, on the other end, nothing looked more fun than the lifestyle I saw the vixens living in the music videos. I wanted to lie on the big white yachts like the girls in Jay-Z’s “Big Pimpin’” video and live a soft life of luxury. I would count down the days until I could be ratchet at a pool party in a thong bikini, and a man would slide a credit card down my ass crack like in Nelly’s “Tip Drill” video.

By age thirteen, the idea of having a real relationship with a boy began to take shape. As I entered puberty and started dating, I became more aware of my physical appearance, which marked the beginning of insecurities about my weight and how certain parts of my body were sexualized—not just by my peers, but by adults as well. I found myself increasingly confused, struggling to understand my thoughts about my body while also grappling with how others perceived and treated me. I was supposed to be sexy, but not TOO sexy. Women were my ride-or-die friends, yet were also my direct competition in finding love. I was supposed to let a man know I liked him but then play hard to get because I couldn’t come across as thirsty.

By the age of sixteen, I was fucking! Within the first year of my sexual journey, I got my cherry popped by a grade school crush, got my pussy eaten by an older woman, got pregnant by a gangbanger, and had an abortion just before going into the eleventh grade. I tapped in early on in navigating and understanding myself. I had always been physically and sexually attracted to both men and women. In recent times, more people have embraced the freedom to explore and express their sexuality in a way that feels authentic to them, using titles or labels as a means of self-expression and connection with others. This shift reflects a growing understanding and acceptance of the diverse ways in which we define ourselves.

So, for this book and to connect to many of you who have been journeying with me via the pod, I am a queer, bisexual, abrosexual, and heteroromantic cis woman. Simply put, I am very drawn to the sensuality and femininity of women; however, I only have the romantic desire to be emotionally involved with a man. While women have and will continue to join me in my physical and sexual realm, many of the moments in my life up until now were stiffly rooted in navigating a heteroromantic relationship with men. This could be partly blamed on the patriarchy, but I am still exploring what these identities mean to me.

What the fuck kinda bullshit puzzle is life? Wildly enough, being in my “Jesus Year” of thirty-three, I still feel like many of the things I pondered at thirteen are the same things I am still questioning. What is real love? Are we really all going to find our soulmates and live happily ever after? Is sex really as risky as they make it out to be? We think we will eventually get the answers to all of life’s questions when, in reality, each of our experiences dictates how we receive the knowledge to make a life worth living. This journey has been so long, yet I feel like I am only scratching the surface of it all. Within this book, we’re going to explore the highs and lows, the orgasms and tears, and the obstacles I overcame in finding happiness and healing.

Before I pass it over to Weezy, I want to share with you what you can expect in joining me on my journey of exploring sexuality and finding myself. I’ve always been exceptionally sexual and sought arousal in all forms. **Pleasure**, which presented itself naturally with the throbbing and moistness between my thighs, is the most confusing phase of this journey. People enjoy pleasure with themselves and others differently; there is no blueprint on how to achieve this. There is the internal battle of ensuring you are satisfied while navigating the external battle of society’s views on what pleasure “should” be.

Then, with pleasure comes **Pain**. Pain can be a good thing, especially if you're a size queen like myself. However, there are inevitable consequences linked to sex, and without the proper channels of knowledge and/or support systems, these consequences can lead us down a path of guilt, shame, and trauma.

By far, the most important phase of our journey is **Progression**. Progression is the process of developing to a more advanced state. I would be lying to you if I told you I came into this world having all the answers. I dove headfirst into therapy when I turned thirty. I had to hold the mirror up to see how my decisions had gotten me to where I was. Why was finding true love so complicated? What was I doing to keep ending up in the same type of relationships? There were ideologies, such as accepting second place or seeking out emotionally unavailable lovers, that once made sense to me until, one day, they didn't. Reality hit me with a heartbreak and a love so intense that it led me to correct the wrong ways I'd been moving. That is how we find our **Power**. Our power comes with the strength to overcome our trauma, conquer our fears, and allow ourselves the grace to fuck up and course correct. There is a level of deprogramming that we all must do. To move into a healthier space with one's mind, body, and soul, we must hold ourselves accountable and forgive our past selves for fuckin' up. There's no right or wrong way to find yourself, but on the journey, you must set forth your intention to find and be the BEST version of yourself. I didn't always get it right. You won't, either. Buckle up as you get a front-row seat to my reality.

INTRO

« WEEZYWTF »

THE FIRST TIME I realized I was hornier than most people was around the fifth grade. I was in a computer class when I heard the AOL dial-up sound, and it was the Pavlov theory in real time. The high-pitched fuzzy buzzing as I waited for it to connect made my mouth salivate because I thought I was about to see pussy. I realized that I was different because nobody else did this. I watched the other kids' faces to see if they had also telegraphed a look of pure excitement as they wiped away their drool. But it was just me. I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand and realized I'd better get it together.

I used to find ways to hump stuff and grind on surfaces; once I got advanced, I humped my other eleven-year-old friends. I didn't have some crazy trauma that made me hypersexual or super horny. I never saw my parents have sex, had no creepy lurking uncle. I was just hyper-horny. I got to experience all of this exploration as a kid, a teenager, and an adult.

I was born in San Francisco to an Israeli father (but it's FREE PALESTINE) and a Black mother. My parents fell in love and married, showing me the ultimate example of true devotion and nurtur-

ing. My dad, Zion, owned camera shops that sold video equipment and electronics, while my mom, Jewel, a former Studio 54 party girl, was an over-the-top fabulous version of a housewife. I was lucky when it came to the freedom of sexual discussion in my home. My mom would sit around with my girlfriends and make sure we knew about our periods, how to say no to boys, and how to be safe in case we said yes. I learned about consent at the age of three. My parents would do faux scenarios about what to do if I was ever touched against my will, how to ask for help, and how to make sure that I was always in control.

Then we moved to Florida when I was about seven, and until I was fifteen years old, my life was that of an upper-middle-class kid. We had our annual vacation, we had a lovely home, we had blah, blah, blah. I don't particularly appreciate talking about this part because it tends to be a topic people like to fixate on. The fairy tale is that I had a perfect life, and when I was young, everything was handed to me on a silver platter. But that isn't the truth, and nothing is perfect. My father started losing a lot of money in the stock market while I was in high school, which shook the household. With the popularity of cell phones, why did people need to buy cameras or video cameras? My mom was constantly at the pawnshop. I remember finding the prom dress I wanted and her asking them to hold her wedding ring as collateral, and that's when it hit me. My life was changing.

In high school, I was openly and publicly hornier than most, and everyone seemed to think it was wrong. I sat around with my girlfriends to show them some of the latest porn I was watching, how we could talk with guys in chat rooms, and the next day at school, everyone called me a slut. Our friends are supposed to be our safe space, right? Maybe they could've been if it weren't for the patriar-

chy. They were consumed by the idea that women weren't supposed to be watching things like that, putting their minds in dirty places, and having open conversations about *SEX SEX SEX!*

After getting out of an abusive relationship, which I will share more about in chapter ten, I started my journey in the workforce at around twenty. I got a job at White House Black Market, a retail store that sells women's clothing. After a year working at this store, a client offered me a position at T-Mobile. I was living life, traveling the globe, and able to take care of my twenty-two-year-old self and my friends! I was always the one with the nice apartment, buying drinks for the crew when we were out, and it felt empowering to have my financial freedom after such a terrible relationship.

My high didn't last long; during my first real lesbian relationship, with a woman I called Scissors, my father had a stroke and became unable to work.

My mom got her first job at a clothing store to help with bills, and by the time I was twenty-three, I had become the adult responsible for my family. I managed everything from my parents' social security to rent to doctors' appointments. Frankly, this is why I grew tired of the notion that I had been some spoiled rich kid; in reality, my parents became my children, and this has been my life for over a decade.

I needed more income, so I took on a few sugar daddies. No one was more important than HIM. He had the planes, the homes, and the cold, hard cash he'd put in my hand after nights of doing nothing more than cuddling. Finally, after realizing that Orlando wasn't the place for me, I decided to move up within the T-Mobile Company to New York City. I went from an in-store sales associate to a sales executive at the corporate headquarters. He told me we could be "roommates" whenever he wanted to visit. He got me my first apartment on 54th Street and 8th Ave, a two-bedroom luxury penthouse

in the sky with a doorman with gloves, and I was living my best *Sex and the City* life!

I may have been a sugar baby, but I continued to climb the corporate ladder, busting my ass in sales. I would never be wholly financially dependent on a man again. I was in the top tier for sales in my region as the youngest person to hold that position. I was also the only Black one, the only woman, and the only employee with no college degree to be selling at that level.

While in NYC, I received a message from Mandii, an old friend from Orlando who had also moved to the city and wanted to catch up. We had some drinks in the Meatpacking District, caught up about our roles in corporate America, shared some hoe stories, and by the end of it . . . we had a podcast. I devised the pun *WHOREible*, and she lengthened it with *Decisions*. We talked about our favorite podcasts and what made them special; a week later, we were in the studio for the “Missing Condom” episode. Through sharing our personal stories and sexcapades, we made a connection with our fans that became so strong there was no more time for our day jobs.

We went from doing things independently to managing teams and agents and screening people begging to be our interns. With the help of Charlamagne Tha God, we became part of iHeartMedia’s Black Effect Podcast Network. Today, after millions of listening hours, performing in front of thousands of people over the years, and being covered in TV shows and magazines, we are still actively doing our podcast. I sold my first TV show, *\$ex Sells*, to Fuse. My growing experience in production led me to the ears of award-winning writer Kenya Barris, who hired me as the head of his podcast division.

I have completely surpassed my wildest dreams of what my life would look like. This book is happening because what Mandii and I have created together did not exist before. We weren’t necessarily sex

pioneers, but we broke so many barriers for Black women through sharing our own lives on air that it only made sense to expand our reach. The story about the time a guy wouldn't take off the blindfold until his dick was in me deserves to be in more places.

I think our show is so popular because, sure, there's Google, but we NEED that crazy hoe friend to fill in the gaps when we're confused about words like "bukake," "cuckolding," or "snowballing." If you don't have that person in your life, here we are. I want this book to be your entryway. I want to spill my secrets to you. I want to tell you all about how I was in a throuple, how I've been dominated, how I've learned to accept my kinks, even the one about blood, so you can learn to accept yours. I want this book to be a piece of your self-discovery, no matter where you are. These pages are a tribute to adult sexual education, exploration, and a lotta smut.

In the **Pleasure** section of this book, I will talk to you about the fact that pleasure isn't given; it's earned. Asking for what you want is essential. Exploration and letting go of whatever insecurities we have can lead to a better sex life. In the **Pain** chapters, I share the trauma that I've carried for over a decade. Through my conversations within the sex education community, it dawned on me that my experiences are not just my own. They are my neighbors', friends', mother's, and even yours. Sharing the pain I've been through, whether heartbreak or assault, will show you that you are not alone. The amazing part of the pain for me is that I have been able to reclaim myself and grow despite it or even because of it.

I have come to realize, especially being in my thirties, that many of the decisions I have made were based on preconceived notions regarding the outcome. I talk about this in the **Progression** section. For example, I would stay in a relationship just so someone wouldn't say, "She can never keep a man." But the actual reality was that they'd

think, “Good for her for choosing herself!” I made many of my choices because I did not want to be judged by others. I don’t believe we can progress without feeling disappointed by people’s reactions and then finally deciding to choose ourselves. There really IS an art to not giving a fuck.

After reaching **Power**, I hope that when you finish reading this book, you will come to realize that life is short and the sex life that you desire is in your own hands (literally). There’s no reason to wait for the best orgasms of your life to arrive at your doorstep. You’ve gotta give them to yourself, and you have to teach your partners. You are the key to your pleasure in the bedroom, the boardroom, and beyond. This book is an ode to sexual and self-exploration.

Lastly, a little bit about the personality and current life of the person who just told you all her trauma before she shared her favorite color. (It’s black.)

I am passionate about life, learning, kindness, and all things Beyoncé, gastronomy, and music. In my free time, I explore new music and art, and love on my dog, Nina, in the Lower East Side of New York City.

**NO HOLES
BARRED**

PLEASURE



The pursuit of pleasure is the basis for much of our human experience.

By exploring our desires and letting go of insecurities, we can create a more fulfilling sex life. Whether physical, emotional, or intellectual, pleasure requires openness, honest communication, and vulnerability. When we embrace this and confidently express our needs, we open ourselves to more profound and rewarding experiences.

You only live once, so you may as well enjoy the hell out of it!

Patriarchal Bullshit

“The sexual life of adult women
is a dark continent for psychology.”
—Sigmund Freud (founder of psychoanalysis)¹



Matriarchal Reply

“If any female feels she needs anything beyond herself
to legitimate and validate her existence,
she is already giving away her power
to be self-defining, her agency.”
—bell hooks (author of *Feminism Is for
Everybody: Passionate Politics*)²

HOW CAN I EXPECT YOU TO PLEASE ME IF I CAN'T PLEASE MYSELF?

« MANDII B »

THE TITLE OF this chapter is a loaded fucking question. One that I've worked to try to figure out for a long time. Self-fulfillment is something that we talk a lot about in our society in a very superficial way—#selfcare. But many of us don't realize that getting to know ourselves and our bodies, and what we actually want, takes work. In this chapter I wanted to discuss achieving pleasure with yourself before acknowledging how someone else can assist you with feeling satisfied. I thought that this was going to be easy to write and that I would bang this chapter out (literally), but the further I got into it, the more I realized that my relationship with masturbation bleeds