

How Men
REALLY Feel
About Being
Sexually
Assaulted

Anonymous True Accounts Told To Thom Bierdz

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DEDICATED TO AWARENESS

May these men's unedited raw disclosures heal them
and help heal and educate the reader.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This book would not have been possible without the raw anonymous true accounts offered by male survivors of sexual assault.

WHY I COMPILED THIS BOOK

When I revealed my sexual assaults on Facebook in 2016, other survivors found it healing, and rare for a TV star to be so open. This was the impetus for other male victims to share their own difficult memories on the topic; most messaged me privately. Their jaw-dropping events are included in this book to open dialogue on what is and what is not sexual assault.

I personally think it's counter-productive for all minds to take one narrative on sexual assault, to have specific expectations of how a victim should feel or act after an attack.

Some of the Bill Cosby accusers were demeaned with, "Liars! If it happened 30 years ago, why wait until now to say something?" or, "Liar! No one would hang around someone after being raped!" Those are dangerous and false assumptions.

I hung around my sexual assaulter and I didn't tell anyone for 30 years. I go into more detail in my book, *YOUNG, GAY & RESTLESS: My SCANDALOUS On-Screen & Off-Screen Sexual Liberations*, but basically at 21 in Hollywood a photographer drugged me and as I collapsed in the chair, he removed my pants and was blowing me. I have no idea what he did that night as I lay helpless and unconscious. Scrambling for my clothes the next morning, and driving home in a fog, I hit two cars. At 21, it did not occur to me I should alert the police as the photographer may be a serial rapist. My thoughts were: *Damn. That was horrible. What an asshole. But what's done is done.* How do I make the best of this?

Later that day I did make a phone call. But it was not what most would expect.

I called the photographer to make an appointment to get the free photos he promised me, careful never to take a pill or drink from him again. People are shocked that's how I dealt with this event, but to me it made perfect sense. I made lemonade from lemons and got great headshots to begin my Hollywood career.

I was also sexually assaulted three other times, but very minimally compared to the accounts in this book, and none of my sexual assaults traumatized me. That being said, I am quite neurotic and have been traumatized by other things in my life, situations which would not worry others in the least, but the instances when men whom I was not attracted to put their unwanted hands on me or shoved their tongues in my mouth was not a big deal to me. I was just creeped out and took it as a compliment. Strangely, if a woman had done similar, I think that would have been traumatizing to me. I am not sure I can explain why.

Different things traumatize people. None of my assaults were physically or mentally painful so I chose to ignore them, and could. There's no doubt I would have been severely traumatized if I endured any of these horrific violent rapes reported in this book, and so I understand why these survivors are indeed traumatized, and hope they understand why I am not.

Another reason I queried men on their sex assault histories was because as a child I craved attention from my male relatives. I even fantasized making love with them, and disclose in my *YOUNG, GAY & RESTLESS* book that I still masturbate to incest porn fantasies.

But incest REALITY is another thing altogether, something I know nothing about. These upcoming pages were quite an education!

Because I am in the public eye, a gay actor/activist and so open

about my sexual history, men feel very comfortable reaching out to me and sharing things they have never told another soul. They know I will not judge them; only question them from curiosity. What follows are startlingly authentic and shocking writings which in a small degree helped these men release their haunts. They are presented here to further the understanding of how men really feel about being sexually assaulted.

You'll notice only some of these accounts have my questions inserted. In 2016, when I started preparing this book, I removed my questions and only left in the survivor's answers. In 2018, I left in my text as well to share the relaxed conversational nature of our dialogues.

These accounts are anonymous. I immediately redacted their names when transferring their stories to a word document, so even I have no idea, no recall, of the real identities of the generous contributors.

AT 15, RAPED BY PASTOR JOHN WITH GUN

I have 3 assaults at 6 yrs old male school teacher touching playing with my little penis after he would follow every day to the bathroom. He would have me fondle his big cock and balls. The next 2 Thom I will make short at 13 my uncle get me down grab my cock stating I guess you are a boy. 15 raped by my pastor with a gun to my head

I'm not understanding like when I was getting raped by John ... My parents had been fighting so I called our pastor and ask him if I could stay just to get away so I didn't have to listen to all of it. This was on a Monday John told me all the beds was full of boxes had dishes he did not unpack etc and I would have to sleep with him. Johns furniture was all antique so you could not sleep on any of it. Everything went well he would take a bath to leave the bathroom door open I didn't see anything wrong with that so I did the same. Everything was that until Saturday Night. Saturday he said he had a headache and we should turn in early as I was a Sunday School teacher. We both got in bed as normal t-shirt I in my underwear but after he got in I noticed he had taken his off and tossed them on the floor. I went to sleep with him cuddle up against filling his very hairy body against me but he was keeping me very warm so I went to sleep then 2:30 am hit something I will never forget. I was awakened to him ripping my underwear off me my God I started screaming you stupid son of s bitch stop. Then he punched me in the face with his fist and at that time put a pistol to my head cocking the gun. I was crying and begging him please John don't do this and I will never tell, please at this point I got hit in the

mouth busting both lips and He got me on my side and with the gun still at my head and my bleed pretty bad I was so scared I was going to die lubed my anus up and shoved his cock in me saying repeatedly how good my ass felt I laid there crying pleading with him to stop all I remember from there the time was 4:45 am I got dressed and was crying and running home.

Thom: wow man - so sorry - how did you feel after? what did he say - anything ever? did it happen again? what was your relationship like after? did you feel guilty - shamed - ashamed?

After dirty just worthless. Didn't tell anyone for 3 years turned to LSD coke pills Over dosed 4 times slit both wrist stayed away from every one drank a lot of beet. just didn't care about life my mind it was all my fault. He tried many times to stop by the house I was renting but I never answered the door. This is so hard to talk about! OMG, I felt ashamed with the question in my mind of what did I do to deserve this. Or what was it I did wrong to make him want to rape and fuck me. Why could he not ask if I wanted to play or find someone that he knew that did not just fuck my life up more than it was. It never happened again I never was around him again.

I don't know where the pics are now since my parents are gone but there here somewhere which I know you wouldn't put in your book but several pics of my face swollen eyes lips busted 1 front tooth busted, hickeys all over my chest belly my tits so sore where he was biting them hard pics of all this also of my cock my balls cock black and blue from being squeezed and you can see fingerprints cock is probably double in width my balls are all swollen where he was taking them and squeezing them like cock ball torture. My bag was huge. I went through hell. I was so scared of people. I am single to this day would love a lover but so

scared. I hope there is no type--o's

*Thom: wow man - thanks for sharing - this will help a lot of people
- what a mean man he was....*

CRAVED FATHER'S LOVE BUT SCARRED BY SECRET JACK-OFFS

I am the second youngest of 4 brothers, my dad was a fireman and my mom suffered severe postpartum depression and was in and out of the hospital for most of my childhood. Aunts and uncles helped us and we had babysitters as well but most of the time I remember spending with my dad.

He was an alcoholic, quiet mostly but when he got angry he really blew up breaking windows, police being called, I do remember a few times he would hit my mom.

My earliest memory of my dad, was about 9 yrs. old, we were sleeping in the same bed and he kept putting his arm over me to reach for a drink and I remember his body against mine and I remember it feeling good, but today when I look back at that night, I am filled with terror and anxiety.

My dad and my older brother and I slept in the same room most nights, they in their twin beds and me on the floor at the end of the bed of my dad's - this was the sleeping arrangements for many years until my dad and I moved down to the basement in a renovated bedroom.

I remember touching my dad's leg while he slept, while we were still upstairs in the room with my brother. I don't know why I would hold onto his leg but it felt good and it never seemed to bother him, except I knew somehow this was to be kept a secret.

When we moved to the basement, touching became more prevalent and when I was 11 years old I had my first ejaculation

with my dad. See I would sit at the end of his bed, he would put his legs on my lap, and I would notice his hands down his pants at times, so I just started to do the same, and this one night I ejaculated and it felt really good but I had no idea what it was and but I did know this was a secret. I remember stuffing my underwear with paper towels since I was afraid that the sticky stuff that came out of me would be seen.

This continued a great deal in my younger years and it didn't stop till I was 19 yrs. old. We spent most of our time on his bed but other times when no one was home we would sit on the couch upstairs. I felt special like I was "daddy's girl" yes even at such a young age I felt like daddy's girl. I would bring him his coffee and anything else he wanted.

In particularly when he was drunk and seemed angry, I would do whatever I could to keep him from blowing up.

About the same time, I started noticing that my second to oldest brother would be waiting outside the bedroom in the basement and I knew it was my time to leave my dad and would only return after he left the room. I remember feeling very jealous about my brother spending time with my dad.

But somehow, I felt like the special one. Years later my brother and I spoke about this and we both had pretty much the same experience with my dad.

I would sometimes seek out my dad for this pleasure and other times he would seek me out. But I never felt close to him, I felt desperate to be loved by him, to be held, so desperate that I would take his shirt and pants and go into the bathroom several times sniffing them, so I could hold them close to me as if they were my dad.

As I said this went on till I was 19, then my dad had an affair with another woman and he was done with me, I remember feeling so rejected so unloved and so shameful. I still didn't look at any of this as sexual abuse, all I could see is that I wanted my dad sexually and I was filled with shame.

The first time I talked about this with anyone, was when I was about 20 I went to a local church and went to confession to share this secret "sin" of mine. The priest absolved me of my sins and that made me feel even worse, it was a sin what I had done, now a priest had confirmed that.

My dad was out of the house now, but occasionally would meet up with me, more so after this woman left him. I remember him taking me to a movie, Clockwork Orange, a movie about rape.... but it didn't seem weird to me at the time, now it is like wtf.

I finally went to another church, a more modern church, and this time, when I went to confession there, the priest asked me to come out of the confession box and he sat with me, and said I can absolve you of sin, you didn't do anything wrong and he began to talk about my experience with my dad as sexual abuse and gave me a name of a therapist to see, but I didn't go - there was no way this could be sexual abuse, I enjoyed it, I went looking for it, and I was very protective of my dad, he didn't rape me, he didn't hurt me, I wanted this...

I saw an ad for a retreat for those who had been sexually abused so I signed up, and here is where I met a retreat director, who I told my story to, covering my head with my coat, crazy huh but it shows the depth of shame I felt. Anyway this man tried to help me understand that this was abuse but I just couldn't hear that. So he set up for me to call a child protective service worker and

asked me to tell her what happened and if I had reported it as a child what would of happened to my dad and she said, "he would of been removed from the house and possibly prosecuted." This really hit me hard and then the anger and rage came up, I wasn't to blame my dad was the adult he never set boundaries it didn't even matter if I like it.

This led me to therapy. I just stayed clear of sex. I tried 12 step program for those who had been sexually abused, I tried 12 step program Homosexual Anonymous that through Christ I would become straight and healed - never happened.

Throughout my childhood, others would take advantage of me, an older female cousin, a leader in boy scouts, a friend of my dad's - it was as if I had a sign on my head do with me as you will.....later in years I learned it is not uncommon for those sexually abused to become vulnerable to others.

I did join a group Victims no Longer for men sexually abused, I learned that for men it is not uncommon for us to feel like we were responsible for the abuse since we enjoyed it and often sought it out. But what I learned is that we were violated, our boundaries were violated by an adult who knew better and as men somehow we felt like we should of protected ourselves, i.e. stopped it but we were children.....

I began to have major anxiety attacks in my late 20's and PTSD, and Obsessive Compulsive Disorder, all common for those who experienced sexual abuse.

In my 30's my dad remarried and gave up drinking. I knew the only way I could have any type of relationship with him was to break the secret with him, I tried several times but lost my nerve. But when I was in my late 30's after having an argument with an

boyfriend, I took about 4 Ativan and called my dad, I remember saying that I wanted to reconcile with him, but that we had to discuss what happened in between us. He became enraged denying it and calling me a liar, another day he blamed me for his having to go to the ER with chest pains. One thing I have to say is never face your accuser alone, do it with a therapist or trusted friend, I really believed that my dad would have wanted to do whatever he could to help me to make amends, but instead his denial made him so angry at me that I was frightened. I didn't see my dad for 3 years or so after that call. But it did feel a little bit liberating I broke the secret.....

My older brother and I talked a little about what happened but both of us were too embarrassed – he did however feel really good that I confronted my dad although he said he could never do it himself.

I continued to try and meet men, usually older and drunk men, but the minute anything would start I would now have anxiety attacks it was very embarrassing. I also came to terms with being gay, and I felt Jesus accepted me as a Gay Christian male and that helped me to come to terms with being gay. I continued in therapy on and off but never felt quite normal, I would still fantasize about my dad, I felt like I was stuck, in my mind, my past had defined me and I would never find a healthy relationship with a man.

After three years of being separated by from my dad, I began to see him and his new wife, I always had a wish that someday, my dad would apologize and all would be well.

Well about 10 years ago, my dad went on a vacation and died suddenly, I was so angry, I had wanted him to come clean and

now that chance was over. I would grief the loss of my dad or at least the loss that he would make me whole, see he still had the power.

I also had a uncle I was very close to he was like a dad to me, and in my 40's we began to have a consensual sexual relationship, and of course it was a secret. I would feel guilty one minute than good about it, I actually felt like finally I met a man who really loved me not just sexually. But my uncle would refer to me as his son, and that is really what I wanted, I talked with my uncle and I remember saying, I want you as a father but the sexual part would have to end, I chose to have a father without the sex, later in therapy I realized this was a major point of healing, to choose a dad without the sex kind of changed up everything. I felt loved by a father figure more purely, I kept this secret just until this past year when I told my therapist.

Two years ago, I lost my older brother, he had walked into a busy highway and died instantly after being hit by a car, to this day, I do not know if it was suicide or an accident, but it paralyzed me. I felt like the pain of life including the abuse was too much for him and again the rage at my dad came to the surface, thanks to great friends and therapy I was able to keep this rage from becoming self-destructive.

Soon after he passed my uncle passed, I was there with him when he died and I was calling him dad by now and I felt so good I made the decision or I should say both of us made the decision to choose a father and son relationship.

I have learned over the years, that my mom had been sexually abused and my dad had been sexually abused from his brother, I realize this is a family disease, a disease where boundaries are

violated and secrets as the saying goes, we are as sick as our secrets.

Thom, just want to add that the sexual part with my dad was intense and even to this day can turn me on but I really was nothing more than a prostitute mistress. It never left me feeling whole or loved.

TWO YEARS LATER HE ADDED:

If you haven't submitted my experience yet you can add this submission / update to recovery otherwise I share it with you.

Over the past year I have experienced healing beyond my expectations no limits as you say Thom.

I have focused a lot of time on forgiveness and an understanding of my sexual abuse by my dad. I have had to experience the violation of boundaries and embrace the feelings that I enjoyed this sexual experience and also have fantasized about it understanding that enjoying this experience was a normal reaction my body experienced but the damage was I never truly felt loved by my dad only used also I felt such shame and keeping the secret caused major anxiety and PTSD

But after my dad died suddenly I could break the secret and as the years went by I could talk honestly with him as now he was in a safe space and I knew a different place in his mind and heart

I got angry with rage I spoke about every secret I had kept from 11 to 19 and I spoke up for my older brother who experienced the same but who ended his life struggle being hit by a car on a major highway oddly right near my dad. I spoke honestly to my dad and chastised him for abandoning my brother who was an alcoholic

like my dad .fuck you dad you could of brought healing to him but instead you watched his torment.

This rage went on for years until last year when my dad 2nd wife died I went to the funeral and at the grave I wept like a baby not so much for his wife although I did love her but I finally grieved real grief loss for a dad a never really had and as I was leaving, his wife's daughter handed me a box of all my dad personal belongings as I opened that box I felt my dad's love pure love I understand him hard to explain but I knew I was loved by my dad what a feeling I can't describe in words I understand what the Bible verse what is impossible for man is not impossible for God

As time went on I felt my masculinity emerge I could love in ways I could never love

I reunited with my girlfriend from high school recently and I am falling in love with her and enjoying loving her like I never thought I was able

I am not saying what happened with my dad made me gay what I have learned is no more need for labels love is unlimited sexuality is about love is about the person I am with about loving freely with the best of me and this woman is the most amazing women I have know kind accepting innocent and beauty in all it's wonderous ways

So am I bisexual I guess but something has happened sexuality is unlimited life is unlimited oh there are still days I shutter when I think of my relationship with my dad but it's different it doesn't definitely me and in writing this the secret is fully exposed freedom to love I loved a wonderful man a deep close friend today a man who is like a brother to me he accepted me with my history amen amen

Thom: Thanks for sharing – and I know what a sweet man you are from our FB friendship – anyone would benefit from having you near them – or in a relationship. I am not bisexual but know that exists – probably most important is a partner where communication is completely open – so trust and admiration can develop. I mentioned I had father fantasies, but I am glad my father and I never really had a sexual relationship because, like you say, I’d never have known if he really loved me or was using me. This is why I recommend people do not have incest: it will diffuse the unconditional love that is there with family. From my YOUNG, GAY & RESTLESS book:

“Whether true or not, I felt that my father was not there when I needed him in my formative years, and that is when I feel I developed a father sex fantasy. Feeling like an outcast and not bonding with the males in my family, I also had sexual fantasies about my brothers, cousins, uncles and grandfathers. Besides me playing Prize Property in a jock when I was a kid with Gregg, I never made an advance on a relative. But when my cute cousin George, 28, was visiting Hollywood a few years prior, I felt why not—how can it hurt? A few close friends were over at my apartment and we were just being silly. I was getting a hard-on, which I broadcasted by putting on sheer bicycle pants. My cute cousin thought my hard pole was a toy and not real, but as we wrestled in my bedroom, I wanted us to love each other in a sexual way, like really make love. Again, these were instinctive, subconscious yearnings, and only because we were related. George decided not to and left the room. Later, I apologized, and he said he would have if my breath wasn’t so bad. Cracked me up. I had no idea my breath was bad and wondered if I had recently had garlic or if it often was bad.

“In any event, I am glad he resisted my raging hormones because whereas I could lose or avoid most of my sexual conquests, if you have sex with your family, how can you ever get away from that? Although the idea is a masturbation fantasy, in real life, it seemed counterproductive because it totally could sour the history and future. Unless you were that rare case of the secret brother and sister falling in love and moving to a strange town and being together 60 years, rarely leaving the house, how could it end well? Even though I am embarrassed to bring this topic up I do so because it is not brought up by others, yet obviously a tremendous epidemic. Parents routinely molest their kids and incest is common among siblings as is assault and rape.

“No matter how you look at it, our ancestors engaged in incest. If you believe in Adam and Eve, either Cane or Abel must have fucked Eve—or how else did they populate the Earth? If you believed in evolution, our closest relatives were the Bonobo monkeys, and they all had sex with each other, all the time. The bottom line, perhaps, for me, was thinking that humans had more to lose than to gain from having sex with family, so I would never recommend it. I can’t imagine it ending without guilt and shame and regret and resentment, so I am relieved I have not had sex with any relatives. I am content to have it as one of my many wild fantasies which I will never actually partake in. Fortunately, pornography has multiplied since the 1970s, and every fantasy is available for free on the web.

“I am not talking so frankly about taboo sex subjects for titillation. I am not doing it for confession. I am doing it because no person should be shamed for their sexual feelings, and America has huge judgment and indictments of people who dare to experience what is not considered the norm, but, may very well be the norm,

secretly.

“Most men would not write this openly about taboo sex subjects because they would fear losing their job or reputation or family. I am such an extreme recluse that these are not concerns of mine.”

Thank you so much I can't wait to read this book you will be receiving my order for your recent publication this Thursday had to transfer some money on my card can I also order forgiving Troy copies with your autograph I work in the field of mental health and want to get some copies for holidays Thom you are a beautiful man you have helped me to let go of shame I agree with all you have written

EXPOSING THE SECRETS OF THE HIGHEST PROFILE MEN

(Thom: The next one is quite sensational and deals with very high-profile celebrities and organizations, echoing covert sex schemes found in other documentaries like DEN, where an industry house lured in underage boys, with rules like after sunset all must skinny dip in the pool and Jacuzzi. I deleted out the recognizable names because I can't prove anything and do not want a lawsuit but left in the actions to share a predatory Hollywood underworld.)

While skipping high school to go surfing a photographer approached me on the beach. "Want some easy cash? I know an agent who'll get you some jobs modeling swim suits."

Zippering toward Miami on my motorbike I was wild, horny and cocky. With life in the fast lane blasting on the radio, I was ready to jump on the casting couch. In 1978, most of my classmates joked about raging gay parties. Speed boats full of drugs. By that night, I had a photographer slipping me in the backdoor of club vice. Minutes later I was being pushed into a corner. My drink laced with LSD shattered as I went through the looking glass.

Mostly the modeling work was underage soft-core porn getting shipped off to Copenhagen. At first, it was exciting being admired and desired. I'm not sure if it was true, but my agent insisted I had real talent. He paid for my acting classes then convinced me to think of sex acts as an experimental way of improving my acting skills. Madness in the method acting of playing a hustler. Pretending I was preparing for a role in a *Midnight Cowboy* remake or *Midnight Express* prison film. I tricked my mind as I

slowly stripped bare to turn actual tricks for the chance of getting featured on TV.

In 1980, I flew from small movie roles in Florida to landing in Hollywood. My agent told me, “Mark, give blowjobs to both casting directors” of a [deleted] soap opera [not Y&R]. They were both notorious for lusting after young boys. Since the [deleted] storyline was generating huge ratings I was thrilled to do anything I could do to get on the show.

Certainly I, Mark, was not the only 17-year-old who was seduced by the rewards of getting a contract with [a major network]. Beyond the screen test I knew I had to compete in the sexual favors department. Back in bed with my agent he told me to carefully seduce a network casting director while playing innocent. Quickly, I learned the [sci-fi primetime show] casting director needed to feel in control of boys by giving them spankings.

One night in his apartment full of nude boys mixed with men in Roman togas, the director explained the philosophy of being a NAMBLA member. I was careful to keep closely shaved. Smooth butt. Anything to try to appear forever young. Appeasing. Appealing to the demands of commercial society that tells us we must sell ourselves.

On the sound stage a few crew members and the costume designers often wanted to suck my dick. It got awkward and annoying, but man was I afraid of falling out of favor with anyone. Outside the studio gate there was always a line of new arrivals. Piles of pictures and resumes that constantly reminded me I was paid to play in more than one way.

D[deleted], who was an actress on [a soap opera, not Y&R] took

me to a party at P. Pictures where I met the president of production, Don[deleted]. Don was constantly on coke lusting after strip dancers. He didn't like guys, but he'd get drunk and whip out his dick to pee on me while working on the script for [deleted].

That success shot us all into the box-office stratosphere. The leading man was not yet a closely-guarded superstar, so everyone really had fun on location in San Diego. Especially with all the young soldiers at the El Toro Marine base. The film production trailers were rocking with orgies. Lesbians, drag-women and cock fights imported from Tijuana. Everyone was losing it. I was a really good sport about everything, including dealing with the director's gambling debts and overdosed hookers. So much money poured in from that movie that we were constantly running loads of cash to Elizabeth[deleted]'s empty house in [deleted].

I met Rock [deleted] at D[deleted]'s Malibu mansion parties which were packed with the most handsome young men. Star-studded events with more cocaine than sand on the beach. And always the desire to pump up the volume on the kinky stuff. Keep the executives entertained with daring surprises. A survival of the fittest in the sexual stamina stampede.... Then total secrecy. Acting like none of it happened the day after. In those days, the Hollywood Gay Mafia was very undercover. Membership came with the threat of murder.

Men who dared to blackmail a box office superstar disappeared in the desert. When they went to collect a suitcase of cash in Vegas, they were drugged. Their bodies were found days later in a broiling hot, broken-down car in Rancho Mirage. Eventually one of the desert murders that was connected to a [soap opera, not Y&R] player made the news.

The original Gay Mafia term "don't ask don't tell" was deadly serious. The 'boys' cleaned up the mess with [deleted]'s dead transvestite. Dealt with T[deleted]'s cover ups. Eventually, the rise of Sci[deleted] as Hollywood crime scene handlers eclipsed the network of actors and executive assistants who were connected to the Gay Mafia.

By early 1986, I knew a silent pandemic was spreading. Some horrible virus from the bathhouses in San Francisco. Yet of course, we were supposed to keep all the sexually transmitted diseases a top secret inside the studio. So many players were sex addicts, constantly demanding all manner of sexual hits. Bloody fist fucking. Nipple clamps. Penis piercings. Risky business games. I was getting really frightened.

Barfing up sperm and bile I collapsed in a dressing room closet. I was only 24 but I knew I could no longer go on with the show. The material world tells us we must sacrifice for success. But in truth, it's not to die for. It's not. I went to the Betty Ford clinic to detox then continued to assist [deleted] when he became the president of [deleted]...

My father was a congressman, so I helped with planning the formation of Homeland Security in 2002. Today, I continue to work as a CIA and NSA contractor formulating Argo programs, tracking the Dark Web and our DARPA development of ultra wave direct-to-mind audio signals. The public can already experience mind wave programing in grocery stores where you can stand on a blue spot to hear advertising focused entirely inside your head! Imagine how this new technology will transform us far beyond WiFi connectivity.

Hollywood might seem glamorous but most of the stars and

power players are not very happy. They live with lots of competition and stress. Similar to the way the AIDS epidemic exploded after first being ignored, our most sophisticated computers calculate that new biological disasters are brewing. Like sands through the hour glass....so are the days of our lives.

PHYSICALLY DISABLED, HE'S AN EASY TARGET. CUTS HIS OWN FLESH TO ALLEVIATE PAIN

First I need to mention that I was born with a spinal disorder that made me walk differently all my life. Other kids constantly teased me and made fun of me. By my 4th grade year - 1981 - one student was particularly bad. He was 2 years younger than me but bullied me because I was physically weaker and unable to defend myself. He would sneak up on me, put his hand on my pants and grab my crotch and pull on my penis as hard as he could. It was extremely painful and I could not defend myself. He would just laugh and if it happened around other students, they would all laugh as well. I did tell teachers and my parents. The teachers just pretended not to hear me. Probably too shocked to want to hear about it. My parents were very religious and always instructed me to not defend myself and to never tell anyone about the incidents. I was constantly on high alert to watch out for those certain students. whenever he and his friends saw me they would yell 'grab his penis!' and laugh as he did it to me again. It was extremely confusing and frustrating as to why all of the adults I told would not do anything about it. All they would say is stuff like 'boys will be boys' or 'that's normal playing for boys'. Eventually, I started middle school and never had to deal with that student again. I don't know what happened to him after that.

Also, later in my 4th grade year, I was visiting a friend's house who had a swimming pool. I invited my next door neighbor, a 7th grader, to go with me. While we were in the bedroom changing into our bathing suits, he snuck up behind me and raped me. I was so shocked and again unable to defend myself because of my

[physical disability. It only lasted a few seconds but seemed longer. I felt too dirty and ashamed to tell anyone. When I finally did, I was told nothing could be done about it. It was a case of his word against mine.

Later in life in 2004 at the age of 33, a sort-of-friend woman came to my apartment drunk and tried to force herself on me. She was a very muscular woman who worked out a lot. I barely knew this woman and I was disgusted by her drunkenness. Fortunately she passed out before she was able to pull my clothes off. I did report the incident to the authorities but there wasn't any real evidence, and it was her word against mine. She did the same thing to another man a few days later and she got away with it with him too.

Being physically disabled all my life, people seemed to always see me as an easy target. I agree with the phrase 'no means no'. As a result of these experiences, my emotions were out of control. Feelings of shame, guilt, uncleanness, and unworthiness. After the sexual abuses in the 4th grade, I drank vodka from my parents liquor cabinet for a few years, and also resorted to cutting myself to release emotions. Cutting was the only real way to let the energy of those emotions out, because if I expressed those particular emotions about the abuse in the real world, I would always be criticized and judged for being a weakling. I told counselors, pastors, teachers, and police officers. In turn, I was told things like 'boys will be boys', or 'boys don't get upset, boys don't cry, boys are supposed to be tough'. The worst thing I was told was 'boys don't get sexually abused'. That comment really made me feel like there was something wrong with me and that all of the abuse was somehow my own fault. The truth is, boys sometimes do get sexually abused. Since I was a handicapped

male, I felt like I had no where to turn to for help or advice or encouragement or really any support at all.

My life since then has been very private and isolated. I think I am mostly over it by now. However I still have nearly no friends and I still live a very isolated life. I no longer drink. I never did any drugs, and no more cutting for many years now. But trust is still very difficult. Maybe I will never be totally and completely recovered. The sexual abuse I experienced has had an effect on my whole life so far.

I don't think the people who abused me were themselves abused. Other than maybe being spoiled by their parents. I have spent too much time trying to figure out why my abusers were so mean to me. I just don't know. They were all fairly well off financially and seemed to be pretty spoiled. maybe that is why. Maybe they secretly had the same problem I had: not being allowed to express themselves at home. I just don't know or why care why.

As for the cutting, it is a very difficult thing to explain. In a nutshell, cutting gave me a sense of control over something that I didn't think I had control of. Namely, feelings. It was never about suicide, but rather a desperate and twisted attempt at self expression.

How did I first cut? Pretty much by instinct. I was always told to shut up and act tough, and therefore never allowed to express my negative emotions. Sadness, anger, crying, being scared, were all actions that the authority figures in my life criticized. All the energy released from tears was suddenly closed up inside me as I was no longer allowed to cry. Soon after, I would get yelled at by my parents, or who ever, about any kind of expression I presented. Wether I expressed sadness and fear, or happiness and

laughter, all of my expressions were criticized and judged harshly. All of that energy had to be let out somehow, and secretly, so that I would no longer get yelled at. One night I was leaning against a brick wall and in a deep pit of shame and guilt and confusion, and then for whatever reason I instinctively scraped my forehead across the bricks. I realized that the pain from scraping somehow released all my emotions that were built up inside of me. I was then instantly hooked on self injury. I figured easiest way was to secretly carry a razor blade and bandaids with me everywhere I went. Any time I wanted to express myself, I would go to the restroom or somewhere private and cut myself as a substitute for self expression, and not have to deal with criticism or judgement. Also, No one was allowed to see my scars. That was something I kept to myself.

Thom: thanks --- thanks for sharing - sorry you went through that... would "hurt people hurt people" apply to the abusers - meaning do you theorize the people who hurt you had been hurt by others and picked on an easy target like you to feel powerful? you are the first cutter I came across - can you explain more about cutting? how did you come to do that? on your own or did you see it elsewhere? does pain actually leave when you are cut? did you show people your scars? did you get comfort from your scars?

The pain from the actual cuts were not very much felt because it was also a tremendous sense of relief from the release of energy from pent up emotions. Crying, laughter, screaming, trembling, are all physical responses to feelings which must be expressed to stay healthy. By 'bleeding' the energy out, cutting was just a temporary, and dangerous, substitute.

I struggled to keep cutting a secret because it was something that I controlled, and therefore I was under the impression that by

controlling cutting, I controlled my emotions. It took about 18 years to realize that was all an illusion, and I had to re-learn how to express my emotions in a healthy and normal way.

I didn't get any comfort from the actual scars, but compulsively saved my used bandages ... again, as a way to have a sense of control. I don't have the used bandages any more, (yuck). But the long term effects of cutting has caused some circulatory problems in certain parts of my body which are covered in old scars, and unfortunately I have to deal with the circulatory problems probably for the rest of my life.

Cutting was a horrible addiction that I would not want anyone to have or experience. But I think awareness is important because obviously cutting is very dangerous. It is important, I think, to know that cutters are not necessarily suicidal, it is, I think, a desperate way to physically release emotions. I do not know the psychiatry or medical explanations of cutting, this is just my own opinion.

---ok - thanks - but I am still confused -- did cutting actually help in any way? I never cut and can't imagine it helping. I drink on occasion and can imagine how drinking can help. But I do not understand how cutting my skin will help for even a minute. If you can, please explain. My guess is you just needed any physical activity to distract you way from your headtrips? And jumping jacks would have been the same relief?

You're right. Cutting was a physical distraction from the memories of sexual abuse. Cutting helped temporarily. Something like jumping jacks or other activities were not enough relief at the time.

ok - indulge me a bit further - because drinking also works

temporarily - as it distorts the reality - does cutting distort your reality?

yes, cutting distorts reality. more so than drinking. drinking wasn't enough of an escape.

I have never cut myself - and still do not understand how cutting distorts reality -- is it because of the pain? the pain distorts reality?

STILL PUNISHES HIMSELF FOR GETTING GANG RAPED

1998 I was taken to a party by a guy I was dating who I didn't know had a real dark side.

Couple hours and a few drinks in I sat down it was like 11p.

I shook my head and realized I was in a room and it was almost 2a and i was naked and sore and sticky and 2 guys were standing over me coming on my ass.

I pulled myself together went to the other room where about 25 guys were watching a movie laughing and applauding. It was me being gang fucked and turns out 18 or 19 guys aged 14 to 50ish had bred me. some 2 or 3 times.

I was so freaked out I left and was quiet about it and no one knew till 5 years ago when i finally admitted to it. I tried to get even with myself by letting treasure island media do a underground movie where i let them rape drug me and 10 guys used me and i even started doing real deep deep taboo stuff like [ILLEGAL]

I keep those thoughts and urges at bay now

Now I just ask friends for nudes to satisfy my voyeurism cause I like seeing friends like that. Lol

Thom: Thanks so much for sharing this with me (you did not deserve that abuse) Can you answer a few questions? How old were you in 1998? omg - to be gang-raped like that ! who were these guys? seems like they regularly did this? did you see any of them again - how was that? what were your feelings after? shame? guilt? hate? turned on?... what do you mean you tried to

get even later? I don't understand...

I was 29 it was guys I knew some I didn't all parts of Seattle gay life, saw most every weekend, just ignored or walked away from them, I was embarrassed I didn't remember, hated them for doing something like this and hatred towards the guy priming me for this pretending to like me, sometimes I wish I was alert to get into it, I've jo a few time thinking I must have been good lol.

I tried a lot of taboo sex to punish myself for attracting the scenario like it happened like I provoked it.

Do you have regrets? do you still deal with guilt or shame? do you worry you could get arrested?

No regrets and I still cruise the bookstores and baths but nothing else But I'll admit I have had some damn good fun

ASS GRABBED AT DRAG SHOW

I was not out except to few people I meet online I went to visit them and we went to gay club to see a drag show must first time ever doing both and the show already started and it was standing room only but my new friend spotted a friend who saved us seats while walking to the seats someone behind grab my ass I turned around and a couple older guys were laughing I just turned back around and went to my seat I wasn't even in the club 5 minutes a nice welcome to the gay world

How did you feel? Ashamed, turned on, angry, amused? How do you feel about it now?

At first I was like what's your problem than when I seen him laugh I was confused didn't know if I should be flattered or was a joke now I think of it as he was totally a ass hole and had no right to grope me and if it happened now I would be in his face

DEPRIVED, LONELY, CURIOUS HINDU CARIBBEAN CONFLICTED ABOUT DECADES OF SEX WITH COUSIN

My account of sexual abuse....When I was 6 yrs old an older cousin who was 13 exposed himself to me and asked me to play with it. I was very curious and I did. It eventually led to him asking me to suck it. I did but did not like it but I was very curious after a while it stopped. When I was 13 my dad died and I was going through puberty. My body wasn't changing as fast as I thought it should and I went back to my cousin because I had questions about my body. I started asking him to see it and eventually stuffed happened again. He used me, he never pleasured me. I always felt guilt and shame. When I talked to my therapist about it she said that it was sexual abuse because he at this time was an adult and I was a minor. I don't feel it was because I wasn't forced. She told me it was normal to be curious at that age but he sexualized it and that's why its abuse. I still hook up with him sometimes. I feel bad each time, guilt and shame. I am struggling with my sexuality. I live in the Caribbean and its not accepted here. My therapist thinks I go to him because I have no one else. She thinks I am also looking for intimacy from another man because I never had a father. My dad was a drunk who put me through hell and then he died when I was 13. I hate what I do with my cousin but I can't seem to stop even though now I'm in my 30's and he is in his 40's. I hate myself...the guilt and shame is unbearable.

He is the only guy I have ever been with. We meet up less now but I feel bad each time. I hope you are not disgusted with my story.

Thanks so much for sharing this with me - I do not think it is disgusting. I do hope you can lose your shame and guilt - you and he have nothing to feel shame and guilt about --- do you think you do? do you both feel shamed and guilty?

yeah we do..it's not a healthy relationship...is it ok if we discuss it a bit here? i have never shared this with anyone...

it doesnt happen often...i feel bad each time it does...i think it only happens cause we both don't have anyone else

telling u this is a bit therapeutic...where i live i dont have men who i trust enough to ask questions about sex...i am sexually inexperienced..i would love to talk to you about it some more...

yes - please share more --- neither of you are hurting each other - so why should either of you feel bad or guilty? do you want that emotion - or do you feel sentenced with it from society?

cause we're related

u find incestuous relationships like that to be a turn on? have u ever had an incestuous relationship?

yes - I have huge incest fantasies and disclose that taboo subject in my YOUNG, GAY & RESTLESS book - to combat sex-shaming... but no, I never actually had sex with anyone related to me... so I am only looking at it from a faraway outside place... I do not know the realities ---- and in my book I say it's probably NOT a good idea because it destroys any "unconditional love" and would probably only end in embarrassment and shame....

but you guys are way past that ---- so I would only hope you both get past shame and guilt

yeah i know he uses me...i live in the caribbean and dont even own a credit card so i would not be able to get a copy of your book...so is it ok if i ask u some personal questions? u can ask me anything you want about my sexual experiences...my story may be unique in your book as i am from a different culture ...

how do you think you are different from Americans?

well i was born hindu and converted to christianity...so my culture is conservative when it comes to gay sexual expression..gay sexual expression is taboo here its only now becomming accpeted

i live in the closet and im very lonely, i feel guilt and shame for my sexuality, for jerking off and watching porn

i've only had 2 female sexual partners and that one guy

i have seen few guys naked in real life here so it makes me curious...men here do not get naked in front each other ..not even in locker rooms or the gym sometimes not even at home in front male relatives or buddies...only down to underwear..its a homophobic culture

sorry - in America - especially Los Angeles, gay is very accepted - very easy to find lovers -- very much support ---- but cool you have access to online... can you join gay groups and find validation? guilt and shame do not help you - they are foolish

the thing is its complex with me while i love cocki want to marry a woman and have kids...thats not societal pressure speaking thats honestly what i want in my heart

maybe u can use all these tit bits in my story....i have fallen in love once in my life...fell in love in highschool with another boy..we were both 11 yrs old...25 yrs later i have never loved anyone as

much as i love him and i have never told him...he is straight...nothing hurts more than to be in love with a straight guy who has not spoken to you in yrs

I hear you - been in love many times --- why do you want to marry a girl and have kids?

cause i love the whole idea of wife and kids...while i love cock..other than that guy i have never had romantic feelings for another guy...i just am curious to see their bodies

i feel my lack of having a father has made me want to have a son more than anything to fulfil that father son need

at the same time i am attracted to older, hairy men

do you worry you would be attracted to your son? if you had a wife, would you tell her you were bisexual or gay?

do u think my story is different from the other guys? you can ask me anything u want.....i am not worried i am attracted to my son...i worry that i may try to relive my life through him...if i had a wife i doubt i would tell her i am gay or bi...it depends on how much she loves me....can i ask u personal questions also? there is so much about u i want to know....u can ask me anything u want and use whatever i tell you in your book...i love soap operas and beauty pageants also

my advice would be to tell a wife what you are attracted to - men... why deceive her? let her decide

many women would not accept a man like that...i plan to remain faithful if i get married so she would not be hurt...sometimes ignorance is bliss can i ask u some personal questions?

Yes,... but you owe a wife the truth.

well i dont even have a girlfirend maybe if i ever find a woman i would be able to trust her enough with the truth

so u think my story is unique? if u use it just remember to say that i feel shame, guilt and self hate for it

YES YOUR STORY IS UNIQUE BUT EVEN SO PEOPLE CAN RELATE AND IT CAN HELP THEM 😊 THANK YOU

great..i'm worried about my future..so lonely... do most men have erections that curve or stand straight?

many curve - most are straight

u said u had huge incest fantasizes..honestly which relative have you fantasized about?

LOL all the male ones

i wonder if thats more normal than we think...its a taboo subject...during sex u prefer being top or bottom?

top

have you done any porn videos that are available?

no

my idea for a book you can write is called, " Men's Bodies and Sexual Experiences"..What's Normal?...My rationale for the book is that many men are not aware of what's normal about their bodies and sexual experiences..men feel that something is wrong with them when in reality they are perfectly normal. Having a book like this would show men exactly the wide range of body

types and sexual experiences men have. The book can have nude pics of all types of men, races, body shapes and have accounts of their sexual experiences from the time they lost their virginity to present. They could give advice to other men in the book...i have alot of ideas for it

Great idea. I like it.

RAPE CRISIS CENTER: “ONLY WOMEN GET RAPED”

Well, Thom, this is hard to put into words. (I've had people say I should come out with a book, but I've probably forgotten more about my life than I remember.) I'd just gotten dumped by my high school sweetheart girl after 5 1/2 years of going together. Mid-1980s, BTW. I was about 20-21 at the time. My mother and I lived in a not-so-good part of town. I had been very sheltered and naive growing up, was told about sex very late (likely compared to those in my area that were my age), and had only jacked off before and never been intimate with anyone else. I'd been at work across town at a movie theater and was having to walk home (my bicycle had been recently stolen and I wasn't making enough to get a car). One night I was walking home and just before I was going to cross the busy street to our rent house, a male neighbor Mother and I were acquainted with that lived in an old boarding house across the street, called out to me and asked me to come around back to see a new puppy. This was late, sometime around 11pm or midnight I think. I went to the back of the house to a spot where there was a chicken coop-type of structure. Frank, an imposing, sizeable Hispanic that went by Brown Sugar, or more often just Sugar, told me to look in the coop. When I leaned over to look, he pushed me in there and when I tried to get up to turn around, there was this sudden enormous dick in my face. There was no light in the back yard, no one could see me, and I didn't see much in front of me except a dick that smelled of blood and maybe shit. I'd never been that close to a man before in that way, and the closest I'd ever been to other dicks was in a locker room in high school PE class, which I hated more than almost anything. I would have given anything to

not be there. But this backyard chicken coop, with no real puppy or chicken in it, was a place I never thought I'd be. I often wondered what my 'first time' would be like, but a man I barely knew, that could easily scare someone like me, that had a dick that was easily 8 inches or more, and bigger around than smoked sausage, was probably not on the list of 'first time' possibilities. I knew Sugar drank a lot and did pot like it was cigarettes, so I wasn't sure what he was thinking of doing to me. Would he hurt me? Would he kill me? My mind was racing. I couldn't back up any and he was pressing his dick into my mouth. I knew from eating food I didn't care for, as well as from previous dental work, that I had a very easy gag reflex. Sure enough, it wasn't any time, and I was gagging. He was frustrated with me and tried to push harder. I took a chance in between gags and him wanting to start again, to lie and say I couldn't do it now but maybe the following weekend. I didn't know what else to do, I was so scared. Finally, after about 15 minutes (but it seemed like much longer), he let me go. I made it to my house, but I knew I couldn't tell my mother. I knew her well enough, plus this was a town in east TX that had about 12,000 people--any report of a male-to-male rape or assault would have gotten all over town quick, and there was no way I could leave town to go somewhere else, I had no money. We were on Section 8, food stamps, and cheese line, plus I was barely making more than minimum wage (\$3.35/hr at the time). That night sent me on a tailspin; it was just the latest in an almost-complete lifetime's worth of mixed messages full of religious fundamentalism from my mother's family, my dad telling me after he and my mother were divorced to never get married or get a girl pregnant, and feelings for men even though I'd been going with a girl from high school since 1979. Swirling, spinning mess in my head, and Sugar just put a whole new ugly spin on it. In the meantime, one night after work, an irregular customer at the

theater where I worked noticed I had no ride home, and offered to take me home. He had been in law-enforcement, and had a very appealing, 1970s-Playgirl look to him. I made the mistake of trying to come on to him before he got me home. He gave me the biggest fuck-you look and I guess I was lucky he didn't drop me off someplace else or beat me up. I was very disappointed that my naivete caused me to not be discreet enough by then to know when a straight guy would be right to hit on, and when to just play it cool. Needless to say, I never saw the man again at my theater. Some days or weeks later, I don't remember when, Mother told me that Sugar and a friend of his needed help with trees in the woods outside of town. I guess she thought I could make some more money. Sugar and an African-American friend took me in Sugar's pickup to an area where some pine trees were being cut down. After cutting and loading the wood, I figured we were done. I was tired, smelled of pine sap, and I needed to get home. I had a night class at a nearby junior college to go to. When I got in the pickup, Sugar and his friend got in on each side, and were looking at me. Sugar wanted me to suck him again, and told his friend that I "was a good dick-licker". I was dead tired. I told him look, I'm sorry, but I can't. I have class tonight, and I'm sore, and need to get rid of this pine sap. I wasn't about to end up like I did before. I was trying to be nice and not an asshole, and I was really hoping Sugar would accept my explanation. Sugar's friend did sound eager about me when Sugar told him about my supposed "talent". I couldn't believe this was happening again. Luckily, Sugar didn't get mean that time and force himself on me. I got home, got cleaned up, and went to class, without telling Mother what happened. Another time, I don't remember how much longer, but Sugar told my mother that he needed my help moving a couch. By this time, he'd gotten us a used refrigerator after Mother did upholstery work for him and his off/on girlfriend,

and because we finally had a fridge again after having to use my grandpa's Coleman cooler for a year (it had a bad seal and wouldn't keep things cold for long, so I had to go every day to the store to get ice), Mother had a good opinion of Sugar and was grateful to have the refrigerator. So, I went over there. Well, there was no couch to move. Sugar locked the door. He threw me to the floor and undid my pants and turned me over on the floor. I tried to shift and squirm and pull away, but every time I tried, he'd punch me. I'd try to say something or scream, but he'd punch me again. I'd never had any dick penetration before, and hadn't had a dildo either. I couldn't believe my upbringing and naivete was leading me to this. He was too big for me, I think. Finally I thought of going to the bathroom, and told Sugar I'd shit on him if he didn't let me go take a dump. He let me out, and amazingly, he didn't try to follow me into the bathroom. There was only one bathroom in the boarding house, in the main hallway next to Sugar's place. It had a lock on the door, so I was able to think without him surprising me. I was bleeding from my back side. I heard Sugar go back to his place. So I unlocked the door quietly, flushed the toilet, and made a run for it. I made it outside, and somehow got back across the street (this was about middle of the day) without getting run over. I heard a voice behind me, and it was Sugar, looking at me from the boarding house porch, giving me kind of a well-you-managed-to-get-away-from-me-this-time look, with a bit of why-did-you-leave-you-know-you-want-me kind of look also. By this time, my grandmother had come into town to visit, and was in the living room talking to Mother. I apologized and told them I needed to run to the bathroom right quick. I was still bleeding. I didn't know what to do. There was HIV/AIDS by then, but nowhere in the town to get tested. Some time later, I was able to get a car, and during summer classes at a junior college in the next big city

to the north, I was able to find a rape crisis center. I went inside to talk to a counselor. I told the lady I'd been assaulted and I needed help. She told me that only women get raped, but she could try to get me in to see someone at MHMR (TX' public mental health service). I couldn't believe it. This was almost as frustrating as living with all my mess/insecurities/bad memories. I had to leave that town. Too many bad visual stimuli around. My sister and brother-in-law wanted Mother and I to move to where they lived. It was in the Panhandle, 500 miles away. Nothing there would give me any reminders of what I'd been through. It wasn't until after I'd moved to the Panhandle, and gotten out on my own, before I was finally able to get an AIDS test, 5 years after the assaults. It was at a local AIDS support organization that was much more welcoming than the rape crisis center was. The waiting for the results were some of the longest 2 weeks of my life. Negative! OMG, I was SO relieved. But, in some ways, still naive. The first time I was not forced upon was with a co-worker who had been a sometime pro-wrestler. Chris was mixed Hispanic and Native. He'd come over drunk after having been out, usually at strip bars. He was straight, but I guess was looser when he was drunk. He acted like he only wanted me to massage him, but eventually, I'd see the rest of him, and I'd blow him to the end. This happened several different nights. One time, he wanted to nail me, and I told him I wasn't ready for that, so he got mad and left. It wasn't long after that, that I heard he'd knocked up a stripper, and his dad got mad and made Chris marry her. Needless to say, I never got to see him again. I've had difficulty ever since with trust issues, looking for a man that's for-real with me, and doesn't look at me for what I can do for him. I've only been all the way once, in 2001, and it would have been wonderful, had that guy not stolen half my CDs from me when he left (while I was at work), no note, no goodbye, nothing. Some

years ago, a memory from the early 1970s came back to me. Mother and I were living in a much smaller (about 1200 people) town at the time. I was in grade school then. I was on my bike, on the way home from a convenience store with things for my mother, when I passed by a shed with a garage. An older kid (he might have been high school age) called out to me. So I went over to him. He wanted the lock/chain I had on my bike. I think I said no. He must have said something (I don't remember the exact conversation) about "I'll give you some of this", or something similar, while unzipping his pants and sticking his dick out. I didn't understand what he really wanted (I wouldn't know anything about sex until many years later), and I got scared and I left. Some time after that (the next day or a few days later, I'm not sure), I got out of school and went to the bike rack, and found my lock/chain missing from my bike. I guess the guy had gotten mad at me for turning him down and just stole the chain. Since all of this, I've not really done anything to 'come out', especially to my mother's family (none of whom know about what's happened to me). I figured I had more pressing issues, like money problems and trying to have a career. I'm now 53, about to be 54, and I'd like to have everything in life to look forward to, but the dilemmas of life/money/career are daunting and frustrating--while suffering the after-effects of a sexual life that spun off into the abyss that I haven't been able to come back from--leaves me in a dire mess. The lack of true help, true love, and a life I should be proud of, is something I never thought I would go through, and didn't think I would have bottled-up inside for this long. I wish you well with your book, Thom, and I hope I didn't rattle on too much. Let me know if there's anything else I need to touch on or clarify. (Another thing, I use _____ as a name on FB as a last name, but that's actually my middle name...my last name is _____ I've had multiple ID theft issues in the past and I'm trying to avoid more.)

-----Thanks so much for sharing this with me (you did not deserve that abuse). I will keep you anonymous. THANKS FOR THE GREAT DETAILS - good writing - very compelling... Can you answer a few questions? When did you first think you were gay? Did you want Sugar like he thought you did? Do you regret all these assaults, or not? Have you assaulted anyone? - Thom

I knew I had feelings for men by at least 6th or 7th grade; I probably would have been more certain sooner if I hadn't been so smothered and kept in the dark about things. Sugar was a scary man, I would have ordinarily put up with him only in the helping-us-with-a-refrigerator or hey-yo-neighbor sense, nothing else. He'd had a girlfriend named Gloria who was African-American. She'd lived with him a long time, but they'd have their fights or on/off's, and I guess I was the next nearest piece of ass to him, I don't know. He certainly wasn't Chris, or Antonio Sabato Jr., or Joe Mangianello. I don't know what else he was into besides pot and beer, but I would guess some other drugs, and likely some kind of criminal goings-on. I don't know. Absolutely I regret what he did to me. I was only in that town because my dad decided he didn't want the responsibility of a wife and son (he was a longtime alcoholic, and late in his life, he was diagnosed bipolar/manic-depressive) and Mother thought the only place we could go was east TX, where her folks were from. It was an emotional tearing that I've never recovered from. All I ever knew was the Dallas area, although I'm a fellow midwesterner like you, but from Iowa. My folks were both working for the same company in Cedar Rapids when I came along. Anyway, the longer I was in east TX, the less I liked it. Being dumped by Marcia and the not-long-after assaults by Sugar finished me off. It was another 4 years before I could finally put the foot to the gas pedal for good from down there. I'm sure people, especially remaining family members,

wonder why I never got married or had any kids, but oh well. They never really bothered to get to know me, and the whole time I had to live down there, people in Mother's family gave me the black-sheep/double-standard treatment. But I guess that's for another book--or mine if I have it in me . No, I never assaulted anyone. I guess I figured I didn't want to put anyone through what I'd gone through, plus, beyond my years of dolphin wax 😊, I've not had the chance to be dominant or 'top', especially in recent years, as I'm doing good to take a piss most days now. I don't have the \$\$\$ or insurance to look into anything down there, but I'd guess my yo-yo-ing weight and stress are 2 of the reasons I'm not getting the flag to the top of the flagpole. Well, anyway, let me know if there's anything else...thanx Thom.

REPUBLICAN SENATOR'S CHIEF OF STAFF DRUGGED AND RAPED APPRENTICE THOUGH HE WAS WILLING TO MAKE LOVE

Thom - Like many young men I struggled with my sexuality for life. I dated women, because it was what was expected. But I never felt completely comfortable being intimate with any of the women I dated. There just wasn't any emotional or sexual connection.

I went to a Christian college that was located in my state's capitol city. My Freshman year of college was a Presidential Election year and I quickly got active in the college's Young Republican Club and became involved in our US Senator's re-election campaign.

I spent hours at the campaign headquarters stuffing envelopes, making phone calls and organizing literature drops. Almost immediately I was taken under the wing of the campaign manager, a good looking 35-year-old named Tony.

I'd never had a big brother growing up, so I appreciated all the attention Tony showed me. He got me invited to fundraisers for the Senator and I often went with him to party cocktail receptions and other political events.

I loved hearing Tony's stories of past campaigns he had worked on, the famous people he had met and about his time as a young Congressional staffer in Washington, DC.

Election day could not have been more exciting because the Senator was re-elected by a landslide. But it was also a bit of a bummer because I knew that my time with my new best friend

and mentor Tony would now be limited, especially if he got the job he was angling for as the Senator's Chief of Staff in Washington.

Ten days after the election I finally got a call from Tony and he invited me to come over to his apartment for a belated victory celebration. He told me he had a "little" something for me as a way of saying thanks for all my hard work.

I couldn't wait for Saturday to arrive to see Tony. I went to the mall and bought a oxford striped shirt and khakis just like Tony always wore. And sure enough when he opened the door we were dressed as twins...only one of the twins was 17 years older.

He gave me a longer than usual hug and over his shoulder I could see a nicely wrapped gift on the table beside a bottle of Champaign. I couldn't wait to open the gift but was a little embarrassed when I saw it was a tiny red Speedo. Tony said he would really like to see me in it. At first I resisted, but after much coaxing, I finally went in his bedroom and changed into it.

Tony squealed with glee when I came around the corner sporting a little more than nothing. He immediately suggested we go to his apartment complex indoor pool for a swim while the champagne was chilling.

Tony went into the bedroom and changed into an identical red Speedo and handed me a terrycloth robe, again exactly like his, to wear to the basement level pool.

After swimming for a while, Tony flipped the switch on the sauna and suggested we take a soak in the hot tub. I didn't think anything could be more relaxing that the pulsing water jets and bubbles in the hot tub, that is, until we got out and got in the

sauna.

The sauna was a new experience for me but I enjoyed hearing Tony tell of his introduction to saunas on vacation he had taken to Finland. I remembering him telling me that in Finland everyone would be nude...but he laughed and said we could hardly do that in an apartment building sauna where someone could walk in at any time.

At first we were sitting on and an upper bench but quickly it became too hot for a sauna novice and I moved to the lowest bench and sat with my legs outstretched. Soon Tony also moved down and his legs were also outstretched and were entwined in mine. It was a bit uncomfortable having his much longer foot right up against my crotch. Before long I started to get an erection and I quickly moved into an upright sitting position. Tony laughed and assured me not to worry about it and suggested maybe we had better take a cold shower.

After showering we rung out the wet Speedos, put on the robes and headed back to his apartment.

Tony immediately went to the kitchen and came back with a single glass of Champaign and handed it to me.

“Aren’t you gong to have one?” I asked.

“Maybe later” was the last thing I remember before realizing I was in his bed with Tony penetrating me.

I don’t remember getting dressed, leaving his apartment or driving home. But, I do remember crying for hours as my roommate held and tried his best to console me and having the worst headache from being drugged. I couldn’t tell my

roommate what had happened, I was too ashamed.

Fortunately for me, Tony left own to take a job on the Senator's staff in Washington. But there wasn't a day that I didn't relive the sexual assault in my mind. I spent countless hours concocting elaborate plans of how I would kill him if he ever came back into my life.

For years I refused to allow myself to get close to any male friends or coworkers. I would cringe or have near breakdowns if someone were to touch me in even more he most innocent of ways.

Finally, after years of trying to repress the horrible event, to no avail, I ultimately got some professional counseling.

Ironically my therapist suggested massage as an avenue to overcome my fear of being touched by another man and i was able to stop blaming myself for something that happened when was a young man.

Thanks so much for sharing this with me Can you answer a few questions? it seems you and Tony had great chemistry - so why did he drug you? wouldn't you have had sex with him anyway? what was his intent? mean-spirited?

First Tony is not his real name.....it is -----....just so you don't give him that name. In telling a friend about it about it during the Kavanaugh hearings he said.....[DELETED]. He said that he did the same thing to his friend's brother. And has been messed up for years. I'm guessing there may have been others.

I suspect he drugged me because he knew I would never have have consented at that time in my life. I didn't finally act on my

sexuality until I was 39.....and only then when I was fired from my job as campaign manager for an incumbent governor...when a primary opponent floats around A list of 25 gays and lesbians who were close to the governor. My name was #1 on the list. I was given the list by the press who promised not to use it but wanted a quote....in case some other media outlet forced their hand and did it first. I. Confronted the opponent and threatened to sue if it appeared in print and he said his proof was that I was never married, didn't date, was a snappy dresser who always wore bow ties....and he had heard I did needlepoint.

I ended up losing over 20 pounds overnight not sleeping for fear it would be used. The gov's office forced me to fall on my sword and leave the Campaign because I had become a distraction. This was a governor who had just signs an Employment Non-Discrimination Act. The reason they gave for my leaving the campaign was that it was for health reasons. It was 1992, everyone was talking about the list....and immediately assumed I had AIDS. I was never able to get another job in GOP politics again. And I had worked in the Geo HW Bush administration, been executive director of the party, worked for legislative caucuses in two states. Had successfully run numerous races.

I had always been married to my job, loyal to the end....would never have done anything to embarrass my party or political boss.

Once I was out of politics I entered an aol chat room and ended hooking up with a banker on President's day.

As to your question - no it wasn't mean spirited. I think he just liked young men....but was careful enough to go for ones who were at least 18.

I have never hated anyone like I have him. He robbed me of

much of my adulthood by using me as he did

Finally I can have healthy relationships with men

Oh. I was also Mormon

Thanks ---- you were raised to be sex-shamed and felt like almost all gays in that era that you were bad, right? Do you think that belief helped attract to you more shame and belittling/ abuse?

Oh absolutely, I went through the LDS reparative therapy program, Evergreen, trying to get gays to convert to straights, all it did for me was to cause more self loathing. It's like wearing blue contacts and telling people your eyes are blue, all you have do is mask the truth, I have never thought that I was do alone as I did back then. Struggling alone unable to talk to anyone. I had a Mormon Bishop say my problem was I needed to spend more time on my knees praying when I probably would have been better off spending more time on my knees sucking cock it beating off rather than beating myself up. How I avoided suicide is amazing. I certainly thought that was the only answer.

gotcha -- how cool today we have the internet - so gays are empowered

Absolutely, and people like you who are role models for today's youth. Anxious to read your new book Just think if we had known Dr Kildaire was gay as kids

right??

Here is my other story

When I was a candidate for the Iowa Legislature in 1984 there was an out gay Republican, who was running for Congress.

While knocking on doors in an apartment building a man invited me inside his apartment to talk. It quickly became apparent that the man mistook me for the openly gay candidate as he slammed me up against a wall. I was repeatedly choked and punched in the face and chest, choked and kneed in the groin. I can still remember the hate in my attackers eyes while he screamed the vilest hateful words I had ever heard uttered. At just the moment I felt my life passing before me, my attackers wife walked in on the attack and demanded to know what was happening. Fortunately, once confronted by the wife, he stopped his beating, pushed me out the door and onto the hallway floor.

As is the case for most unmarried men who are candidates for public office, rumors of my being gay were often whispered in political circles. However, at that time of my assault I had never acted on my sexuality.

Because rumors of my being gay already were already out there, I decided to not report the attack to the police. I also chose to not see a doctor for fear of any negative press that might come as a result. Consequently, it took the next two weeks for my black and blue bruising to fade and the swelling in my scrotum to subside.

I suspended knocking on any more doors for the duration of the campaign out of fear of who might be behind closed doors.

I lost the election by 711 votes.

While I never became a legislator, the event did open my eyes to the hate that is out there and consequently I became an outspoken advocate for the equality of all Americans. No one should have to face the kind of bashing I experienced. In retrospect I should have gone to the police, I should have filed charges because gay bashing should have consequences

wow man - so heavy! so you think he was going to beat up a candidate only because of gay rumors? why?

No, he thought I was the out gay businessman who was running against our incumbent congressman.

I 'm quite sure he thought of me because he said how dare you run against Neal Smith. My opponent was a guy named Jack Hatch. There had been all kinds of news reports about Rich Eychner being the first openly gay man to run for congress. This was 1984, in Des Moines. Iowa three years before Barney Frank came out.

The guy was a big burley guy. Probably a union guy. I couldn't get a word out....he kept choking, kneeing me, slamming me against the wall.

-----but he decided to BEAT UP the opponent to his candidate??

He hated gays...and he thought I was that guy.

right - but what is he - an animal? beats up anyone he doesn't like?

he was just a working class beer drink red neck gay hater Having trouble with left hand so typing with one hand....sorry about all the mistakes Horrible arthritis acting up tonight Unfortunately, I was just in the wrong place at that time Congressman Smith had been in Office for about 30 years was especially loved in the labor community.

-----wow - who knew politics was so dangerous to candidates?

AT 11, ABUSED BY THE NANNY'S SON, AND RECENTLY DRUGGED AND LEFT IN A PARKING LOT

It won't bother me if you use my name. I was sexually molested at 11 by my nannies son, who was about 22. When she would go to the grocery store for my family, he'd take me in his bedroom and was the first one to ever penetrate me. This happened about 20 times. I never told anyone. I knew my mom would kill him, literally. I don't know why I protected him. But I was very confused. He awakened me sexually at an age that I shouldn't have been, but at the same time, it was sex, and it felt good. Confusing ...

Just 6 months ago, I spent a lovely day with my long term friend, Holly. We hung out all day, had about 4 drinks in a 6 hour span. At around midnight I decided I was ready to go home. As I was passing by a local bar in Dallas, I noticed my friend, Larry's pink Rolls Royce in the parking lot. I hadn't seen him in months and decided to stop in. Larry is fabulous and fun. He bought me a drink and we chatted for a while. He had to leave and we said our goodbyes. I had been being watch by this guy all the while, he was young & cute, I was flattered. After Larry left, I approached the guy to say hello. I really had to pee, so I slid my drink towards him and asked him to "please watch this". When i came back, i began to sip the drink. He asked me if I wanted to go to his car and smoke some cannabis. I said yes. The next thing I knew 1.5 hours later, I was awakened by the closing bartender asking me if I was ok. I responded with "Fuck no! You're waking me up in your parking lot." He made sure I was ok, I made sure he thought I was cause I was so embarrassed. I wasn't drunk at all. Although I wasn't raped, there were 2 things that kept playing in my head ...

(1) Why would he drug me? He was really cute and all he had to do was say "let's fuck." (2) Why for 1.5 hours, did people just walk past me in the parking lot? I could've never done that to someone.

So ... that's it. I truly was changed by both experiences. It makes me wanna just stay away from others.

Thanks so much for sharing this with me and can you answer a few questions? anal sex with the nanny's son was pleasurable at 11, not painful?? did you both enjoy it?..... when did this end? did you ever tell your mom? do you feel shame or pride?..... wow - 2nd story - indeed - why did he drug you? so what do you think happened? did he have a car? did you have sex in it with him? did he then just dump you out?

The anal sex when I was 11 hurt. I didn't like it. I liked my penis being touched and sucked, but when he made me have anal sex, I did not like it. This lasted about a year, until I told him no. I did tell my mom when I was 24. She flipped out and wanted to kill him. I felt great shame. I felt like it changed me & I imagined people in my small town somehow just knew.

2nd incident-

I don't use illegal drugs any longer, except I do smoke cannabis. But I live in Texas, so, not legal. I tested + the next day for GHB. I think when we headed outside, to his car, I remember saying to him while walking down a short flight of stairs, "wow, I feel dizzy." Therefore, we never made it to his car, thank God! Cause again, what was he gonna do with me afterwards? And again, why did people just walk past me? I'm glad I passed out, I guess he just didn't feel like dragging my flaccid body to his car.

Thank you for asking. I'm an open book, like you. I live in Texas

SWIM COACH ASKS TO SHOWER WITH STUDENT

I was a senior in high school in 1966 and I was also on the senior swim team. Our coach who I will call Will was I think, between 28 and 30 years of age of medium build with blond crew cut hair. I was 18 years old and was aware of my sexual orientation but very closeted as one had to be back then.

One afternoon after swim practice I decided to shower before going home. Most of the boys just got out of the pool, dried off, got dressed and went home but the pool had just been chlorinated that day so I decided to shower. I was the only one in there when Will came in. He said that the shower in the Coaches locker room was not working and did I mind if showered near me. I told him not at all and could not keep my eyes off of him. As he soaped himself up I started to get an erection. He noticed and started to get one too. The next thing I knew he was behind me and I was being penetrated. While it hurt like hell, I let him do it because I had such a crush on him and after a few minutes I really started to enjoy it. He finished, showered off and asked me not to tell anyone what happened as he would get into a lot of trouble. He told me he liked me and that I was “real cute” and he could not resist himself. I told him it would be our secret and not to worry.

Several weeks and several practices went by and both of us acted like nothing had happened. About a month after the incident with me I noticed several police cars outside the school and cops going toward the gym/pool area. As it turned out, Will tried the same thing with another senior boy who was not as willing as I was and turned him in. Will was fired and I don't know what became of

him.

I suppose that technically I was molested but as a young, horny gay kid I was more than happy to experience what he did and was not about to turn this man in who found me “real cute”.

I hope this works for your book as I was more consenting of being molested.

-----thanks questions... what ever happened to him? do you know? did you want to share your account at that time to help him - or indict him? how do you feel about your silence? did you engage in other gym shower sex as the years passed (I did)... did this event change your life in any way?

I don't know what happened to him Thom. If still alive he would be in his 80s. I wanted to share to help me. I never wanted to hurt him in anyway. I'm fine with my silence, he ended up getting busted but not by me. When I was in college and again when in the Air Force overseas I did get it on in the shower several times. The event with Will in high school cemented to me that I'm gay and was desirable so it was actually a good thing rather than I. Hope this helps. Thank you for including me!

EXPELLED AFTER COLLEGE ROOMMATE RAPED HIM

I was at a party with my friend at the Ramada Inn in the Washington DC metro area (don't remember specifically where). I developed a horrible migraine and was deathly ill. A friend of his I'd just met (who, incidentally, also worked at the same place I worked) offered to drive me home.

I evidently passed out at some point, because I woke up very briefly to the sight of him in the mirror fucking me on a huge bed in a humongous bedroom. I don't know if he told me or what, but I know it was at the Crystal Towers in Crystal City.

I passed out again and woke up to the migraine being even worse. I called my friend Hilda, who took me to the ER. Turns out I actually had meningitis. I was in the hospital for almost two weeks.

It was only later that I remembered what happened. My friend refused to believe I was raped by his friend. I confronted the guy when he sought me out at work and he denied it. I told him that we both knew what he'd done. I also told him how evil it was that he took advantage of my illness. Thankfully, he never contacted me again. He was an older guy and who knows, if he hadn't done that, I might've found him attractive. I was raped twice before that, and remember them quite vividly, but the third time was the worst, because I was unconscious for 99% of it and it didn't matter.

I was 23 at the time.

so sorry you went through that --- could you describe your earlier

rapes? why do you think you were raped 3 times?

1st time, my roommate in school (I was 16) wouldn't stop and held me down even though it was extremely painful. The other guys in the dorm evidently could hear and it was all over the school the next day. Very traumatic for me. I was expelled and my roommate wasn't. So I have no idea why I was singled out for ridicule from many of the coed students and threats of physical harm from several guys (including supposed friends). Very horrific day and then having to ride home with my Mom and aunt in silence.

2nd time the guy didn't even ask or anything... I was naive... went home with him from a bar in DC & he just went from kissing to turning me over , pulling my pants down, pushing me to the floor, and sticking it in even before I had a chance to figure out what he was doing... he was about 6 ft 250 (I'm guessing). His response after it was over was "you shouldn't have gotten me horny". I didn't even know where I was (just that I was in VA in one of the suburbs). I hadn't been living in the area long. He told me there was a subway stop nearby. He dropped me off at a 7-11 and the clerk told me the address and that the subway wasn't within walking distance. I had to call a friend to come and get me. I didn't tell what had happened. I figured it was my fault for getting myself into a situation with someone I didn't know.

----- oh wow man ---- cold guys -- damn... sorry you went through that... how bizarre - or - common? - for you, the victim, to be expelled? unfair -- would you do anything differently in hindsight? why do you think your roommate did that to you?

seems you were very shamed - a long time - are you still shamed? what is your sex life like today?

No. I was a total slut from the early to mid-80s. But after I came back home from the DC area, I had 2 relationships (one lasted less than a year at the beginning of the 90s and the other one at the end of the 90s for almost 5 years), with a couple of one night stands in between the 2 relationships, and that was pretty much the end of things. I had one night stands with a total of 2 local guys since 2001. There was never any other kind of interest from anyone locally after that and I don't trust anything long distance. So, I expect that my sex life is pretty much over.

Both of the one night stands were one-sided. Neither one of them had any interest in my having an orgasm ... they pretty much used me as a human Fleshlight. So I'm just a tad cynical about anything worthwhile happening at this point in my life.

-----ok - gotcha... I do understand... long distance romance hopes are very chancy... risky... but I also believe we create our lives by the emotions we vibrate -- so if I want to attract a great relationship, I fake it exists, keeping that vibe strong, to attract that.... (if that helps you) ... no relationship here - not for years - but am confident I'll meet a great guy.

MAKES HOLLYWOOD MANAGER BARK LIKE A DOG

When I was 37 I worked on a sitcom. After every taping the production company would have a cocktail party at venue close to where we taped at Disney Studios. Every taping day, this rather obese and pushy powerful manager of one of the principals would show up and come to the party afterwards. During our chat at the party he suggested I see his new condo that night. Not wanting to refuse him because of his status, I went along but had no intention of having sex with him. I thought as a young actor I should get to know him. When we entered his large condo he gave me a tour of all the empty rooms. He had just moved in. The last room we entered was his bedroom. There he mentioned he liked my hairy chest and started to feel my fur near my open shirt collar. I stepped back not wanting this advance but thought if I refused perhaps he would be vindictive. So I let him feel my chest as he used both hands to kind of feel me up. I said to myself that I had to go through with this. I said to myself just pretend you're hustler and he is a customer. So I took a dominant role and ordered him on the bed. I yelled at him to get on all all fours and bark like a dog. I spanked him hard and he barked like a dog. I laughed inside. I kind relished being in control of this large powerful manager. He barked like a dog as I ordered him to get naked. I had to go through with this. If I walked out I was afraid for my job. Today I realized This comes from low self-esteem. He then laid on the bed with a pillow behind his head. I sat on his lap as he ripped open my shirt and undid my belt. His three inch cock was hard like a rock. He rubbed my hairy chest and belly as he helped slide off my pants and briefs. He said he loved my hairy butt as his fingered my crack and hole. He said he wanted to deep fuck me while I sat on his lap. I closed my eyes and went off into

another world as I ordered him to suck my cock. So I shimmied up to his head and fucked his mouth. He said it was a fat cock and I can see he was slurping and chocking like he was having his last meal before an execution. He was jerking off while I fucked his mouth. He pushed me down onto his small cock saying wanted to be inside my hairy butt. I said no but I turned around and ordered him to lick my hairy hole. He really dug in. I then flipped on my back and jerked myself and him. Again he wanted to fuck me this time while I was on my back. He asked if I would get on all fours and have him fuck me also. My favorite position but I though not with him so we jerked off until we both came. He liked my balls as my cum dribbled down my cock and now my balls. After I cleaned up and got out of there I thought what did I do. He'll want more. The following week I feared seeing him again so I concocted a story that I wasn't feeling well lately and I think it scared him from advancing with me again.

I did see him a few times hanging at a few coffee houses in West Hollywood. I passed by and gestured hello but I don't think he remembered me years later. I saw him on the Academy Awards red carpet as he was the date for his client. When she won best actress she thanked him. The camera turned to him in the front row.

Sometimes we compromise ourselves because we need a job or a connection especially in our field but I think the powers to be that want sex with you would look at you afterwards as someone you gave in or can be manipulated. It's a gamble. If you do give in you become a slave to them. If you don't give in they might not help you and move onto the next cute actor. My feeling is they might help initially but then later not because one can't keep up serving their sexual needs. Both sides would realize it's not authentic. The

agent or producer will then dispose of you so I think it's better to restrain and not compromise our integrity and professionalism.

CLOSETED ICE CREAM PARLOR CO-WORKERS RAPE

Hi Thom. Congratulations on your new book, and the excitement it is generating. I wish you huge success. I have a story to share, and trust it will remain confidential.

When I was 16, I was in my last year of high school in Orange County, California. I worked four or five nights a week at an ice cream parlor. I was less social than the others and more focused on work. One night after closing, while we were cleaning up from the busy night, I was left with three of my co-workers, two guys I knew from high school, who were 16-17, and one guy who was in college. He was 19. I was alone in the kitchen washing dishes. They came in laughing, pulled my hands behind my back, pushed me onto the floor and yanked down my pants. Over the next ten minutes, they took turns raping me on the floor of the kitchen of the restaurant. All three of them. It was painful and humiliating, but much more than that, I was psychologically battered. When I was released, I got dressed and ran out the door.

There was no one I could tell. Not my parents, not my boss, not the police. I knew that opening it up for discussion would be much worse than the trauma of the temporary act. The next evening was Sunday and I went to work. Two of them were there that night, and I had to work with them. None of us ever discussed it again. A few weeks later I quit my job without explanation, and a couple months later I graduated from high school, never to see any of them again. I still remember their names and faces.

-----wow man, so sorry that happened to you... as they raped you, were you screaming - or asking them not to - or what? what were the others doing as one raped you? do you think they did this

before or after to others? were they out and gay or closeted?

Thanks, Thom. I have given this experience little thought, but I do have to wonder if it shaped my views now. At the time I was too naive to be conscious of my own sexual orientation, though I recognized I found guys more interesting than girls. Did I do something to invite this? Did I secretly enjoy it? Have I fantasized about it since then? A couple years later I was picking up guys in the bars of West Hollywood and Laguna Beach, and having one night stands. I was not traumatized by sex, but enjoyed it.

They held me down while I struggled, but there were three of them, so they overpowered me. The older guy was a bodybuilder and muscled. I don't know that anyone was gay, but I did see the two guys from high school a few years later at the Mother Lode. They were standing together as I walked in, and I turned and left. So I assume they came out later. I don't know if they ever did this to others, but the older guy may have instigated it. I just don't know.

Because this thing happened and I suppressed it, I have had little tolerance for people who act as victims. In my view, some people throw away their future continuing to relive one traumatic experience - a rape, an accident, a disease. We have an amazing power to overcome. Yes, it was very bad while it was happening, but then it was done. You overcame a horrible tragedy, and wrote a brilliant book about your journey of acceptance and forgiveness, while continuing to live your life and pursue your work.

----- thanks -- and altho I do not feel victimized by anything in my own life at this time (mother's murder, loss of acting career or my sexual assaults) I was a victim awhile... I hear you tho --- we humans often overlook our own healing potential and play small

when we can be huge... yes I suspect they raped you because they were secretly gay and felt you were outwardly gay so wanted it -- in a sense, I suspect they reasoned it was ok because you were gay, and they could not be open about wanting to be gay...

That is probably how it played out. Male teenagers are going through their own sexual discovery, and they are also fighting to assert power over others, which is why almost every woman who ever lived has been pushed too far. They saw me as weak and easy prey, and perhaps a bit willing. They were probably too foolish to think of the repercussions, or felt safe enough to believe there would not be any.

-----right - their hormones were raging, as was their personal mob entertainment/ challenges/ bravado - and you were the "victim" -- you are rare to be so sensible and "over it".

Great empathy always guides me to figure out why someone else acts as they do. The more I understand about what motivates them, the easier it is for me to accept people who do things differently. It does not make it right, but it lets me stop agonizing over it. Now I need to go to your website and order a copy of your book. I wish you could have a screenplay of Forgiving Troy, and that it would be done with proper sensitivity. It's a great story, Thom.

brilliant point about empathy!!! yes - we are such a SHAMING SOCIETY! so easy to point fingers on FB at who is "right" and "wrong" - I personally avoid those terms... I also try to empathize with why people choose the actions they do...

FORGAVE SEXY MASSEUR FOR "NO MEANS YES" RAPE

About once a month, I used to visit a bodybuilder, who was a licensed massage therapist. Over a ten year period, our sessions "evolved" into a comfortable sexual relationship that had limits. One day, he was working on my legs and his hands moved towards my butt cheeks. Then, he climbed on the table and blanketed me with his body. I liked it as he grinded himself against me -- it felt warm -- like a big bear. Then, I could feel his cock poking at my anus, which was something new. I moved my legs together, signaling to him that I wasn't inclined. In one decisive move, he spread my legs and thrust his cock in me. I literally saw stars. No lube. No gentle coaxing. Just a big, dry push. I was in pain. I tried to shove this 200 pound man off me, but, he somehow saw this as a signal to continue. He forced his weight down on me as he pushed himself deeper into me. Somehow, I was able to wiggle out from under him, breaking the headrest of the table as I tumbled to the floor. He just had this surprised look on his face while I hurriedly pulled on my clothes. I noticed that I was bleeding and reached my hand out to show him. He looked at the carpet -- I know he cared more about bloodstains on the rug than me. I said, "I told you no." He shrugged it off and replied, "Yeah, well, I've been around long enough to know that "No" really means "Yes." I threw the money I owed him for the massage on the table and reached for my coat. He gave me this look like I was being overly dramatic. I was waiting for the elevator and could hear noise coming from his apartment, like he was coming out. I remember running for the stairs and ran ten flights down and out of the building. I didn't want to risk it. On the bus ride home, he texted me "did you react this way because of your diabetes?" As upset as I was, I had to laugh at how stupid

men can be.

wow -- well, no doubt many men would not have objected to him, but I know for me I would have done exactly as you did... not sure I would have paid tho - why did you pay?

I PAID OUT OF FEAR. HE DIDN'T THINK HE DID ANYTHING WRONG. HE WAS A POWERFULLY BUILT MAN. I ALWAYS HAD A SENSE OF FEAR AROUND HIM. SORT OF LIKE PETTING A CAGED LION. BEAUTIFUL. PURRED. BUT COULD SNAP YOUR NECK LIKE KINDLING ON WHIM.

do you regret paying?

NOPE. NOT AT ALL. I WAS HAPPY TO HAVE THE SENSE TO KEEP MY COOL AND GET THE HELL OUT OF THERE. GIVING HIM THE MONEY ELIMINATED ONE REASON FOR HIM TO HARM ME.

did you ever think of confronting him or calling the police - if not, why not?

WOULD NOT CALL THE POLICE BECAUSE THE RELATIONSHIP WAS PRETTY FAR INTO PROSTITUTION. HOW DO YOU FRAME YOURSELF AS A VICTIM WHEN YOU'VE BEEN PAYING FOR YEARS FOR HIM TO MASSAGE YOU, AND FOR YOU TO SUCK HIS HUGE COCK AND EAT HIS ASS?

do you attribute this to a misunderstanding more than a rape?

GOING WITH MY GUT HERE. RAPE. HE SAW WHAT HE WANTED AND DIDN'T GIVE A SHIT IF I SAID NO. THE OLD "NO" REALLY MEANS "YES" EXCUSE SPILLED OUT OF HIS MOUTH TOO EASILY. AS IF IT WERE A GO-TO STATEMENT THAT HE USED BEFORE.

do you hold yourself accountable?

ASIDE FROM THE FACT THAT I WAS DOING SOMETHING ILLEGAL IN THE FIRST PLACE, NO.

do you feel guilt or shame?

NEITHER. I CAN DEFINITELY COMPARTMENTALIZE IT. HE WAS THE ACTOR. I WAS THE VICTIM. PERIOD.

did you ever see him again?

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I DID. HE WAS AN ALCOHOLIC. HE CALLED ME OUT OF THE BLUE ONE DAY CRYING THAT I NEVER VISITED HIM ANY MORE. HE WAS CRYING TOO BECAUSE HE COULDN'T SLEEP AND NO MATTER HOW MUCH HE DRANK, THE PILLS HE TOOK, OR THE WEED HE SMOKED, HE COULDN'T SLEEP. HE ASKED ME TO COME SEE HIM. I DON'T KNOW WHY. AGAIN, I WILL SAY IT, I DON'T KNOW WHY. BUT I WENT TO HIS APARTMENT. HE HAD BEEN LYING IN BED WATCHING RERUNS OF LAW & ORDER SVU (IRONICALLY). HE ASKED ME TO TAKE MY CLOTHES OFF AND CRAWL IN BED WITH HIM. I DID. THE FIRST TIME I EVER LAY IN HIS BED. ALL THE OTHER TIMES WERE ON THE MASSAGE TABLE OR ON THE FLOOR. HE WANTED TO CUDDLE. HE WAS SO WASTED, I COULD BARELY UNDERSTAND WHAT HE SAID. THERE WAS NOTHING SEXUAL ABOUT IT. SPIRITUAL. I WAITED UNTIL HE FELL ASLEEP AND LEFT.

After that day we cuddled in his condo, I rarely saw him. We'd text back and forth, or talk on the phone. But, it gradually became too difficult to make an appointment with him. If he returned my call, it was always days later. And, he griped about needing advance notice to set up an appointment. I think it was due, in large part, to the fact that he was spiraling downward in his alcoholism and drug addiction. One time, he said to me, "you know, I am a person, so, you shouldn't expect me to be on

standby every time you're in the mood to see me." I remember sloughing it off because I viewed him as a service provider and didn't care too much about accommodating his scheduling preferences.

The last time I talked to him, he had moved to a townhouse in the suburbs with a pool. He was so happy to start over in a new neighborhood. All he wanted to do is lay by the pool and relax. I kept promising to check out his new digs. I never did. Truth be told: I had no use for him anymore. My confession. I paid him for a service that he no longer provided on my terms. The business relationship didn't work. It was that simple. At least that's what I told myself. About six months went by and I hadn't heard from him. On a hot, sunny Saturday, I was on my way into the dry cleaners and spotted Martin at the end of the street walking towards me. He was wearing 1970's cutoffs and a tank top, walking in his cock-of-the-walk way. I ducked into the dry cleaners, because I didn't want to talk to him or be seen with him -- another confession. When I left the cleaners, I looked to the left and right. Martin was nowhere to be seen. Sigh of relief. A week later, I was feeling guilty and texted him to see how he was doing and how much he was enjoying the pool. I received a response: "This is Martin's sister. Martin drowned two months ago." I checked the papers, and sure enough, his obituary said that he drowned way before I saw him on the street that day.

SWIMSUIT MODEL GETS FELT UP BY CATALOG CASTING

When I was 22 (just under six feet, blondish hair and blue eyes) I was an assistant to a choreographer and jazz dance teacher at Long Beach State University. I also belonged to the June Terry Modeling Agency in Sherman Oaks California. I received a phone call from the agency saying I needed to go to Hollywood for a meeting about modeling in a men's swim suit catalog. When I showed up there was just the guy (40's, medium build, dark hair) who was hiring the models. There was a table of swimsuits in the middle of the room. He said "Strip down and try on one of the suits." If there had been more people there I would have done that but with just him and me I felt uncomfortable. I said, "Is there somewhere I can change?" He pointed to a rest room in the corner. I came out in the suit and he said "Can you make a bigger basket for me?"

He wanted me to get an erection. I said maybe I need a jock strap under here. He said, "I really want to see you in a couple of more suits but you seem really nervous. Would you like a drink?" I was thinking well maybe if I'm nice I will get the job. I took the drink which was basically a water glass full of vodka with a splash of orange juice. I tried on another suit and was feeling a bit tipsy because I wasn't use to drinking much. He came over to me and stuck his hand down the front of my suit and said, "You know, we are really selling sex in this catalog, not bathing suits."

I said, "I didn't come here for this" and I left. I don't remember feeling upset or really bothered much but I was mad that I drove from Long Beach to Hollywood for nothing. When I went to my modeling agency after that I found out another one of the male

models had gone there for an interview. I told him what happened to me and he said the guy just looked him up and down and said "no thanks" he didn't even ask him to try on a suit. The agency said he missed his deadline to publish the catalog. Maybe the whole thing was just for him to get his jollies.

RAPIST AND ACCOMPLICE GET JAILED

When I was 18 I had hair down to my shoulder and a pair of brown Levi corduroys and wearing a white wife beaters tank top. I was raped on July 4, 1981. I lived in a town in Ohio. Springfield. I knew I was gay. But never came out till then. Met a guy, got to know him. He was put in a hospital and he sent me to tell his friend, Mike. Come find out he set me up to get broken in. This guy tied me up, beat the shit out of me. Black eyes, rope burns on my wrist and ankles.

I lived with my grandmother. I came home after being tied up and raped. My uncle was there, he knew something. We went for a walk and sat down on some church steps smoked a joint and I told him what happened. They called the cops went to the hospital.

The cops asked me if I was gay? I said yes. My parents had a shit fit. The questions came, you had girlfriends? A front? The guy I dated told police he set me up. They both went to prison.

The guy that raped me was into leather and today it turns me on.

MY BEST FRIEND'S DAD

Nebraska. I was ten years old. It was late spring early summer weather. I went over to play with my best friend outside - also his sisters were outside as well. We played for hours. I had to piss so bad I went to the bathroom. I knock on the door and no one answers. I open the door, it was unlocked. Closed the door and took a piss in the toilet. I heard something but did not pay attention to the noise. I got done pissing and turn around it was my best friend dad standing there naked and barely covering his man cock. He look at me with a half smile and he was gentle stroking himself. He asked me did I lock the bathroom door? I said yes. He said show me it lock? I tried opening the door but it was locked. He then pointed his finger to get me to come closer to him. I did and he said to me I need some help! I said ok. He said put your hands out - I did and then he laid his big man cock on my hands. Then he closed them with his hands and started to fuck into my hands and you hear him moan and groan. After about fifteen minutes of it he finally shot his load in my hands. He smiled at me and said thank you. I been jerking off in the shower and nothing was happening. He cleaned my hands with his towel and told me I better get back outside. He did not threaten me but said that it would not look good for both of us if this got out. He is still married and no one knows the other side of him. He is 100% straight but had a very sexually appetite when he was younger.

That was the first time. But later it became a thing between us and I got played with his cock when I wanted to or when he was in the mood as well. It was almost the end of fifth grade when it started. I hit puberty in 3/4 of fifth grade. It lasted till I started junior high. Then he found another classmate of mine that started

playing with him more. After that I never played with him again. He started playing around with my gym teacher as well. He wanted me to play with my classmate but I was not into him. I cut my losses and left that situation. I never told anyone that story.

RAPIST ERNIE IN NOVA SCOTIA

hi thom,,,heres my story as much as i remember,,,back in the early 80s ,,I was 19, dating this guy ernie from capr breton nova scotia,,, we went out for a few months but then he decided to move back to the cape but before he left he wanted to fix me up with a friend he met while he was here in toronto,,, Before we all could get together ernie moved back home but had given his bud my number..A few weeks past and one night this guy joe called saying ernie had given my number to him..it was a sat night I was staying at my sister Darlenes house with her while her husband was in europe...this particular sat night my other sister Jackie came over and her and Darlene decided to go out,,They took darlenes car leaving jackies in the driveway...So when joe asked if i would be interested in meeting that night I said sure as i could use my sister jackies car to get downtown where joe lived,,But i made it quite clear to him that I could only come down for bout an hour an meet then head home as i had my sisters car,,,he agreed and said great it would be nice to just meet,,So once at joes he offered me a drink ,, a vodka and orange,,,told him i would sip on one but i had to drive,,, we sat and chatted meanwhile sipping our cocktails,,after maybe half the drink was drank,,,i was loaded..i mean so loaded i could not walk...i must have blacked out because next thing i remember i was naked on his bed legs over the shoulders and being fucked bare back,,worse of all i could do nothing about what was happening i was to weak to stoned to fight him off,,,and to be honest i was to out of it to even care,, i dont remember finishing the act,, i dont remember getting dressed,,,but i do remember him walking me to my sisters car around 3 a,m in the morning and putting me inside the car and following me to drive home in that condition,,,i knew at this point

my sister jackie would be fuming and wondering where i took her car as she needed it to get home herself,,,i remember driving down the don valley parkway which is a very windy hilly highway thinking to myself just follow the white line ,,well i made it home to a very upset sister,,i was to imbarst to tell her what had happened so i just apologised for being so late,,,the rape didnt bother me much at the time, i guess i didnt realize the magnatude of what had happened i was young and at an age where i believed men couldnt be raped....but as years passed i realized just what had happened and how lucky i was to still be disease free and hiv neg,

DRUGGED AND RAPED AT 15

I was drugged and raped as a younger kid of 15. Mac was a basketball official for local High School games and my father's best buddy so he visited all the time and would invite me to ride in his "big new car" time and again after drinking with mom and Dad and friends. I'd go and he'd play with me while giving me pills and beer. I got used to it and there were soon other boys riding with us.

He and dad are gone now, I'm back near home now to help care for Mom. I don't regret keeping the abuse to myself though after 2 years it seemed everyone whispered behind my back and the other kids in High School called me "fag"; I was in fights all the time. Anyhow, I turned out OK; have lived a rich, fast life and today I'm fit healthy and happy: drug-free for 5 years but had he ever run for President I would have spoken out. Absolutely.

UNETHICAL CASTING AGENT

I had an experience with a major casting agent in NYC. I was 20 years old. Summer of 84. I was 6ft, 175, amber Brown eyes dark brown curly hair. I had auditioned for a commercial. I think it was a hair dryer. He wanted me to take off my clothes. I looked stunned. Deer caught in the headlights when he asked me to take off my shirt and then my clothing. I took off my shirt. He was very gross. There was an actor/model who was in for an appointment before me was running out upset and looked at me very scared. I told my NC agent and she was pissed. I wasn't offered the part because he knew I wasn't gonna show my goods.

ATTRACTED TO OLDER MEN AND RAPED AS A TEEN

As I became a teen, I was blossoming into a not so bad looking kid that I started to attract older men when i'd go running or hanging out at the beach, Rhode Island is a beach state after all! lol lol...I was first propositioned by a guy who was probably in his mid to late twenties, in the beach men's pavilion where the showers were and I was taking the cool showers with my bathing suit on to get the sand off and there were these little stalls that both men's and women's pavilion had and the shower I was in faced a few of these stalls and one stall had this guy who had his door cracked opened a bit and he was staring at me and I was wondering why?..so I left the shower and wanted to see what would happen, I dried myself off and purposely bent over to dry my lower legs and when he kept staring at me (he wasn't bad looking himself so I had more courage to see what he would do), he motioned for me to come and he asked me if I wanted to have some fun in his stall and I hesitated but curiosity got the better of me and he told me that he wanted to suck me off which I didn't know what he meant by, he carefully peeled down my bathing suit and proceeded to touch and play with my penis that got me very hard and he opened his mouth (I remembered that he a stache, very 80's stache lol) and went down on me and I was just floored with a pleasure that I didn't know existed!!!..he was obviously very good at what he did and before you know it, he cupped my booty and firmly grabbed it by pushing me into his mouth until I couldn't hold any more and came in his mouth!!!..he drank it to the last drop and I didn't know what to do and was happy but mad that I had let this happen....he asked me if I liked it and I said yes and he told me that he'd like to see me again and I said ok and I did him again and this time he also put a finger in me while blowing me

and he did it slowly for obviously he knew I was a virgin and he knew just how to make me feel pleasurable and for me to have my first strong orgasm ever!!!, I got so dizzy with the explosion and he started to laugh and told me that i'd just had a really good orgasm when I came into him...needless to say, ever since that time, I'd managed to flirt with these older guys who always to a T would respond to me and was happy to blow me, a good looking teen boy by then that I didn't realize that these guys should've never had sex with me in the first place but I figured over time that most of these guys were "married men" or guys with girlfriends who couldn't enjoy the freedom of expressing their inner desire to be with another like-minded soul but I guess being with a teen boy should not have been one of them but I think they knew that this boy wanted to feel that pleasure and had flirted with them to begin with...one day a guy tried to fuck me but he couldn't really since my anus was still very tight and he didn't want for me to bleed or be in pain, so he just blew me and told me to always hold on to my virginity for as long as I could with another guy and he had to explain to me what that meant..so I was so scared that I didn't lose my virginity till I was about 18-19 when I got raped by this strong man who just over-powered me with his size and to make me not scream, put his hand over my mouth and the pain was just awful for he was big to begin with!, he was another "daddy" married man and I think he felt I owed him this penetration since he sucked me off and I had told him that I was still a virgin and didn't want to do it, so while I was trying to get away from his grasp, he kept telling me to shut the fuck up and be a man and to take it like a man and I just begged him to not cum in me for this was the time of the AIDS panic and of course the asshole's intention was to cum inside me period!!, he did and I was so mad that I told him off while his cum was leaking down my legs and he I think felt bad about it and looked

at me sheepishly and apologized for doing that but not for raping me??!!!...I was just so mad afterwards that he had taken what I was holding on to, to be able to lose my virginity to a guy who I'd be in love with but no, I had to end up being scared and angry with this rape, along with the soreness that I had to deal with for like 4 days

AT 11, TRAUMATIZED BY SAUNA STRANGER

I grew up on a farm in the middle of the U.S. First born child to a farmer and educator. First born and first son comes with expectations. Ones that caused me stress. Even at a young age I knew I was attracted my own sex. I was also an early bloomer and had started to change.

My family didn't have a lot of money due to their vocations. So luxuries likes trips and vacations were a rarity. So rare we did exactly two when I lived at home. One of these was a "staycation" at an Embassy Suites in the largest city in our state. This was the early 70's so I was probably around 11 years old.

This was a chance for my parents, myself and my younger brother to do something fun. The Embassy Suites had a pool for my brother and I to play in and the included happy hour for my parents. My Aunt and Uncle lived in the town and joined them with some of their friends.

While they "adulted", my brother and I went to play in the pool. It was an indoor pool with locker rooms that included a sauna. My brother and I were having a blast playing around when a gentlemen came in to also use the pool. He was a little older than my parents and was wearing a wedding ring. He had dark wavy hair and medium complexion. He had a slim build and was attractive.

He got into the pool and then waded to where my brother and I were playing. He was very polite and nice and spoke to us, just basic banter.

I had to use the restroom so went to the locker room. While I was

in there I noticed the sauna. It looked nice and warm so I went inside. It wasn't very hot but just warm enough. I was sitting in there just kicking my legs back and forth looking at the floor when the man walked in.

He said he'd noticed I'd left and wanted to see where I'd went. I told him I had to pee and then was cold and wanted to warm up. He nodded and said he was also chilly. While we sat there he asked if he minded if he took off his wet swimsuit. He said he could warm up faster. I didn't know what to say. I was young but curious if I would actually see this adult man naked.

He took off his suit and laid by the heater. He then came over and sat next to me. He asked me how old I was and I told him. He stated that I must be noticing changes in my body and someday I'd have hair all over like he did. I looked at him and noticed he was very hairy. I also noticed he'd placed his hand on his thigh by his penis.

I recall him telling me I should take off my suit so it would dry out. I was a very shy boy but for some reason said okay. He told me I was a good looking boy and shouldn't be ashamed to take off my clothes.

Some of the details I've forgotten or I've blocked it out because of the trauma it caused. I do recall him putting his hand on my penis and rubbing it making it hard. He pulled my hand and placed it on his erect penis. I recall him telling me that felt good. But this had to be our secret I couldn't tell anyone and it would be our special thing.

I was petrified and frozen. I was naked with an adult who was interested in and touching me. I was scared that someone including my brother or parents could walk in and knew this

wasn't right.

He took my hand and started to masturbate himself. At one point, he put his mouth on my penis and sucked on it. It was surprising but it felt so good. He then continued to masturbate with my help as he also stroked me. Watching this adult arouse himself in front of me using my hand was surreal. He was talking and I just sort of zoned out. Staring at his penis as he got closer and closer until he ejaculated.

He told me he really enjoyed it and hoped we could do it again. I was confused and scared. I grabbed my trunks and ran out of there. I told my brother I was going up to our room. I went into the room and my parents and friends were there having a party. I ran into the other room. I was shaking, scared and afraid I was going to be found out, yelled at or hurt. I didn't know what to do and was just rocking in a chair.

My mom came in and asked me if I was okay? She was concerned because I came in and didn't say anything. I also came in alone without my brother. I all of sudden panicked. I'd left my brother down at the pool and that man was still probably there.

I ran down to the pool to find the man playing with my brother. I was confused, scared and angry. This man wasn't going to hurt my little brother and make him feel like I felt. I told my brother it was time to go. He protested but I said No we're going NOW. We walked out and the man said he hoped he see us the next day.

We went to our room and my mind was racing. I didn't want to stay here anymore or run into the man again. I couldn't tell my parents that since they'd want to know why. I just withdrew and tried to focus on something else. Anything else, anything... please God something to make me forget it.

The next morning we went to breakfast. I was trying to be invisible but kept looking around. Then I saw him.. he was with his wife and children. He saw me and smiled at me. I froze and looked down and didn't move for a long time. I finally looked up and he was gone. I never went back to the pool and wouldn't let me brother go either.

I never told anyone about this till almost 20 years later. I was in therapy to treat severe depression. My therapist asked me and for the first time I told him. I've never told my parents or my partner. The therapist and one other person are the only one's I've ever shared my secret.

It haunts me to this day. Why did he pick me, did I act like I wanted him too? Was I obvious even at the young age? Did I ask for it somehow? This impacted my sense of self worth and identity. I've never thought I should warrant attention from anyone or deserved it. I was damaged goods, a dirty child that was involved with an adult. My stomach is in knots even typing this. When will this feeling go away, will it ever? Will it ever?

thanks for sharing -- of course this will be anonymous... please help the reader understand a bit more - some have offered stories like this and liked the experience, and others, like you, are traumatized -- can you fill in some missing pieces? why did this traumatize you and make you feel so dirty and worthless? was it the emotions during the event -- or what your parents had taught you about sex? if a Martian experienced a naked man in a sauna, who touched him, would the Martian be traumatized? I do not know... what sex discussions happened earlier in your family? did you feel so violated because the stranger manipulated you mentally as well as physically?

It traumatized me because m2m wasn't something good when I was that age. My parent's discussed sex with us. However, gay sex never came up. It was just the culture at the time. I also knew that adults and kids my age weren't supposed to be involved like that. I was traumatized because society made me feel ashamed. I was scared because I thought I may have invited the molestation. I was a shy self-conscious kid. I didn't have a lot of self-esteem. The attention felt good but the fact it was taboo and to be kept a secret messed with my head. In my mind I didn't want to be one of the perverts people talked about quietly. I don't want to disappoint my family and bring them shame.

-----what is m2m? noting how shame multiplies... you were conditioned to be ashamed -- the stranger told you to be quiet/shamed... you were not ready for this kind of emotional struggle and you shamed yourself..... and probably felt bad you shamed yourself --- shaming yourself further?

M2M.... man to man.... gay sex

Yes I. Still blame myself and feel like I asked for it. Probably why love was always something difficult for me... I developed boundary issues in relationships and sex was always something guilt inducing after the fact

-----you worry about forcing yourself on current partners?

I have a partner of 26 years.... but it's a long story.

ok

I'm a car wreck

I bet I am more neurotic LOL

You were a beautiful man in Hollywood. I was a chunky shy farm boy

SILL BELIEVES GAY SEX IS UNREDEEMABLE?

I was 8 years old when i was sexually abused by an older cousin which made me shy, reticent and have an overpowering sense of guilt. I was raised as a christian orthodox and this was one of the ultimate sins leading to hell. this went on til i was about 14 I can't explain how i had no sense of self worth. i lived in a working class neighborhood where there were no other boy children. isolated physically and emotionally. this sense of being worthless made me socially awkward all through my school years. I managed to usually have just one school friend. all of this lead up to my early 20's when i was raped by a taller than me (I was 6-1) older man close to 270 pounds. i was working 2 jobs, civil service job and then dishwasher in the evenings (i had to bus the tables too). this older guy would constantly watch me smile a bit, try and talk to me. this went on for a month or so. he waited til after 2am for me asking me over for a drink. well, being lonely and alone i thought why not maybe make a friend. when i got to his place he poured a few strong drinks, then opened a bottle of amyl nitrate "poppers" i knew what it was, he put it to my nose... when i woke up most of it went down my throat, my pants were down his fist was up my ass and he had the most evil grin on his face snickering then laughing. i struggled. got out, he didnt pursue me. i was in excruciating pain and bleeding. i had to seek medical attention. after i became a total recluse. moved to an inner city apartment which only had a table, chair and a mattress on the floor. i had quit the extra job and basically drank myself to oblivion after work for a few years. looking back i never got to be me. i tried a few gay relationships which were a disaster. then one day the sweetest lady angel walked into my life and i started

catching up with myself. we were married 5 children (1 passed as an infant). she died in my arms after 17 years of marriage. and yes, she knew my ugly story and accepted me as i was.

Thom you can edit that, or rewrite as long as the truth is there. or if you have any questions. that was tough to write.

sorry - I can imagine this is painful... can you explain why you felt worthless from the childhood sex? some have childhood sex and do not feel worthless so I am just hoping you will explain more... the feelings from both of you ----how old was he - what did you do? was he deciding? was he abusive - were you in physical pain or just mental pain/shame? Do you consider yourself gay or bisexual (since on FB I know you as gay)?

as i said i was isloated child. cousin 3 years older and knew what he was doing (experienced) he shamed me in to playing with our dicks i got hard felt good and was confused. i really hated it. it was really about dominance. after a few incidences it was me doing him jo then sucking. he tried to fuck me once i was about 9, i had no idea what sex was and what he was trying to do totally confused me. it didnt happen. i remember me sucking his and he played with mine and i had my first orgasm. came dry. how could something that felt so good be so evil (as i was taiht, this was 1950's i was in a religious school, very strict and we were wrned to be condemned to everlasting hell for what he was doing to me). i didnt' suspect any other children had any experiences like that. overpowering guilt and hopelessness. if anyone found out. he was proud of it. i was about 8 he was about 11 when it started. he didnt physically hurt me ecept the time he tried to fuck me. i hated it. wanted it to stop,but felt powerless when he was around. as far as my adult sexuality i didnt know what i was if you can believe that. i went through several years of counseling over

the two incidnces i describe. i consider myself a biseual for obviopus reasons. i came to grips with the past awhile ago and as times have changed i am happy people can be themselves and that sexuality is both recreational and meaningful. there are gaps in what i have told you but mundane. i don't know what i was born to be as some do, i just know my experiences have led me to be bi functional. if all what had happened to me before i met my wife didn't happen... i wouldn't have the blessed honor of her in my life. i can't believe it was 17 years ago that she passed. anything else id be happy to answer.

ok - thanks -- so what you hated with your cousin was feeling powerless - feeling naughty - but you were in fact attracted to him?

no the sex made me feel good NOt an attraction to him

i was lonley

just like when i was raped

so - you and your cuz --- would it be like anyone having sex with someone they are not attracted to it and not really into it - being uncomfortable, resentful, regretting it? is that what you mean? you hated it because there was no attraction, even though you were attracted to other boys?

i wasn't attracted to anyone at 8. i had no idea what my dick was for except to pee. yes i resented it and regretted it and was convinced at that age i was evil and going to hell. isolation had a lot to do with my vulnerability. i was raised "in silence" my parents really didn't talk to me. showed me absolutely no affection ever. i was referred to even in my presence as "the kid" just like "the dog". i wish i had a normal childhood. i constantly

felt like i was crap, mostly due to my cousin. i was not redeemable.

i tried to stick to the 2 main events of your topic. sexual molestation and avoid the other drama. anything you want to know is fine and use what you can if you can piece it together.

ok - thanks -- congrats on your huge arc as a man --- I know from your FB friendship what a devoted dad you are to your girls --- so you went from being a shunned, unloved, shamed kid - to a very doting, loving dad -- feel good about that

are you going to be able to use my story.

sure - anonymously

ok. like i said i tried to focus on the topic. men/rape/sexual abuse not my drama. it is the same pattern that led me to that bromance with the guy who is up for murder. after my wife passed everything was in black and white. It could have been me he "didn't mean to murder".

you had an affair with him? hooked up on occasion? both of you closeted?

lasted couple years, yes. i basically paid all his bills for a few years. all the while he treated me like crap. all seems to stem back to my childhood. the only really normal happy time was when i was with my wife

is it possible your early sex-shaming in-rooted in you a belief system that gay sex is bad and only bad will come from it?

all sex was bad but at that time i didnt know what it was. Then i found out. And the gay thing was not redeemable so yes you are

correct

do you still feel gay sex is naughty?

TEEN TRIES TO PRESS CHARGES AGAINST OLDER COUSIN

I am a survivor of sexual abuse. I was 15 and abused by an older step-cousin. In April I just celebrated my 15th birthday, a few weeks later in late May, I was sexually assaulted. By this time in my life I was already sexually active. My first sexual experiences happened when I was 12. Those experiences were oral and mutual masturbation with other boys in the neighborhood. That summer my family was in Batavia, New York. My mother was looking after her mother who had been sick. While mom was doing this during the day, my brother and I had been sent to spend the day with my uncle who lived down the road from grandma. There I met for the first time in my memory, my step-cousin John-Mark, he was 5 to 10 years older than me. What I remember about him is that he looked like Bob Geldof. I remember he took an interest in what I liked and held similar views on video games and music and movies. I remember we got along well. And I was happy when I was invited to sleep-over and my mother and uncle said I could. Nothing else about that day stands out as unusual or out of the ordinary.

My next memory of that day was in the evening when John-Mark walked in on me while I was taking a shower. He said he wanted to make sure I had a towel and asked if there was anything else I needed. After the shower we watched TV. I remember the movie *Taxi Driver* was on and I was lying on my stomach on the couch. I was falling asleep when I felt someone on top of me, rubbing my shoulders, and then my back. I was told to be quiet. Not to say a word. I felt the shorts I was wearing being pulled down, along with my underwear. I protested. Given the way he acted in the days after, I do believe he did think I was willing. I often change

my mind on if he did or did not believe I was willing... I did not enjoy my shorts being pulled down. I remember his hands on my butt, his wet finger poking my butt. I remember the pain of his penis entering me. No lube. I remember biting the pillow so I wouldn't cry out. He was in me a long time. He then stopped hurting me, and turned me over on my back and sucked my dick. I remember peeing and cumming in his mouth. He then asked me if I enjoyed it. And warned me never to tell anyone what happened, if I knew what was good for me.

A week later, we were back home in Ohio, and I finally shared what had happened to me. I spent the remaining week in New York pretending nothing was wrong, with a smile on my face. I did my best not to recoil when John-Mark would stand near me, or touch me, or put his arm around me for family photos.

It would be years until I was able to watch a Jody Foster movie. The movie I watched was *The Accused*. I still haven't been able to watch *Taxi Driver*. I still get creeped out when I see a photo of a young Bob Geldof.

That assault remains the only time I was ever penetrated.

Police reports were made in Ohio. An investigation was started in New York. With no witnesses and lack of physical evidence, the investigation went nowhere. My parents were not willing to go back to New York to further the investigation. It was his word against mine. And everybody just wanted to move forward, including myself. My father was very angry at what happened to me. I remember the arguments with my parents and overhearing them being more concerned with what my dad would do to John-Mark, than what the police would do to him. My father and I never talked about it. It was said John-Mark left my uncles house

soon after the assault. I never saw or heard from him again.

My mom did the best she could, she placed me in therapy twice a week to help me deal with what happened me and to learn how to heal. It took a while, but I did heal.

I found a therapist when I was in college that asked me when I wanted to get better, and I said now. She said then you need to stop being the victim of your own drama. She pointed out that yes I was victim all those years ago, but in the time since that happened, I was the one hurting myself, and others by expecting reliving that experience, this was through bad relationships and living an extremely selfish life. From that time forward I based a lot of my self-worth on my baby face and little boy smile. Other therapists I had up to this time told me I needed to hug my inner-child, and this lady was telling me I needed to kick my inner-child's ass. This lady scared me so much that I did not dare mention that she just quoted a song from the Eagles. She was the best teacher I ever had. This lady taught me to meditate; she encouraged me to develop a spiritual life. She re-affirmed that I was normal. She taught me not to be scared of my thoughts if they wander back to that summer night. I stopped seeing that therapist when she took a leave of absence to hike the entire Appalachian Trail. It was the last thing she accomplished before dying of cancer.

I constantly fall short of the lessons she taught me. But each day that I do put her teachings into practice, the healthier I am and the more distant and faded the memory of John-Mark becomes. Are there still residual effects of trust and intimacy issues? Yes. Is the sexual assault to blame? No. It is the entirely my own fault for not putting in the work needed to deal clear away whatever cobwebs of that event still linger. I hope this post makes sense. I debated about commenting because I did not know how to

condense this subject to do it justice. Thanks Thom for bringing up this topic.

COP'S BOYFRIEND TUTORS TEEN TO DRIVE, FORCES BJ

I have two stories about sexual assault. I don't know how much of detailed account you want but here goes and if you have any questions after I can answer them.

1st encounter I was 14 years old living in Portland Maine and had just gotten my learners permit to drive. I took drivers education but my driving instructor when it was my turn to be behind the wheel would have me drive him to an appointment he had and then sit and wait. I did not get much experience (probably why I'm still a bad driver today). I was working at Burger King at the time and one of my co-workers (John) said he had a friend that would take me out for behind the wheel practice. The guys name was Richard and he was 26. His boyfriend with whom he lived with was a police officer. Richard would take me out at weird hours. Usually after midnight. He said because it's easier to learn when there is less traffic. He took me out to practice for several weeks. Brought me to his house. Introduced me to one of his friends whose name I can not recall. I had never been sexual with a man or women. I had erections in school and experienced wet dreams but I had never seen a person cum or experienced myself cumming by masturbating. I thought that sucking a penis was just that: sticking it in the mouth and sucking on it like a lollipop. I had no clue the purpose was to get off. One night I was behind the wheel of the car. It was about 2am. Richard has me drive into a park. He shut off the car, locked the doors and took the keys. I don't recall the dialogue between us but he took out his penis and started jacking off. It was short but thick (he was Italian). He took my head and forced me to suck on it. I remember the smell and I did not want to continue. I started to get nauseous and gagged.

He then proceeded to jerk off and that was the first time I saw a man cum. I was curious a kid then so I questioned if what happened was because I wanted it to happen or if a 26 year old man should have known not to do that with a 14 year old boy. Back then 1987 they had answering machines that could record phone conversations. I confronted him on the phone and recorded the conversation. I then took the tape to the friend he had introduced me too. That person then called Richard and went off on him. That was the only person I have ever told. Every time that I attempt to have sex with a white man and I go to give head I still smell Richard's penis and I gag and can not give head. Any

Thanks - I appreciate you sharing that. What race are you? Do genitals of different races smell different - or is it the sight of a white penis in your face which still causes you anxiety? Also - just so you know, I have received many, many accounts of teenagers being assaulted, but yours is very rare because you exposed him. Why do you think you did that when most boys would not?

My mother is black and father is white. My brother came out black and I came out white. I believe that different races taste different but the smell I believe is psychological.

I technically only exposed him to one person which I gave the only evidence to but nothing ever happened with that exposure. I should have gave the tape to the guys boyfriend since he was a cop but I honestly didn't know if I wanted it to happen or not.

Even today there have been people I talked with on the hookup ups that are underage and once they disclose their age I feel compelled to stop talking to them. They are out looking for sex whereas when I was their age I wasn't.

I was 18 the first and only time I had sex with a woman and 21

with penetration with a man.

ok - thanks again ---- I do feel many of the men assaulted as teens are conflicted as you are whether they wanted the sex or not... interesting... I was not assaulted as a kid but as a kid I wanted to have sex with men... did not happen... so I really cannot totally identify with these stories of kids being abused - which is why I am curious to the feelings involved... and like you, I also will not talk to an underage person on a dating site - I do not even want an underage person as a FB friend... I prefer to stay clear... was your sex with a woman at 18 your idea or hers? are you bi?

It was hers. I was attracted to girls growing up. I would chase girls around and grab their asses or try to kiss them but all the girls I was attracted to didn't like me like that. The girls that did like me were fat or ugly. The first girl that wanted to have sex with me I back down even though I was naked in the bed with her and her sister and her sisters boyfriend. I was drunk when I eventually had sex with a woman. And I also had to be drunk when having sex with men. I couldn't do it sober. From 21 to 26 I probably had sex with over 1000 men. Always 10-20 years older than me. Then I contracted HIV so that changed everything for me. When I drink I sometimes blackout and don't remember what I did or with who. I am the bottom but I don't think I really like it but as a top I have a small penis and cum quick so I don't try to please a man that way because I know I can't. But getting fucked up the ass on a regular basis I also can't do so I am more of a loner now. I offer massages to people to get that human interaction but I no longer am able to experience an intimate connection with someone. Usually on their end. My status still scares people away and I am always upfront about that and also that I want love more than sex.

1000 men? that is 200 a year - like 20 a month? where did you

meet them? ---- appreciate your candor ----

It was like a different person every other day. I moved to LA in 1993. Age 19. I had a job, car, apartment but then in November 94 I lost my job, car got repossessed and got evicted so I moved to Las Vegas with two brothers of a friend from LA. I had no idea they were both gay but their uncle (my friend) did and told me not to go but didn't tell me why. The first time they took me to a gay club I was grossed out by all the guys kissing each other but the guys took interest in me and I was lacking that in my life so I went with it. I was 21, young and inquisitive. I couldn't stay and be with one person. There was always something I didn't like about them or they wanted sex too much or I just got bored. Not being sexually active in my teens I wanted to see what was out here which is what led to the multiple partners.

All through my adolescence I was an attention seeker. Technically I still am. I don't have many friends that I can call when I'm going through something so I find things that bring attention to myself. I met Scott Reeves when he started Blue County and I followed them all over the US to see them perform and take pictures to share with other fans that didn't have the opportunity to go see them. Then I did it with Days of Our Lives and Passions actors. Always going to events and taking and posting pictures. To this day many will know me by name if they see me. Then I met Kristoff St John when I worked at the DMV and he brought me on set of Y&R several times. Leaving me alone to run free through the set while he worked. I know I will never be an actor or anyone famous so when successful people take the time to acknowledge me and make me feel important it means the world to me. I steered away from photos and decided to try taking videos. It started with going to drag shows and filming the performers and

posting on my YouTube channel. Then it went to some local musicians. When I'm not taking pictures or videos I feel unimportant. Even with you. I didn't watch Y&R in the 80's so I didn't know who you were but I met you at the Emmys after party in 2011 I believe and thought you were quite handsome. I only asked to take your picture and then I moved on. I don't believe in going crazy over anyone no matter how famous. I like to observe who people are really not the character they play. I know I got off the subject of sexual assault but I keep my thoughts to myself and sometimes I need an outlet so if I'm giving TMI I'm sorry.

appreciate the info --- fascinating --- would you happen to know your life purpose or calling or lesson? I think mine is to defy restrictions - the older I get the more I realize I do not conform, color outside the lines... I am much more an artist type than an actor type... introverted, alternative... anyway -- lived 56 years so I can see the patterns in my life... it is crucial for me to follow my unique voice which is indeed the road less traveled ----- just curious with your past - what do you think is your main life lesson?

My entire life I have always helped others. Whether it was just being there, buying them things, letting them stay with me etc. So I would say my calling is that. I myself have never been normal. I was an extrovert up until puberty then I became an introvert. I am good at going places and interacting with people if there is something to do (card/board games, karaoke, dancing etc) but if I go out to a house party or bar I don't know how to socialize with people by just talking. So the lesson I still need to learn is how to be comfortable with myself which will allow me to be more comfortable around others. I'm still an attention seeker even to the point last month posting nude photos of myself on Instagram because I could (until they were removed) people thought I had

been hacked so I let them believe that instead of saying I did it on purpose.

hmmm - ok - all very interesting - thank you -- I also uploaded nude shots of myself to sell my latest book, but do not think I did it for attention. I did it for free press to sell books to pay rent... but will think more on that. It does seem to me you really need outsiders/other people at all times - very much a people-pleaser? is any part of your lesson/trajectory to not? are there answers in you alone you need to find - to satiate you? not sure - just talking off the cuff...

is it possible you told me you were with 1000 men in 5 years for attention?

I am a pleaser. I used to have nightmares that my parents just left me. My biggest fear in life is to die alone with nobody caring. So I know I will never learn to be ok with being alone although most of the things I do I do by myself.

I was with all those men yes because they paid attention to me. I learned how to please men and I was good at it. I didn't really enjoy doing it but I wasn't alone. Granted there were a few people I could see myself being in love with but for them I was a one night stand.

ok - thanks again...

Thanks for listening. Btw I started reading your Young, Gay & Restless book on my kindle but haven't received the paperback version in the mail yet. Have you sent them all out yet?

Nvm the last message. It came in the mail today

cool

I am 50% through your book. I'm considered myself somewhat empathetic so when I read about the first time you visited your brother Troy in prison and when you found out your brother Greg committed suicide I started to cry. People on the street probably thought I was weird because I was reading while I was walking to the bank. I felt the emotion behind your words. You are a good writer. You are more descriptive than I would be if I wrote. I keep all my thought jumbled up in my head so when I try to write sometimes it comes out fragmented. I look forward to reading the rest. I have a couple questions but I want to wait until I finish the book as they may be answered by then.

thanks so much

WOMEN MAKE MALE MODELS REMOVE UNDERWEAR, MODELS LURED INTO SEX FILMS AND MURDERED

1) During my early modeling years I along with 5 other male models were picked of out a list of male models from our agency. We were working for in San Juan. Puerto Rico for a buyers show representing Jordache Jeans We went in to a suite at the Carib Hilton and stood in front of a long table with 6 very well dressed executive women sitting that worked for Jordache. They told us to line up and take our shirts off. At that time one of the women dropped a pair of size 30W 32L jeans (we all had already stated in our profile stats we were 32w 32L which was standard size male model pants size). Then they told us to drop our pants and underwear and do a 360 turn before putting on the very tight, too small jeans, commando. We all looked at each other and did it. It was so degrading.

We all talked about it and we told our agent and she said it was part of the business. At that point I realized this job was a lot more than wearing clothes. I realize we were giving out cheap thrills and our agent was pretty much pimping us out.

2) I was doing a Christmas holiday runway show at the Tomanoco Hotel in Caracas Venezuela in the late 80's. Caracas was very wealthy at that time and really hopping. After the runway show a very handsome Italian/ Venezuelan man that was a prominent attorney asked me out for a drink. It was all cool no problem. No sex just a hug and quick kiss on the cheek goodbye. The next day he called my room at the hotel and asked me out to his country house for lunch. Like you, being from the Midwest I was naive and went. After lunch he told me to please go to the refrigerator,

there was a gift for me. I did as he said and found a beautiful wrapped gold box with a black ribbon. I opened it and there was a white gold BVLGARI wrist watch. I went back in the living room and he was stretched out totally naked with a raging erection. I smiled and told him I would be right back. I left the watch on the kitchen table and went out the back door, walked down the road and grabbed a cab and never saw him again. It was so upsetting that everyone seemed to think all us were able to be bought for sex. To be honest I probably would have had sex with him if he didn't try to buy me.

3) The scariest,,,, Again in San Juan, Puerto Rico, late 80's. A fellow model came to me and told me there was this guy from Brazil at the Greenhouse Cafe on the Condado that would like to talk to a group of male and female models that night at 7pm. I went with 8 other models (guys and girls) also along with the model who told us about it. The guy told us they would pay us each \$3,000 per day to do a soft sex film, plus tickets, per diem and Hotel. It sounded too good to be true. Also none of us would ever do a sex tape or it would ruin our career. We said that we would think about it but there was no way. He said make it fast we would have to decide by the next day. We went to a good friend, Yvonne Fontiera, who was the fashion reporter for the San Juan Star newspaper. He told us DO NOT GO! There was leak that some guy was recruiting models to go to Brazil to do sex tapes and they murdered them during the act and filmed the whole thing to sell on the black market. That really scared the crap out of all of us. After that incident I didn't trust anyone in the business. I realized later in life how fortunate I was not to get hurt, kidnapped or murdered during those years, I have to say there were some amazing memories but those years made me grow up really fast.

BILL REGRETS NOT HAVING SEX WITH BIG AGENT

My mother had shock treatments after nervous breakdown from divorce, so me, young Bill, grew up in home with distant dad and uncle. At 7 years-old, Bill fell in love with his handsome muscular uncle, 32, a blackbelt stuntman, who would wrestle him in bed. Uncle was naked, often pinning and grinding against the young boy who wanted more closeness – but sex never happened. On the beach, Bill remembers massaging his uncle's shoulders with sun tan lotion and being asked to run up to pretty women and say the uncle was interested. Bill thinks his uncle was bisexual altho he never married until past 50. Decades later, uncle would be asked to resign from being principal at a school for troubled children when allegations of sexual misconduct circulated. Desilu had the uncle under contract and he occasionally babysat for Lucille Ball's children, and Bill wonders if any impropriety ever transpired at that famous Hollywood home. Looking for more paternal support, Bill, at 12, a Dark Shadows fan, was befriended by a big agent, who told him to look him up if he ever wanted to be an actor. 4 years later, at 16, Bill travelled to NY and looked him up. Bill admits to being a closet-case, and even though the agent wanted sex, Bill said no, and the agent never pushed. They did not have sex, even though the uncle eventually questioned the strange relationship and prodded him to do what he agent wanted to get ahead careerwise. Bill never did, and decades later, not feeling successful, wishes that he had had sex with the agent who would later become one of the biggest in Hollywood.

MOM KNOWS HER FRIEND MIKE ABUSES SON, BUT IGNORES IT

I was born into poverty. My mother had been married, had three children, gotten divorced and then had me. With 4 kids under the age of 5 she went on welfare. She liked to drink quite a bit and would often disappear for days at a time on one of her binges. It never dawned on me to be afraid when we were left alone. My older brother moved in with his grandmother when he was 12, because he wanted a more stable life than my mother provided. She also had a tendency to move every three months to a different town. I don't remember a time when I went to less than three schools in a year except kindergarten and maybe first grade. By the time I was in third grade she would take my sister Kelly with her when she would go away. Even though we went to the same school because she was one grade ahead of me, she only ever took Kelly. It ended up being a good tool for us to know when she would be gone for a few days because my oldest sister Marcia and I would walk home together and if Kelly didn't come out of school we knew that they were gone again.

We were pretty good at cooking and taking care of ourselves by then. We also kept the house spotless because if Mom came home and it was dirty we had to get up and listen to her yell and then clean the house, even if it was 2 in the morning. You never wanted to make her mad enough to strike you so we were pretty well behaved. She had a bunch of boyfriends and they all beat her, one put her in the hospital more than once while we had to watch. To this day I've never understood why she would let them or stay with them after the first time, but she did. I am 47 and have never been in an abusive relationship, but one of my ex's did

tell me after we broke up that I was the only boyfriend he had ever had that didn't hit him. Again, I don't understand abuse and am glad I have not been on the receiving or giving end of it.

When I was in fifth grade, so about 11 or 12 I would guess, she was having another fight with her current boyfriend. I called the police and he was removed. We had company at the house, her friend Mike was one of the people there. She decided to go out and he said that I should stay with him for the night so she wouldn't have to worry if Joe came back. I had known Mike for a couple of years so I agreed to go to his apartment.

We had dinner and were sitting in the living room. He was drinking and started asking if I had ever fooled around with anyone. I told him I had seen my cousins nude but hadn't done anything. He kept asking if I wanted to fool around with one of my boy cousins. I didn't really know what he was getting at but he was in his underwear and started getting aroused. I saw and just stared at the television. I remember being uncomfortable but what was I going to do? He got up and came over and sat on the floor next to me. He told me I was a good looking young man and put his hand on my knee. I was afraid but too uncomfortable to move it. He started talking sexually and moved his hand to my crotch. I removed it and he put it back. Every time I removed it I would tell him to stop it. I told him I wanted to go home. He said he had been drinking and that he wouldn't take me. I told him to leave me alone and got up to leave. He tackled me. I don't remember how much I weighed but he at least doubled my size. As he was on top of me pulling down my underwear I was crying and trying to scramble out from under him. He just wouldn't let me go. He kept telling me that he knew I liked it no matter what I said. I remember when he entered me I was screaming, he put his

hand over my mouth so the neighbors wouldn't hear. When he was done he left me and I just lay on the floor crying. I don't know why I didn't think to leave and run when he went into the bathroom. When he came back he said he was going to bed and asked me to climb in with him. I told him no. He said my mother would be upset if he let me sleep on the floor, but I told him I didn't care and would tell her I slept in the bed if she asked.

The next morning he got up and I got into my clothes and we left. He said he would take me to work with him and stop at my house so I could get changed. We stopped to pick up some friend of his who worked with him. I don't remember much about the guy except that Mike told him I was a hot ticket and it embarrassed me. When we got to my apartment I went in to change. My mother was there and I told her that I didn't want to go to work with Mike. She said that I had to. I told her I really didn't like him and she told me tough. I told her that he had done sex things with me and she still made me leave for the day with him. I don't remember where he worked but he had an office. He told me that I could file for him. As I was working on the filing he left to work on the floor with the other people that worked there. Every hour or so he would come in and check on my progress and tell me how good I looked, once he even patted my behind. I tried to listen to when he was coming so I could sit down. As the day ended he drove me home. He asked if I wanted to stay over with him for the weekend (I guess it was a Friday or something). I told him no and practically jumped out of his car while it was still moving to get into my house.

My mother was there, my sisters weren't, and I again told her what had happened. She didn't do anything except tell me to take a bath and get cleaned up. Later that weekend, we were at one of

her friend's house and they were talking about Mike. Her friend said, "he's queer, just ask your son." I was mortified. She didn't do anything except tell her friends, making me feel like it was somehow consensual. I bled for about a week after, but knew better than to say anything to my mother. For the rest of my life until I left home, it was mentioned any time someone talked about Mike how he was gay and had fooled around with me. We moved a couple of months later so I never had to stay with Mike again and their friendship might have continued but any time she was going to that town, I would just stay home.

The fear I felt and the physical pain and the humiliation haunted me for a long time. I felt like it was truly my fault and that maybe I somehow lead him on. I mean, when we first started talking about fooling around I was kind of enjoying it and I remember giggling.

When I was 15 I discovered I was curious about men. My brother was in the Air Force and asked me if I would like to come down for the summer. I said yes because he had neighbors that were gay and I was intrigued about them. I enjoyed their company and they allowed me to drink and gave me some pot once. It made me puke so I didn't do it again. It was a great summer and convinced me I was gay.

When I was 16 I went with a friend to see her boyfriend in St. Johnsbury. When we got to his house, I choked. His father was Mike. She introduced me and he said, "Travin and I know each other really, really well, don't we Travin?" I remember thinking how bold he was for molesting me and not being embarrassed about it. I claimed sickness and went to the car until we left.

Later that summer I met two gay men, they took me under their wing and I learned it was okay to be gay. We became pretty good

friends and one night after going to the car races, my mother confronted me when I came home. She said if I was gay not to be home when she arrived the next day. The next morning I went to the Youth Services Bureau and told them she kicked me out because I am gay. They put me in temporary custody and at the end of two weeks I went back home. I was clear I didn't want to if Jane was going to have a negative reaction (having known her for 16 years, I was pretty sure it was coming), but was assured she wanted to give it a try.

I was home for a total of two weeks when we went to my grandmother's. She told me there were places that could teach me how to be straight. I told her I didn't want to be straight. She told me that she would take me to the hospital and have me tested for drugs, because they were obviously using them on me to control me. I told her that she could take me anywhere and have me tested, I had never done a drug (at 47, I've still never taken a drug except the couple times I tried marijuana). She grabbed me by the neck and choked me. Told me to call my friends so she could talk with them. Her grip was so tight I couldn't breathe much less answer her. I dialed the number and when she took the phone I put on my sneakers and as she finished screaming into the phone and hung up completely off the wall, she came at me yelling and screaming. I knew she was going to kill me and I bolted. I pushed over a chair and she tripped over it. I ran out of the house and down the road as fast as I could and then up into the woods. My mother and her boyfriend followed suit as did my sister and brother in law.

As their cars blew past I ran into the woods and hid until nightfall. I heard them calling to me but feared for my life as I never had. After several hours, as I hid under a pine tree that had been felled

on a neighbor's farm, I heard something at the entrance to where I had gone under the tree. It was a cow and scared the hell out of me. As it passed I climbed out of the hole and found my way back to the road. I walked all night back to St. Johnsbury and again presented myself to the Youth Services Bureau.

They took me to the police and placed me in protective custody as you could clearly see her fingerprints and thumb print on my neck. They took pictures and I went to my new temporary home and then into Foster Care.

My foster mother and father were great, as were their three natural children, all grown and out of the house and my foster brother who was a year younger than me. At the county fair one time they set up a booth to sell sandwiches and soda. They had told me about a gay couple they knew and one of the men ended up showing up at their booth. He was very nice to me and asked if I wanted to walk around the fairgrounds with him. I left with him and he asked if I wanted to go back to his truck and have a beer. I said okay, so we went to his truck. It should be noted that I was 16, 5'11" and 135 lbs. I weighed very little because after my mother attacked me and I went into protective custody/foster care, I stopped eating. I only later started because I got sick and the doctor told me I was pre-anorexic and if I didn't start eating he was going to put me in the hospital and feed me intravenously. I was petrified of needles. At this point though I still wasn't eating.

We had a beer and he started telling me how lucky I was that I got the foster home I got because the family was such a nice one. He said that there was a shortage of foster homes and if I hadn't gotten theirs I would probably end up in a juvenile detention center, which was just like jail for kids. I agreed that I knew what it was and I was happy they had accepted me as a foster kid. Then

he moved on to telling me how hot I was and would I like to fool around. He was about 50 and chubby. I told him I didn't think so. He said that if I didn't he would tell the foster family that I had and they would probably put me in a detention center. I said fine and he told me to take my pants down. He then gave me a blowjob and when I was done, he said he knew I liked it because I came. Then he made me reciprocate. I had never done it before and when he came in my mouth I puked all over him. He kicked me out of his car and I remember thinking, good. I went back to my foster parents and never said anything about it. I didn't want to go into Juvie and last time my mother just laughed with her friends.

Many more things have happened over the years. Some sort of reconciliation with Jane, a letter from her telling me she wished I were dead and had she known I was going to be gay, she would have had an abortion or given me up for adoption.

I knew there was a better life than what I had, I had friends who had what appeared to be great lives and intended to pursue one. When I graduated high school I joined the military to get away and prove I could be a good person and it helped me grow up and become very patriotic. I actually married a woman because I thought that is what I was supposed to do. We divorced of course and I got out of the military. I set myself a career goal and every job I had was to help me reach it. I was a manager at a convenience store, so it would give me supervisory experience; I worked in an accounting department, so it would give me accounting experience. I moved to Massachusetts and went to work for a Geriatric Physician and fell in love with the elderly. I then did contracts for a state agency that dealt with the elderly and finally went to work for a Home Healthcare Agency dealing

primarily with the elderly. When I was 34 a friend and I opened our own Home Healthcare Agency and 13 years later we have about 200 employees and are one of the largest agencies in the area. I met my husband when I was 25 and we have been together for 21 years, marrying on our 14th anniversary. I no longer deal with any of my siblings or my birth mother. I plan to never speak to her or them again. I have a fantastic life and have escaped fear and poverty. I couldn't be happier. My husband and our dogs are enough. My friends are my family and I have prospered and believe my life was meant to be exactly as it is. If I didn't have the life I had, I may not be the person I am.

Residual effects of my life? Well, as a gay man, I'm a top sexually. Not sure if it is because of Mike, but nothing ever goes near my behind. When I was 17 my grandmother died and Jane asked me to move home, as long as I pretended to be straight til I graduated high school. I agreed and the first night home I had dreams of the devil and they have haunted me since. I now have them and scream until awakened, sometimes it takes my husband 10 minutes to wake me. I am an insomniac because I was sure Jane was going to kill me when I went back to live with her. I was sure it was hoax to kill me in my sleep so it also made me a very light sleeper. I don't think a ghost could sneak into my room without it waking me to ask what it needed. Other than that I think life is pretty good. I didn't see a therapist, I'm not a drug addict, I didn't let my life rule who I was. I guess I was actually made of stronger stuff. Yay me.

RAPED AT 5 BY UNCLE

Well the time was back in 1969-1970, I was 5 or so, my brother was an infant, we was being watched by my aunt and uncle, when dad was on the road (truck driver) mom was in the hospital, jaundiced with gallbladder problem, which was removed.

My aunt went to work, a telephone operator, back in the day, so during the day, he (my uncle) did what he did A few times, it started while I was setting on his lap, his pants was open and his penis was out and getting larger, his fingers was all over, and he used them first to penetrate, then took me to the back bedroom, and it continued, he penetrated me, and he released in me, after he had me take a long bath, and not to tell, it was a game, sometimes it was more than once a day. --and while he was doing what he was doing, he liked playing with my wee wee as he called it, I still remember his cigarette breath in my ear—

I did not understand what was going on, like a very very bad dream, I just wanted to go back to my home, and to have mom, back there too. i was upset, scared,, I just cried and cried, by the time my aunt got home from work, what I do remember, she was nice, fed me, and took care of my brother, then dad came and got us.

that book that you are going to do, will help so many and start so many to talk about this and deal with this, telling you the details, about me, has helped me a lot, I do feel lighter, i cannot change what happened, and with the professional help that i had, and talking to you about this issue, i am not self destructive for a long time now and can deal with this and a couple of other things better, and feel better about myself. Thank You Sir.

DAD'S FRIEND, BUCK: VIOLENCE AND SEX

It all started when I was 12. A very trusted and close friend of my father's whom he had grown up with came to Ohio to stay with us. I had been familiar with this family my entire life. They weren't just family friends they were in fact family. Several days had passed and one evening my father said he was going to the store to get milk. He asked if I wanted to go and I stated, "No, I'm going to make a call to my aunt."

Buck (I know what a name) was in the bedroom he was staying in. Dad left and I was going to call my Aunt when I hear a voice; "Hey Tony come here". I froze - something just changed and I was scared. I went down the hall and the light was off and he told me to walk up to the bed. I started up and he instantly grabbed me, and started kissing my neck. He kept saying this is why you stayed back, isn't it? You want my cock, don't you? He then pulled his hard cock out and shoved me into my knees and started ramming it in my face, saying over and over, you want this don't you?

At that point all I could think of was I kept getting wet on my face and mouth. I thought he was peeing on me. I know now it was pre cum and he was very excited to be doing this. He then grabbed me, told me to suck his cock and he was feeling me everywhere. He was grabbing my cock, licking his fingers and shoving them very hard in my butt. The whole time I don't think he ever took a breath because he kept saying that I caused this, that I wanted him, that I was a total queer and I was forcing him to do this.

By now I had started to cry because he was hurting me, he was extremely rough and was grabbing my cock and twisting it, fingering my ass very rough, pinching my nipples to the point I

wanted to scream. He asked me, "Are you crying?" I said: "Yes you are hurting me" he became so angry that out of the blue he punched me in my stomach, knocking all the wind out of me, I fell back on the floor gasping for air, he got out of bed totally naked, and kicked me in the stomach. I actually thought he was going to kill me. I wanted so bad for my dad to return so I could tell him.

As I laid there crying finally getting my breathe he picked me up, kissed me, told me not to cry and said we needed to "finish". I was scared to death of what that meant. He started masturbating and was telling me to lick the head and to taste his cum. He repeatedly kissed me and told me this was our secret and there was so much more we could do. He again touched me and licked my cock, balls and ass. All of these things felt good but I knew they were so wrong. He then told me to get ready to "swallow" - he no more than said that and my entire face and neck and mouth was covered in his cum, to this day I never saw someone who could cum the way he did. He smeared it all over my face kissing me, licking it and just holding me. When I stood up to leave the room he pulled me close and stated, that if I ever told anyone, my family and all of our animals would come up missing. He kissed and then shoved me very violently into the hall knocking me down.

I was so mixed up, scared and felt like running from the house. But as I stood up I heard the car and I could hear my dad talking to our dog. I ran into my room got dressed, crying and trying to wipe all this sticky messy stuff off of me.

That was the first of many encounters that continued until I was around 16-17. He was very violent at times beating me in my stomach so hard I actually wanted to die. Then he would hold me, kiss me, later tell me how special I was to him, how he could be

himself around me. Our sex of course went in many directions as well.

I think to a degree that I knew of what love was then, yes I prolly did love him. That's the funny part, I fantasize about rough sex and someone cumming in my face but if I'm in a situation where that can happen I most typically stop it before it happens. I enjoy cum and enjoy it most everywhere but once in my face and I'm done. I do enjoy swallowing but face area is out. I do have a few others encounters with him I will write about all the way to his death from a father of a boy he molested..... I felt good to write it to you, I guess because first and foremost I felt safety, I really don't know you, you really aren't out to judge me so the safety thing is big. I felt free to talk about it. Thanks for doing what you're doing!...

I guess about a year had went by and we were in Virginia visiting my grandparents and other family members. My Dad wanted to stop by and see who was at the homestead (it was this family's meeting place, the family was huge - 17 boys and the last birth, girl). I always liked going to the Jones house, it was right by a creek and I always heard of how a diamond was found by the creek bed. (Actually a true story you can look it up under The Jones Diamond) As I was walking along the creek bed, I heard a voice calling my name. I turned and just froze, it was Buck and he had his pants down masturbating. He told me to come over and lick his cock. I was so scared that we would be seen, he was standing beside an old out building and the house must have only been 100 feet away. I went over and he shoved me on my knees and ordered me to lick his penis. Once again all I tasted and felt was something wet. Only this time it was light out and I could see it was coming from his penis. He was jacking off and of course it

was coming out like crazy, I was actually enjoying being there and being with him. Out of nowhere he pulled me up, yanked my pants down and told me to bend over. He spit in his hand and rubbed it in my butt. He spit on his penis and all he said was: "you better be quiet and hold still." All I can remember was feeling pain and burning as he slid in me. He was pumping so hard and deep that I think I almost passed out from the pain. I don't remember him as being extremely large but he was a grown man and I was 13. He pumped for what seemed like forever. I remember him tightening up and moaning and him really going deep and holding it. Now of course I know he was ejaculating in me. He stayed in for a couple mins, after pulling out he told me to say I fell in the creek and to wash up before coming back up to the house. Once again his rage took over, he grabbed me, shoved me down and slugged me in the stomach. He snatched me up and hit me again in the stomach; I was utterly silent, I could not get my breath and he just kept saying remember you fell in the creek. Right as he was about to walk away, by now I was sitting up on the grass, my pants still down, he whispered to me "you say a word, everyone dies and so do your animals". He then walked to the house.

I remember crying as he walked away and feeling so ashamed of myself. That I was making this man do this to me. What was wrong with me? Did others see this too? I stood up and walked over to the creek and slowly stepped in. The water was warm and I felt better, almost instantly. I went in further and washed my underwear and shorts. As I was getting out I heard my dad say cmon We're leaving. I put my clothes back on underwater and stepped out. By this time Dad and Buck had made it to me. Buck was laughing with my dad saying "look who fell in the water" - my dad was like, what happened? I simply said that I was walking and slipped in. At that moment I remember looking at Buck and he

had a grin on his face. He looked at me and said: "It happens all the time."

Once again he had abused me and although I felt ashamed and scared there was a deep part that enjoyed it. That is a feeling I think I struggle with even today some 35-40 years later. As time went on our interactions and paths would cross to at least a couple times a year.

16 YEAR-OLD ASSAULTS 8 YEAR-OLD

Thom, I too, was assaulted many times when I was younger. My first experience was when I was 8 and he was 16, it started out as fun then when we got caught it turned violent. I am a proud gay man but I would kill someone if I caught them doing that to any kid. It started out as harmless fun, touching and such. Then he had me perform oral sex on him. now me too young to produce anything but an erect penis he sucked on mine although he came in my mouth often. one day his sister kinda caught us. we denied it then one day I let it slip what we were doing, he got mad and anally penetrated me. Back in the day my parents never filed charges and told me to never to do it again, and since I was a boy just deal with it. Years later I fooled around with friends and eventually "came out". I don't regret anything that happened, I chalked it up to a learning experience.

BABYSITTER RAPES KID, WHEN KID AGES HE BABYSITS & ASSAULTS, TOO

I was sexually abused by a family friend when I was about 7 years old. He was 16 and babysitting and he forced me to have anal sex. He threatened me to not tell anyone and said that he would say I asked for it. I totally blocked it out except knowing that every time he was around I was creeped out. He went away to Vietnam and my dad used to make us write letters to him. I hated it. When my dad told us he was coming home I cried and cried.

OMG Thom. I just remembered that when I got older and babysat, I assaulted as well. It's disturbing and sad and I'm terribly embarrassed to tell it. When I was around 13 or 14 I used to do a lot of babysitting in my rural neighborhood. One night my parents were going out with another couple so I went to their house to watch a little boy and girl aged like 5 and 3. The little boy was cute to me and I sent the girl to bed. The boy had to stay up with me and we cuddled on the couch. He didn't want to do it. However, I gave him the same line that my assaulter used on me. If he told I would tell his parents that he wanted to do it. Later, I forced him to take his little pee pee and try to insert it in my ass. Didn't work well. Then we went up to bed and I climbed in bed with him and we cuddled. I never babysat there again. But I know his parents were close friends with mine, so I assume he didn't tell them about this. Cuz small town anger would have sent me to the slammer I am sure. I have looked him up on facebook and he seems to be ok. I wonder if he blocked it out like I tried to do. I have, at different times of my life, thought about apologizing to his parents and him, but was always scared of the consequences. Can't believe I forgot about that. BTW, I am not at all attracted to

children in that way. I think I just wanted to act out on my gayness, and the poor kid was the result. Can't wait to read your book. Thanks again Thom.

DRUGGED IN GAY BAR, GROUP SEX, NO REGRETS

1979. I was 21, lived in the burbs about 9 miles from midtown. NYC was my gay playground. I was always a sexually active with other guys during high school so the clubs in the city opened a whole world for me. It was pre AIDS days so things were open and wild.

One night I went to bar on the Westside in the meat packing district. The movie Cruising was shot there with Al Pacino. I was an extra in it around that time. This was a rough kind of leatherish bar. It had a long bar and at one end had a passage way to a backroom with dark cubicles and so forth if you wanted to play around. I never did that before.

I went with a friend who got lost in the crowd. Being 21, tall nice looking kid with brown curly hair, I can feel like some of these older guys checking me out like I was a piece of ribeye on sale. These guys seemed much older but were probably only in their late 20's to 30's at the time.

It was a Tom of Finland runway show it seemed. Muscle guys in chaps, handlebar mustaches and handkerchiefs adorning their back pocket stating their desires. I was wearing tight jeans, bikini brief underneath and a flannel shirt opened to show my hairy chest as was the style back then as were my cowboy boots.

There was this tall hot hairy muscle dude staring at me from across the room as I ordered a screwdriver. He had on tight jeans with a white v neck t shirt and a black leather vest. He smiled and show his beautiful smile . He wandered over and said hello.

I made small talk with him. I could see he was packing a big bulge but I was nervous but equally as horny. My friend came by and I became distracted. My friend said he would meet me later. I then turned back to the guy who was talking to someone else. I drank my drink. Within minutes I felt a high I never felt before. I felt euphoric.

The floor felt like it was moving. I had a feeling of surrender. I wandered toward the dark backroom and entered this dark world. I was horny and felt uninhibited. It crossed my mind that maybe my drink was spiked.

It was busy in there. It was a Saturday night. I felt hands touch me up down. I touched too. I entered a dark cubicle and two men followed me in. One was the hot guy I was talking to at the bar. He came up behind me and I could feel his bulging cock through his jeans up against my butt. He wrapped his arms into my front of my open shirt and rubbed my hairy chest. The other guy with blonde wave hair from what I can tell in the dim light was on his knees. They worked together as the blonde undid my belt and took down my jeans and briefs. I was hard like a rock as he sucked hard and deep. The hot guy behind me rimmed my hairy ass and hole. He undid his belt and I could feel his fat cock poking at my hole to get in. My head was spinning and I felt I had no control but at the same turned on.

A third guy came in and started sucking on one nipple. The blonde who was sucking me off to my surprise had push his ass into my cock so now I was fucking him while the guy behind me spit and shoved his big cock up my ass. I felt out of control sandwiched in the middle. I felt him and the third guy lifted me up and over this horizontal bench. The blonde shoved his dick in my mouth while it seemed the other two took turns fucking me from behind. I got

scared and wanted to stop but felt too high to resist.

I must have passed out because the next thing I knew someone poked me and asked if I were ok. I was on the floor, naked with my jeans down around my boots, my shirt tossed to the side. The smell of cum was everywhere. It was dripping from my crack, on my back and in my chest hair. I lifted my jeans back on, threw on my shirt and stumbled to the men's rooms to clean myself. My hole felt raw in a good way I guess but then panicked I thought I can get herpes or something but never did. I never went back to that bar. I definitely feel I was drugged but I came out ok. I don't regret it. I consider it part of my experimentation

TAXI DRIVER ASSAULTS TEEN, KEEPS METER RUNNING, CHARGES HIM

February, 1980 – I was 17, 6'3" I called a taxi. A cab driver picked me up and I told him I wanted to go to a decent hotel. He drove me around and pulled into an industrial area. I was very nervous and shaking. He wanted me to get in the front seat to have sex and I took off running and screaming. He yelled what about your stuff. He said to come back and he would not hurt me. I got in the front seat with him and he pulled out this huge knife from under the seat. He said if I wanted to hurt you, I would have done so by now. He wanted to mess around and I was scared. I had been with a neighbor boy before. He wanted to screw me and I said no because he had a curved penis. He knew I was only 17. We jacked each other off and I did not even feel my orgasm because I was so afraid. He left the meter running the whole time and I said you are kidding. I told him I will call the police and he said they would not believe that it was rape because you are underage and just another kid coming to the Los Angeles area to make it. I said I will not pay the money and he said he would call the police and they would arrest me. I paid.

AA PREDATOR

I was from Vancouver and met Leo, from Seattle, in AA. Leo clearly expressed an interest in me and we had cyber sex for several months before meeting again in person at the LGBT AA conference in Vancouver in 2013. He took naked pictures of me, saying they'd only be for personal use. He had sex with me. He was being quite forceful clearly. Afterwards, I went down to Seattle twice. He had sex with me without a condom more than once. I was in a vulnerable state, new in sobriety and he was taking advantage of my need to be loved. He tossed me aside and put the relationship on hold at the end of the second Seattle trip.

He came to the conference here in 2014 and manipulated me into trying it again. He forced himself on me without a condom again. He takes advantage of vulnerable men and moves onto the next. He's a predator.

He was always stalking me online so he could manipulate me via cyber sex when I wasn't there with him. He always asked if I was naked the way he liked me. He asked what I wanted to do sexually with him, flashing the naked pics of me sometimes. Last time I saw him was April 2015. I still feel emotionally scarred.

[I started collecting these stories a few months in 2016, then again in November, 2018, and this man wrote to me both times... In 2018 he reiterated:]

Hi Thom. I was sexually taken advantage of by a guy I met in AA. He had sex with me without a condom more than once when I was in a vulnerable place in my life. I'm lucky I'm ok. He manipulated me with cyber sex for months before that convincing

me that we could have a long distance relationship. He's in Seattle while I'm in Vancouver. He married another guy up here for a 6 month period before we dated. He would come to the local LGBT AA conference to search out vulnerable guys to use for sex. Then he would go from one to the next like a revolving door whenever it suited him. I no longer go to AA and haven't for almost 4 years as there are no safety measures in place to protect people from these predators. I'll give more specifics in the next few days. Have a great night.

Because it was long distance he would ask me nearly every night we were both at home what I wanted to do sexually with him that night. I felt pressured to perform sexually at home to maintain his interest in me in a potential relationship. He knew full well there was no future with us but he manipulated me into believing there was. He was just using me for sex. Every time we were in the car together and I was in the passenger seat he expected my hand to be placed on his crotch area. If I didn't he said to me "where is your hand supposed to go?" He was sick. Wish I broke things off at that very moment but I can't change it now. I'll think of more things. Enjoy the rest of your Thurs Thom.

CHURCH CHOIR DIRECTOR IN BASEMENT SAUNA MOLESTS PAPERBOY

My family was from a town outside of Boston and I was one of seven kids in a very typical Irish Catholic family. My dad was a very strict man who did not spare the rod. I would compare his thinking to that of the early Archie Bunker, the man with little or no compassion. Strike first and ask questions later. My mom was a very subservient woman who was a stay at home mom and servant to my dad. Her job was all-encompassing from taking care of cooking, cleaning and driving everywhere as my dad never got his driver's license. So many times, my heart would go out to her because I felt like she had no life.

My position in the order of children was third from the oldest. I was of very small stature and an easy target for the bullies. At one point, I was invited to a sleepover at one of the kid's homes, which turned out to be a set-up for a violent attack on me. The kids lured me to a playground where they tied me up on a jungle gym and left me there. My dad would call me a sissy and told me that I should have put up a fight to make them respect me. With Dad, violence was always the best answer in every situation.

He perpetuated that belief at home where I would get severe beatings with whatever he had at hand...a belt, a ruler, his fists.... One night, he found money missing from his bureau and dragged me into the front room and beat me so hard, I had bruises all over me. He also threw me into a wall that night. I went to my bed and my mother came into the room and told me that he only did that because he loved me. How messed up was that? It turns out my oldest brother had taken the money and my father found out. He

got grounded. Never did I receive an apology from my Dad.

The following happened when I was eleven years old. It was the early 1970's. One of the best ways to not be at home was having a paper route in the morning six days a week before school. You would think that that would be an enjoyable time for a kid to earn some extra money. Well, one morning, one of my customers came outside when I was delivering his newspaper and started talking to me. He seemed like a real nice guy and I appreciated his kindness. He invited me over to do some work around the inside of his house that Saturday. This was great because I would have some extra money but I didn't tell my folks as I wanted to keep the money for myself.

I went to his house that Saturday and he welcomed me in and offered me some lemonade. I recall it tasted funny but I drank it anyway. We talked for a bit and then he asked me to come into his basement so he could show me something. So, we went downstairs and he showed me that he had an indoor sauna, which I thought was really cool. He invited me to try it out and gave me a towel to wrap around myself. I disrobed and put the towel around myself and went into the sauna. It was really hot and he put down another towel and told me to lay down on the towel as it would be easier to deal with the heat.

He then asked if he could rub my back and he poured some cold water on my back as he started to rub my back. As he continued to rub my back, he moved lower and unwrapped my towel that was around my waist. At that point, he started to rub my butt cheeks and moved his hand into my rectum, pouring water on me. He then turned me over and started to touch my penis and testicles. This was the first time anyone had ever touched me in this manner.

The next thing I knew he was taking me up to his bedroom and he told me that this had to stay private otherwise my parents would probably throw me out of the house or worse. He pulled out a jar of Ponds cold cream and worked his fingers inside me. I told him it hurt and he said that it would stop hurting after I got used to it. He then slapped my ass and told me to stop struggling. It was then that he pushed himself inside of me. It hurt so bad and he pushed my head into the pillow to muffle the screams. He kept saying it felt so good and I was so tight. This seemed to go on forever and eventually he stopped when he climaxed. I was so relieved that it was over. But it wasn't. He assaulted me three more times that day and then took me into the shower to get cleaned up. But while I was in the shower, he pushed me to my knees to take his penis in my mouth until he climaxed again and I thought I was going to choke.

He got me cleaned up and walked me to the front door. He reminded me again what would happen if I told anyone. I left and wandered to the main street terrified. I got home and feigned sickness for the rest of the day.

I knew I would have to deliver his paper and was scared to go near his house. So, I would sneak up to the house and quietly drop off his paper. For two weeks, I thought I would be ok. He caught me delivering his paper again one morning and told me he needed me to come over that Saturday evening. I made up an excuse that I couldn't and he told me to be there or he would call my folks. I begged him not to and I would be there. I would have to make up an excuse saying I was staying at a friend's house.

That Saturday night, I went to his house and he appeared at the front door in a towel to invite me in. He led me upstairs to his bedroom again where he had me disrobe and suck on his penis. A

moment later, I felt someone from behind caressing my face with his penis. I stopped and looked and it was my church choir director whose was naked as well. The next thing I knew, I was being passed between them like a toy. They were taking turns sliding their penises inside my ass and my mouth. This continued from 7pm to midnight. They fell asleep and I retreated to a den and found a blanket to throw over me as I couldn't go home until the morning.

I left early in the morning before they woke up. Later that day, I asked a fellow paperboy if he would swap the route with his. This was the first assault on me as a child.

KIDNAPPED AT 14 AND GANG RAPED BY MAN AND HIS CLIENTS

Fourteen years old and I was entering the workforce as an assistant in the local library. Reading books was a passion of mine as I could escape into imaginary worlds which made living in the real world more bearable. And this was my dream job from the first time I visited the library and the staff all knew me and my love of books and reading. It was a perfect fit.

A man came into the area where I was by myself and appeared to be browsing books. When I was done with my duties in this area, I had to use the restroom. A moment went by and there was a knock on the stall door. I asked who it was and there was no answer. There was another knock and I again asked who was there. I heard the door to the restroom open and close again. I opened the stall door and this man was standing outside the door.

He said hi and backed me into the stall and shut and locked the door behind him. I was told that he was watching me and wanted to show me something. He unzipped the zipper on his pants and pulled out his penis. He pushed me down to sit on the toilet and told me that I was going to love the taste. I said no but he grabbed me by the hair and forced me to perform oral sex on him. No one came into the rest room and he climaxed fairly quickly.

When he was done, he told me he would be back for more and that I would do what he said if I didn't want the staff to find out what I had done.

Two weeks later on a Saturday, I was leaving my shift at the library and walking home. A car pulled up next to me and it was

him. He told me to get into the car and I told him I couldn't as I was going home. He then yelled for me to get into the damn car now. I got into the car and he slapped me. He said you will do what I tell you to do and asked me if I understood. I said yes.

We drove about 40 minutes and he pulled into the driveway of a house. He ordered me inside the house and upstairs to a bedroom. I was instructed to strip down and lie down on the bed on my back. He said we were going to have some fun. I was on the bed and he put a blindfold over my eyes and laid me down on the bed. It was quiet for a moment when my wrist was grabbed and I was being tied to the bed. But I could tell he was not alone. I heard at least five voices including his in the room.

For about an hour and a half, I was at the mercy of these men who took turns inside me at both ends. At one point, one of them started laughing as he penetrated me with a hair brush handle and the others were encouraging him to do it. They hurt me so much. When they left, the man untied me and told me to get dressed as we had to leave. He drove me back to where he picked me up and told me on the way that he made \$200 for that party.

This happened for about two months when he could find me. The same house.... sometimes the guys were the same...sometimes they were different. I never saw faces due to the blindfolds. Poppers were introduced during this time which took me to a different place. But I finally got away on Saturday as he drove up to me and ordered me into the car and I said no. He got out of the car and I screamed at the top of my lungs. He ran back to his car and drove off. The custodian at the library ran out of the building and over to me to see if I was OK.

I told him I was OK and went home. But the custodian got a good

look at the guy and the next time he showed up at the library, the custodian told him to get out or he was going to call the police. He never came back again.

FROM DINNER WITH TV STAR TO BEING RAPED

In August of 1994, I had been out of the closet for a year. I was 31 years old. A late-comer to the gay "scene," I was unbelievably naive for a man my age. I had developed a friendship with a man 20 years my senior -- a charismatic, funny, talented man who was, like me, from *[deleted state name]*, but he had moved to LA and found work in show business. I considered him a mentor.

He had the life I thought I wanted, but didn't know how to achieve. We hung out a few times when he popped back in to my state, but that's all it was. Hanging out. If there was flirting going on, I was blind to it. He offered to fly me to LA with him so that I could celebrate my birthday with his friend Loni (DELETED). She was a big star. Her birthday and mine were just days apart.

This seemed like a glamorous opportunity, one I didn't want to pass up. My boyfriend at the time was indifferent, so off I went. With this man. To Hollywood! The dinner with Loni seemed like a fairy tale. We went to a restaurant called Moonlight Tango. She was beautiful, sweet, and very kind to me. After dinner, This Man and I drove to a gay bar called Capone's to meet another friend of his. While they talked over old times, I wandered to the bar and met a guy. We started talking, making out...a West Hollywood guy thought I was cute! Cool! I went back to the table where my mentor-friend was, to find him very pissed off at me.

This was my first clue that maybe he had feelings for me that I didn't have for him. We drove back to the apartment where we were staying in silence. The place belonged to a friend of his, and we were sleeping together on a pull-out sofa. Did I really think he intended to sleep with me and not touch me? Yes. As I said --

naive.

Soon, his hands were all over me. I tried to squirm to the edge of the mattress, but this pissed him off and he got on top of me. As a kid, I had been sexually abused for 7 years, so I immediately retreated into that "zone," that place you go when someone is doing something to you that you can't control. "Turn over!" he yelled. I quietly rolled onto my stomach. "Did you really think I invited you here to be my friend? Fuck you! Are you really that stupid? You're a fucking cocktease and you're not gonna get away with it!"

He was working his erect penis inside me, without lube or even saliva. I had only had anal sex consensually as an adult once. His forced entry was rough and painful. I arched my back, trying to get on all fours to throw him off, but he pushed me back down.

"Fucker, you owe me! Do you think my friends give a shit about you? Do you think anybody gives a shit about you? This is the only reason anyone gives a shit about you -- because you look like a good fuck!"

As he was berating me, he was raping my ass. He was not well-endowed, but his anger, the angle, the clumsy drunken thrusting, all of it made the experience hurt like hell. I wasn't even registering the sting of his words. I just wanted this pain to stop. Finally, I don't even know how, I found the strength to roll over and throw him off.

I ran to a second bedroom. As I ran, he yelled, "Get back here you fucker! I have a knife!" I got to the bedroom, slammed the door and locked it. Within seconds he was at the door screaming that he had a knife and wasn't afraid to use it. As he tried to pick the lock, I held the door, scanning the room for a place to hide. The

room was empty. There was a window, but I was nude. I felt something wet on the back of my leg. I looked down and saw that my ass was bleeding and running down my leg.

Could I jump out the window? Sure, we were 2 floors up and I was naked with a battered asshole. But it was better than being knifed. But all I could think of was what would I tell anyone? I didn't want to get my friend in trouble. (That's what abused kids often do: protect their abuser). The alcohol must have gotten the better of him because he suddenly quit trying to open the door. I heard him return to the sofa.

I spent the night curled in a ball on the floor. I felt embarrassed. Ashamed. Guilty. Incredibly stupid for believing anyone would have any interest in me aside from a sexual one.

We flew home together the next day. He never removed his sunglasses. He spoke to me only once: "Sorry if I was too rough when we made love. And you owe me \$400 for the airfare. I'll expect a check."

I did pay him. I tried to put my birthday rape behind me. I went back to Minneapolis and told my boyfriend what had happened. He laughed and didn't believe me. I wound up leaving him, but never told anyone else what happened.

A year later, I appeared in a play that my mentor-rapist was directing. Why did I have any interaction with him? I don't know. He was very talented. The play was a grand experience. He was cold and cruel to me, but on some level I thought I deserved it.

Now we no longer speak. I moved to LA and had a decent career as a writer. I heard from mutual friends that I must have fucked my way into a job (which wasn't far from the truth, but at least it

was my choice). Now I'm 53, the age he was when he raped me. I can't imagine doing what he did. I'm not a violent person. What he did wasn't from being horny. It was anger, jealousy, resentment, power. I've spent a lot of time working on myself and my issues. I think of him now as a cautionary tale: Don't Become Him.

BLOCKED OUT RAPE FOR 12 YEARS

Thom. I was 13 - the man was older I met in a mall bathroom and we became lovers he picked me up 1 day and was drunk I made a comment he punched me I cried he said if I didn't shut up he'd give me something to cry about. We got to our place that he got and got himself another drink and gave me one. I reminded him I don't drink he said you do now.

He kissed me I pulled away. He tried again I pushed him he punched me and carried me up with me struggling. He tied me eagle and wellWhen done I asked him for a cigarette. H said I don't smoke. I said well there was a lot I didn't do. I after smoking left to leave.

At the top of a flight of stairs asked me what I was doing replied leaving. He went to grab me and instead pushed me and I fell over hitting my head on the banister on the way down.

When I came to and I asked him how long I was out he told me a half an hour. I got up he said he'd drive. I said to leave me alone. He got in and followed and gave me a lift back needless to say I never talked to him again. Blocked rape out for 12 years. I became stronger. Life does go on and you can bounce back.

WENT HOME WITH GUY, TOLD HIM TO GO SLOW, BUT HE DID NOT

I was raped when I was 18. Met this guy at a bar and he seemed really nice, he invited me back to his place and things seemed to be going well. He asked if I had ever been "topped" and I told him no. He promised me that he would take it slow with me. After I had gotten naked, he told me to lie on my stomach, he then climbed on top and pinned me down. He force "fucked " me and brought blood and did not stop until he got off. Afterwards he acted like it was no big deal. We both got dressed and I left.

Took me several years to trust guys again and to this day, I still have a slight fear that it will happen again. Also, I feel that that's one of the main reasons I have remained single. I do have a best friend who has fucked me off and on and I do trust him to some level because he hasn't given me a reason not to. He and I have a pretty strong bond yet he is bi and likes girls more, yea it hurts because I know he and I will never have anything beyond friends with benefits.

FRENCH CABARET LEADS TO BLACKOUT, MAYBE RAPE

I have to put things in context. It was in 2002. My group of friends and I regularly went to a gay bar in downtown Lille, France (Mum's bar). I had met my boyfriend at the time several months before and I was madly in love.

Near the bar, there was a cabaret (Les Folie's de Paris). Some dancers had a drink after the show. We met regularly and we became "friends".

Delphine and Stephen entered our gang. Then, Stephen invited us to his home for his birthday. It was mid-week and my boyfriend was only there on the weekend. My wake up: When I slowly opened my eyes, there was daylight. I saw a ceiling and an ironing board just behind my head. I felt the floor. I had troubles to move my hand for touching it. It was a carpet floor. My head was spinning... No strength... No thought... I don't know how long it took me to feel the weight on my stomach. I hardly raised my head and I saw his head was the cause of the weight. He was naked, lying against my left leg. I found out that my shirt was unbuttoned, my pants and my boxer were dropped at my feet and blocked by my shoes. Slowly, I could get up and dressed myself. Staggering, I searched for my bag to come back home. There was a subway station near but I felt like an alcoholic... I wandered until the station. When I was arrived I lied on my bed and took off all my clothing. I was groggy but I wanted to know. I touched myself in the ass... No sign... Then I took a shower.

ASSAULTED AT 6, IN COLLEGE, AND BY URINAL IN STRAIGHT BAR

I've been sexually abused three times in my life.

Once when I was six. I was playing on the school swings by myself when a young man approached me. He told me he wanted to show me a bird's nest over by one of the buildings. We he got me near the building he picked me up and took me behind the building.

There he pulled my pants down and began to fondle me. I was scared but sexually aroused at the same time because of the physical touch. He had me lay on top of him with both of us naked so we could rub our penises together. I remember thinking that he had peed on me. I didn't know what semen was at the time. I realized as I got older that he had ejaculated on me. He told me not to tell anyone what had happened or he would kill my family. I never told anyone about this until I was in my late 20s

The next incident happened when I was in college. I went to a frat party with some frat guys who were friends of mine. I had several drinks too many and went to lay down in a bedroom. I remember seeing a guy at the party who kept staring at me. I had the feeling he wanted to get together.

The door opened in the bedroom and I thought it was one of my buddies coming to get me to go home. It was the guy who kept staring at me. He laid on the bed with me and we starting rubbing each other's dicks. One thing led to another and we got naked. I was good up until he got more aggressive and flipped me over. I had never done anal up to this point.

He rammed me so hard that I felt like I was being ripped in two. He came and then he got off of me and got dressed. I put my clothes on and got my buddies and left. There was some blood and lots of pain for days afterword. I never told anyone about this because I was embarrassed.

The last incident happened at a bar here in Riverside where I was gay bashed. It is a straight bar but some guy was checking me out at the urinal. I could see that he had a boner while he was staring at me. I let him cop a feel for a few seconds until someone else came in. One of his friends came in and saw that I was erect. He didn't see his friend's erection. The guy who felt me up covered his tracks by popping me in the eye so his friend would think that I was the one who pursued him. His friend was pretty drunk so I didn't have a problem putting them both on the ground. I left the bar but didn't report anything.

ANGRY GIANT FLAMBOUYANT COLLEGE ROOMMATE

In August of 1985 I was a 19 year old college student at SIU-Edwardsville, Illinois, and living in a student apartment, away from home for the first time. My friend Lon talked me into moving in his apartment and I was excited to do so.

Each apartment had two bedrooms with four beds. Lon and his current roommate Todd shared one bedroom and I had a room to myself because my roommate was an insomniac and dropped out after a couple weeks. The three of us were all gay, but at different stages of acceptance.

Lon was openly gay, cute, blonde and an artist. He also had a steady boyfriend, Marlow. Todd was also openly gay and very into the S&M slut scene with leather, chains and collars. He had long spiky hair, and facial hair. He was also pencil thin and ate like a pig. I was not out and had very little exposure to gay life. None of us were flamboyant. Just regular guys.

We all got along terrifically and they always kidded me about being in the closet. I played around with some “straight” jocks from the soccer, basketball and wrestling teams. Nothing too involved, just gave and received some blowjobs. It was an exciting new world and very different from the little town of 400 I grew up in. I was starting to feel comfortable with my gayness. But I still didn’t tell people that I was gay.

One day in October our student apartment manager stopped by and said they had a new roommate for us. They had a waiting list and needed to put this guy somewhere. At first we were all worried that they would put a straight guy in there and we would

either freak him out or have to play straight when he was around. When the manager brought the guy over it was very apparent he was gay. He was very feminine in his gestures and appearance. He was 6'5, and well built, but he also had a Flock of Seagulls hairstyle of dark black roots and bleach blond everything else, eyeliner and shadow, lipstick and nail polish. He was so different that the three of us. His name was Doug. He was very nice when we first met him.

I had seen him on campus, but never had any contact with him. He was hard to miss walking across campus because of his hair and wild clothes. Since the three of us didn't have a say so about who they moved in and we didn't have another person we wanted as a roommate, Doug was assigned to our apartment. At first, he was pretty quiet and friendly. He seemed to fit in well. He and I shared a room and a closet. He slept on the top bunk. We all shared a bathroom and all common areas. He spent quite a bit of time at school the first couple of weeks.

Something happened in late October because he was home a lot after that. I later found out he lost his campus job and no longer had to be on campus during the afternoon/evenings. Since we shared a room, it was not uncommon for us to be in there for hours at a time studying. He was curious as to why I didn't proudly display my gayness. I actually felt a bond with him.

By late November, things quickly deteriorated. Doug started eating food that belonged to Lon or Todd. He would put a huge drying rack in the bathtub with his sweaters and would leave it so the first person to shower in the morning had to deal with it in the morning, he would leave dirty dishes all over the apartment.

He then did three things that changed the unity of the household.

First, he had a constant line of men in and out of the apartment which left me without a room and a bed until he was done. He actually had noisy sex with guys on the bunk above me while I was trying to sleep. Second, filled our closet with gowns, wigs and women's shoes because he started doing drag. I had no idea what drag was, and I didn't care, but he ended up taking over most of the closet leaving me a small section. Last but not least, he ran up the phone bill and did not pay.

The tension in the apartment was terrible. Lon and Todd were very vocal and fought with him all the time. I stayed away with friends as much as possible. We tried to get him removed, but there was a lot of pushback from the university because they claimed there was no other apartment open. We later found out he had been in two other apartments before ours and had to be moved for his safety.

Lon and Todd started putting his dirty dishes clutter on his bed and Todd got pissed and threw his sweater rack off our balcony after Doug purposely left the empty rack in the bathroom five days in a row. We had the jacks in every room other than Lon and Todd's room cut off so he had no phone access because he would not pay his bills. Lon put a new lock on his door which required a key, and Doug was not given a key. He was also told by that if he ever walked out of our apartment in drag, that we would destroy all of his gowns and shoes.

Doug was defiant, but started staying away from the apartment several nights a week. During the winter break, I spent the entire two weeks at home. I couldn't stand the toxic environment. I tried to get out of the lease but the university would not allow me to without paying rent for the rest of the year. I went back in January and tried to make it work.

I was never blatantly rude to Doug, like Lon and Todd were, I just did not support him and gave him the cold shoulder. When I went back, I had all of us sit down and talk things out. We came to a shaky truce. Doug blew that the second day by eating one of Todd's pizzas and drinking most of Lon's soda. He never really bothered my stuff.

One night in late February, after working a very busy Friday night shift as a server at a local bar, I came home to a typical empty apartment, took a shower and fell asleep. Lon and Todd would not be home until Sunday. I was awoken from a deep by a heavy pressure on my back. When I woke up, Doug was laying on top of me. I could not move or breathe. He kept saying he liked me and he wanted me to like him and he wanted to be able to come home to me and be with me every night. I had no air in my lungs to respond to him.

I finally bucked enough for him to realize I was awake. He raised up enough for me to breathe. I tried to move and realize that my hands and feet were bound, tied to the bed posts. I started to yank and pull, but that made the ropes tighter. I started yelling and he wrapped a sock around my head to gag me. He then got off of the bed and went to his desk. He climbed back on the bed and straddled my butt. He then cut my underwear off.

I was so absolutely terrified that he had scissors that I didn't even consider what he was going to do to me next. He then raped me.

I had never had anal sex before. Even though he did not brutally penetrate me that first time, I almost passed out from the pain. He was very big. I remember he kept saying things like "so tight", "so hot", "you love my big dick". I remember the extreme pressure and pain in my butt that shot through me. He was

wearing some kind of flowery cologne that wasn't the popular Polo or Drakkar.

When he was finished, he got off me and slapped his wet semi hard dick on my cheek. I will never forget that sound. He pulled his blue G-string over his genitals and left the room.

He came back a while later with some water and ungagged me and gave me a drink.

I started to yell again, and he gagged me again. He then raped me again. He also started degrading me. Calling me names, slapping my backside so hard that it stung and becoming very brutal with his attacks. This went on for the rest of the night and most of the next day into the late evening. He would rape me both anally and orally by shoving his cock down my throat choking me. He also took pleasure in giving me oral sex even as I cried for him to stop. This was the worst part for me because I felt like I was completely dominated because I could not keep myself from reacting. I did not want to get erect, I did not want to ejaculate and give him the idea that I was enjoying this.

He really got off on this. He kept saying, "I know you are loving this.", "I know you love my big dick up your ass.", "You love me sucking your big dick or you wouldn't get off for me."

At some point he tied my hands and legs together and carried me to the bathroom to go to the bathroom. The last rape was extremely painful because he slammed me with all his might. I was so sore anyway and he pounded me for a very long time. I literally cried part of the time.

After he came, he left the room. I fell asleep because I was so exhausted. When I woke up it was hours later, I was untied. I took

the gag out of my mouth. It took me a while to move because I didn't know if he was there. It was around 11 p.m. I remember hearing people outside laughing and talking, cars starting and driving away.

I remember thinking I wish I had been with them because they were going out to have fun and I was laying facedown, naked and dirty. I was in so much pain. The bed sheet was wet and I was afraid I had bled or peed the bed. But it must have been his and my cum. I listened for a while and heard nothing in the apartment. I finally made myself get off of the bed. I was in pain, very weak and thirsty.

The bathroom across from the room was empty and the rest of the apartment was dark. I thought he might be on the couch, so I was terrified to turn on the light, but there was enough light in the room for me to see the furniture was unoccupied. The kitchen was also empty. I went back to my room and sat on the wet bed feeling kind of out of body. I tried to make myself believe it was not real, but the pain was there. I had no idea what to do.

I took a shower and went home to my mom's house. I drove back and forth to school for the next couple of weeks. I told Lon and Todd what took place and they said Doug had not been in the apartment. He still had some stuff there, but he had not returned. I felt like couldn't tell anyone what happened. I couldn't even figure out how I would tell anyone.

So I started building a wall. I only saw Doug a few more times on campus that year. Each time I saw him my stomach knotted up and I felt like I was going to pass out. Lon and I moved out to an off campus apartment when the school year ended. I never slept in that room again. Most of the time I slept in a chair in Lon and

Todd's room or at my mom's house.

Doug did not return to SIUE the next year. I eventually had to face what happened and ended up falling apart. I went to counseling. It took me years to ever have any type of intimacy with anyone and I still have issues with having my back to people, anal sex and being touched.

Unfortunately, this attack ruined my college years and caused me many problems for many years. I suffered with depression, panic attacks, suicide attempts and self-induced alienation.

It took the love and patience of a wonderful man named Bob to finally bring me out of my shell. We spent 13 years together until I lost him to cancer. He gave me back much of what I had lost.

I would like to say that I don't ever think of Doug, but that is not true. Smells, sounds, tastes and certain things I see bring me back to that night. But he no longer haunts me. I made it through to the other side with some scars, but nothing I can't cope with. I was the brunt of his anger because I didn't go against him like Lon and Todd did. He considered me the weak one always thought because I didn't fight. He was very calculating. He knew their schedule and he had to look at my calendar to know my work schedule.

Today, I do have rape fantasies. A lot of them deal with guys I like, mostly straight, being forced to rape me by "bad guys".

MARRIED A WOMAN, BUT SEARCHES FOR PAST BLOWJOB GUY

I was realizing I was gay but it was the mid 80's so I pushed those feelings away. My mom had a gay friend that lived two houses down from us and there was a young gay couple that lived down the street. When I think back that seems unusual for such a small town.

Anyway, I'd see the guys walk to the small store on the corner and I'd watch from my bedroom window, almost sick to my stomach, shaky; I think I knew I was like them and it excited and terrified me, but there seemed no outlet other than masturbation. I was 15 and worked at the drive-in movie theater that my dad ran. I worked the concession stand and one night I waited on a guy about 24 or 25. He was very cute by 80's standards with his mullet and tight, short, cut off blue jean shorts.

He came in a few times chatting me up and I didn't think anything of it. Finally, he came in shortly before we closed the stand and he asked what I was doing after work. I told him I was going home. He asked if I wanted to come finish watching the movies with him in his car and hang out. I immediately felt like I would faint and kind of stumbled through an explanation that I had to get home.

After I closed up (dad would be counting receipts while the movies played) I was walking out to my car (didn't have a license but was allowed to drive back and forth to work, parents did that back then in small towns) he ended up being parked not far from my car and motioned me over. He asked me again to join him for the movie. I said OK, not sure how because I was a very awkward kid, and hopped in the passenger side.

Soon after I was in there I see he has a blanket covering his legs and he says "don't mind this, I spilled my drink on my shorts so they're drying in the backseat". I know my breathing got heavier hearing this.

He chit chatted as we watched the movie and then suddenly he pulls back the blanket and has a hard on. He says the movie was getting to him and do I mind if he takes care of it. I said "sure", not knowing what to do. He rubs it awhile then puts a hand on my crotch and feels that I was getting hard. He asks if he can see it.

I let him unzip me and pull it out. He then asks if he can suck on it. I said "I don't know" but before I could get all the words out he puts his mouth on me. I don't think it took more than 30 seconds for me to cum, this was my first blowjob. He thanked me and I zipped back up and took off.

About a week later another guy, probably in his 40's, came into the concession stand and he asked me if I wanted to come to his car after I got off work. I said 'no thanks' and he said "I thought you liked to party". This upset me and I was worried that he had told people about me. I kind of felt dirty, but at the same time I wanted to see him again. Soon after I found out he lived in an apartment near my best friend's house. I'd see him occasionally but he didn't see me.

I wanted to go get another blowjob, of course, but was too scared. Years later, I was married and grown with two children, I was able to contact him and we hooked up in a church I worked for (seriously, I know it sounds like those fantasy stories). He wasn't cute then, but I still had this fantasy about him that needed to run its course.

I was married at 18, before I graduated high school. My girlfriend

was pregnant. I wasn't really attracted to girls, just doing what I thought I was supposed to do, small town Ohio, everyone got married and had kids. We divorced after five years, I raised my kids without her and today they're grown and I have three grandchildren.

During my divorce, a close cousin came out to me after taking me to a gay bar, I finally came out. Since then I've had several long terms. One boyfriend and I were together five years when he committed suicide, the next bf was eight years and my current bf and I have been together five years now (he also had married & has three grown children and two grandchildren and we all have Christmas together, his kids and mine).

So it was pre-internet when I located the guy that gave me a blowjob at 15. I searched phone books and found his name in Greenville, a nearby city. I wrote a letter from a secret PO Box I had and it ended up it was actually his father I wrote, so I outed him with his family. He wrote me back and then met me at the church I worked at. We went over into the education area, where there were classrooms for Bible school, and we 69'd on a classroom table.

That was the first time I had a dick in my mouth, so again, I came pretty quick. He left and I never talked to him again. He wasn't the fantasy I thought he was. lol. I was still married when I had sex with him. My wife and I divorced soon after (she never knew of this or of me being gay until later from my kids).

It is funny, because as you made me think of these things, I've had some crazy things in my past, and I am not a hunk like you. I've had flings & one time hookups with married coworkers over the years, for some reason married guys always got with me, maybe

because I actually feel more comfortable hanging out with straight guys, I don't seem to have very many good friendships with gay men, one good friend who lives in Florida now, but that is about it. So I guess spending time with more straight guys ups my chances one may want to hook up lol. Life is strange.

RESTAURANT OWNER LURES KID WITH PORN

It started when I was 9-10.... We lived in an apartment in Chicago, two doors down from our apartment was a restaurant/diner, we knew the owner, (I was a loner child), guess I wasn't valuable, anyway, one day in the evening I was sitting on our front stairs (it was a hot summer) Tony, that was his name, Cuban guy, came up to me and asked me if I wanted to go to his apartment and look at some dirty magazines. Like I said, I was a loner child and had nothing to do, so I said yes, and besides, at that age I haven't seen anyone naked.

We went upstairs to his place, sat on the bed, gave me some dirty magazines and I was very impressed at the time, he asked me if it was ok to smoke some pot, I said I didn't care,(didn't know what pot was at my age, and asking a young child if it was ok...), anyway he sat on the bed next to me smoking his joint, making sure to blow the smoke in my face. Few minutes later I was starting to feel it, he said I know, let's get naked like the people in the magazine, so he was unbuckling my pants and taking them off, I started feeling dizzy from the pot, he then took off his pants and underwear, I was freaking out when I saw his big dick, (was big to me cause I was young), he stood over me with his dick in my face, and said it would be fun to kiss the head like in the dirty magazines I was looking at.

At the time I was curious, so I did, then he said I kissed it good, and if I wanted to suck it like in the magazine, I looked at the magazine, then his dick and before you know it, he was putting it in my mouth, sliding the head in and out, was too big to go all the way down, I remember him putting rubber bands on his dick and

balls, didn't know why at the time. Then he said, turn over, lay on your stomach, and look at the dirty magazine, he got on top of me sliding his dick between my legs, felt his dick head bumping up on my balls, he was fucking me like that for a while until he came all over my balls, got up, cleaned himself and me up and said don't say anything to nobody, then I will let you come back and look at some more dirty magazines. I was just a little kid didn't know what was going on, so I said OK, (did I mention I didn't have any friends at the time) so he became my friend....

WILL NEVER GIVE A STRANGER A RIDE AGAIN

I was at a party in Orange County back in the 80's. As the party was drawing to an end, this guy I spoke to briefly, was somewhat friendly with, asked me for a ride to his house. I figured it was a nice thing to do, my good deed for the day.

He ended up taking me into this dark neighborhood of winding roads, unrecognizable streets. He finally said you can stop here. When I stopped where he asked me to stop he said "this is good but I actually don't live here" and at that very moment he reached over to my lap and tried pulling up my shirt and his hands started going everywhere. I told him to get out and tried to fight him off. He wouldn't get out so I drove out of there to a well-lit gas station. It was difficult to fight him off and maintain control of the vehicle at the same time but managed to drive to a gas station where I drove right up to the front. I opened up his door and tried to push his ass out the door with no success.

The gas station attendant finally came out to sort of help. I exited my vehicle and asked him to help or call the police or something. As soon as that guy heard police he got out of my car and took off running down the street and disappeared. That is the last time I ever tried to do somebody a favor and give somebody I didn't know a ride.

CEREBRAL PALSY CHILD ASSAULTED BY SIBLINGS

Thom. If you use this PLEASE do not use my name. I was born with CP. I was sexually assaulted by two of my siblings from the age of 9 until the last time it was tried at 19. Let's call it what it was, Rape. I tried to resist, but when I did, I was raped anyway. So after awhile I just gave in to get it over with. The weird thing was, the body adjusts to the sensation, but in my mind I knew it was wrong and hated it. It was as if my mind was above watching, while it was happening. My home life was not such that I could tell anyone, even my Parents. When I got to be 19, I found the strength through prayer and as I was older, I made it stop finally. At least 1 sibling moved on later to molesting his children, which I did not find out, until they were adults. It has affected my adult relationships and I find it difficult to function sexually.

-----I will not use your name - thank you --- CP is cerebral palsy? so that affected your stance/strength/mobility - or was that hidden for the most part? I have heard people have out of body experiences in Near Death Experiences / painful accidents -- were you in such pain you left your body? what happened with your brother's kids? did they confront him? is he still alive? is he in denial? does he have a relationship with his kids? I ask because an ex of mine had a dad who molested the girls and as adults they just ignored it ever happened...

CP is Cerebral Palsy. I have moderate CP. I have always had to use crutches and learned to walk with them at age 3. Type used: Loft Strand Canadian Crutches. I am 61 now and also use a walker in my apt. (didn't always have to, I used to go from wall to wall on my own indoors, if it was a small space. Otherwise, I need the

crutches) and a wheel chair only for long distances. So I have limited mobility and strength and can't drive (I have limited depth perception and am near sighted (wear glasses). I think the sexual abuse caused such trauma, I wanted to feel like I was not there. In the beginning it hurt physically, but over time my body became used to it, but my mind did not. That is the best I can describe it. Both brothers are still alive. I only know what my niece has told me. She confronted my brother (her father), but he more or less ignored it. They still have a relationship and still talk, I tried to confront my two siblings involved, but they would not discuss it. One said: "I can't talk about that." They act like it never happened at all. They act like "poster boys" for heterosexuality. Even making jokes about gay people sometimes (and they know I am gay). I finally told my (now late) mom about a year before she passed (in 2009), she just said, I should get counseling and that she wished I would have told her. But back then, she drank a lot and I really feel she would not have believed me. Besides in the 1960s, there wasn't the help with such things, like today. People just did not talk about topics like this. I hope I answered all your questions? Take care, Thom.

-----you did - thank you - you did not deserve that -- I am sorry you had a lifetime of being shamed... so unfair...

Thanks for the understanding, Thom, but after what you went through--you are my hero. I read your book. Hugs.

thanks man -

DRAGQUEEN ASSAULTS PATRON AT URINAL

I was on week long getaway with a guy I had been dating to Orlando. After a brief nap and dinner, we decided to find a nightclub near our hotel after a fun day at Disney.

We looked nightclubs up in the phone book (that's how long ago this was – late 90's) and found Parliament House.

Having no idea what this place was like, we decided to go and check it out and at least have a drink or 2 and dance.

When we got there, it seemed nice. There was a drag show that night, which was fine. So we walked around and danced a bit til the show started.

Part way through the show, I realized it was about time to break the proverbial seal and I had to use the restroom. I pushed my way through the crowd and finally made it into the mens room. I was standing there doing my business when a drag performer came in, apparently drunk and high on GOD only knows what. I was in a tank top and shorts and the performer chose the urinal directly next to me instead of one of the others or even the empty stalls. I didn't realize it at the time, but we were the only 2 in there. Out of several hundred men, we were the only 2 in the damn bathroom for what seemed like an eternity.

The performer started making small talk and flirting and I made sure I informed him that I was there with my boyfriend who was stationed at Ft Bragg in NC and we were just here to have a few drinks.

Well this asshole decided to grab my ass while I was still urinating.

I jumped back and told him to stop and then he proceeded to push me against the wall and tried to kiss me while also trying to grab my dick (since it was still out since I had just been peeing). I told him "NO!" several times, and wondering why the fuck was no one else having to pee considering the bar was packed solid and drinks were flowing like niagra falls.

I remember trying to push him away from me twice as I shouted "NO!" After that I realized no one was going to come in and help stop this, and if I didn't do something, I did not want friends and family to find out I was gay by finding out I was killed in a gay nightclub.

I somehow managed to reach around and grabbed him by the back of his head and slammed his face into the ceramic tiled wall several times til he dropped down onto the floor and layed there motionless. I left him there laying on the floor in the puddle of urine and his blood (like I said, I was still in the process of peeing when the assault began)...

I had apparently finished peeing or my nerves/adrenalin stopped the flow of it for me so I zipped back up, washed my hands and then went right to the police officer that was at the front door. Since my boyfriend at the time was still closeted (was still reason for discharge) I told the officer that I had just gone into the bathroom and was in a stall while I heard the drag queen try to assault someone and whoever it was fought back. Told the officers that I waited in the stall til the victim left before running out the door to find them.

(if we woulda gotten arrested or taken in for questioning, it coulda gotten back to his commanders at Ft Bragg)

The 2 officers went into the bathroom and apparently found

drugs on the guy and took him out in handcuffs.

I found my boyfriend and we both immediately left the club and went back to our hotel and I took a shower for what seemed like an hour to get that performers smell of perfume and the feel of his touch off of me.

Ever since then, I always make sure I don't let myself get caught in any environment where this could happen again. If I use the restroom, I use a stall and lock the door. I also make sure I keep one hand on my opened pocket knife at all times.

-----quite a story - thanks for sharing - damn - ---- do you regret your actions? do you know what happened to him/her? seems you did the right thing to escape the situation - not like you killed a man and are in prison

nope...i dont regret defending myself

he is lucky he fell to the floor or i woulda kept slammin his face/head into the wall

-----wonder if he even recalls assaulting you

if he is still alive this was back in mid 90's and he was in his 40's and drugged out so..prbably doesnt remeber if he is stil alive

GIVES IN TO THE BOY IN THE CORNFIELD

I knew from as early as first grade and sooner that I was attracted to boys/guys at a young age. There is a slight memory I have of a dark older figure that sometimes come to mind but I cannot recall the details of anything happening. Perhaps I was too young. However, the summer that I was going into 8th grade, an older boy in our neighborhood would make comments to me and I was intrigued but also frightened as I did not want anyone to know my thoughts about my sexuality(even if I still didn't know what that term was yet), including this boy that basically was hinting around. As we all played hide and seek in the cornfield, he would ask me to come hide with him and we did. I would be crouched down, almost between his legs and he would sorta cover me, like he was hiding me, but also be putting his hands between my legs and touching me. I was confused and not aroused by this, and mostly scared. He would do this a few times while we were in the field. As time went on that summer, I found myself scared by also slightly attracted to the notion of what more could take place.

SORRY THERE IS MORE.

----ok - go on

Later during my ninth grade year, while serving as an alter boy, one of the ushers would from time to time, smile at me (he was very much older like 40ish) and would use an object to touch me between my legs like an umbrella. This caused me to quit being an alter-boy. Finally, within a year of these incidents, i was riding my bike when approached by three older males. They stopped me in the woods and due to my skinny appearance and longer hair, thought I was a girl. They made me prove it and began

touching me and before anything serious happened, I was able to run fast away. Though I am a (sorta closeted gay man), I did eventually give to the boy in the cornfield, as I was older in high school. I think all of these different experiences, I was curious about my sexuality but still uncertain and scared. The boy in the cornfield, though I finally gave in to his advances, it still frightens me because I guess I was afraid what people would think. OK, not sure if this is anything you want but if you like, you can use it. PS. Can't wait to read your new book soon 😊

sorry about some of the miss spelled words...typing too fast.

-----where were you raised? did you choose to be an altar boy - if so, why - or did your parents want that? did you want to be a priest? what are your thoughts today on homosexual sex - you in the closet - guilty and shamed?

Raised in MD. I was asked to be an altar boy as I was at this church for a long time and thought it would be fun to do as a young kid. No such thing that I can recall as issues in the Catholic church back then, at least that I never knew of. Didn't want to be a priest and after what happened to me in the cornfield and my sexual thoughts, I stopped going to confession as well. I am a gay man but still sorta quiet to family and some friends. I am 53 and still afraid of being teased, not accepted, etc. I have opened up to some and there has been no issues, but I feel like I am trapped in a "don't tell and they don't ask" situation...lol I don't feel guilt but I feel that I will hurt my family, meaning my mother. When I had a male friend over the house when I was 20 years old and she almost caught us, it was awful and I think scarred me for life as she didn't seem to want to communicate on who I am vs her just yelling like was doing something evil. LOL

-----so sorry - she shamed you big --- you did not deserve
that

FURIOUS AT YEARS OF ANIMALISTIC BEHAVIOR FROM FAVORITE UNCLE

I was only ten years old when it happened ! You never think that never in a million years could something dark could forever change your life ! My parents always dropped me off at my Uncle's place . He was my favorite Uncle . We watched movies together , shared favorite snacks . I dont know to this day what set him off to go wanting me his nephew . Maybe it was that i was young & innocent . Maybe the shirt and clothes i wore. All i know is that he got closer to me that masculine breath against my neck. That errie awkward vibe that shakens ones body all over . First he wanted to touch his hands on my lap innocent enough right ?

Then his hands searched its way to my clothing being pulled and slightly groping leading to heavier & agressive behavior ! I remember he wouldnt let me go no matter how hard i pushed him away. He made his bed our own naughty sex pleasure of incest ! clothes spread everywhere , more push _ pull .. He didn't take no for an answer he had me pinned so he was not able to get away ! He couldnt get enough !

He made me believe he wanted me as his dirty little secret ! The pain was beyond extreme losing my youth of boyhood to a man i once respected ! The souvenir of that moment being my wrists hurting , my body now tainted by his sinful lusting urges & whatever his twisted mind considered as acceptable to do what he pleases ! The connection between us now forever sired had me being his young sex slave . He would bite my lip make it bleed for his own amusement ! He didnt even shower half the time , he was rewarded by being my babysitter . I got forced into servicing to his

throbbing manhood between his legs !. The taking of his hardness down my throat till i gagged !

These INTENSE sessions of Animalistic bedroom behavior continued for a few yrs till finally it stopped due to him being sent away on his job ! The mark he left on my soul & my life is still stamped as he Raped me and i couldnt tell my parents i felt too ashamed and what he did to me & how he made me feel ! I still hate him for ripping what was my personal value of life into being turned literally inside & out ! The experience had left me shaken to my core .

I eventually blocked it out from my mind , it wasn't till i got more older did my past rear its ugly head through nightmares . Everytime it rains it triggers my haunted memories .. To others its soothing & some could say cuddling weather but to me its more deeper than just drops of rain . It's loud grunting sounds in bed , a man who didnt hesitate going for his own nephew teaching him everything from missionary , 69 , and deep throating to last a lifetime !

Now in the present , i am more guarded , self concious and very aware ! I havent seen him for years but when i do my mom & dad get me out of there before he pulls his " Lets catch up & go for a ride routine " begins ! Thank you for listening to my tale Hopefully my experience can help others deal with theirs !

----- *thanks for sharing - sorry - you did not deserve that -- did he know he was hurting you - or did he think you were enjoying yourself? were you finding it pleasurable? did either of you feel guilt or shame? looking back, would you have done anything differently? what?*

Welcome He acts like it never happened . I hate him with every

fiber of my being hes a disgusting pig he even changed his name
thats the coward he is

“THEY WON’T BELIEVE YOU, YOU LITTLE QUEER”

Here is a brief summary of what happened to me I can go into more detail if you like

I remember being told that I would amount to much and that I should not worry about going to college because I wasn't smart enough and I will probably just fail anyway . I was 13 when I was told that and it has never left me even though I know I'm not stupid and I went to college twice and I graduated it's still on the back of my head but I'm not Smart enough or even good enough

When I was in the navy I was on my ship I was trying to fit in and be friendly with everybody and do my job and this 2nd class petty officer befriended He seems pretty cool but he was a bit touchy with me he would run his hand across my stomach as he walked by or he would put his arm across my shoulders, run his hand down my back to my waist ... I asked him to stop several times but it made him do it more and go further with it he would walk up behind me and touch my ass, he would get so close to me I could feel him on my hip he would grind up on me from behind, he put his hand down my pants.....I tried to get him to stop by telling him I would tell my LPO and he said “ try it , go ahead they won't believe you your a little queer “ so I didn't tell I just avoided him as much as I could until he got me in a passage way he pushed me into a utility closet and told me he wanted me to give him headI tried to get away from him and say I'm not very good at it he told me I didn't have a choice he would out me as stalking him and making passes at him so I gave in and did it thinking it would be over and he would leave me alone, he didn't he wanted to fuck me I told him no over and over again but he did it but I

fought back and got away from himI made sure I was never alone after thathe got back to port I never saw him again but I remember everything about him and what happened to this very day ...

At MCRD in San Diego I was harassed by a female civilian coworker she would come up behind me while I was with a patient and rub my shoulders and reach around and rub my stomach I asked her several times to please stop she didn't listen and kept going on and doing it but this time I spoke up and went up the chain of command to which I was laughed at and even told to grow a pair I was even told to get out of her office as she was laughing at me my chain of command was all women

I have had a couple of relationships which have been on the abusive side with them ended with me feeling like I didn't do enough or matter those thoughts still linger with me today.

I have been effected by these things ... I have not been able to get close to men I don't really trust them

My moms death has effected me also but I'm working on that it's getting easier everyday but I have my moments..... I do miss her

These are the things that are in my mind still to this day and believe it or not they have bothered and effected me I have tired drugs and I engaged in risky behavior (sex) to try and numb everything but it never really worked I always woke up feeling worse off and even thought about suicide a couple times but I was too afraid to go though itthat's the one thing I'm happy about

-----thanks for sharing these... What was your position in the navy? what is your physical stature? the guy who assaulted you

then - how big was he? did you hear of any other assaults - and if so - what usually happened in those cases? what is MCRD? Seems you were conditioned (challenged?) to be voiceless - not heard --- I see you are drag performer now - do you think you take on another character these days to have a powerful voice at last? You say these memories severely haunt you - why is that? Is it because you felt trapped and to this day can not figure out what productive moves were best to take back then?

TEEN NEIGHBOR RAPES BUT PRETENDS IT NEVER HAPPENED

I was in my early teens. I had been hanging out, sort of, with my next door neighbor who was an 18 year old recent high school graduate. He lived next door to me with his father. He seemed pretty cool plus I felt really special is that an 18 year old I wanted to hang out with me. so I would go over in the afternoon sometimes when his father was still at work and we would just watch TV and talk and just... Hang out. One day I went over and he started asking me if I had ever been with a girl. I had been at this point and I said so. He told me that was really cool and he wanted me to tell him all about it. Again, I was very excited to have this older guy interested in what I had to say.

I told him how my female best friend and I had fooled around and all the things that we had done. Like the fact that we would watch our older brothers pornos to get ideas on what to do. And while I was telling him this I noticed he started rubbing his crotch. I really didn't think too much about it because I wasn't in that mindset that he would be turned on by what I was saying. As I finish telling him about my first time with my friend, he got up and came over and sat next to me. at the time I really didn't give it a second thought I thought that he was just sitting next to me because he was interested and what I was saying. He put his arm around my shoulder and asked me how I liked it with her. I told him I enjoyed it and I noticed that his leg was touching mine and he was rubbing my shoulder he took his other hand and put it on mine and moved it over to his crotch .

I really didn't know what to do with this point. I was shaking and

scared. He gripped my shoulder with his hand while rubbing his crotch with my other hand. He put his mouth next to my ear and asked me if I wanted to feel his cock. I really didn't know what to say I started stuttering and sputtering. He took his hand off of my hand and started on doing his pants all the while keeping a grip on my shoulder with his other hand so I couldn't move. I tried to move away a little bit and he gripped me even harder. after undoing his pants I saw that he didn't have any underwear on. And he moved my hand back onto his cock and told me to hold it and stroke it. I was really scared at this point. He said be easy with it and you'll be fine. At that moment I didn't realize that he was threatening me. I just thought he was trying to instruct me on what to do. I told him that I didn't want to do this.

I said he was scaring me and he put his mouth to my ear and just said " ssshhh, it's just like the pornos. Now do it and I won't hurt you ."

When he said that I really didn't know what to do. The hand on my shoulder moved up to my neck and he started pushing me down to his crotch. I could smell him. That musty manly scent. He tightened his grip on my neck and told me to open my mouth as I did he put is cock in. He started to move his hips. At this point he had a hand on my neck squeezing tightly and the other hand in my hair holding me in place and using me. I started crying I don't know if this affected him at all , but he seemed to Quicken his pace.

After a few minutes of his thrusting his cock into my mouth he lifted my head up instead up all while holding my hair in my neck and put me face-first on the sofa. He grabbed the waistband of my shorts which were just elastic waistband, and yanked them down. I really didn't quite know what he was going to do and I

softly cried into the sofa cushion.

He still has his hand on the back of my neck and I heard his pants fall to the floor. He laid on my back and I felt his hardness pushed up against me. I put my hands underneath my chest and try to lift up and he took his other hand pushed me in my back until I was flat on the sofa. I tried to ask him what he was doing, what he was going to do. All he did was laying down and whisper in my ear that it was going to be like in the pornos and that I was going to like it. I cried and asked him to get off of me. Again, he just told me, "ssshhhh". I felt him rubbing his hardness against my buttocks. He proceeded to dry hump me. I felt him spread my cheeks and rub his cock against my anus. I was crying and crying and I didn't think that I could get him off of me. I may have been gay but I wasn't ready for this. I begged him to please stop. I told him I wasn't ready for this. He grabbed both of my shoulders and continue to dry hump me, using his cock to push against my cheeks. I felt him start to enter and it hurt. It hurts so bad. I just continue to cry and I heard him start to moan. I guess you could say I was fortunate because it didn't take him but just a minute to orgasm. He lifted himself off of me still holding me down by my shoulders. I don't know if he thought he was being sweet but he pulled my shorts back up.

He walked over to his table and picked up a kitchen towel and brought it over to me and told me to dry my face. He sat down next to me and pulled me close to him and whispered in my ear that I shouldn't tell anyone because everyone would call me a faggot and that no one would believe that a faggot like me didn't ask for it. I got up and I went home. I can feel my underwear was wet from where he leaked out of me. I took them off and I threw them away. I took a shower and I tried not to think about it.

And that , sir , is my story . Thank you for letting me share it .

-----wow man - thanks for sharing ---- did he think you enjoyed it or did he know you were in pain? did you see him again - what was your relationship like? did you tell anyone? was he afraid you would tell? was he straight, gay or bi? did you then start looking for other sex partners? what are your feelings today about being penetrated anally?

Well , I think he knew I was not enjoying it. I was crying from the pain . He lived next door to me so yeah I saw him often . He always acted like it nothing happened . I tried not to be alone with him . I never told anyone until I was grown . He was gay , I believe . I had already fooled around with both girls and guys . But had never been penetrated . Funny enough , I'm predominantly a bottom . I learned from others , when I was older , how enjoyable it could be . So , it didn't deter me from enjoying anal . I do wonder sometimes if it influenced how I feel about the desire to please a man . I consider myself an alpha-beta . I am more submissive in sec positions during sex but I usually let the guy think he is dominating me but I'm really steering him to do what I want . But I love the feeling I get when a guy thinks he is controlling me . I feel like I'm doing a good job of making him feel good

FINALLY FEELS FREE AFTER CONFRONTING GRABBER

Hey, Thom. Here's my story. Twice in my life, I have been touched inappropriately against my will. The first time this happened to me I was around ten years old. My mother had left me at her best friend's home and they went out together. The best friend's son tried to force me into pulling down my pants. He even went as far to grab me and push me around. Thank god my mother came back before he could do something potentially far worse. I kept that secret for eight years. Eight long years. Eight years where I thought about that event non-stop. The other incident I kept a secret for five years. One day, in sixth grade, my class was on a field trip. We were all having a great time. During this game we were playing, each time a student won the game, we would give them a high five. Instead of giving me a high five, one of the male students grabbed ahold of my genitalia. When another student saw him, he wrote it off. He told that student he thought my hand was down lower. However, later on, he admitted to me that he had done it on purpose. You see, these encounters have hurt me. I was embarrassed and ashamed for a long time for anyone to find out about what had happened to me. And, I didn't think anyone would believe me because it happened to me when I was so young. Not too long ago, I confronted the person who grabbed me inappropriately back in sixth grade. And, since then, I have felt free. And, I guess you could say that freedom is now my favorite word. That's because I chose freedom. I chose to dust myself off. I chose to get back up. I chose to no longer be a victim!

-----thanks for sharing --- as a kid, were you taught the genitalia was bad/naughty? how did you feel about sex and sexual things? what did you parents tell you about your body?

By the time I was 11, I had seen every episode of SEX AND THE CITY. Sex was never something that was hidden from me because my mother knew I had a more mature mind set. That's why she let me watch soap operas. I grew up in a very liberal house hold. I had a childhood where I was free to talk to my mother like she was my best friend. But, what happened to me on two occasions definitely changed my mindset.

ok - great - thank you

AT 14, SNEAKS TO GAY BAR, RAPED BY 27 YEAR-OLD

Ricky B. took me back to his home when I was 14 and had me drink many bourbons, nasty to this day, had his complete way with me. When he was done picked me up and put me in a tub and turned on a cold shower. Completely clear in my head. And only one of 3. And looked like a 14 year old. Creepy men!!

-Thanks so much for sharing this with me . Can you answer a few questions? - how did he have his way with you? He seduced you - and you were interested - or he forced himself? Did you see him again? How did you feel? How do you feel about it now? – Thom

I was a young 14 yr old guy trying to figure out who I was and took the bus to Garden Grove where I found out where a gay bar was at and it was 2 in the afternoon. He was cleaning the bar and saw me outside and invited me in. He gave me a drink there and talked me in to go with him to his place. Again I was curious and not very smart. Then fed me many many drinks at his home and proceeded to undress me and had his way as I was completely out of it. At that point I had no control of my body. And my memory of him picking me up when he finished and putting me in his tub and turning on the cold shower is so vivid. You don't forget that stuff. No I didn't see him again. At the time I stuffed it in the back of my head. He said he was 27 but he was much older looking back. Not much hair and a heavy mustache. I remember his nasty breath. Now I just get pissed when I think about too much. Some would say I asked for it. The bar name was Rumor has it. Think it's been torn down.

UNCLE MOLESTS AFTER KID CONFIDES BOYSCOUTS DID

#WhyIDidntReport... It was fear. It was my uncle; it got violent. I was scared, convinced by him that I wouldn't be believed. It was from ages 10-16, going from 1 uncle to 3. And it began because I confided in him @ being molested in Boy Scouts from ages 9-11. I became hyper sexual for a few years, trying to regain control over what happened. Was raped by an ex during this. But then I found love a bit later, but with someone controlling and mentally abusive. But I have survived all of this, and will continue to do so. And I hope to find love again.

BARBER SLIPS COCK UNDER 16 YEAR-OLD'S ARMPIT

Hi Thom....in regards to 'sexual assault'when I was 16 I was getting my haircut at the local barber the barber brushed all the hair of my crotch and then slipped his cock under my armpit....and groped me til I blew..... I felt so guilty and definitely never returned to the same barber

I was left full of shame & guilt....and vowed never to return to this local barber.....I felt so disgusted

Many years later I did return.....but he acted as if it had never happened....he had earlier asked me to just come around at the close of his work for fun...

I just felt so violated....and kept a diary as maybe many 16 yo kids do....expressing my disgust & vowing I would never again allow myself to get in that situation again

That experience left me confused and I felt as though my innocence & immaturity had been violated by this male barber.....I felt depressed alone & confused as I knew there was definitely know one to tell or talk about this upsetting experience I ended up feeling dirty & disgusted

Thanks for listening Thom....I have never told anyone this story from nearly 40 years ago.....you are such a very very special guy

thanks for sharing --- confusing tho - what did he do to you? how did he brush your crotch? you mean the hair on your head went to your covered crotch? and he was clothed but you felt his press his groin under your clothed armpit as you sat in the barber chair?

Yes...the hair from my head had fallen on my covered crotch....so he groped & rubbed the area to remove the fallen hair from my head..... he undid his fly and rubbed his penis under my armpit and asked me 'are you enjoying this?' ...as I sat in the barber chair

that seems shockingly bold for him to do, right? he could have been fired, you could have called the police or your dad or relatives on him.... why do you think he did that?

TV SALESMAN GROOMS FATHERLESS EMPLOYEES

I delivered the local newspaper from age 11 until sometime in my junior year of high school when I felt I had outgrown it. The summer between my junior year and senior year my Mom suggested I look for a job (I also cut grass and had a number of lawns). At the beginning of my freshman year of high school my best friend and I stopped at a local TV shop to take a look (I will get to the point quickly) at stereos and I fell in love with one. It was state of the art, had it's own stand and speakers were blown on my parents old stereo and so my Mom got it for me. I was greatly impressed with how nice Mr Bullock, the owner of the store was...very easy going man perhaps a little older than my parents. Before summer came my Mom had bought a new TV from him. He seemed like everyone in my small hometown...incredibly nice and positive....so I thought I would approach him about a summer job and he said he would need someone that he could call to come and help with deliveries and to assist his repairman while on calls. He then asked to sign my name on a piece of paper. I did and then he duplicated it with the greatest of ease and his version looked identical to mine. I was shocked but, he wasn't finished. He then signed my Dad's (my Dad was a medical doctor, family medicine) signature and I was blown away as he nailed it and I knew he'd seen it on a prescription my Dad must've signed for him but, the fact that he could recall it, from memory, and duplicate it was a stunning talent...a little bit odd but, never the less incredibly impressive. It was obvious, even at 17 that he was trying to impress me and I was impressed. In getting to know him he also told me he was a deacon at the church he and his wife attended (he had a grown daughter). He had a really nice, full-size Ford Bronco that he kept immaculate and the men that drove them always seemed cool to me. I remember going out on a call with him and we stopped by

his home. He showed me some footage of Elvis Presley in concert (it looked to be from his show in Las Vegas). I was tremendously impressed because this was the summer of 1978 and I had never seen video technology until that day. For an older dude he had some cool qualities to me.

Speaking of me...I was 17 and was light years ahead of my peers in terms of masculine development. I had a hairy chest and legs and could've grown a full beard by the age of 15 and that's how old I was when I looked at his stereos two years earlier. I had the body of a man but, was still an incredibly naive boy. Because my parents separated when I was 5 and I only saw my Dad on Christmas day I knew absolutely nothing about sex. My Boy Scout career was cut short at age 11 from a poisonous snake bit, in a freak accident, at age 11. I was plenty masculine enough but, had not hung out with guys during the years when puberty hit up till this summer job. I was truly behind my male classmates in terms of any knowledge of sex.

I was almost 6ft tall and was considered good-looking. I was also developing my own sense of style and these changes were probably obvious. Then he called me to meet him at his store to help deliver a TV to a home in Coleraine (this tiny town was remote and essentially had only a couple of buildings). It was essentially farmland and woods. I'll never forget what I had on...a t-shirt and cutoff army pants that were, essentially, short pants.

It was fun riding at night in the countryside to deliver a new color TV to an older couple and Mr Bullock rolled out the red carpet for his clients showing them how to operate the TV and then all of it's features.

When we got in his Bronco he asked if I'd ever been deer spotting and I told him I had no idea what that was. He said he had a special spotlight and when you shine a light on them, at night, they just freeze and stand there for you. It sounded interesting

enough for me and we drove where an empty field met a wooded area. He had me plug the spotlight in the cigarette lighter as a power source. Suddenly we saw at least ten deer close to the woods eating and he told me to roll down my window and stand up and lean out and shine the light on them and so I did. It was a bit amazing how the deer just froze as if they had turned into statues. I then felt his hand on my leg as though he was making sure I wouldn't fall but, we had stopped and within moments his hand went up my shorts, which had plenty of room for access of a hand and an arm. I, like the deer, completely froze.

He found my penis and began rubbing it and it immediately got hard as a rock. At 17 that's all it took for me to get an erection and sadly that probably indicated to him that I found it pleasurable. He then said "know where I coming from?". I was freaked because, to me, this was crazy and I wondered if I might end up dead. I was aware of my surroundings and there was no where for me to run to. No homes, no convenience store....nothing. If there had been I would have gotten out and run but, I was trapped...

He then told me I could sit down so I cut the light off and did and he wasted no time unbuckle-ling my belt and reaching inside my pants to get a better grip on everything. It felt surreal as if time was standing still.

His hand was incredibly rough and that I remember well. I am large enough that his hand did cover my dick... in fact, he was able to stroke it up and down and irregardless none of this was pleasurable to me.

Coleraine was about 20 miles from my hometown (by the way, the Bronco had power windows and he rolled up the window on my side). While stroking my dick he kept saying "Know where I'm coming from" and I kept thinking "I know where you're going"... Because my cock was big I distinctly felt he felt he'd hit the jackpot. This isn't some kind of ego talking...it was though he

savored it. I also remember he didn't take his hand off my cock until we both saw the sign that said "Mayberry City Limits". After he hand was off me I quickly buttoned and buckled up but, I found some strength to turn the tables on him a little bit. So I said "You've done this before...haven't you?" and he said he had. I had realized it when he had kept talking about the fellow who had worked for him before me. He was older, good looking.

They had arm wrestled and he had given him advice, etc. That fellow's father was an alcoholic and I doubt he was very involved with his family.

Although I'm not certain. He also had hired a studly black fellow a year younger who was being raised by his mother and even at 17 I quickly realized that he preyed on boys that had no father figure in their lives...

He then stopped in front of my house and I said nothing more and got out and went inside.

I did not go back and was never called again. I remember during my senior year of high school seeing two younger boys who were brothers getting out of his work van. They also were being raised solely by their Mom and I realized that since they were so young that he could control them and not be asked any, insightful, adult-like questions that may have made him feel guilty of being a pedophile even though it was just for a moment...

I feel the need to explain something...if this had happened when I was 15 I would have been traumatized. At 17, despite being incredibly naive, I was far more mature and looking back, by asking if he had done this before, I'm sure he realized that I didn't approve. Eventually his wife called my Mom for me to come and get my pay and so I immediately did and only she was there. Late in life his wife filed for divorce. I never saw him again until I moved home (I could keep my traveling sales job with American

Express) to help take care of my Mom who had emphysema. Once was in Walmart and this was before the much larger supercenter was built. There would be a variety of boxed items for sale in the main isle you would walk down. As I passed one, out of the corner of my eye I saw him squatting and reading something on the side of a box. I realized he had been looking at me and ducked hoping I would not see him. I felt creeped out and kept going. Then, at least 9 years later I was driving my Mom to see her doctor (I was dressed up, in a suit, because I had been to a funeral). We witnessed a car accident and pulled into a very large parking lot to talk with the police and those who were involved. Then I saw him...he was elderly and curiosity had gotten the best of him as he drove by us in this very small dark blue Chevy pickup truck starting at me. Evidently, the fixation with the victim can remain throughout life. Thom, I have another one about my freshman year high school coach, who was good-looking, late 20's who developed a sexual fixation (he also was married with kids) on me and on test days he would literally turn his chair to the far left just to stare at me (the class was Health and PE..Tuesday and Thursday were health class days and MWF were PE). It involves me getting an involuntary hard-on in health class (I was VERY embarrassed and he kept staring but, no one noticed). The next day he makes a point to come running alongside of me and says "You're a little bull"...me being the shy person that I am said nothing and wished he had done the same. I could write the whole story for you tomorrow because there is a lot more to it (do not understand how someone can get sexual satisfaction from staring). I did feel violated because I did not understand what the staring was about until much later (I was only 14 when the school year started)...it was extremely inappropriate and confusing and like the pedophile he had a lifelong fixation on me and on 2 occasions I caught him staring at me (once in Walmart)... Do you have any idea what these men got out of looking at me? I truly don't understand this...

thanks for sending this... can you describe your feelings more?

shame? guilt? humiliation? did this cause you upset? sleeplessness, etc? ... you were gay at this point, but closeted in a very closeted time and place, right? I believe you when you say you were not attracted to him, but do you think you would have got hard if it was a woman? Just curious/

I was deeply embarrassed and told no one...not even my best friend. I had a close friend in high school and we both knew we were gay. I think because of my age it did not have a profound effect on me and I know for him he had no conscience at all regarding this sort of thing. He saw nothing wrong with it. What shocked me about some gay men is that after hearing the story they said "You ruined his fantasy by asking questions"....that stunned me. It could be that this story is not what you're wanting because I was not traumatized. I was trapped and scared to death in the initial moments because, to me, it was crazy. If you can't use it many thanks for letting me share it with you.

I do want to include this ---- I am not looking for a specific reaction - in fact, trying to show men have different reactions. I think when the masses expect any one person to behave one way to one situation it is unfair and ridiculous since people feel differently and people act differently.

30 YEARS OF FATHER-SON INCEST

I was 7. My Dad and I were home just the two of us on a Saturday, as my Mom and brother were out of town visiting my grandmother for the weekend. Saturday morning was going nicely, and my Dad went into the shower to get ready for the day. He was in there a very long time, and I had to use the toilet, so I opened the door and the shower was running full blast, and the whole room was filled with steam.

I walked in, used the toilet, and glanced over at the shower stall, where I could see my Dad's naked body in the shower, his back was turned towards the shower door. I had never seen him naked before! He was tall, about 6'2" and had a lanky build, slim, muscled, smooth chest, lightly hairy legs, smooth round butt, broad shoulders, etc. I stood there for several minutes, mezmerized by his form, and was amused by his tan line!

Just then, he turned around and I saw he was jerking his dick and his eyes were closed....he was moaning softly, and his dick was very large compared to mine at that age. I could not look away even though I felt soem shame.

When he opened his eyes, he saw me standing there, staring at him, and I imagine seeing my attraction. He then went over to the closed toilet seat and sat down, still soaking wet from the shower. He left the water running full blast, and the room took on a steamy, almost that it was difficult to breathe feeling. That, combined with the musky smell coming from his as yet unwashed body gave me a weird feeling.

"Get your pajamas off you little queer" he said in a loud, angry voice. "So you can't keep your eyes off your old man huh?" "Especially his big cock!" "I always suspected you might be a little

faggot, and now I know for sure!"

I started to cry. "Please, please don't tell Mom, or anybody what I did." I blurted out between sobs. "Please Dad?"

He didn't answer right away. He lit a cigarette, and kicked back while sitting on the toilet, with his long, lanky legs extended before him, and his strong back now resting against the tank of the toilet. "I should tell your Mom what you've done" I silently knodded my head. "But if you agree to do everything I tell you to do , when I tell you to do it, and where I tell you to do it, then maybe we can work this out." "Do you agree to that?" "Yes Dad" I muttered embarrassed by the whole thing.

"And the second part of our deal, you have to agree to also" He said sternly, lighting another cigarette and taking a deep draw...."I won't ever tell your Mom about this whole thing" "If you won't tell her about our agreement, or anything else that might happen." "Is it a deal?" "Yes, it's a deal" I said back, with a sudden sense of relief in my mind!

"Now I'm gonna have to give you a spanking, right here right now..." again staring at me very sternly..."I know that" I answered back, the meekness returning to my voice. "Okay, well then get your ass over here and over my knee boy!"

what happened next? did you have consensual sex? how often? did you guys speak about it? did you guys feel shame, or love, or lust - or what?

We had sex from that day forward, until his death in 2004. When we had sex, it made me feel loved, and secure, and powerful, special, and I derived pleasure from the knowledge that I was pleasing him, and I grew to LOVE those times with him. What REALLY turned me on was when he would combine punishment with sex....

were there any drawbacks? do you feel because he used you sexually that you never knew if he really loved you unconditionally? do you wish you had a relationship without sex? how long did you guys have sex?

I knew he loved me unconditionally.... I never wished for our relationship to be different. We had sex for over 30+ years!

did either of you feel guilt for hiding the secret from your mom?

Not a bit...in fact, I think she knew of it after a while and never said a thing...it was my nature, and she had to have known that my Dad was bisexual....she wasn't into sex (not that was apparent)

did your parents have an ongoing sexual relationship or not? did your father have other partners? did you? was their jealousy?

Myt parents did have an active and vibrant sex life up until Mom's radical hysterectomy at age 37...after that she apparently lost all interest in sex or romance. My Dad was a very handsome guy, good looking guys with big dicks and rockin bodies don't usually give up on sex. It's with them, propelling them forward, throughout their whole lives. Women it would seem can turn it on and off like a light switch. Well some of them can.

I'm pretty sure that my Dad did have other partners, both male and female over the years. He had a friend who lived with his brother that he would visit often. Both men were "confirmed bachelors" as they used to say, which was a tag phrase for someone who was "queer". As an adult, Dad took me there to visit his friends house. They were very nice, but always seemed to be giving refuge to young homeless jobless hustlers...As an adult I would visit them when I wanted to get blown myself or suck dick...and Dad knew it. He would frequently do the same for the

same reasons.

I eventually did have a bevy of partners, men women couples as playmates, but there was no jealousy whatsoever.

so - in hindsight - your dad and you would not have changed anything about your 30 year sexual relationship because you both liked it?

It strengthened us both, took us to a higher plane of consciousness. Sex and expression of those feelings is at the very core of my being...my soul...He knew who I was, and was secretly relieved when he knew he could "use" me for his own pleasure, knowing that I was in ecstasy when pleasing him! He told me that if I was going to be a fag, I would have to know how to please a man...and he didn't want me lurking in the bushes somewhere trying to find sex...he taught me how to do that and so much more!

Are you saying you and your dad "made love" for 30 years, and not just had sex? how do you think people around your family who did not know of your incest would describe you - and your dad? how did you appear to others? normal?

Perfectly normal, well-adjusted, pleasant. No we didnt make love - we had sex...sometimes rough, worked out a lot of karma...

ok - but you said your sex took you to a higher plane of consciousness... I thought that meant you made love.... it just meant it was really intense sex?

Making love AND really intense sex thats edgy are both welcomed and necessary in healthy minds hearts and bodies...Making love is like the soft warm rains of Spring to the parched garden, awakening the seeds of hope and love and beauty...but really intense sex is like the raging intense rain/wind/hail/in some

waysseeming damaging...but really id nsture's way of clearing out the leaves, felling dead branches, causing old dead trees to fall down, thereby encouraging our "forest" to grow anew, refreshed, renewed,, and fully alive! Really intense sex burns up lots of karma, and renews us! Your thoughts?

ok - makes sense - but I ask because your account of father-son incest differs greatly from the others I received on this... while the other boys may have construed love in the act, most regret it and were traumatized. You were not, and recall it fondly. I am torn here. I feel obligated to make a statement here in the book, like "Incest is wrong or bad" but I intentionally refrain from using words like wrong or right or good or bad because they are subjective and therefore nonproductive in discussions. Like saying "Mondays are wrong. Fridays are right."... Hardly factual, just opinion. Nevertheless, I suspect father-son incest almost always damages the relationship or child if not immediately, down the road. I hate to set you up like this, but do you think father-son sex would be a good idea for others? I am hoping you'll say no, because it's such a taboo subject, yet I do not mean to shame you at all. I feel shame is also nonproductive and useless.

No, its not a good idea for most. I have no interest in kids sexually....never did.

ok - thanks for being so open... and answering that, as many would wonder..... is there anything else you'd like to add to this anonymous account?

No not at this time - unless you have any more questions?

you have siblings?

Yes 1 younger brother straight as an arrow and dull as dishwater...☺

did he have a sexual relationship with you or your dad?

NEVER

Was that a reasonable question though?

We share no vibes. Never did.

MARRIED MAN, 64, COMES OUT TO WIFE AFTER GAY FB FLIRT

I greatly admire an accidental friend. I think he was sent to me for a purpose. I hardly know this man (I'll call him Russ), and yet I feel I know him very well. He is a gentleman to me. Appearances show him to be the highest height of a transplanted southern gentleman. He knew what he wanted, and went after it, all the while he remaining true to himself. To whom he knew himself to be. That is so attractive in a person. If those of us who are different could only admit as such. Yet it now appears to the writer, while each of us certainly have variances in many aspects, we still share some of the same feelings, attractions, and desires. Many remain hidden. Hidden with fear to act upon them. Fear of what? Fear of persecution from our friends and families... in particular our parents, and especially our fathers?

I was afraid of my Dad... actually terrified... so much so, I conformed to what he expected me to be. He emotionally lead my brother, forming his career, picking his wife... choosing his life (which resulted in a complete and utter disaster, with two daughters and grandchildren he may never see again). He did the same with me. But the difference was (even he admitted) that I had a mind of my own. Nevertheless, I did go along (kicking and screaming) at least to a point. A point I never crossed but only a couple of times and regretted it when I did. He died 30 years ago. His death was a relief to me in some respects.

Looking back now, I wonder if I would be more at ease with my feelings now if it hadn't been for my dad. To be able to have admitted my truth that I pushed back. Like a seed that was

stomped into the ground, and then covered with a heavy layer of soil. I planted a hedge around my secret. A secret desire, feelings deeply buried, even to myself. A desire that just a few short months ago was dug up by a handsome, bold French man who wasted no time letting me know, in his words, that he wanted me... all of me. But then he ran (I understand now) because it scared him. I never met this man face to face (that stomped seed grew, and with nothing to cling to, and continues to grow at a warped rate of speed, climbing to heights unknown. How do I control it? How can I? Somehow I must. This writing is my choice to express my feelings).

Fernando on Facebook... the mere mention still brings butterflies to my stomach, along with sweeps of nausea coupled with an ache below. This man made a huge impact on my life in just two short weeks. I am not sure if he friended me or I him (and if I did, why?). He started an aggressive pursuit of me by personal messenger. He apparently studied me, "liking" my pictures here and "liking" my posts there. He wrote, telling me he felt a closeness between us, and that I appeared kind and caring to my brothers and sisters in this life. He told me that I had a loving spirit, and that I was very handsome. That was when that stomped seed started making its way to sunlight.

I have never been with another man. I have never been approached by another man. I have not hardly brushed by another man. And I have never felt I was handsome... or even fair looking (and I guess one doesn't when he's married to a girl like the one I married, I have heard them all... "Is she blind", "Did you meet in a dark alley?", and "You must have a big ... bank account."). Yet, Fernando made me start to feel handsome, even sexy. These were totally new feelings for me, and I liked it. Quickly

people started noticing a happiness in me... an easier laugh. And in just a few days my wife even noticed and loved it. How long had I waited for a man's attention? How long had my eyes been shut? Forever I assumed. My eyes were wide open now. This just felt right.

I was happy... very happy. And something I realized was that now I looked people in the eye. I noticed men and women looked at me admirably.

Where have I been?

My wife has always tried to make me feel handsome, sexy. Yet it never really worked. She adores me. Love is blind. Always in my mind it was my personality that won her heart. And I must add here, I adore her. I love her.

Yet, there was and always has been a missing link. A link I ignored for too long to study or figure out.

F. was handsome and always said the right things. He went as far to suggest I talk with someone about "us". To come to terms about "us". What is this "Us"? Then he lowered the boom. I bet I read and re-read it 100 times. That he had the Gift of Discernment. But he was sexually attracted to me. He told me that he yearned to lay his body next to mine, but his fear told him to back off. Did I feel the same way? My mind whirled... I suppose... I guess I did. But I was missing some additional attraction I needed to go with the sexual. I knew that even then.

As I write this, I realize it even more.

To a degree I felt myself fall for F. I think I convinced myself there was more... or could be, but I was blinded entirely by the

attention.

We talked of our families. He claimed to be straight, but admitted to having a few affairs with men for a day or two... "drunken sprees", he called them. He had been married until last year. His sister committed suicide on Christmas Eve. A brother, who was bipolar, died of convulsions while the nurse took a cigarette break. His mother committed suicide. His brother was in a mental hospital for a while and his dad (who he idolized) was still alive at 90. He even helped me with my decision to get deeper help for Rob. His experiences with mental health had molded him. But the thing that tore me/us apart was his wife had aborted his 5 month old fetus son the year before. A friend had told him. I did not pursue the reasons. Poor F.... my heart broke into a thousand pieces for him. He spoke to me of his commitment to Jesus Christ, and that it was what saved him from all of this life of real human hurt. Yet, almost on the turn of a dime, he was making love to me as best he could via the internet. I had never believed it could and can be done. Yet it can and does happen I now know... what confusion. Then he did it. The most unpardonable. The forbidden.

After just one week into the relationship, he sent three picture of himself out of the blue. "A peek" in tight boxer briefs. Then a side view. Then boom! A full frontal standing proud. My brain exploded. It did not offend me. I found it sexually exciting. For the first time in my life, I realized how powerful sexual emotion can be. Our sixth sense, if not kept in check, can overpower even the smartest reasoning. It can make you fall... even for someone you do not know. A few days later I got an email asking me to forgive him for sending me the pictures. He said he'd had two dreams warning him not to tread there again with me... that my wife was the divine one of this life, and that I needed to know that. Of

course, I knew. Then the talk grew serious but still consisted of sexual flirtation on his part. In retrospect, I don't think he could help it. He finally admitted to me that if the right man came along, he may consider a relationship, maybe more. He was open to it. I told him the sexual play had to stop with us if it could happen with another man. I asked him if it was because with us, it could be the relationship he was looking for... the real thing? He said I had taken the words right out of his mouth, and heart. If we continue, I asked him, would it would be adultery to him because I was married? "Yes", he said. He then cut the conversation short. Saying it was too intense. He had to have a drink, a Tylenol. We would talk later. A few jokes. He was gone. He knew or at least thought I felt, the right man had come along. Or at least as far as the internet would allow.

We never talked again. He later "liked" a few of my posts, and then he blocked me after I tried to contact him for his expertise with problems facing my wife. But not before I saw him flirting with some guys ... and ladies as well. I think I understand it, but at the same time, he is not the person I need in my life. Yet, he did open the ground up and watered that growing seed.

Just what happened with Fernando? Why did he come in and disrupt the stability I had grown used to in my life? That small two weeks sadly was a most important revelation to me. I cannot believe even admitting a man sixty four years of age can write such dribble. Yet it is real. It is emotion... previously hidden, previously buried. It is very, very real. I am glad to face

it now even while it is difficult. I want to show that side. The other side of me. Maybe the most part of me? I cannot allow it. At least not yet.

Do I want to be with a man? To show him my true self at times?

Maybe.

Probably.

Yet this man showed me my true self (by writing this, I have now been able to block F. as well from Facebook in the unlikely event he wishes to contact me again... and he is blocked from my life now, I hope. Yet, probably never from my mind).

I have a good life. I have someone who loves me more than life itself, and I love her back. I truly do. She is beautiful... inside and out. She has given me a son, with looks I cannot deny. I have four handsome grandsons... the most handsome I have ever seen.

A few weeks back, a wise man urged me to show empathy... to everyone... especially my wife, and especially to myself. I have done that and continue to do so. Strangely, the confidence F. gave to me improved me significantly in the romance department. Whereas before it was a struggle, because of the lurking, hidden secret in the back of my mind. But still not what I should be. Not by a long shot.

I have asked myself: Am I straight? Am I gay? To me now, these are nothing but labels. Why must we label one another? I have emotions, feelings, desires. So has everyone. I must express these emotions to the best of my ability. I must to be true to myself. I must be true to those who love me. And yet, at the same time, in a few short weeks I have tried to do one or the other, and it does not work without truthfulness. I must work up my courage because everyone deserves my truth. It may hurt, yet it is my hope that it will also explain so many hurtful times past. It was always me, not her, not my lovely bride.

Now in my mind, feelings and desires are instilled in all of us to show love to others... and of course within limits. Yet at times... when it feels right, without them.

My wife is one of the most beautiful women I or anyone would want to meet but no, I was not attracted to her sexually. It was 1977. And I was scared shitless. I married because she idolized me. I made her laugh. And I loved her as much as any gay man can love a woman. It has not been easy for either one of us, yet when I told her 7 weeks ago, she had no clue. Thought I was asexual. OR that is what she told herself. We are trying to make it work but honestly I do not know how it will.

We will be married 40 years in Jan. Sex? None in past 10 years to speak of. Before?? Couple of times a month if she was lucky and many times that was disaster. She was good at foreplay and ass play, so that sexed me up. But staying hard through intercourse rarely happened. Even with Viagra, which I love when I jerk to gay porn. Sex I avoided if I could. And I hated it for her. I am 100% gay. If we had sex, I thought of gay porn I had hidden. Listen, she is hot and very sexual. A healthy sexual appetite. If she could not do it, no woman could. Gay in my case was not a decision. It was a fact of me. And nothing in my past has made me this way. BTW. She loves me. But hates the way I am. She even wanted to dildo me. She thought that would satisfy. But u and I know it is much more than that. It is wanting the feel, touch, breathing, taste smell of a man. I know. Even still I have never. But I just know. It is feelings. Emotions. But she must really love me for putting up with my shit for so long. Bless her heart.

CBS WORKER REFLECTS ON ROMANCING A GIRL AND HER BROTHER

I was eighteen living in a small town in Ohio in the late 60's. I worked a night job at a local small country radio station. Living in a small farm town in Ohio, being a homosexual (the word 'gay' wasn't invented back then) it was a very lonely struggle. I grew up in a Pentecost Family, so I had heavy guilt about my homosexual feelings and desires. I did everything I could to try to be a heterosexual, including getting involved with Cynthia, a very beautiful girl I actually fell in love with and we had sex on a very regular basis.

Sex with Cynthia was good, but looking back, any eighteen year old can get an erection instantly and often. (Oh to be young again!!!) Cynthia's father and mother liked me very much and wanted me to marry Cynthia. It was the norm in Ohio that you marry by the time you are 18 and have a child by 18 ½ or 19 years old. Her father told me not to bother climbing in her bedroom window, as the back door is always open and you're welcome into my daughters bed anytime you want!

This went on for several months and all was fine.

They had a son that was a US Marine stationed in Viet Nam. I had never met Bill, but did see his picture on top of their television set. He was the typical chiseled blond, blue eyed hunk sitting next to the American flag in his uniform. He was stunning! He was coming home after serving his stint in the Marines. The family planned a 'welcome home bash' inviting everyone in town to their house for the pot luck dinner. Cynthia's dad came up to me and gave me a \$20 bill and said, "after the party, take Bill out and get

him drunk". In Ohio in those days, the drinking age was 18 for 3/2 beer, but I had ways of getting vodka or anything Bill wanted to drink. The night finally came and I got to meet Bill for the first time. When he walked in, the air rushed out of my chest as he was without doubt the most beautiful specimen of a human male I had ever dreamed of! He was very shy and quiet....did and said all of the right things at the pot luck dinner/ party his family planned. About 11PM, Dad announced that Bill was going out and hitting the town with me. All was great....and now I was in my truck with him alone.

I took him to our only local town dive and we had a couple drinks and he said he wanted to leave. I agreed and suggested we take a pint back to the radio station I worked at which was off the air but I had a key and permission to use the station as long as I turned the 'welcome' mat at the front door and turned out the porch light warning other employees that I was using the couch in the lobby and for them to stay out! We get to the station and I put on a couple albums. After some general 'chit chat', I asked him if he would possibly miss anything in Viet Nam. After a minute or two, he said, 'I will miss having sex with my buds'! WOW....BINGO!!! An immediate erection!!!! I revealed to him that I had tendencies and within minutes, I was experiencing the best sex I had ever dreamed of...finally, for the first time, having sex with a man that wanted me! We explored and had sex until dawn! Needless to say, I told him this was 'our secret' and Cynthia could never find out.

I had a dual sexual relationship for the next few months. I loved Cynthia, and I still enjoyed sex with her, but I REALLY was enjoying my time with Bill. I was such a horn dog that I could handle both of them without any problems! Again, Oh to be young again!

On Thanksgiving, I was invited to have dinner with the family. At one end of the table, was the father wearing a plaid shirt and Cleveland Indian's hat sitting next to two or three rifles including a shotgun. On the other end of the table was their mother, sitting under that picture of an old man praying over a loaf of bread.

As we were having dinner, Cynthia was sitting to my left and Bill to my right. Half way thru dinner, both put their hands on my leg nearest to them! Suddenly it hit me, I am going to get myself KILLED! If dad finds out I'm screwing both his daughter and Marine hero son, without doubt I would be slaughtered and the entire community including the judge and jury would care less!

I was getting ready to leave for college in Cincinnati later on anyway, so I decided this is the time to break off this dangerous relationship. Also, I really did love Cynthia and was feeling guilty that I was taking up the best years of her youthful life 'using' her to work thru my confusion of being either a hetro or homosexual. I broke off the relationship and it devastated everyone including my parents as well. Everyone wanted to know 'why' and fortunately I was able to get out of town. It was difficult saying goodbye to Bill, but I told him that he could come down to Cincinnati whenever he could, but he never did.

About three or four months later, I received word that Bill committed suicide.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Thom Bierdz (born March 25, 1962) is an American actor best known for his portrayal of legacy character Phillip Chancellor III on the daytime drama *The Young And The Restless*, recurring from 1986, last seen in 2011. He was a repeat guest star on *Melrose Place*, guest starred twice on *Murder She Wrote* and once on *Matlock* and *Robin's Hoods*. Other TV and movie roles include *Highway To Heaven*, *St. Elmos Fire*, *The Last Place On Earth*, *The Gladiator*, *Warm Texas Rain*, *Hungry For Love*, *The Cavanaugh's*, *The Takedown*, *Win Lose Or Draw*, *The New Hollywood Squares* and *Old Dogs New Tricks*.

In 1997, young filmmaker Bierdz's first art film, *Heart Of The Oak*, won Best Experimental Film at Philadelphia International Film Festival and Best Experimental Film at University of California Davis snagging the coveted Golden Calf Award.



The art world embraced Bierdz in 2004 when Scarlett Johansson hosted his Soicher-Marin gallery show. In 2005 he won the *Out Magazine* Best Emerging Artist of Los Angeles and in 2006 was awarded the Key to the Light Award from The Thaliens for raising a great deal of money for charities through his paintings.

“Bierdz is able to paint on that instinctual level.” Mitch Rustad, *Genre Magazine*.

“Bierdz is now one of Los Angeles’ most successful and in-demand artists.” David Alexander Nahmod, *Express News*.

“On par with Picasso, Van Gogh, Matisse and Warhol,”

Tommy Lightfoot Garrett, *Highlight Hollywood*.

Bierdz co-founded www.AmericanArtAwards.com in 2009 and is full-time president. Every year the online fine art site honors the best 25 American galleries and museums, which in turn award breakthrough artists in over 50 countries.

His first memoir, *Forgiving Troy*, recounting the murder of his mother by paranoid schizophrenic brother Troy, gained many book awards:

The National Best Books 2007 Awards:

WINNER: True Crime category

WINNER: Audio-book Non-fiction Unabridged category

2007 Indie Excellence Book Awards:

WINNER: Autobiography category

2008 LAMBDA Awards:

FINALIST: Autobiography

The National Best Books 2009 Awards:

WINNER: Autobiography/Memoir category

The 2010 International Book Awards:

GRAND PRIZE: Spirituality "Sacred Light" Award

WINNER: Autobiography/Memoir category

WINNER: Gay & Lesbian: Non-Fiction category

WINNER: Non-Fiction Narrative category

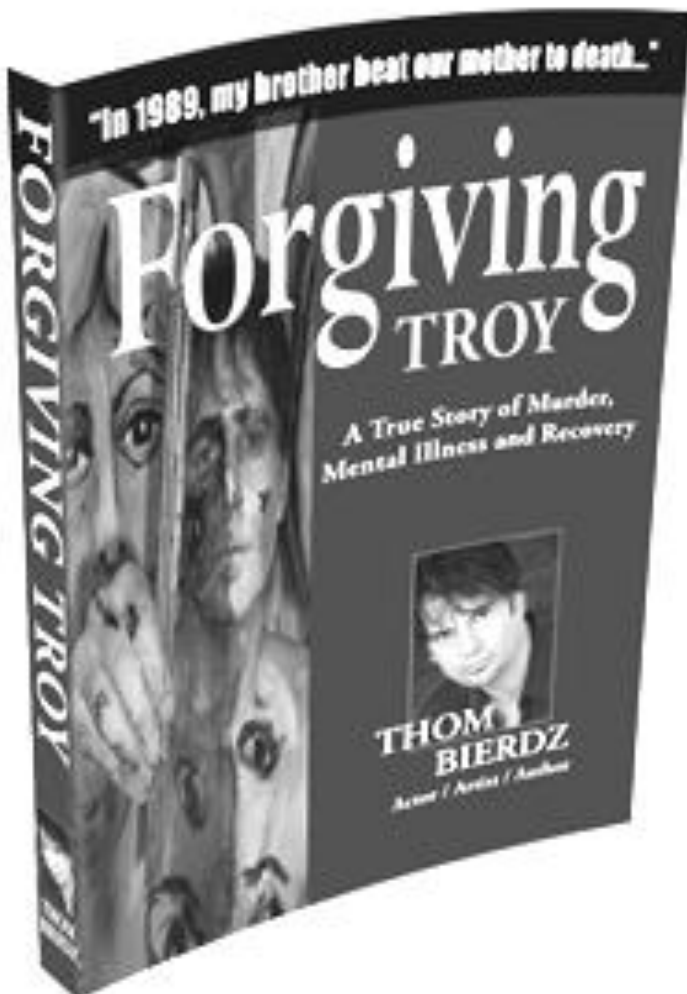
WINNER: True Crime: Non-Fiction category

Forgiving Troy critics remarked:

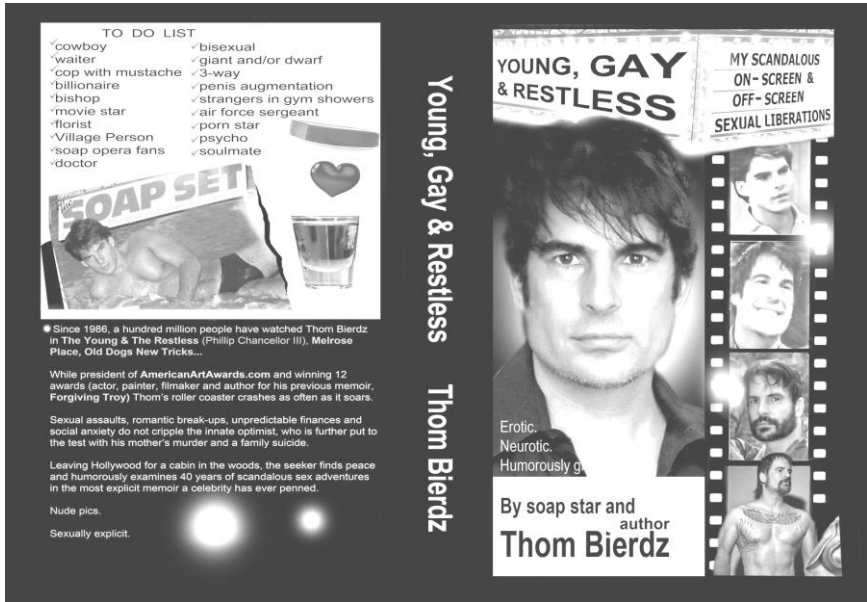
"Matricide! Suicide! Paranoid schizophrenia! Sound like

elements of a juicy soap opera? Not to former *The Young And The Restless* hunk Thom Bierdz – those horrors are part of his true family story. And the actor is going public with them in his startling new autobiography...” Gil Kaan, *National Enquirer*

“...gut-punching memoir that chronicles his triumph over an unspeakable family tragedy... Chilling, hopeful, spiritual.” Michael Logan, *TV Guide*



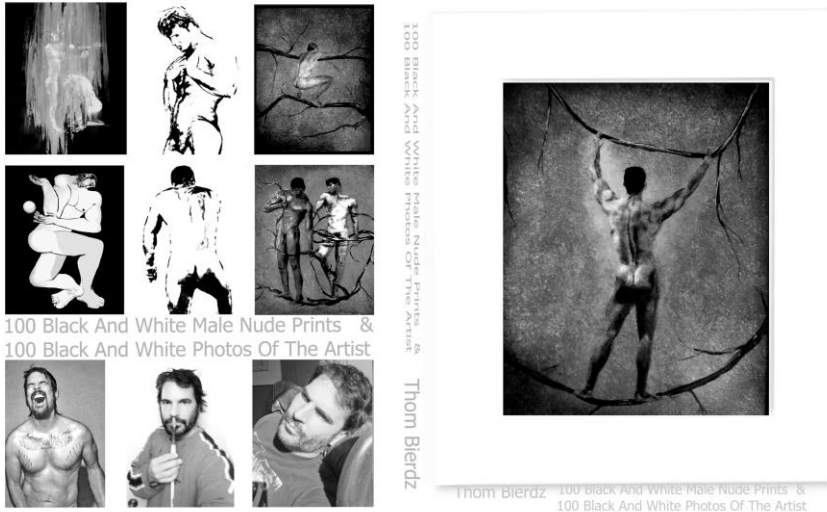
Being the first openly gay soap actor in a contract role, Bierdz was honored in 2009 by the Human Rights Campaign and won a visibility award as well from Long Island's GLBT Network.



In 2018, Bierdz released his second memoir: *Young, Gay & Restless: My Scandalous On-Screen & Off-Screen Sexual Liberations*.

"...brutal honesty and introspection... completely vulnerable... a great journey and it's sexy and funny and sometimes crashes silly and often moving and inspirational and leaves one very satisfied and still rooting." - Thom Racina, famed *General Hospital* writer and best-selling novelist

"... will keep you turning pages as your jaw drops. Told with superior flair and keen talent, Bierdz's words are pure candy and cadence." Hilary Jastram, *Sick Success*



100 Black And White Male Nude Prints & 100 Black And White Photos Of The Artist shows 100 paintings by, and 100 very private photos of, Thom. This large 8.5 x 11" paperback has images suitable for framing.

EXPLICIT CONTENT: Some of the painting images and photos in the art book are full frontal.

www.ThomBierdz.com offers the book's 100 painting images (and 1,000 more) as limited-edition, signed, matted prints.

<https://www.thombierdz.com/>