

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 becoming 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 cock ....i 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.

180 MORE PAGES

