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The Sickness of Obsession

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Imagine that one of your lungs, your heart, and your soul are ripped out of your body. You feel your life hemorrhaging from your corcase. You'll Never know a throe worse then pure devotion and attentive fixation on an item or person that you feel or know you cannot live without. This passion is so strong, your every second of every day revolves around that item or person because your conscious keeps going back to thoughts of it or them. When seperated from the item or person, you become clinically depressed and suicidal. This is the true reality of the Sickness of Obsession.

Growing up, I had a strong urge to become absorbed and lost with various things and this extreme focus was targeted more towards a toy or specific task. I was very obsessed with Ninja Turtles and Transformers to the point everything I did revolved around those shows or toys. If I listened to a song I liked, I would record it on a cassette tape and listen to it over and over again for very long periods of time. I could wear out that one spot on the cassette tape. Thankfully, I had a ton of blank tapes.

The age of six proved to be a major event year and age for me that introduced a new and more complicated difficult set of challenges. All I thought I knew had changed. I was sexually molested by a family friend living in our house after I had watched this same man sexually abuse his daughter... I was raped multiple times by two cousins and was raped by an aunt. I was forced into sex with a couple of my female cousins by older male cousins and had sexual contact with the girl I watched get raped. This brought in a whole new obsession. One that made me feel dirty and tingly. I became obsessed with

sex and panties as well as seeing a female nude or in her panties. As a child, I became addicted or "obsessed" with porn and masturbation.

I was completely unaware of the long term and over all negative effect of the experiences I have been through. My parents have no clue either and they have their own demons and problems. We are all unaware of my mental disorders and so I never get help for any of my issues and I remain undiagnosed of bipolar, psychosis, aspergers, and obsessive or compulsive disorders. My mental disorders were never recognized and corrected and were allowed to grow and flourish. My sensitivity to light and sound was missed... The sexual abuse and misconduct, my mental disorders, and our broken dysfunctional family supplying physical and mental abuse, I developed an amazing plethora of problems.

In my adolescence, I began to become very obsessed with animated or cartoon female characters and sexually suggestive themes. A particular obsession grew with the show Sailor Moon, a Japanese Anime, and a character named Ami Mizuno or Ami-chan. She was petite, blue hair, smart, shy, soft spoken, and kind hearted. I had to watch the show to keep up with happened to her and what was going on in her life. In my adolescence I became very possessive of my belongings and very shut off to other people. I became very aggressive towards the opposite gender, hateful. I wanted little to do even with male peers.

Drugs and Alcohol as well as smoking cigarettes become a norm. I became addicted to hydrocodones and oxycodones as well as the feeling of being drunk. I started smoking Marijuana (weed) daily. These became my crutch or my self medication to escape my issues and my past. Weed helped me balance out and feel "normal" yet

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no matter what, I could never feel safe or comfortable around other people. I always felt like an odd ball that didn't fit in or belong. I wanted nothing to do with people and became consumed with the pain and hate. I drowned myself in a lot of animated porn and fantasy as well as regular porn and in a sexual addiction would masturbate many times per day. Later on in life, I would realize that there is NO Difference between "OBSESSION" or "ADDICTION"... They are one and the same and if you stop one, you'll replace it with another.

In my early 20's, I met Melissa Horvey, a 5'5" orangeish red haired female weighing 113 lbs and suddenly on my radar as a potential "Mate". She and I just clicked like it was meant to be. The relationship started off so strong and nearly all of my obsessive and compulsive tendencies settled down and the porn and masturbation slowed to a near halt. We dated for three years before we had any "sexual" contact with each other.

Previous to Melissa, all sexual contact I had was during preadolescence. Most of it was forced sexual contact or "Rape" and some was by choice out of curiosity and experimentation. It is no surprise that adolescence found a very hate filled teen male, me, pushing all females away from myself and especially if they exhibited any indicators of "Interest". Porn and masturbation as well as drugs, alcohol, and fantasies filled that hole, that void. I viewed females and males as "Monsters" and for a relationship with a female was simply NOT worth the time or trouble. Now, in my 20's, I finally get with a female and to let my walls and defenses down just a bit to accept her into

my life in spite of the fear that she might abuse or hurt me. I had No Idea how badly this female would feed into my issues and I ~~hers as~~ she too was once a victim of Rape.

Melissa and I started dating when she was 20 and I was 21. At 20, Melissa also looked like she was about 12 or 13 causing me to be teased by people accusing me of "robbing-the-cradle". This was very agitating because I do not want anything sexually to do with kids because I find that thought repulsive. The problem was that Melissa was very obsessed with how small and young she looked and her "sporty" figure. She too would feed into the "Young", child like garbage jokingly.

Our relationship grew and Melissa's sexual play towards me went from innocent flirting to grinding, rubbing, touching, showing me her panties, exposing her crotch, exposing or flashing body parts, having me massage her, sensual foreplay, sitting on my lap grinding against my erection. There really was a lot of intense and intentional sexual play and teasing. This started at the second year of our relationship and ran all through. Now I find myself obsessing on sex with her and masturbating to the thought of her.

My first sexual contact with Melissa happened after we had been together for three years. We both got very excited and I performed oral sex on her. Her taste, the way she wiggled and squirmed, it was all so very erotic... There was no reciprocation and no sexual release for me, it suddenly was all about her. I shamefully had to go hide and masturbate in the restroom, all alone, to the thought of the events that just took place. Two years of this sexual play and teasing with no release, here was what was supposed to be the "big" moment and Nothing. My

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Shameful masturbation hurt so bad in so many ways this day. This has me now confused and correlating what I thought was "Good" sexual contact or activity to an old addiction or better obsession and am quickly back on the regular masturbation and porn train. This is a treacherous reward system that I never wanted nor would I ever ask for. Worst yet, I already felt "shame" in my masturbation after what was supposed to be a beautiful, pure, "us" moment and Melissa goes and calls a friend, Carolyn, to brag to her about getting laid as if I were just some conquest or GOAL. This made me feel like lowly trash.

About a week after this 1st round of "sexual" contact, Melissa asks me to find some porn of people that are "younger" than she classifies this to people around our age... I found some as she asked and we watched it and both became very aroused. Turns out she has a thing for porn like I do. We began to initiate foreplay. She has me put on a prolifactic and we have full expectation to engage in intercourse. This turns into a big flop as she doesn't want to become pregnant after I orally "service" her and now I again shamefully have to go alleviate my erect condition, alone in the restroom, yet again. Now porn and masturbation are fully linked to sex with my fiancé.

All of this strange behavior has successfully placed me right back in the full grind of obsessively watching porn and masturbating daily... Unfortunately, it now has positive reinforcement from a sexual partner. I break down and cry, alone, many times and am very depressive and suicidal. I'm right back in this addiction, this rut and I now question and wonder what is wrong with me. I have a fiancé that doesn't want to have sex with me but teases me all the time. Am I too fat at 350 lbs? Am I ugly? Is it my personality? Is my penis too small? I finally break down and ask Melissa if this

problem is something of an issue with me or if I just simply don't "do it for her." She became very agitated with me.

Melissa and I started very heavily drinking alcohol, smoking weed, and popping pills. I watched porn again heavily and masturbate multiple times daily. Melissa is still doing all the sexual teasing and play by flaunting her body nude, showing me her vagina, grinding on me, sex for her but not for me... The song by Pink, "You and Your Hand" has very special meaning to me. Our friend Carolyn says that I put in 110% in my relationship with Melissa and received back 0.1% in return.

What should have been a great healing point and wonderful time of my life, instead sees me fully immersed in all my previous obsessions and now I find a new obsession in video games... particularly, World of Warcraft. I am now playing a mass multi user online (MMXO) Role Playing Game (RPG) called WoW or World of Warcraft and many other games, during every free second I have so that I may be fully immersed in a different life as to escape mine. I was frequently depressed and often contemplated suicide. I had no idea I was fixing to make yet another horrible mistake in my life.

March 28th, 2008 Melissa and I get married in the back yard of the house we are living in on Cheryl Wittlak Dr with no witnesses. It's only us and the minister. I hear the nightmare phrase, "You have to do what I want cause I have papers on you!" come from her mouth. She refuses to wear a wedding band either out of shame or because the "girls" will think she is married... The sexual teasing and the sex is all about her now is fairly constant but she does now grab my penis and has given me release by a hard job a couple of times. Still no sex... We had no honeymoon as she went straight to her mom's house for a week

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and I'm sure had sex with a "girl friend" I'd heard about but that is entirely speculation. I cannot confirm nor deny if she was cheating on me... but with how often she was gone and for how long, and from what her best friend Carolyn had told me... I would not be surprised if she had a girlfriend on the side. April of 2012 we separate and March 29th 2013 I get my divorce awarded by the judge.

In the four years of my tragic marriage to Melissa, I was given an ultimatum that it was World of Warcraft or her because of my obsession with the game to escape my life with her. Sadly I chose her and stopped playing the game. If I'd known then what I do now, I'd have chosen the game and sent her packing... I would have chosen to end what I know today was actually a cruel form of sexual abuse, mental abuse, and physical abuse. But I was young, stupid, and very horny with obsessive and compulsive issues.

In the second year and forward, Melissa did finally start wanting sexual intercourse but always only with a condom and it went only up to the point of her having an orgasm so I would have to shamefully masturbate to a finish. The teasing is just as bad today as ever. I start having to promise my own wife "money for sex" in a quid-pro-quo thing of awkward prostitution just to get her time most of the time. I, in spite, started having sex with her in her sleep to get it and get back at her. We were sexually abusing each other. One night when we both got very high and she was drunk, I hate fucked her very rough and violently... She had her obsessions and demons and I had my own but our relationship was spiraling in a very dangerous way. It really is a good thing we ended the relationship and went separate ways. To quote Dr. King, I was, "Free at last!"

From the time Melissa and I separated, I stayed single for a bit over a year. I had eight years of my life wasted to an abusive person that I question if she ever really loved me or not. Serious damage, again, was done and I am afraid. I quit smoking weed and cigarettes, I stop the oxycodones and nearly kill myself and I slow way down on the porn and masturbation. I thought I was doing great. Carolyn convinces me that I need to put myself out there and take a chance... My vice now, I play a lot of video games to stay dull to my internal pain.

I'm hiding... or at the least I think I am. I'm hiding from the abuse of my childhood and the abuse of my ex-wife... I start to compare the two of them. In my childhood and as an adult, I was molested... My penis and testicles were fondled... Melissa never raped me, but the touching and exposure and grinding on me... The sensual touching to my face... It was all like the girl cousins in the forced sexual experiences... I feel like I was a dirty sex toy to her and that she got off on the teasing and abuse. I hate myself and blame myself for being so stupid as to let this all happen.

I reluctantly create a plenty of fish (PoF) profile. I am scared to get into a relationship as I am afraid I will be abused again or hurt again... I meet my current wife Erin and again we hit it right off the bat. We just "clicked" like it was meant to be. We talk all the time and Erin is a beautiful, funny, and very creative woman and I find out she has an 11 year old daughter who turns out to be an amazing, hyper happy, creative little girl whom for not being my biological daughter is so much like me with the same mental disorders, tendencies, and ticks... She even looks a lot like me.

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Erin wants me and my body and I almost can't believe this. Erin and I meet for the first date in November of 2013 and I love everything I see. Amazing personality and all and I make my move and kiss her at the end of the first date.

I end up figuring out quickly Erin is a goofball like I am and Breanna loves video games both of them have very amazing and similar but different personalities and we all, like a family just click. I, for a first time in my life, take on a father role and start to actually feel like one, or so I thought. I was teaching and encouraging this shy yet charismatic little girl and am becoming one with this beautiful, unique, amazing, creative and funny woman. Life was wonderful and for once, started to look great.

Occurrences started with Bre and different flags of things that I saw also in my ex-wife Melissa. As time went, things escalated and there became tension and competition between mother and daughter about whom I belonged to. Sexual issues develop between Erin and I after a few incidents of I said no and was pushed into sex as well as no and it happened anyways. I started to draw up and become distant and sexually unavailable. A terrible spiral of mistakes that I should have and could have stopped early on and poof I am back in porn and masturbation. I start smoking again... I am busted by Erin, watching porn and this upsets her, so I stop... She doesn't like cigars or cigarettes so I drop that... Tension with both build and I start to develop a sexual attraction with the girl I see as my daughter. I've no out, no outlet and I engage in an affair with my step-daughter, my wife's blood daughter of whom I adopted.

I can't stop thinking about both of them and I hate myself for every dirty thought I have about my daughter. I hate myself every time I put my hands on her. When she asked me to give her a message, to watch a movie, to play a game with her... To go to her room and "watch" tv with her. It was like with my ex-wife... It was all about her and then I would go relieve myself later. Every time she would expose herself to me I got excited. I am destroyed and ashamed that I became sexually attracted to my step daughter and responded sexually to her. I am ashamed that I allowed myself to be pushed into sex with my wife and let her touch me when I said no. Because it turned me on sexually too. December 27th, 2016 I was arrested for sexual assault in the 2nd degree...

For the last couple of years, I been obsessed with my daughter. I would compulsively masturbate to the sexual memories and thoughts of her. I felt disgusted after every single time, but I could not STOP thinking about her. Now I'm in jail cut off from everyone and everything. The legal system says I am a monster and puts all blame on me. It says I chose to do things against my daughter and preyed on her. I start to blame myself because I felt alone, lost, tossed away, used up and spit out because the full truth was no where in sight and "they" didn't want to hear it. I was preyed on by a predatory prosecutor and legal system that used all kinds of illegal tactics to give me 26 years and send me away. It pushed making me a monster and active participants victims when we were all victims.

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In county jail, I became distraught and attempted suicide. I tried to tie a shirt around my neck tight enough to cut off the circulation with wadded up toilet paper against the arteries. I gave it the first cross, pull tight, twist and I am waking up the next morning severely depressed and hate filled because I was still alive. Now labeled a child molester or "Chomo", a monster, a sex offender, a pedophile, a predator and everything and everyone lost I saw no reason to live. I only wanted to die. My daughter doesn't want to push charges so the state does.

The state of Arkansas is a predatory state... Commit no wrongs or you will suffer great. In a mass of lies, coercion, deceit the state pushes me to sign a plea agreement on not one but two sexual assault charges and a video voyeurism charge. When I got to A.D.C. they "added" a 4th charge so that they can label me a predator and habitual offender. Even my wife Erin was mad that I had no real defense as my defense attorney did NOTHING but help the prosecution. Arkansas is the only state that will give people one or two year denials, illegally against their own laws, on parole violations. I've become obsessed with helping the poor men and women who've become subject to this predatory state. I've become obsessed with developing sexual assault awareness and education classes. I've become obsessed with becoming a voice for prisoners and especially for the discrimination against sex offenders.

I've learned so much about myself and the help I really need when I get out because mental help and reform doesn't really exist in prison. I've learned a lot about the truths of

human nature and how bad it really is. I've learned that the legal system is false and there are no real "Good" guys but rather slave drivers and torturers in the Arkansas A.D.C. System. I've learned that a female of any age can do anything she wants with little or no repercussions. I've learned that any female can make a claim with no evidence of anything sexual in the state of Arkansas and if you are a male especially a black male you are automatically at fault no matter what. If a child makes a claim of any kind and you are a male, innocent or not you are GONE. Even a class I have took in prison says that very same fact. You are literally guilty by gender or color. This state and our system is making everyone victims while not holding all active participants responsible.

For the first time in my life I've become obsessed with being an activist to make positive change. I am taking all kinds of classes and getting all kinds of certificates. I am trying to get the degrees I want through college and get my ministry license so that I can work with inmates and offenders.

I learned in one of my classes on child development that it is normal for sexual experimentation to take place with some preadolescent and all adolescent children and is unfortunate because it mixes a lot into "legal" issues and tears families apart and creates sex offenders... This negatively affects both sides because most people can't accept that their child, like them, is a sexual creature. I find this atrocious and appalling. This means we are not teaching our children of "life" and "sex"

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EARLY enough. This means that laws need to be adjusted and a much better and clearer definition of "Sexual Assault" must be defined.

I have chosen to work my time and I now sit in prison with a much better and clearer understanding of myself, my daughter, our mistakes and why they happened and of people. I see the reality of our dissolute "Justice" system and realize that many people are good people that make occasional bad choices and go to prison on trumped up charges because of predatory injustice systems. I know well what Hell is as in Tucker Unit of A.D.C. HELL is the living conditions, the torturous treatment, the threat of death and the oppression and depression of every day.

I live in Hell, lost to it with many positive and good ideas and obsessions. But I still live with a hole in my heart and my soul because every second I am awake all I can think about are my beautiful wife and daughter and how badly I want them close by. I focus and obsess on all the good I can do to make them proud of me. I miss them so much I am sick because they are so much an integrated part of me that I feel incomplete. I have no sexual desire for my daughter now but rather a health love for a child, my child. I do not and will not ever again feel complete. Not without my wife and daughter and honestly, I only wish them to be happy and proud of me, as I them.

I am deeply depressed daily on a clinical level and wish to be home or dead because I feel that hole will never be healed.

I am made a false monster and discriminated by the injustice system and society because of mistakes made by multiple people, myself included. I want every day to go back to my old obsessions and vices but I cannot allow that thought, I cannot allow that action. Obsession can drive you, it can rule you and your life. It's a common problem, a serious problem especially for those with Autism and anyone that experiences it.

Addiction is Obsession and Obsession is Addiction because of the dopamine release in the brain from performing or seeing your obsession or "vice". THIS is the truth about the sickness of Obsession, and I've finally learned how to be "obsessed" or what is now called "Ambitious" about GOOD things and GOALS!