

Author's Note: To begin with, this is a true account. I don't know how far I will take it, will be based on reader's interest I suppose. But to make a note, for those of you who are looking for a read with graphic sex descriptions, this isn't for you, it's an actual account of my life – a reality of what really exists in this world. That said, here's what happened.

I always thought that I was a normal kid, I guess a bit more quiet than others, I was never the one that was the leader of the pack, always the follower. But truthfully I never saw anything wrong with that. In addition to the fact that, that was in a way that I was brought up being the youngest of 3 boys, my two older brothers by 2 years being identical twins, I was always the one that was in the shadows. Everyone loved to pay attention to them John and Jeremy this, and that. I mean granted there was no reason not to, even at an early age I knew those 2 had something special about them, they shared everything, and for most of the time did everything together as well. And while at times I tried to be a part of it, it was obvious to me that I was just the 3rd wheel, and was being done a favor by being included in the things that they did, which personally I did not like and in the end chose not to have anything to do with them. Which I don't believe they really minded, if anything they were probably happy about it, that they didn't have a little tag along to deal with.

But as I watched them get older, and grow up I noticed changes in them, in the way that they acted in general and towards each other. They began to drift further apart, each one of them went off with their own lives, dating one girl or another, talking about sex and what they wanted and how many each of them could get and whether or not they should switch up and try and fool the girls into thinking that one was the other...which I always thought was kind of mean but that was just me personally. And again, even when I just tried to ask questions or was curious about them..or what they did, I always got the typical answer 'run off squirt, you'll figure it out when you grow up'. And at that point what else could I say to it? Nothing it was truth I guess I would learn in time.

But leaving my brothers for the moment, given that I was less than welcomed with them I tried to go to one other person that I knew I could trust and confide in, and that was my father. He was everything that I ever wanted to be, I suppose that is typical of a 10,11,12 year old, that good old saying 'I want to be like you when I grow up dad'. I always felt safe with him, that I could tell him anything and everything, my brothers had each other and I had dad. But just as I noticed the difference in my brothers in the actions towards each other, and towards me, the distance and pushing away, I noticed that in a way my father was doing the same thing to me. Once I turned 13, I realized that every time I wanted to spend more time with him than usual he always responded with come on Mike don't you think you're a bit too old for this? Go out and play with your friends. Which really puzzled me, because I really didn't want to spend time with them, not because I didn't like them, actually it was just the opposite. I found myself feeling so weird around them especially my boy-friends. They all started to talk about girls and how much they wanted to do this that and the other, just like my brothers had a few years back. But for some reason I didn't feel the need or desire to do it. Actually the more I thought about it, the idea of doing anything like that with a girl, I actually found repulsive.

That was something that concerned me, and I wanted to ask my brothers about it, but that was somewhat out of the question neither of them were ever home, and even if when they were,

they didn't have any time for me. And I wanted to ask dad about it, but on the same token I was worried about it, because he was always talking about the girls he used to go out with. And well I didn't feel as if he'd understand, or he might think that there was something wrong with me, which was the last thing I wanted since he was really my last connection of interaction..at least to some degree. Since both of my brothers were now on their way to college and it was just going to be me and dad, and I didn't want to offend him or make him not like me. (Oh – to just interject – after I was born my mother left my father and us a year and a half later for another man.)

So I finally started on my journey of questioning myself and my existence, and place in life and my family – or so called family. The questions that came across to my mind, were. Why was I not attracted to girls? Why wasn't I included in anything? My brothers were leaving for college, and it was just going to be me and dad, which I thought initially was fantastic, I was finally going to get to bond with him again, and maybe I'd finally be able to talk to him about what I wanted to, be able to confide in him that I was worried and didn't understand why I didn't want to be with girls, but actually liked boys instead. Granted at this point I did finally understand what was going on, I knew what it meant to like boys instead of girls, I knew that a lot of people didn't accept it or like it, or think it was right and homosexuals were made fun of and really had a lot of difficulty in the world just because they were different and didn't like the same thing that straight people did. But I still wanted to be able to come out to my dad for him to be the first to know. I mean it was the perfect time now, I was 15, in high school, and well, I just wanted him to be the first to know, and be there for me, and I was sure he would be.

Finally, they were gone, we dropped off each one at their respective campuses and headed back home to where it was finally just going to be dad and I. and when we were finally back home and sitting together in the living room watching TV, I sat there not really paying attention to it but contemplating how I was going to bring things up and start the conversation. But, he beat me to it. He shut the TV and said he wanted to talk about some things, and I was so relieved that I didn't have to be the one to start this conversation. And he went into how it was just the 2 of us now, and I was going to have to help out a little bit more – not that it was really going to be any different since I did most of the house work anyway, and have for years. And then he went in a direction that I had not expected. He started to talk about how he's been lonely over the years but it wasn't so bad since it was the 4 of us, but now that it was just he and I, he needed to find someone again. This was not, something I wanted to hear, I thought I was finally going to be able to spend time with him myself without any interruptions so that we could get to know each other again and for real. I wanted to come out to him, I didn't want to have to share him or fight for his time anymore. But it was obvious that, that bubble had just been burst. And all this time that my mind was reeling about the disappointment, I didn't hear my father calling my name, until he finally shook me, and asked me if I understood and was ok with it. And I thought to myself of course Im not ok. Now im going to have to fight for time again, and probably harder than ever before because now it wasn't my brothers but someone completely new and one that dad had more interest in than just father/son. My thoughts said all of that, but my mouth said 'yes im ok with it, I want you to be happy'. And with that, he went on about how proud he was of me and how ive grown up to learn how to be so independent and how he knew that I'd understand what he was going through more than anyone else. And I just smiled, and

said 'of course'. He smiled back at me, and said 'great'. And then he got up and said he was going to shower and head to bed since he had to be up early for work.

As he got up, I felt as if someone had just taken a knife and driven it into my chest, and kept twisting, and turning and jabbing it harder and harder. And then the next feeling came in, and that was the feeling of jealousy. A new person didn't even exist yet, but I was jealous, that someone else was going to have his time, and he'd eventually do like he did with my brother's shove them off to college and move on. And the thought that he might actually be able to love someone else other than me..and in an intimate way. That one puzzled me more. And then I got up and went to my room with tears in my eyes, being confused about why I was jealous, and why dad would do this, why didn't he just want to spend time with me? Why did he have to immediately want to start going out with other women again. It just wasn't fair. And as I lay on my bed, crying, I turned to look at my desk where there was a picture of my dad and I with his arms around me. And then it hit me, I loved my dad, not the normal love, but the 'in love' type of love that people had for each other. What a deep dark dirty person I was, I wanted to have sex with my father. Maybe he knew already, and just didn't say it and that's why he wanted to push me away and bring someone in between us. But this thinking was irrelevant, because it didn't matter, he didn't want me, one way or another, whether he knew and chose to ignore it, or didn't know, he wanted someone else. Either way it was clearly obvious I was no longer to be a part of the equation.

I will leave off at this point. If there is any further interest, just email and I'll continue with it. If not, at least someone has read the insight into what real life, and love and or that of missed love is really like. blondeblueeyes@gmail.com