

Author's note: Thanks to all who responded, as a result I'll continue on. Again please remember, as I'm sure that we all have read the many stories on here that include the graphic almost porn movie story's - what I'm writing is real and honest truth, and not just a read and blow a load story.

Before going any further I do want to step back for a minute, and explain the issues with my parents. While I knew none of this growing up, I learned that my parents were never really meant to be together. My mom who I barely knew, got pregnant with my brothers when she and my father were 18. And of course back then, once that happened you were supposed to get married, so they did. And from that, their lives progressed until again, some how she managed to get pregnant again with me. And to what I understand that was what tipped my mother off the deep end, she wasn't really ready for any more children, and while I don't really understand why she stuck around for as long as she did after I was born, I guess she reached her point of ability to be able to deal with it anymore and took off. And no, none of us have heard from her since. I had asked my brothers about her, and was simply told that she really didn't want to be around was always out wherever, and it was basically my dad who raised us all from day one. And in moving a little further with that, my father went through college, graduated and went for his master's in business administration and opened his own software consulting company, all the same time as raising three kids, so I give him all the credit in the world for that..always have, always will.

Anyway moving forward, after my bubble of dreams had burst, I now had to figure out what I was going to do. I so wanted to tell my father everything, I wanted to at least tell him I was gay, telling him that I wanted him, wanted him to be my first everything, my first kiss, the first one to make love with me. I wanted him there. I know this sounds like total infatuation – maybe in essence it was, but why? Is loving someone so much something bad? I mean granted at that point did I realize that being in love with someone who was your own flesh and blood was considered 'wrong', no. But then again who gives society or government or who ever to dictate who it is that you have the right to love and want to be with? Sure it's not common practice, and even 'taboo' if you want to call it that, but one could turn and say well wanting to dress up in leather and walk outside and show off is taboo, but again all it is, is someone's personal preference. And this one was mine. But in any event back to the issue at hand. I wanted to tell him everything, and as each day passed, and I got older I got the possibilities of this lessened more and more.

Another year and a half had passed I was growing up, finding myself not really wanting to deal with the outside world, I really had become the shadow of everything, I went to classes, did what I had to, went home, found it empty, and then just walked out and wandered around aimlessly. Now, I do have state one thing – its not as if my father abandoned me, he did not, in any form. He was still a part of my life, still spent time with me, we went to ball games, had dinner together, he was there to help me if I needed it, not just how I wanted, or as much as I wanted. But as I got older and I watched my father start to date and go out with women, I also felt my jealousy grow. And I think what was even more of a kicker was the fact that my father cared about my opinion and actually introduced me to a few of his dates that actually looked promising or that he really liked, and asked me what I thought about them. And as much as I wanted to say that all of them were horrible and useless, I bit my tongue, and told him what my rational mind thought. And in all honesty any one of them was damned lucky to even be in his presence, let alone dating the man. And after each of the ones I was introduced to the next day

or whenever we had a chance we'd sit down and talk about it, and actually talk and dissect each one of them, and as much as I wanted to say no, he started to look happy for himself, didn't have that lonely look. I could see that he was getting what he was getting what he was looking for, the companionship that I wanted to give him but obviously could not.

Before I actually knew it I had turned 17 and the time for college was fast approaching. I guess in my midst of thought and being alone, I hadn't realized that I really had disassociated from all of the few friends that I had, and I spent much of my time alone, either wandering around, or sitting and staring at pictures, or dreaming of things that couldn't possibly happen. And then of course there was this prom thing. I mean granted it was obvious that I certainly was not going, and even if I had gone, it would have been alone, and who the hell wants to do that. And truthfully you didn't have to be a rocket scientist figure out that I was gay. While I never dated any guys in high school I certainly never looked at a girl. And finally I made the decision that it was about time I just came out to my father. Truthfully, I'm sure he knew, but before I went to college I wanted to at least say it verbally.

So Sunday June 11th 1988, we were sitting and eating breakfast and I finally decided to just say it, and I said 'dad look at me, I need to tell you something,' he looked up at me and I looked straight into his eyes and said 'I know I should have said this a long time but I was too chicken or just too embarrassed for the fear of you thinking differently of me, but I'm gay.' And he just looked at me, smiled and responded, "oh come on Mike you think that I didn't know, I don't care, you should know that, all I want is for you to be happy, you know I support you in any which way, and I always will I love you.' And I did feel a sigh of relief..but again I guess its really no surprise. I contemplated going further and coming out with everything else, about all my feelings towards him, but before I even had the chance to decide, my father decided that it was time to tell me something else. And he too, looked into my eyes, and said to me 'Michael, you have been the most supportive, loving, wonderful son. You understand things that neither of your brothers ever had the capacity to do. I could not have survived all of these years without you. But now that you've come to terms with yourself, and you know how I feel about you, I believe that we can both finally be really happy, you will go and find someone that will love and care for you, and give you every single thing that you deserve, and not have to worry about me. And I can tell you that I have found someone that makes me just as happy and that I connect with.' I knew what was coming next, I didn't want to hear it, I didn't want to know it, I didn't want to believe it, but I knew what he was going to say. He continued, 'I'm going to ask Jessica to marry me.'

That did it. Every ounce of strength and will, power that I had was just drained out of me in one swift statement. I had nothing left in me, Tears started to well up in my eyes, I couldn't look the man in the face, I didn't want him to see me like this. I just sat there, without saying a word. The room was spinning, all I could hear was a pounding in my head. I have no idea how long that went on for, but the next thing I felt was my father picking up my chin and looking at me. I could see a puzzled look on his face, and he asked me what was wrong. And I looked back at him, and without even thinking the words and tears just started flowing and I finally just said 'Dad, I thought you knew me so well, I thought we were able to read each other like books, when I told anything about me I could see that you already knew but wanted me to figure it out for myself, and I thank you for that. And I too could see in you when you were happy and when you weren't. I have always cherished that. But I guess the one thing you couldn't read about me was my one secret, maybe it was my fault since I hid it and kept it buried inside, but Dad I love you.' And he responded "of course I know that and I love you too more than anything.' And I

said no, I don't just love you, I'm in love with you. From the time I figured out that I was gay, and what it meant, I also figured out that the man I wanted to experience it all with was you. Yea I know its wrong, and taboo or whatever the hell else you want to call it. But that's how I am. I want you. And that too, I guess I was even more ashamed of telling you, that again you'd hate me or change your feelings towards me. I know that it doesn't really matter now, you are happy, I can see that you are, and that makes me happy. That's all I've ever wanted for you. And now, you have it. And I will deal with my own issues now, just know that I love you, and you have my blessing to get married, and I hope that she makes you as happy as you deserve to be.' And with that, I got up went up stairs to the bathroom, wiped my eyes, then got dressed, and went to leave the house, but before turning to walk out the door, I looked into the kitchen and saw my father sitting in the chair, as if he was frozen in time. And then walked out, where I was going, I hadn't a clue, but I left, and just started walking.

And there you have roughly the first 20 years of my life. An insight, into how things can turn out in the real world. And that there is more than just fantasy and fiction out there. Comments welcome at blondeblueeyes@gmail.com