



He Penetrated & Tore My Spirit

Some of my stories are light hearted, but this is not one of those so I want to begin with a trigger warning

February 28, 2024 By [JMV](#)

It's nice to have a day to lounge around on the couch and get some writing done. The work space feels very serene. There's a documentary about a cult playing in the background and I decided to open my laptop to write a new blog entry. Some of my stories are light-hearted, but this is not one of those so I want to begin with a trigger warning. So if you're not in a good place to discuss sexual assault, then you might find that this post brings back traumatic memories. I would never aim to do that. But for everyone else, I think this is an important discussion, so let's move forward in my blog journey....

I left you in June 2018 having been celibate for almost seven months. That break from sex was partially a result of my ceasing communication with one particular person, but something else was lingering that hadn't yet come to the surface. It wouldn't truly appear for a few more years, but now, knowing what I discovered since then, it makes sense to me. This is your last chance to dip out before I dive deep.

I had gone through a breakup with and I was trying to stay away from him, so going to Fire Island for a gig and it being there for the first time since 2014 was very jarring. I was going there sober, and I knew that my ex would be there and on drugs. It made me very nervous. I was scared of feeling triggered by so many things.

It was 2016 and I was headed to Pines Party to gogo dance. On the ferry ride over, I met this beautiful man who was very flirtatious and we hit it off. He was really charming and showed a lot of interest in me. He was bartending for the event and said if I needed to find a place to escape or a way to make my ex jealous, feel free to use him however I would. I would gladly oblige. It felt so authentic, so kind, and very promising. Was this guy going to be someone I'd wind up going on a date with? For now I just knew that I was very attracted to him and that he made me feel safe in this moment.

Time went by after that, and we texted and tried to find time to hang out. One day we agreed on a meeting. I had been at the gym and was heading uptown to my home. I walked from Equinox Greenwich Avenue to the upper 20s in Chelsea where he lived. I told him I wasn't prepared for sex. I prefaced over and over that we would not be having sex, but just hanging out. I was excited.

When I arrived to his apartment we sat on his couch and chatted for a bit until we started making

out. I was okay with making out. I was okay with heavy petting. I was consenting to the first few bases. He was slick to get me down to my underwear within minutes. I consented to that. Before I could think about it. I was naked and we were grinding, but I told him I wasn't prepared. I was not ready for penetration. He wanted it. I didn't. I felt the need to give into him, but I didn't want what was coming.

We were making out and before I could think about it I felt a sharp burning, tearing pain and I knew I had been torn open. I had been physical torn open, but I felt like I had just had my soul torn, my heart beating fast. I was in pain, I had to let him go and allow him to finish. I sucked it up because he liked me and he wanted it, but I didn't.

After he finished I grew awkward and unsure what would happen next. My butt hurt, and I had most certainly not been prepared for anal penetration and I could smell it. Shame washed over me, and I asked if I could shower. The water went on and it trailed down my body, and once it hit my nether regions I felt a stinging pain. It hurt. I washed away the mess of profuse bleeding mixed with my own shit and my head hung low under the water hoping it'd rinse away what had just occurred. The feeling wasn't going down the drain with the mess, but the shame was going to stay. That was normal, right? What had just happened was okay because I was attracted to him, right?

I finished my shower smelling of his bodywash and returned to his living room in just in a towel. The next few moments still seem a bit blurry even until this day, but somehow he wound up back inside me, shredding my soul more, my heart harder, and my hole deeper. The hurt was excruciating. I felt my spirit leave my body and didn't know what to do other than lay there. I had to let him or he wouldn't like me anymore, right?

He finished and I immediately got up and made my way to his restroom with more blood and more shit. I just wanted to wash my skin off. I wanted to get the feeling of him off me and out of me. I wanted to get rid of me and let it all wash away with the stream of water. I wanted this pain to go away.

This time after showering, I quickly made my way over to my clothes to dress. He asked me to sit with him for a moment, but I just wanted to get out of there. He asked me again and so I sat with him. I will never forget how he apologized and called himself a monster and how I leaned over to comfort him telling him that he wasn't a monster. He had done it. He had turned himself into the victim. I was allowing myself to comfort him.

Soon after I left his apartment in pain, but I left not realizing truly what had just happened. I put it in the back of my mind because somehow I convinced myself that I had wanted it. I had to give it to him because I wanted him to like me and the justifications just kept entering my head.

For years I didn't bring it up and I didn't care to mention anything to anyone. I did forget about it for a while. I was surprised when someone touched me without consent in a playful manner how aggressive I became and how defensive I was with him. This was a friend and he didn't understand. That's when it all came pouring out and I couldn't contain it anymore. The more I

started to open up about it, the more people explained that I had been sexually assaulted—one person being as real as possible, “you were raped.”

This explained a lot of why I attached and detached the way that I did after the event. This explained why I acted out the way I did. This explained so much of why I was the way I was after. I didn't want him inside me that evening. I was attracted to him, but I told him ahead of time that I did not want to have sex. It made sex different for me since then. It made a lot of things change for me. I want to remind everyone that consent is mandatory. It does NOT matter if you're attracted to someone, if you say no then it means no.

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