

TFLMS story

Posted by TFLMS - 20 Nov 2016 17:40

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Step 1

Since I remember myself, I always liked to be touched, massaged and nurtured.

I remember as a young age I once played doctor with my cousins and I was the patient and I was undressed.

When I was 10/11 years old I was playing with another boy in a way to have sexual pleasure.

When I was 14 year old I was in camp and another boy touched my body privates and I enjoyed being sexually touched.

Finally when I was 14/15 years old I started feeling a sexual desire and I was restless.

Then on at later time I ended up in a quiet place and we touched each other.

In the same time I had a friend which we would daily massage each other without doing sex in any type.

Then I remember 1 boy that was really on to me and he tried to get to me and I kept refusing.

My life at that point was empty I didn't have any satisfaction what so ever, my parents wasn't there for me at all, they didn't even know what the hell is going with me neither negative or positive.

Until the principal contacted them that there is no future for me in this school and I should rather

change to a private school where I would get unlimited attention.

The guilt they gave me that because of my behavior I have to change school and then the headache to enter the other school of their recommendation, I had to get a signature from the current school that if it doesn't work out the new school they will take me back at all cost. Oh! What an embarrassment.

I finally settled well in the new school made new friends, until it came the day when a friend was asking me to explain him the meaning of the foot note of the bible where a person was talking a girl into sex etc. and he was asking a few times to give him the understanding looking at me with sparkling eyes, until I got the message and we went down to the basement and he was touching me he couldn't do much because there were other boys there, I remember like today how my body was shaking and my heart was pounding, later that evening he called me at my house to meet him in the synagogue, we met and we both went to the bathroom and we were both playing with each other. For a few days I was trying to jerk myself off until it finally worked.

Once I felt the pleasure I couldn't let go of it, I used to go home with this boy every day and we masturbated almost every day, we masturbated in a housing complex lobby, we went on the roof even there was no fence, with the time I engaged with another boy as well, I was once on the roof with him and then the other boy came up and I had to hide and they went away to another place.

For the rest of the year I had this 2 boys constantly masturbating each other.

It was even a time when the 1st boy wanted to stop already and I was so powerless I kept begging him and he still didn't want and he even punched me until I would let go, but that only worked with him for a while, eventually we continued.

By the 2nd year in that school I already engaged with other boys as well.

Until 1 day the 2nd boy came over to me and told me that he went to some principle from another school that he would help him to stop and he's also ready to help me as well and I should meet him in his office.

I was about to go and said to my principle I have an a appointment, he asked me where and I couldn't come up with an answer I told him up front where I'm going, he right away started

asking me all the details, I told him how many boys are involved here, he told me not to go and I should stop talking to 2 boys.

He then gave a speech where he was screaming and warned all the boys in school that this should stop immediately for the rest of the semester it was quiet nothing happened.

For the new semester the principle told me to switch back to my previous school with some rational reason, my parents didn't think twice, they were happy I'm back in the main stream school.

At that time my mother took me once to a so called specialist where I would be able to talk to someone, he asked me about my life, I disclosed to him about my struggles, he tried to couch me, he told me I can call him whenever I feel so, but that was it.

Coming back in the main school wasn't long until I engaged with another boy, with him it was also almost on a daily basis.

Until summer came I went to camp, I don't recall much of this actions, accept for masturbating myself.

I came home from camp and the semester finished, I was totally board not having a clue what to do, all I was doing was having sex every day with another boy, it was either in my parents basement or in my grandparents house which was at that time empty.

At the age of 17 which was the next year I entered the rabbinical collage (Yeshiva gedola) world, it didn't take long until I was technically a public toilet, any boy had the opportunity to have sex with me.

At 1 point I was even called by someone investigating me I should disclose to him exactly with whom I engaged, I had no other choice, otherwise I would be expelled from the school, it only helped for a short while.

This went on for 3 full years until the age of 19 1/2, these included going in to the woods, hotels, ritual baths, swimming pools, offices, basements and empty apartments, age didn't matter at all, as long the other boy was attracted, I had some old friends that even after marriage they were still hooked on with me, at this point I already watched porn.

In the meantime I tried to stop, I even had a chart for myself, I even disclosed to a teacher which I had a very closed friendship but I couldn't let go, I was really powerless.

I finally got engaged, so I was on pause for a while, I figured this would finally stop me since I was going to marry this beautiful girl, but not for long.

As the semester finished I was so board, I went to another rabbinical collage (kollel) for a while, but the rest of the time I continued, my parents made some construction in our house so I had to stay there to watch the guys so I called over some friend from time to time, at 1 point I also had sex with 1 of them, a married friend witch I had some sex experience back in school was calling me over 1 day, supposedly to help him out with something in his apartment, once I came over he went right to the point and we had sex, it was quite often until I reached a few weeks to my wedding, I had the same experience with another married friend.

As I reached a few weeks before my wedding, I tried to have at least 40 days sober, I'm not sure if I managed more than 4 weeks.

Here I'm 20 years old and I finally got married, I was so excited over my wife, I remember the wedding night I came in to my wives bed like a hungry wolf, I finally have the permissible and its even a good deed, this will finally stop my addiction.

For the 1st few weeks I couldn't resist not having sex whenever it was permissible, when she would come home from work I would start kissing her and playing with her and force her in to bed against her will.

But in the same time, I still felt an urge to act out for example: I would ask a married friend that I had sex with him in the past but he refused and he begged that I should control myself, I also remember calling another married friend to my apartment but he refused but I was out of control.

My lust as well was out of control, every woman on the street I objectified and fantasized how I would end up having sex with her, I commented in front of my wife.

My wife has a cousin which we got very close when we married, we spent many hours together having fun, watching movies etc. in their house, I would fantasize all the time having sex with her, I would go in to their bed room sit on the bed, I remember once she tried to stop me of doing something and I bit her.

Supposedly I was still in the rabbinical collage, but I had no interest in learning so I was extremely bored, I would spend in a friend's house and fantasize when going in to their bedroom and talk to them about their sex life.

Until my father passed away, my family told I should start looking for a job, I found a job the next day, but as my life was unmanageable I wouldn't honor the work hours, fought with my boss & manager, so in less than a year I was fired.

I got all depressed and invalidated and of course bored again, I was sitting at home doing nothing, until I made a phone call to a sex line, I remember feeling so devastated, I couldn't believe that I would reach to this point, out of despair I called my wife telling her that I don't know what happened to me that I made that phone call.

My wife gave birth to our 1st child to a beautiful baby girl.

This didn't stop me either, in fact my disease progressed.

I then went for the 1st time to a strip club, again I came out so devastated, I came home and I went to my baby and apologized to her.

However the next night I went again, this time though I didn't inform my wife.

We planned a weekend to the Laurentienes, so my wife went Thursday evening and I stayed home with the plan to sleep over and work the next day and then come to the country, however that plan didn't quite work out as it was supposed to, I actually reached my next lower bottom

and I went to a motel and ordered an escort, my wife tried to reach me the entire time, I finally came home and saw all the missed calls, she called me again and asking me where the hell I was, I tried giving her an alibi, for the entire weekend she grilled me, I even had sex with her but felt so horrible, until Sunday night when it busted I couldn't resist any more and I disclosed to her.

I was then convinced that our marriage is over, surprisingly my wife decided to stay in the marriage, but I was sure that since all the cards are on the table this would be the last time I was ever going act out.

However it didn't last long and after a short while I picked up a prostitute on the street, since it was a cash advance from our credit card, my figured it out right away while looking on the statement and she confronted me, again I tried to lie but it didn't work and I admitted that I did it again, she then realized it's a big problem (oh really?), she started seeking help, she found some lunatic where we both went for a while, we didn't have enough funding and things at home got better so we stopped therapy.

I was still in active addiction, however this time & on I started to be careful to act out without my wife noticing for the next 10 years.

I was employed at a management company so I had to run around from 1 building to another to collect rent etc., in that time I would act out almost on every trip, whenever I would pass a strip club or a massage parlor I would stop and check it out.

For some other reason I got frustrated from this job so I quitted with no plan for tomorrow, luckily I found another management job within 2 weeks, with the new job I had access to the internet without any limitation, my buss didn't work much except for 2 hours, for the rest of the day I was watching pornography all day and compulsively masturbating, always found an excuse to my wife why I was still at working when I was just enjoying myself, I couldn't bare the pain anymore so I asked my buss to put an internet filter, after a while the filter got disconnected and again I was compulsively hooked on.

At the age of 21/22 a friend of mine introduced me to a same sex bathhouse, I started going on a weekly basis and then I tried mix type of bathhouse.

At the end I clicked with the same sex bathhouse, for 2 reasons: 1. The strip clubs and

massage parlors, I didn't feel loved or validated. 2. The same sex bathhouse was a cheaper expense I didn't have to struggle to cover up the expense and I felt more loved and validated because everyone came for the same reason.

So for the past 10 years I was going to these bathhouses on a weekly basis or even 2-3 times a week, whenever I would have some extra cash I would run there.

This entire period I had some kind of relationship with a guy which I would know which day of the week he would be there.

In that period I also got aware that when going to the bathroom, I get aroused and triggered from a certain smell from my body, I would fantasize many times when I went to the bathroom and eventually masturbate.

Whenever I felt stressed or tired I would run. In the same time I was still watching pornography whenever I had access or a chance,

My life became such a mess & unmanageable, I was constantly in a depressive mode, until my rabbi suggested through a friend that I should see a psychiatrist, so I went to one & I disclosed to him how much I struggle, I started going on a weekly basis without my wife knowing, after a while I told her I'm going for my depression, this therapist helped me for a while since I came back to him weekly he was more like a policeman, but after a quite a few weeks I acted out again, I felt my life is over again therapy doesn't help either, the therapist told he knew it was going to happen & it's normal, so I got encouragement to keep trudging.

I felt good about myself and I was also in good shape spiritually.

After seeing him less & less slowly my old habit came back again, I went out on another spree for a long time and the same time being depressed, raging on my wife & kids, abusing them, I became addicted to movies and all kind of social media apps, I was just escaping from reality, actually reality wasn't in my dictionary at all.

My wife became the father & the mother at the same time, providing money and love for the kids.

My wife couldn't bare the pain anymore, so she started seeking for help again, so another therapist started getting reach on our pain, again I have to reveal my life story and all my pain and struggles.

For another period I was behaving since I had a police man that I would report on a weekly basis, things became better at home so we stopped again.

Like the old saying: this too shall pass, again I'm a loose dog that's powerless over his addiction.

As I much was trying to control the addiction by spiritually connecting, I only managed for a short period tops a few months and then go on another binge.

So with every time acting out, I came home not able to look my wife in the eye, so I would go to the bakery and buy her a sweet to pretend that love her.

I even tried connecting with my wife more often by doing a daily walk and talking to each other, which I must say felt good for a while.

However we reached a dead end and we couldn't identify it, so my wife went seeking for help again, we found for the 1st time a good couple therapist, which identified each problem to the core, since it was couple therapy only I couldn't reveal my struggle, so in the same time the relationship with my wife became stronger my acting out didn't stop, after most therapy session I would act because it was intensive.

My disease was so strong that even though I would have control on masturbating for a short period I was still powerless over lust & objectifying man & woman, whenever I would see a person I would scan him/her down from top to the bottom, as well if I would see a group of men with 1 girl, I would fantasize them having group sex or even if would see 2 people walking together I only saw them having sex together.

I would always try to draw attention from other people especially from married woman.

My last acting out spree was the day of my father's memorial day, I drove to NY to his grave site and the entire way I was struggling not to masturbate, having in mind I cannot come with such a dirty soul, but on the way back I was already masturbating the whole way until I arrived to Montreal 3:00 in the morning and ran to a bathhouse, which followed the next night another



time in a bath house, this was April 22 2015, the last time I acted out in any form as of today.

I became so despaired, here I'm working so hard to build a better relationship and in the same time I'm still acting out, I really wanted to die, I kept crying to my wife my life is worthless with no meaning.

Out of despair I went to visit a graphologist who's expertise is reading your handwriting, I disclosed to him the reason of all my shortcomings that he saw, he suggested that I'm high in estrogen and I should see a specialist that would prescribe a medication, my wife came in and he disclosed without my permission to her that I'm struggling and I should seek the right help with this specialist.

My wife was in horror, she then told me she knew all along that I was struggling but she wasn't sure, she even wrote a diary for the past 2 years.

She didn't buy the idea of medication, so she contacted the person that suggested her this couple therapist and finally he told her the shocking news: your husband is really sick and he has a disease which is called SEX ADDICTION and there's help, which brought me to this rooms.

Bless my HP that my life started changing since I started this program.

I'm sober since April 23 2015 and entered program May 1 2015 and I'm forever greatfull.

What worked for me:

Meetings meetings meetings

Phone calls

Group therapy

Individual therapy

1 week rehab

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Re: TFLMS story  
Posted by TFLMS - 23 Apr 2017 22:48

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And then it was 2 years

thank you hashem

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Re: TFLMS story  
Posted by Shivisi\_Hashem - 24 Apr 2017 10:56

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wow, what a story, and the biggest mirical is, that your wife is still at your side, keep it up, stay strong... it gives me the strength that if you could do it, then i can too,

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Re: TFLMS story  
Posted by bb0212 - 24 Apr 2017 11:39

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What an amazing story! To struggle so much, to feel so lost and then to be sober two years. Bh. My struggle is not at all an addiction so I really can't relate to what you went/are going through, but you are definitely a huge inspiration to many people. While it can be easy to judge - either to judge another, or to judge oneself, and be knocked down for "stooping so low", at the end of the day, Hashem gives each of us a different test, a very personalized test. The challenge is for each of us to find a way to get through and it seems like definitely have found a way. Kol hakavod, keep up the fantastic work.

ps you have a fantastic blessing to have such a supportive wife!

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Re: TFLMS story  
Posted by tzomah - 24 Apr 2017 12:36

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wow lots of chizuk

i read this at the right time today i start over from day 1 but ill make it to 2 years and beyond with you and all continued hatslocho

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Re: TFLMS story  
Posted by GrowStrong - 24 Apr 2017 13:03

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The litmus test of an addict from the big book:

As we look back, we feel we had gone on drinking many years beyond the point where we could quit on our will power. If anyone questions whether he has entered this dangerous area, let him try leaving liquor alone for one year. If he is a real alcoholic and very far advanced, there is scant chance of success. In the early days of our drinking we occasionally remained sober for a year or more, becoming serious drinkers again later. Though you may be able to stop for a considerable period, you may yet be a potential alcoholic.

We think few, to whom this book will appeal, can stay dry anything like a year. Some will be drunk the day after making their resolutions; most of them within a few weeks.

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Re: TFLMS story  
Posted by TFLMS - 24 Apr 2017 13:29

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Thank you all

indeed my wife is fully supporting (not codependent).

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Re: TFLMS story

Posted by cordnoy - 24 Apr 2017 14:08

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I'm not sure what the one year accomplishes.

1. Many non-addicts can't stay sober for a year.
2. Some addicts can stay sober for a year and still be addicted.

The white book has an entire chapter on this subject.

I think people need to be honest with themselves, and since that's not such a high commodity, they should try it with another.

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Re: TFLMS story

Posted by cordnoy - 24 Apr 2017 14:44

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[tzomah wrote on 24 Apr 2017 12:36:](#)

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Heck of a goal; why?

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Re: TFLMS story

Posted by TFLMS - 24 Apr 2017 18:24

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[cordnoy wrote on 24 Apr 2017 14:08:](#)

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Not sure what you meant by your post, if you can explain I'll appreciate.....

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Re: TFLMS story  
Posted by GrowStrong - 24 Apr 2017 18:44

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[TFLMS wrote on 24 Apr 2017 18:24:](#)

[cordnoy wrote on 24 Apr 2017 14:08:](#)

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He was commenting on my post which was a commentary thru direct quote on addict/non addict concept.

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Re: TFLMS story  
Posted by cordnoy - 24 Apr 2017 19:21

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Mr YTLMFS,

My last two comments, one was directed at Mr tzomah and the other at grow strong.

It does not seem that I commented on this thread for you. That is surely an oversight. I've read your story several times and teared up. My heart goes out for you. Keep on doin' good things. Sounds like you're on a strong path of recovery B"H.

Continued hatzlachah

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Re: TFLMS story  
Posted by belmont4175 - 24 Apr 2017 20:28

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Mazel Tov brother!

you are a real inspiration to all, your determination to grow and your endless desire not to give up, has proven that "Hashem can and does for us what we could not do for ourselves", "without Hashem I can't - without me Hashem won't.

keep on trucking!!

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Re: TFLMS story

Posted by tzomah - 25 Apr 2017 08:17

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[cordnoy wrote on 24 Apr 2017 14:44:](#)

[tzomah wrote on 24 Apr 2017 12:36:](#)

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Re: TFLMS story

Posted by Singularity - 25 Apr 2017 12:58

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[tzomah wrote on 25 Apr 2017 08:17:](#)

[cordnoy wrote on 24 Apr 2017 14:44:](#)

[tzomah wrote on 24 Apr 2017 12:36:](#)

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So a yearning?

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