

#### CLOSURE:

Dating the same sex is difficult because you will always be comparing yourself to them. It's hard to tell sometimes whether or not we date a guy because we love them or because we want to *be* them.

Thorne wrote often in emails that he wished he were me... in terms of thin and tall (well... he's *neither* of those) and self-confident (Pretends to be that) now that he became what he wanted I was no longer required in his life.

With my Omaha counselor, Jim, we didn't talk about Thorne very often since I really came to terms with him during therapy with Lisa in Ames, but the few times Jim and I spoke of him and with the notes Lisa sent on to Jim, Jim did agree that Thorne was *not* a well functioning individual and likely is still the same.... Only pretending to have changed. Change is very difficult Jim said. Both Lisa and Jim stated (separately) that Thorne is very delusional about his life and life in general based on what he wrote and / or said or the things he did. They both saw the video of him sneaking into my Sheldon-Munn apartment to call friends of mine and grill them. They also saw all other videos (Cody shower, etc) and heard audio recordings of Thorne. He really should have stayed in therapy.

In a lot of ways I can no longer fathom *why* I was so upset by what went down with Thorne over the years. I was never really *in* a relationship with Thorne is how Lisa had described it. Thorne had pushed so hard to be in one, though I wanted and still believed my main relationship was with Kenneth. With Thorne and I it was never anything super serious for me, even with the rings we exchanged. I felt pushed into it. Yet he brought out the *bad* side of me. He drew me into his personal chaos, which had been going on for *years* with Bertha and which I became a part of. Everyone Thorne met through me told him how good a person I was... well not when I was around Thorne since his issues turned into *my* issues. He even got me fired from the race track for needing me too much as I wrote about in book two. He also wrote out a "script" email for me to send back to his work email address to get out of lies he had told Bertha! At the time it seemed right, but I later learned, through therapy, that is was not. It was just the beginning of the chaos.

I remember the times Thorne and I shared on vacations-- the bay area, Livermore, San Francisco, XANADU Gallery, Lake Tahoe. Such a waste of my time and energy. At least the locations were beautiful. Thankfully I have been back to these locations in 2016 with Kenneth and Dawson and had a much better time!

At one point I really, *really* wanted to go to bed with Paul Andrews, but looking at him these days I just can't fathom *why* I wanted him. And that is what most of his ex's think about him now too. I know Thorne felt that way after he stopped seeing Paul as much after their trip out west in 2011. Thorne just didn't know what he ever saw in Paul either as he wrote to me in emails. You'll read much more about "Paul" in this new edition with edits replaced.

Chronicling out and publishing my life from my journals / personal emails was like unpacking my old baggage! SO freeing! And everyone has old baggage. I am glad the books resonated with so many people. Look for book signing photos from Seattle and San Francisco in the new photo galleries from a couple of years ago! Fun times!

Only the edits removed from the second book are included here, not the full chapters. For the full chapters, including the edits, please visit [www.highroadbooks.com](http://www.highroadbooks.com) to order the second edition of Coming into Focus. Available October 2017.

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(#edit)

**Also in May 2011 I met a man named Brent who, not too terribly long before, had returned to Iowa from Southern, California.** We had met through some mutual friends when we both went separately to a private social gathering held in Des Moines on an early Sunday

evening. Some of Brent's (our mutual) friends had invited him to the gathering of about 30 people, with our friend Kendal, the host's, blessing. **Thorne** was still masquerading and charading with **Paul** Andrews at this time and was not present... thankfully. Later I was told by the host that Thorne had *not* been invited on purpose. Not everyone in Des Moines really liked Thorne, though they were polite to him (and still are today) when they see him around. I have heard from many people about that; "Oh I never really cared that much for him Daniel... I talked to him since *you* were with him! He's... odd. Very quiet." was a common theme... though he never knew that, I have for years. Most still feel the same way today. I also feel Thorne couldn't help but *be* odd given his life through the years and his many issues. Many of which I have written about in my books.

So I felt free to find out about this handsome man, who, like others would say over the course of our time together, did look a great deal like me. It was uncanny, not that Thorne or anyone he knew would agree since they are not fond of me. Besides I did want to try to forget Thorne for a while. That relationship was way past becoming *very* tedious. I hoped therapy, which I had also started recently, would eventually help get me loose of its vice-like grip.

That early May 1<sup>st</sup> evening, after we were introduced by our mutual friends, Brent and I ended up sitting together, mostly away from others in the outside garden, talking. The temperatures were very warm for May. Brent was enjoying a glass of wine and me a beer. We spoke about ourselves and our histories. We each asked the usual 'where are you from?' and 'what do you do for a living?' questions.

I learned Brent was originally from a small town in southern Iowa I had never heard of called Lamoni but had left long before-- soon after graduating high school in 1977 to attend NW Missouri State University. But he couldn't hack it there, which we would talk more about later. He went back home for a while, got a menial job, then went to Drake University in Des Moines, but didn't stay long there either.

He had eventually drifted back out of Iowa again and down to Texas to study and work and stayed there a bit longer but ultimately ended up in southern California a few years later where he was for a very long stretch. He'd had a few jobs over the years, but just before returning to Iowa, had left United Airlines in April, where he had worked since 1991! Impressive!

I talked about being born and growing up out west in the Northern California valley and going to school there, some family issues, currently working at ISU in the FP&M department, some of the things I have written about in the early chapters of my first book, then about moving to Iowa in January 1988 when I left Reno and a bad relationship.

With the mention of bad relationships we moved on to talking about past partners. Brent mentioned some of the men he'd been involved with and where they had lived, including one very nice gated house in Houston. He didn't have *anything* bad to say about the men, his ex's, though, which I admired him for. He could have bad-mouthed his ex's, blamed them for *all* the relationship issues, but he didn't. Brent casually asked if I was currently seeing anyone and added he was not... at least *not* seriously, but he had not been back in Iowa long enough to really meet anyone. I didn't feel as if he were hitting on me really, which would have been OK with me since I felt an attraction to him already by this point, I think he was truly just curious. I told Brent about **Kenneth** and how much I loved him and how we were still connected and always would be. He thought that was great. I also told Brent an abridged account of my decade-plus with Thorne and how I was *not* with him any longer... well, not with *any* seriousness. I told him Thorne and I were basically over, though the words were still left unsaid, but we still had sex together... well, when we were talking to each other that is, but even that was becoming less frequent. I mentioned he would very likely meet Thorne eventually at a gay gathering in the area unless all he went to were private parties like this one, which wasn't likely. Or perhaps he'll see one of Thorne's *many* ads if he looks online and meet him that way or if he had ads up Thorne may find one. I mentioned that was how I originally met Thorne when he, a then mid-40's married man with a family, replied to my ad in very early 1998 (19 years ago!) in the now defunct *Classifieds 2000*. I said Thorne currently had a few ads up on places such as *SilverDaddies* and *LifeOut* or perhaps he could find

Thorne's profile on *Tagged.com*... if it was still here and he cared to look. I didn't mention though Thorne's profile on *Cutedeadguys.net* that I had found recently (and saved the full HTML of as well as the photos). I also didn't mention Thorne had lied and always told me he didn't have *any* ads up, nor did I mention the many names Thorne used as aliases. Brent smiled about the personal ads and said he knew how those worked as he's had a few himself and cruised some men through them when he was looking to hook up. I said Thorne would probably have a tag-along named **Paul** Andrews in-tow if they should meet at a gathering some time. I showed him a close-up photo I had taken of Thorne which I had on my Blackberry so he'd know him by sight and on websites.

He looked at it a few long seconds, "Kind of... handsome, I guess." Brent said shrugging handing the phone back and casually taking a drink of his wine.

"Yes, kind of... I guess." I replied and put the phone away.

Brent told me about one former lover he'd had in Southern California that he had really, *really* loved named Tom and whom he had broken up with just before moving back to Iowa. Tom was older... and Asian. He worked in real estate in Long Beach Brent said. Brent had not expected things to fail with Tom... but unfortunately they had, though he didn't say how. Brent had really loved Tom a great deal and was heartbroken about everything. After the break up with Tom that was when Brent decided to move back home to Iowa once and for all.

He also mentioned a lover who had died some years before that in Houston when he was down there in the later 1980's, though he didn't say what he had died of. We talked in depth about the specific circumstances that brought Brent back to Iowa, namely the break up with Tom, as well as why he had really left in the first place. All fascinating. We talked for *hours*. Brent said he was sorry for chattering on, but that I made him feel comfortable. I was flattered actually. We covered an *amazing* amount of ground about ourselves and our lives. We had really opened up to each other.

I asked Brent how old he was and I was surprised that he was in his early fifties! He said he was born in 1958.

"Really?" I said shocked.

"Yep! Am I too *old* for you, **Daniel**?" He joked with a wink and took a drink of his wine.

Laughing I replied "Hardly! You just don't look it!" while thinking it was interesting he had asked *that* way. He said he guessed that I was likely in my early to mid thirties. I told him he was very kind, but no, I was almost 46 and that I was born June 3, 1965. Then he was surprised, and said I did *not* look it. He liked men in my age range he replied quietly. I smiled and replied I liked men in his. He smiled showing his crows feet around his eyes. I laughingly mentioned it had to be the beard dye I used for the reason I looked younger.

Brent was a *very* handsome man with chiseled features, stubble, bluish-gray eyes, dark hair and was not as tall as I. He wore an earring in his left ear. I noticed Brent's earlobes were "attached" as Thorne called them which Thorne always said (wrote in emails) made a man ugly, but didn't bother me in the least. I felt I would like to spend more time around Brent if he was open to it. He was very easy to talk with and seemed relaxed and *very* down to earth. But being that I was thinking about moving away and was looking at houses out of state with Kenneth and being that Brent was wanting to get out more and meet others, I knew we could only be friends... *maybe* with benefits... which I wouldn't mind at all. That would be enough.

The host, **Kendal**, came by after Brent and I had sat talking quietly a few hours and asked if we were related, possibly gay cousins... or what he said would be even better-- gay incestuous brothers, since we looked so similar and seemed to look at each other in "that" way while talking. It was funny, but it did show others noticed that we looked alike too, not just me. I said no, nothing like that, we had just met tonight and smiled at Brent shyly... a little embarrassed about the brother remark and the looking at each other in "that" way comment. Kendal smiled knowingly, patted my knee and said he would leave us to talk. Brent laughed quietly.

Brent and I then walked around a bit and socialized separately, but ended up back together about an hour later, once again sitting alone. This time in the living room of Kendal's

beautiful house. Brent saw me sitting on the couch with my friends Mike and **Trevor** (Trevor would eventually photograph my first book cover) and smiling he asked to join us. Mike and Trevor got up to grab some more food and to walk around after half an hour and left Brent and I alone in the room where we continued talking a few more hours. I noticed, like me, Brent even had little growths on his face that were not really noticeable from a distance, only close up.

That night, as the gathering dwindled down and people started to leave, and just before I left around 10 pm, Brent and I exchanged phone numbers and AOL email addresses by adding them to our phones and we both promised to call or write each other from time to time to talk and get to know each other better.

Just before I left Brent smiled and said "I *do* hope I'll hear from you, Daniel."

I smiled and replied "Oh, you can count on it..." Brent hugged me tight and I left.

Thinking about the gathering, Brent and I spent about 90% of the time talking alone. It was very nice. Brent remained at the house to talk a bit more with our mutual friends that he hadn't seen much of that night since he'd spent so much time talking with me. I had spoken to them earlier so I headed out. Driving off I felt perhaps I should have stayed longer... but I didn't want to seem desperate to Brent. But I would have went to bed with him that very night had he asked me.

In one of Brent's first emails to me, later that very night actually, he mentioned he thought I was very easy to talk to and he liked that. He also added that I was a very handsome man. I liked that. We didn't see each other, but our contact continued on a daily basis over the next month. Each of us writing or calling and leaving voice mail when we couldn't reach the other on the phone. I still have a voice mail (or six!) that Brent left me saved to my computer from my phone. He could be *very* funny sometimes, which I loved. I've also saved all our texts and emails and of course wrote about him in my journal as well, starting that very first night.

Around this time in May 2011 Thorne changed his name on his Yahoo account. He was now officially known as **Prey**. As in *One that is helpless or unable to resist attack*. So while Brent and I were being mature and well adjusted, *that* is what Thorne was doing... living in a fairy-tale fantasy world. I took a picture of the screen and laughed about how weird that was. That was **so** Thorne. I thought back to Thorne using the car vacuum at his local car wash as a sex toy before work one morning in 2007 like he wrote me about in an email. Just dropped his three quarters in, pulled the hose into the driver side window and rolled it up as far as it would go, then let the vacuum suck him off while he moved the nozzle slowly up and down over his protruding stub sticking out of his open fly, until he orgasmed and jizzed up the hose. And he had actually accused *me* of being weird in the past...*HA!* I've kept that email... I've kept *all* his emails.... saved on the AOL mail server. All forwarded from one account to another for safe back up... complete with full headers. I just wrote about *everything* in my journals.

(edit)

In the early evening of Saturday, June 4, 2011, the day after my 46th birthday, and after about four weeks of calls, texts, emails, AOL chat sessions and getting to know each other a bit better, I drove down with Brent's invitation and met him at his house on NW 78th Street in Clive. A simple, well kept, but older single story house. It was very nice to see him again. His hug felt **so** good.

Brent had the place nicely decorated but with a masculine touch. He had some nice furniture too. I loved the wooden coffee table with the crossed under section and lighter wood inlays on the top, just beautiful! And his sectional with three neatly placed pillows was nice too, as were his Tiffany style lamps and other furnishings such as a beautiful multi-panel wooden screen and flowered area rug. He had lots of male influenced artwork sitting around against walls, but I didn't look too closely. I assumed he drew or painted them being that art was an interest of his.

We went out to dinner at Cosi Cucina Italian Grill on 86th Street not far from Brent's place where he had placed a reservation for us the night before. We arrived about 5:15 pm. The space was lovely and had a very intimate feeling. I was glad that Brent was receptive to having me as a

friend. He said since my birthday had been the day before, this was his gift to me. I thought that was very sweet. It's nice when people treat each other nicely and with worthiness and respect... which we all deserve. Treating those as they treat us... and sometimes better than they treat us.

That evening over a delicious Italian dinner and lovely white wine we talked about a *lot* of things. One main topic was that Brent was looking for a house to buy. He had been renting his current place from a nice older gentleman named John since he had moved back to Iowa, but Brent was looking for a house a bit bigger and one he could own. Over the years he had lived in quite a few different places in both Texas and Southern California, some very nice, and some with lovers, but more places than he cared to remember actually. He felt he wanted to settle down now and stay in one place. Being that he was from Iowa it was logical that he moved back there to live... especially now that he was single... yet again.

We also talked about our parents and I mentioned that my father had died some time ago, in October 1993, at age 54 of lung cancer. My mother was still living and had moved to Iowa about eight years before from Las Vegas. Brent said his mother, Janice, had died in 1997 at age 58. He didn't say from what, and I didn't ask, but I felt it was likely cancer of some kind if she was that young. I simply said I was sorry she had died so young. He didn't mention his father, but he did mention some siblings though.

After a very pleasant dinner we sat in Brent's vehicle a few minutes talking quietly in the restaurant parking lot. He mentioned that after I left the gathering our mutual friends had told him we looked like a cute "couple" the first night we had met last month. They could tell something was up between us by the way we were looking at each other and sought each other out that evening. I had not known they were observing us and they had not said anything to me, though I had seen a few of them since the party, when I bumped into them at The Saddle. Brent and I knew we were not a "couple" other than a couple of guys who liked each other.

I had been enjoying my time getting to know Brent via computer and phone calls the last month, but this dinner was nice... very nice. The day had been beautiful with a temperature around 80 and it was just a bit cooler by this time. Brent asked if I'd like to walk a bit and I said sure, so he got back on 86th and turned off onto Harbach and minutes later turned again onto NW 78th Street... but it didn't look like his street which confused me being it had the same name.

We went to a small park called *George Lundberg Park*. The park was basically a looping walking path, play area for kids and a basketball court. We slowly walked around the path talking quietly, stopping occasionally to look at trees or other plants and a few times darting out of the way of unexpected joggers or rollerbladers we heard coming up behind us.

After about thirty minutes of walking and talking Brent asked if I was ready to head back to his place. Being that it was now 7 pm I was and so we drove about a block and there it sat! We had come down a back way and that was why I was confused.

Once back we removed our shoes just inside the back door and Brent quickly went to get two glasses of chilled wine while I sat in the living room on his sectional sofa. I heard the sound of a popping cork from the kitchen. I smiled.

The front curtains were open and we sat on the couch together looking out the window, not that there was much to see except the houses across the street, but the company was great. Our socked feet entwined and rubbed on each other, which was kind of erotic. We continued having a nice time sipping wine and talking as the sun drained from the sky over the course of a few hours. Once it was dark enough and we required a table lamp to see Brent got up, switched on a Tiffany styled lamp nearby and closed the curtains for some privacy. We talked for a little while longer still rubbing our socked feet on each other.

But soon it was starting to get late, a little after 10 pm, looking at his small, antique looking pendulum clock ticking nearby. I mentioned the time and that I should think about heading home before long. It got quiet. I turned to ask Brent a question and without warning Brent moved in quickly and kissed me. Our first kiss. I was taken by surprise, forgot what I was going to say and kissed him back.

Breaking the lip-lock, but remaining close to my face, he looked me in the eyes. "Would

you... like to stay over... the bed is big enough..." he joked smiling shyly.

"I'd like that very much." I smiled.

We had already discussed our "statuses" beforehand and I trusted him. As I said we had talked about *everything* the last month. Besides I was pretty sure Brent had protection available if needed.

We took our wine glasses to the kitchen, then Brent gently took me by the hand and he lead me into his bedroom where he pulled back the bedding on his beautiful wooden bed. Both of us then started undressing... standing directly in front of each other, our socked feet merely feet apart. We watched each other remove shirts, pants, socks... then underwear. Tension was building and we were both rising to the occasion in anticipation of what was to come. To me Brent had a *beautiful* body. He stepped up to me naked, looking very sexy and serious and placed his warm hands on top of my shoulders and kissed me again... then we laid on the bed and I could actually feel the heat radiating off him.

We kissed again, then embraced and our stripped bodies touched for the first time. Brent's hot, rock-hard cock brushed against mine several times tickling it. Oh, *Wow!* Suddenly Brent was laying on top of me full weight, kissing me *deeply* with his arms wrapped tightly around my chest and his cock grinding into me... I loved it. He was an expert kisser. He sucked on my neck a bit and then bit it. His manhood tickled mine again a few times as he gently thrustured around on top of me and I caught myself gasping loudly at that incredible feeling as my hands tenderly traced his back side. Propping himself up I looked up at him on top of me and he smiled his cute crows feet smile. He was an incredibly beautiful man. He kissed me deeply again over and over and over. I wrapped my legs around his legs until we were intertwined.

I am not ashamed to say Brent had a *beautiful* cock, that he knew how to use it and he was *very* attentive in bed... also *very* oral. Though that wasn't how we finished, I did have to stop him or he would have made me cum that way. But what we did do was incredible and so pleasurable. One of my favorite male-on-male activities in bed! I *loved* the noises Brent made when he climaxed and I made noises of my own when he brought me to an intense, *deep* orgasm with his hand and while grabbing my balls a bit. And like I thought he did have protection and the all important lube.

Later, after cleaning up, we drifted to sleep peacefully. I left the next morning after breakfast of toast and juice. We would continue to write and call...and visit when we could, which was very often and had a nice time together, now that the traditional "ice" had indeed been **shattered**.

(#edit)

Throughout June I had continued to see Brent in the evenings, a few days each week after he was off work and sometimes on a weekend when he and I had time, and things were good, but casual, *very* casual between us. We'd go out for dinner such as to Spaghetti Works in the Court Avenue District of downtown Des Moines or someplace in Ames if he came down to Nevada or we'd even make dinner ourselves... even if it was just pizza and salad we picked up at Hy-Vee and ate at Lincoln Way in the dining room. Then we had each other for desert.

After the first time, Brent and I had sex each time we met up, several times the same day some times. Brent certainly did enjoy pleasing another man in bed, and I made sure he was satisfied too. Brent was *very* sexual. Thorne just didn't want to see me, but I was *very* happy with Brent's company at that time. Brent loved the Lincoln Way house. The woodwork was gorgeous he said. At one of those "Lincoln Way Pizza Parties" we watched my DVD of *Tea with Mussolini* since we both loved Maggie Smith and I liked Cher and Lily Tomlin.

Of course, as I said before, I was *not* fooling myself that anything other than a friendship with benefits could possibly come out of this affair we had going. Brent felt the same I'm sure. He never once said *anything* about a serious relationship. We were *friends*. Of course the sex we were having was first class, sometimes a bit rough, but *extremely* pleasurable and fun and *very* much needed! I loved it.

As I said sex with Brent was a bit rough at times. I loved it when Brent rode me and said things like "How do you like this hard cock up your ass?" he would thrust as fast and hard as he could, grunting and breathing heavily into my ear at the same time and putting me in a chock hold. I'd pretend to submit and cry out "Ow! Ow! Ow!" in time with his thrusts. Then he'd slow down to a gentle purr teasing himself and edging a bit before blasting off into the orgasm zone. It was truly amazing. To feel him that way with *that* part of him deep inside me was incredible! We barebacked once in a while, including this night, and I'd felt his cock swell suddenly and then him shooting when he came. *Amazing!*

Brent had an *incredibly* positive touch. Such a contrast to Thorne's continuously negative vibe the last few times he and I had had sex. Thorne *had* to be drinking and pretending to be scared or wanting to be "raped." It was *all* about him. My new therapist Lisa said Thorne was likely a narcissist by what she had read in his emails and my journals. It was the pits. Brent was *so* giving of himself! Thorne made everything difficult with all his fantasies starring himself going. But if he'd get me off by letting me fuck him, I'd play his game... even with tears about us "breaking up" to hone my acting skills. But I was still drawn to Thorne for as much as I *didn't* want to be any longer. Something was holding me in the chaos. Lisa and I were talking a *lot* about that too. The sneaking around his house and other places was getting old for me. I had no idea why I did it! But the days I wasn't seeing Brent, I would try to see what Thorne was up to. I told Lisa that Thorne would occasionally catch me spying. Her reply was "And he *loved* it! It gave him a *huge* ego trip Daniel! He may pretend to hate it, but think about it... you were treating him like a teen idol... just hoping to catch a glimpse of him. Most men would love to have someone treat them that way! Thorne *loved* the attention despite what he told you! It swelled *more* than one of his heads!" I had to laugh at her expression. She was a perfect therapist.

At the same session Lisa asked me to think of life in terms of positives and negatives. What had Thorne *really* done, in his lifetime, that has had *any* lasting positive benefit or effect on humanity in any way? He has had *lots* of negatives with things he has done, but *very* few positives. He had talked about others behind their backs (Babbled... like his last name!), talked about and told lies about me to others making them dislike me, spied on young teen foster boys masturbating in his basement shower through secret peepholes he had drilled in the walls (Lisa had taken notes about that masturbating foster son shower topic and said that was extremely disturbing that he would do that. She also asked for copies of the emails he had sent talking about it to keep in a permanent file of some kind she had), he treated his wife with disregard, called his children names and laughed at their pain, abused his son Cody by giving him a cold shower while the boy sat on the floor of the shower crying and pleading to get out, knocked down by Thorne's big, fat "ice cream binging" butt when the boy tried to escape the liquid ice shower that sub-zero winter night. I have that on video. Told his daughter Maggie to "...stop being a retard!" way too many times over the years.

Yes, he had adopted those children, which is a positive, but he likely truly did that since Bertha had wanted to at the time and it shut her up... for a little while anyway. Had Thorne treated those children positively? Mostly no... again a *very* negative situation which I feel has *permanently* damaged his Karma. A semi-positive thing he did was help a very little bit with building a house with *Habitat for Humanity* on Garden Road in Ames. He pounded a nail or two...

Then Lisa pointed out me... what had I done to positively enhance humanity in my small way? She listed: I had worked for years with mentally challenged young-adults and aging adults, taken in stray cats and gave them a good life, volunteered at the old folks home and homeless shelters (I still do in 2017 too). I radiated a *massive* amount of positives in my life Lisa said. I had even convinced Thorne himself to grow and be his own person... leading him to where he is *this* very day. Thorne didn't do that himself. He had *no* confidence to. He'd *still* be living with his wife had it not been for me. I gave him that Lisa pointed out. That was true.

Lisa said positivity reverberates in my life whereas negativity echoes deeply in Thorne's life like a deep cavern. She added that while there was bound to be *some* good in Thorne he was basically a selfish, non-giving, negative person. He was extremely self-absorbed, only thinking

about what he wanted and usually never thought of anyone else's needs if it did not get him something in return.

She also told me "Thorne himself was *never* loyal to you Daniel. He was loyal *only* to his need for you. Once that need changed, so did his 'loyalty.'" That really hit home and started me thinking. That was the catalyst I feel in seeing him as he really is. Lisa also said that once a person starts seeing their own worth it's harder to stay around people who don't.

My current therapist, James who I started seeing in April of 2016 in Omaha, in August 2016 says I helped Thorne big time the very **few** times we have talked about Thorne. James and I had not gone into Thorne as deeply or as often as Lisa and I had since most of the issues for me dealing with Thorne have happily been resolved, but yet Thorne was still part of my history. James also said Thorne was "scum" for doing what he did in regards to talking behind people's backs, laughing at them and all the other abusive stuff. I told James what Lisa had said and he agreed which made me feel better. Made me feel I wasn't just making Thorne out to be a cruel person, he was one. James said, like Lisa before, that it sounds like Thorne has *major* issues.

With Brent though, he *really* concentrated on his partner's, in this case me, pleasure... sometimes to his detriment since he was making me feel **so** good-- in **and** out of bed. He had a noble spirit and was giving and unselfish in bed and in everything else I saw. But again I made sure he came any way he wanted which was usually how I liked a man to cum. So we were *very* compatible in bed, though *not* so in the music department... but that was something I could overlook. My style really didn't appeal to him either. But I put with Beyoncé and the new song she had just released called "Best Thing I Never Had" which Brent liked. The lyrics certainly *did* make me think of Thorne! Brent did let me listen to Glen Campbell in his car once though. We did like some of the same actresses though and live theater. We did actually have a great deal in common.

(#edit)

In early July 2011 one of the long mistreated children of Bertha and Thorne's died. Sadly, Cody died due to a medication reaction. Thorne and I were not talking, as usual, and it was my mother that had called to let me know she had seen it in the paper. I thought she was losing her marbles. I went to buy the paper... it was true. I was devastated. My mother seemed to think Cody had been hit by a car, but I told her Thorne had told me months after the fact that it was an adverse reaction to the medication Depakote. I was upset that after everything I had done for him and his children, and even though we were once again, not talking, Thorne did not call me himself to let me know. He could have put aside his feelings (if he had any) for this!

Cody had always called me his 'second dad' and I loved him dearly. More so than Bertha (or Thorne likely) *ever* had I felt. I dropped Thorne off some sympathy flowers, leaving them outside his door... I didn't even knock. In the accompanying note I said how sorry I was about Cody and that I would stay away from the funeral set to take place in Ankeny in the next day or two. But reflecting back on my relationship with Cody in the ensuing days I went anyway thinking Cody would have wanted me there and after everything I *deserved* to be there. I sat in the very back, unnoticed by anyone other than the person who gave me a funeral pamphlet. I still have it displayed in my house to this very day with Cody's photo. I doubt Thorne has any photos of his children displayed at his house today.

Most of the photos used (98%) for Cody's service slideshow I had taken. That made me feel happy. I had taken them since Thorne so obviously didn't care enough to take any photos of the children it seemed. He was too "busy." Now the family would have the images to look back on and know I had taken them through the years. Just like the nice photo I had taken of Thorne's daughter Candice's puppy sleeping with a ball in the grass that I had had matted and framed and gave to her as a gift.

Many of the people Thorne had badmouthed about me to over the years were in attendance at the funeral and most had never met Cody, such as Paul Andrews and Thorne's former vocal instructor Stuart (who hates me now after what Thorne has said about me... little

does this guy know *everything* Thorne has told me and wrote to me about *him*! Maybe he will know someday...). Even his crazy sister he used to blab about (to learn more about her read book one "Blurring the Line") was there.

Bertha looked to be crying. The same woman who had long tortured this now dead kid out on the farm with mud clods telling him it was "**Dog poop coming in for a landing!**" while she threw them at him as Thorne had written to me about in early emails. Some of the clods were damp and stuck to the boy's neck or landed on his shirt or leg. "Bertha-Clown" **shrieked** with laughter about it. Just clown-cackled up a storm. Cody *hated* dog poop and would gag and get watery eyes when he saw it...or dirt clods that looked like it Thorne had also written me. Thorne had mentioned laughing about that too. Throwing mud at Cody saying it was dog poop was very, very **cruel**... especially by an "adult" such as Bertha who **knew** his aversion to it and the stress it caused him. Thorne had always mentioned that Bertha hated Sock-Monkey's. She was terrified of them he said. I felt someone should get one and douse it in *super* ice-cold water and while she was asleep throw it right on her ugly, fat, **old** face. **SPLAT!** And the monkey should be holding a seed packet for beets! Thorne had mentioned numerous times (and laughed up a storm) about Bertha eating too many beets, crapping red and then howling in horror about having rectal cancer. He had to take her to the hospital for that and when he found out what it really was he left her room and laughed up a category 5 hurricane! Sounding just like Bette Davis in "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane" when she serves a rat to Joan Crawford for dinner! Bertha had forgotten she ate beets and Thorne laughed and laughed... and laughed!

Bertha was likely crying now because she could *never* torment Cody again. The boobless "woman" made me sick! I thought back to emails Thorne wrote about Bertha giving the kids adult-strength, adult-doses of cough syrup to make them tired... often... even when they had no colds or cough. The law would likely have something to say about that as would the general public. Thorne had written **so** much to me in emails that I still have saved on the server about the things Bertha did to the kids and that I've used in both books. And there were also the *many* videos Thorne secretly took of her **abusing** the kids too. She has no idea how many were really made that I still have. Thorne had also told me **all** about the sexual abuse Bertha had suffered in her youth at the hands of her now dead brother. Just because Bertha aka "Satan-Clown" was abused that was *no* excuse to make her adoptive children's lives hell. But she did... and Thorne had allowed it for years really. Both mandatory reporters they could still, in 2017, get into very big trouble with the state. They may not think so, but they can... Think about how it would be for someone, say the one Thorne wrote about looking like a "huge, fat bottle of Pepto Bismol" when she wore a pink suit, to get a copy of the videos and the Cody shower video. I'm not saying who that person is to Thorne, but "Ms. Pepto" would be upset and could do something.

With Thorne's two older adopted children, that being Cody and Maggie, I felt like they were mine in a way as well. But not the third... a younger brat named Jason. I learned pretty quickly he had *major* issues... likely still does even to this day. I was around the two older kids, Maggie and Cody for a *majority* of their growing years. They came to me more often than Thorne to ask for something or talk or even to just tell me they felt sad, knowing I would listen and play games with them. I took a genuine interest. Thorne usually just said "**No! Go away!**" without listening to what they wanted. *Drove me nuts*. Thorne should have said **no** to all the ice cream's around his **short, fat, old** Oompa Loompa, waist! Fat stomached, short waisted, high-water pants anyone? 'Ewok Thorne' aka 'the shrimp' has 'em! (still!) Thorne always tucked in his tank-tops thinking it would help him look thinner by keeping his moobs and fat stomach pressed in... it never worked. It *accentuated* his waist actually. It made him look eggy and hour-glass shaped. Several people had snickered about that behind his back too. Also he *still* has moobs to this day! There is *no* hiding them! The photos of him in California at the Frank Lloyd Wright house at Stanford really show them as do current photos friends post on Facebook into 2017 that I unfortunately see! His moobs have grown into what look like actual boobs!

The kids had even wanted me to go to Parent Teacher Nights, but I said I couldn't, as much as I would have liked to, that it was not truly my place. I listened to Maggie and Cody and

played with them, took them to appointments such as Play-Therapy, picked them up from school, fed them, took them to movies, bought them things to try and keep them active such as a tether ball, books or games, I took their pictures... held their hands (then washed well). I cared. I gave them the **positive** attention they needed and had **not** received from their "parents." They let me show I cared for them, loved them. It hurt me terribly when Thorne would call his own kids "Retard!" I told him he had **better** stop and sometimes I just left the house when he did that to get away from his **constant** negative vibes. Of course there were times the kids drove me nuts too as I originally wrote about in my second book and I had said and done some things to them I regret to this day, also as I wrote much about, but **nothing** like Thorne or Bertha. I had even accidentally given Cody a black eye when I went to smack his mouth for getting mouthy with me. He had moved away and I hit his eye and not his mouth. I felt horrible. Thorne just said "He's used to it from Bertha..." smacking him a lot. Made me feel worse! I was **nothing** like Bertha!

Sitting in the church looking at the back of Thorne's head I thought about the fact that Thorne had told me long before not to tell him I cared for him anymore... and **never** to say 'I love you' to him anymore. And the time came, (**years** before I actually stopped seeing Thorne), that I really **didn't** love him any longer. I was confused until counseling showed me I had **not** loved Thorne in a very, **very** long time. If ever really. Yet I was used to him **being** there. **Big** difference. But I did love his two kids always. I still do to **this** very day you, my readers, might be reading this.

I was remembering how Thorne **had** looked and how he had been when we first met and I projected that old image in my mind no matter what. The projector bulb would finally burn out very soon thanks to Lisa, my counselor. Thorne definitely looks **nothing** like he did when we first met. I wouldn't even date him now... or **anything** else... even if I was desperate. He has become a 62 year old troll... living under a bridge!

Sitting in the very back of the church against a wall to avoid trouble, and while the pastor was going on about love and being positive in life and dealing with loss, I started thinking about just how many people Thorne had turned against me with what he has said and the lies he has told, and how negative he **truly** is. Lisa was right about his negativity. A leopard never changes his spots. **Never**. No matter how much they try to convince themselves that they have. Why had I ever been, even remotely, interested in pursuing **anything** with Thorne? Friend, lover, even fuck buddy? **Why?** What did I get out of it in return? Not much... never had really, if truth be told. Perhaps quite a few good, intense orgasms up his ass, by his hand or into his mouth over the years. But it was becoming not worth even that. Lisa had been having some good points at our sessions when we talked about Thorne, which was often since it was indeed him and his behavior that sent me to seek therapy in the first place. Lisa forced me to think about what he was **really** doing to me... and it **wasn't** nice. Lisa said he was fucking with me... but not in the way I would have preferred. She used his own emails and my journals to point out his true nature. Besides as Thorne always said-- he was not good in bed. And that was true anymore... he was pretty dead below the beltline! Had not been my top man in **years!**

Slowly I was finally able to start budging the mask from over Thorne's face an inch or two to see what he really looked like. The hideous, bloodshot eyed, multi-chinned "Jabba The Hutt" like demon that lay underneath would eventually be exposed. Lisa mentioned Thorne had to pretend that **I** was the bad guy so he didn't feel guilty about how he was treating me. It was all part of his narcissism and mental illness. He is a **very** damaged person she said. Likely it started in his childhood, but he covers it over and does not deal with his feelings. Never will and that will be a big problem in the long run. You see a person's true colors when you are no longer beneficial to them. Lisa then commented "Thorne's got a way of talking out of both sides of his mouth. One... he has too many ways of saying nothing. Two...too many if's and maybe so's. Also all you wanted was to hear that he loved you and anything but yes is still a no." It was true.

I left the church during the closing prayer to avoid a skirmish with Bertha-- the Boobless, Butt-Ugly, Dog-Poop-Slinging, Satan-Clown. I could turn in more of the videos Thorne had made of her. Also the ice cold shower video of Thorne and Cody. I'll bet Bertha has no idea of **that** video

I have of Thorne abusing Cody naked in an ice cold shower. Thorne wanted it made to show the man who was Cody's counselor (who died a while later) how the kid acted at home with him. But things got out of hand that night and afterwards Thorne asked me to erase the video... which I did not do. Thorne would never admit it to anyone, but video speaks louder than *any* words ever could. Poor kid knocked down in the shower crying with only cold water on in the dead of winter after Thorne actually *threw* him into the shower and turned off the hot water, then mocked him right to the camera. Then Thorne used his huge, fat 'ice cream' butt to keep Cody from getting out of the shower... all this captured on video. Mistreated simply due to something beyond his control and how he was born. Thorne just being his usual 'mature' self. Thorne then switched on the wet/dry vac to suction out the water and I ended the tape after a few seconds and after Cody's cries got louder over the whine of the vacuum. The vacuum actually made the event look even worse. If you were not there you had *no* idea what that vacuum hose was doing in the shower stall! It could have looked like Thorne was trying to electrocute the kid. A Youtube audience would not take kindly to any of the videos -- shower or Bertha abuse!

I've often wondered... if Cody could think about it now, (had he lived), would he say his life was better *after* his adoption? True he was no longer drinking moldy milk in a broken down trailer house with holes in the floor and no heating, but did things *truly* improve much as far as parents and home life went? I *highly* doubt it. While his biological mother may not have cared for him well I doubt she treated him the way the Babbles did! I still get *extremely* upset to this very day about how the kids were treated by these "mature" "loving" adults who vowed to keep them safe and love them-- the Babbles.

Like I wrote about the Babble family in the first edition my second book: it was child abuse plain and simple. And Bertha was a sick, twisted and perverted Satan clown who ate too many beets and shit red and howled in horror over rectal cancer while her loving husband howled with laughter about it outside her room. Cackle, Cackle, Cackle!

I'm sure the local police would still find interest in some of the other videos... I know the youtube public would. Publish the videos on line and send Bertha the link! Remember the emails where Thorne gave me the tapes... to "*do with as you want...*" and he even suggested in one of those emails: "You could even post them on-line Daniel!" I still have those emails where he said so much about *so* many things. Also Thorne told me he was a mandatory reporter in Iowa, so why didn't he get into trouble for not doing anything but taking the videos of the abuse happening? There *are* Iowa laws. Iowa Code section(s) 232.75, 232.69 and 232.70. Interesting thought...

Also Thorne should look into Iowa Code section 709.21. The email he sent about spying on his foster son masturbating in the shower has something to say about that activity! I'll bet the "peep" holes can still be found! What would their employers think about the videos / audio tapes and emails if they were made public? I don't think I will do that, but I do wonder about that! You can be mean and cruel to others, but then you do that to them they get upset.

One thing I was upset about the most after Cody's death is that there is no place, that I know of, to go "visit" Cody for those of us who would actually like to remember him. The last time I was at Thorne's house in 2012 he had Cody's wood urn sitting dusty on a shelf in the kitchen with a scenic picture he had bought in a thrift shop sitting on top of the ashes! Really thoughtful! But in my own backyard I made a place for Cody. A small mostly shady patch of land five foot square dedicated to him and his memory with a thick, flat piece of glass that has a 3D image of him from a picture I took resting on a low, angled rock pedestal. Perennial flowers fragrant the area. Bees and nature visit as well keeping Cody company. I can look out my window and see him below, sun, rain or snow. I have a picture of the space in the new photo section of this book. Thorne may see what I write in my books as a veiled threat, but as I have been told by a lawyer, I was not the one who *did the deeds and then wrote an email about, or appeared in a video, doing them!* True.

(#edit)

At the beginning of August 2011 Thorne and Paul Andrews took AMTRK on a trip west to California for a couple weeks. Paul had also finally stopped faking his orgasms... at least for now... Finally stopped his phony (screaming skull movie bit "Waaa Waaa **Waaaaaa!**") shrieking and deceitful flopping around wildly on Thorne's bed like a bugged-eyed fish out of water while smooching on him and actually jerked off and in truth **orgasmed** with Thorne... in the train shower as Thorne would later tell me... among many, *many* other things he told me about Paul Andrews and *that* trip. Thorne had wondered if Paul *could* even cum at all! He finally had. "UHH, OHH!" **Squirt! Squirt! Squirt!** Then Thorne told me about the dried post-cum stains in Paul's underpants that he later saw on that trip! **Ugh!**

I had recently been told by someone who had been involved with Paul that they had even tried **anal beads** to spice things up... with *no* success. I tried hard not to imagine Paul having those beads pulled out of his ass by his former partner Denny as Denny was sucking or trying to jerk Paul off. I also tried not to think of Paul's poop that likely got pulled out with them and onto the bed sheets! Eww-w-w-w-w!

Paul Andrews was weird, a true oddball. Thorne wrote me that at first Paul Andrews had a "perky, hard erection" when they got together but that Paul *never* wanted to use it... Fake Bugged-Eyed Fish Flopping and fake wailing time in bed instead! I had heard that from a few others of Paul Andrews lovers... and I had had sex with most of those men over the years-- I had *good times* in bed with those men!! Paul simply missed out. My counselor said Paul likely suffered from mental illness brought on by his family life... absent father and unattached mother. A few of his friends who knew Paul's family confirmed that.

While Thorne and Paul Andrews were gone I continued seeing Brent. He and I made plans to go to the Iowa State Fair on August 13th. Brent was very interested in seeing the artwork that was on display and also the photo exhibits. I talked him into riding the sky gliders, we walked the midway, had fair food and drinks and a really fun time! It had been a very long time since Brent had been to the Iowa State Fair he said. While there he even won me a fuzzy brown little bear on the midway (that I still have)! I took a few photos of Brent that day (still have them too). He looks so handsome in them. That night we returned to his house and had one of the best times in bed we had ever had. Brent toying me roughly. It was *truly* electric. I'll bet the neighbors heard us... and the wooden headboard hitting the wall... Brent could fuck *really* roughly! And I could take it!

Strangely at this time, when he was out west, I was able to see Thorne's Facebook page again. He had blocked me a while back. But he had been suggested as being someone I "might" know according to Facebook the day he left. If they only knew! Lisa said Thorne did not unblock me out of the goodness of his heart. It was a control tactic. She went on to say that Thorne wanted me to see what he was doing while he was away. It was when he was back in old, boring Iowa that he was not wanting me to know his activity. That sounded true. I did look and even saved some photos from his profile and this trip to my "Thorne" folder on my PC where I kept a lot on him all backed up by Carbonite and not just photos. I still have that folder today in 2017, but have not added anything to it in *years*.

(#edit)

Thorne and Paul Andrews returned to Iowa on Tuesday, August 16, 2011. I was still *very* stupidly torn concerning my feelings about Thorne, but I was starting to see him differently. In truth, more and more, I was starting to think of him as only as ass to fuck. Someone to just get me off. But there was a *long* history there too.

I knew, as my counselor Lisa had been saying for months now, that Thorne had been keeping me on the hunt, on the line. But the projector was still going at full speed though, blinding me with its light and still using an old Thorne image. Though I was slowly starting to understand this I *still* had the urge to get off with Thorne. That blinded me as well. (now: *ewww-w-w-w!*) I was determined to rip the mask off Thorne's face to see the gruesome creature that lurked underneath

with its growing turkey neck and egg shaped body like Jabba. I was working at it hard... but the magnetic (dysfunctional) pull of the relationship (not of Thorne himself) was still there. The urge to orgasm with Thorne was still present... for now. We had orgasmed together **thousands** of times over the last 10 plus years, but now it was simply just for the act and not feelings, if it had ever been.

The evening of their return Thorne blocked me on Facebook once again and then updated his Skype status line with a message that said "someone can drive by the back of my house if they want to." What to do? What to do? **Why** was I even still looking at his accounts? He, of course, was contacting me this way so no one would know... **least** of all Paul Andrews... or Bertha. Of course I was taking video and still pictures of the screen, making digital audio recordings of our conversations and saving all texts we wrote through Skype to have as a record. I also discovered Thorne himself had bought a digital recorder (with a traceable credit card-- I saw the receipt and recorder packaging) and had it going as well. He was doing the same thing to me that I was to him, perhaps even before I had started. And as far as I know Thorne had a video camera going somewhere too. He had hidden camera's in his house to record me in the past as he had written in a "confession."

Brent wasn't available that night and I was horny so I headed over to White Oak the night of their return and slowly drove down the alleyway behind Thorne's place after dark... and there he was...waiting... backing up and hiding in the shadows of a vine covered trellis and drinking a beer...he was likely out of his beloved Malibu Rum. I had the supplies we'd need. Since I wasn't going to be seeing Brent until Thursday I continued playing the game with Thorne to get at his easy, warm, tight, slippery, orgasm inducing ass. I wanted to edge with just my dick head in his tight hole for a while.

Suddenly emerging arrogantly out from behind the tall vines he had hid behind once my car's headlights illuminated him, Thorne threw his half-full beer bottle down in the alley, hitting several other empty beer bottles, where it fizzed out in a sudden gush of white foam... like a cock stroked to a frenzied orgasm by a lubed-up hand. He started walking toward the bike trail. He texted me along the way, "**It's dark, I'm drunk, I'm scared.**" it was *all* just part of his fantasy, his everyday "false universe" life. It was *all* about him again...I rolled my eyes and followed behind slowly in my car, **so** wishing I was with Brent instead and missing the fun he and I had had together so often. I had my new video camera with night vision feature connected to a light weight tripod with me again as well. All ready to aim, push the record button and go! Thorne was apparently making recordings of us so I took it one step further.

As expected Thorne ended up offering me his ass... and I took it, right there on the darkened bike path in his town while he stood up against a tree, his shirt up around his shoulders and mouth acting as a gag... "fighting" while pretending to be tied up, gagged and "raped." He didn't want me at his house in case Paul Andrews paid him a surprise visit. No one could know I was still seeing him. We had to be quiet since a business was in nearby proximity with overnight workers who took breaks hourly. They were about 200 yards away. We had to cum quietly but we still made *some* noises. The nearby vapor light cast a dim eerie orange glow over us as it filtered through the trees.

In character Thorne became his Yahoo name "Prey" and backed up against the tree, his eyes widening in "fear," but his dick lifting from his crotch and becoming hard as he whispered "No, **n-n-no!**... *P-p-please* don't **hurt** me... I'll...I'll **give** you what **you** want!" I thought *It's not what I want buddy! This is your fantasy.... I'm just here for the free orgasm!* I practiced my acting... I roughly pulled Thorne's arm behind his back, spun him around and pushed him up against the tree, then rubbed my hard, lubed-up cock across his ass a few times until I found the hole. I loosely wrapped my right arm around his neck and pushed in. Thorne tensed up and muffled a cry.

I video recorded Thorne and I having sex that night. Being it was sitting in the shadows Thorne could not see it. I watched it back at home later. Turned out very clear, though grayish appearing with us a little off center frame and showing both of us in all our glory... our jeans down

just enough to do what needed doing, showing my ass thrusting quicker and faster as my lubed-up, condom covered cock thrust deeper and deeper into Thorne's aching, willing ass... pushing in all the way until my pubic hair was tickling against his ass cheeks just as his ass usually deeply tickled my cock in orgasm. My left lubed-up hand was around front wildly jacking on Thorne's pulsating cock at the same time, also visible on camera. Both of us trying to be quiet as we each got on the road and headed for the town called Climax. Unlike Paul Andrews I *wanted* to have an orgasm and I was going to make sure Thorne knew I had one and I was going to try my *hardest* to make him cum too.

After *furiously* thrusting continuously for 30 seconds, and because we were in a hurry, I was at the brink. I pulled out and edged for a while... just my cock head in his hole. It took every ounce of strength not to yell out loud in pleasure... it was *intense* edging in his ass. After a few minutes of this I couldn't take it anymore. I buried my cock in his ass once again. Deep long strokes. I tightened my right arm around his neck "pretending" to keep him under control and buried my face and bit into the back of Thorne's bared shoulder at his neck as I grunted quietly, slowed my thrusting and pulled my suddenly swelling cock most of the way out again, just teasing my cock head a few inches inside Thorne's ass as I *intensely* came, filling up the condom. I threw my head back and closed my eyes due to the intensity of the orgasm. Then I panted and drooled on his neck... *oh*... it was good! Thorne pretended to struggle harder when he knew the "assailant" was climaxing. "Uh, oh, no, *no!*" Thorne whispered scratchily in character as a 'straight' guy being plowed against his will by another man.... and heaven forbid-- making that man cum! Thorne's fat stomach jiggled as I moved against him as he "struggled" and it snapped off a few lower dead twigs on the tree trunk.

Slowly I stopped bucking as my *extremely* intense orgasm faded, but I kept on jerking feverishly on Thorne's swelling cock. My still hard cock slowly slid back into the warm depths of Thorne's ass, twitching with its usual deeply pleasurable aftershocks as I relaxed against him. I panted deeply on his neck keeping an eye out for any workers who might have heard my orgasm commotion.

Suddenly Thorne's eye's got *huge* as he looked heavenward, he suppressed a deep moan, clenched his jaw and mouth shut over his shirt, threw his head back and bucked his hips slightly as the villain in his fantasy "forced" him to cum while still "tied" to the tree. All of a sudden his lips formed a huge, reddish, silent "**O**" and his eyes bugged out. I felt his ass rhythmically clenching my still hard cock as he orgasmed and shot his thick load on the tree trunk. He convulsed in time with the twitching of his cock. Then he was spent. He closed his eyes tightly a few seconds and swallowed hard. With the camera getting a side view of us it captured our faces and *everything*. Pretty hot.

Then opening his eyes huge again and panting open mouthed to prevent much noise, Thorne quickly stepped away from me, disconnecting me from his body, pulled up his pants, fixed his shirt and started home without a word... leaving me standing there still with an erection. No thanks for the plowing or the obviously powerfully intense orgasm I gave him... nothing. Like the film "Sex, Lies and Videotape" we were having sex, Thorne was lying to everyone about it (Thorne is the Graham character of the film-- the person who hides everything and lies to everyone, etc, etc) and I got the action on video... with stereo sound. Still have that video too, archived on DVD. I also took a picture of my phone with Thorne's message about being drunk and scared...

The next day Thorne wanted absolutely *nothing* to do with me. He ignored any attempt to contact him. He spent all his time with Paul Andrews when they were not at work which was fine I told myself... again wondering if Thorne's tight, warm ass was even worth all the aggravation... ball draining orgasms or not. I mean I was having *plenty* of ball draining orgasms with Brent who *did* like seeing me *and* letting me into his house.

Thorne had told me quietly, among other things, on the trail, which is on the video, and before we had sex that things were really hopeless with Paul. Paul just wasn't *anything* like he had hoped for at all. He again joked about his "Trash heap" of a house too. He told me Paul had

become upset on the train with an AMTRAK worker during their trip west. Also about how Paul would *not* introduce him to his family, which **peeved** Thorne off to absolutely **no** end and had him thinking about leaving the “relationship” with Paul. Then Thorne shared the fact that some guy on a men’s outing Paul Andrews went on recently had wanted Paul to fuck him and so Paul did apparently! Why I needed to have *all* this gossip in my head I don’t know, but Thorne was happy to gossip! I highly, **highly** doubt Paul fucked anyone... I think he just said that to control Thorne, because Paul knew Thorne liked being fucked, and he said that to keep Thorne around since perhaps, maybe, someday, sometime, eventually, possibly in the future Paul would fuck Thorne. *R-i-i-ight!* Paul Andrews has **never** been any man’s top! None! They were both just using each other, period. Why did Thorne stay with Paul if he was *not* happy with him at all? If all he did was make fun of him behind his back and put him down to me and tell me **all** of Paul’s secrets? I have a feeling he was doing the same thing behind **my** back to others too. But Thorne did stay and they continued. As long as I got Thorne’s ass once in a while I was happy and would secretly play along... for now. Even asking him, through tears, how I’d ever get over him. My acting skills came in handy. I was keeping the chaos going right along with Thorne! From what others would tell me Paul would remain Thorne’s friend no matter what Thorne said about him since Paul is abnormal and underdeveloped mentally. I mean who breaks into houses and steals things and goes back to the *same* place only to get caught like Paul Andrews did? *Not too bright...*

Other times when Thorne did talk to me but said he was not available and Brent was also unavailable I would go and spy on Thorne. I didn’t like doing it and it did feel creepy to me. But my counselor Lisa seemed to think that Thorne brought that behavior out in me and he did. Lisa also said that Thorne enjoyed the attention and he likely knew I was around somewhere. Another time Thorne actually sent me an email saying he had left a blind up “just a bit” on one of his bedroom windows so I **could** look in and watch what he was doing to himself with a dildo while watching internet porn. So yes, just like Lisa said, Thorne *did* enjoy my spying on him and yes he enjoyed the attention no matter what he later claimed. I hoped therapy would help me get past all this mess.

(edit)

That weekend Brent and I went to a very interesting art event called *2 man show: Sojourn into Sunlight and Shadow. Paintings of Wm Havlicek and Michael Ryan* held at a beautiful place in the country called the Lowe Park Arts & Environment Center in Marion, Iowa on Saturday, August 20th. We stayed at the Quality Inn on 1st Ave SE in Cedar Rapids in room 308. Later, after we left the art show, which was quite the event, we walked around the grounds at the center. They had a display that showed an amphitheater was going to be built on the grounds soon, when enough funds were raised. The artists rendering looked gorgeous. I took a few photos of Brent out in the grassy field where the new addition would sit eventually. Forget the new addition, Brent was *gorgeous* in the field! Then we left and had dinner at a cute place called *Winifred’s Restaurant* also on 1st Ave SE just down past our hotel. It was beautiful and dated looking inside! The exterior was hiding a great secret! A staff person there took our photo at our booth with my Kodak camera. The flash bounced off the mirrored wall in our booth and looked great! Brent was fun to travel with.

We enjoyed each other immensely that night in room 308. Brent said he liked how I “gushed” which he certainly made me do freely and easily! He also liked how my cock would twitch after I came. I told him those *deeply* pulsing twitches were still **very** intensely pleasurable to me. He also said he loved how I would remain hard **so** long after cumming... he *loved* guys who did that. He said it was a *major* turn on that I didn’t shrivel up into nothing afterwards like most guys did or worse, get stuck in “belly fat.” Even flaccid he loved my cock he said.... it *hung* down. I loved his cock too! SO soft and beautiful! Tasted good too! And it was oh so powerful in bed! I loved his sex rhythm! His thrusting was so constant and good! And his orgasm moan... OooOo! Couldn’t hear it enough!

Brent is one of very few men who could also make me orgasm occasionally simply by

fucking me. He had the knack... and the right rhythm. Nothing like being in his bed or mine at Lincoln Way and while he was moving on top of me causing me to experience orgasm without touching me! I think he made me do that about three times during the times we had sex. I've counted 94 times in my journals that we've had sex together in the 6 months we saw each other as 'romantic friends.' We did have **lots** of sex. We came at the same time quite a few times as well. The man was *amazing* in bed! I **loved** the noise he made when he would cum and his expression too! He would often want to fuck me while I was face up and my legs were around his waist so he could look into my eyes. I could bend just right so he could reach. LOVED IT! Other times I was face down and felt totally encompassed by him and his body pressing into mine repeatedly as he thrust on top of me. I still get hard thinking about it now!

Early the next morning, around 7:30 Brent woke me up by snuggle up to me and hugging me tight and kissing my neck. I felt his "wake up" call below the blanket too! It was raining pretty steadily and we enjoyed ourselves once again in bed, starting out with heavy, deep kissing and hugging while laying on our sides facing each other on the plush, comfy bed for about 30 minutes as thunder crackled and roared outside. Each of us running our hands over each other and feeling each curve. I loved Brent's body. His hard cock rubbed firmly against my hard cock. Then without telling Brent what it was called (perhaps he knew?) I introduced him to Frottage. He thought it was **hot**. While laying on top of me with his greased cock between my thighs he rested his sweaty forehead against mine while thrusting with vigor for about 10 minutes, slowing down a few times teasing his cock and edging. He looked in my eyes as he moved against me and kissed me deeply a few times too and I rubbed his back and his butt as he bucked.

His mouth then slowly opened as his cock started tingling more. I felt it swell suddenly between my thighs as his orgasm started... "You're beautiful Daniel!" he said loudly. Then a loud grunt "Uhh!" Then his long gasping **Ohh... Ohhh - hhh - hhh - hhhhhh...** escaped as he quickly thrust to a finish, never looking away from my eyes. I *loved* how he looked in my eyes while he came! **Hot!** He then rolled over onto the bed, closed his eyes and smiled while breathing hard. I stroked his chest for a bit. Then looking over at me he said "Wow!... your turn," while panting and swallowing hard.

I did the same on top of him. For me it was a "Holy...**shit!!! Ugh! OH!!**" frottage orgasm with Brent. I tried, but couldn't hold myself up and look in his beautiful bluish-gray eyes unfortunately. It was **so** intense it curled my toes and I bear hugged his beautiful body as I came, just about pounding him through the bed with my hard thrusting. Afterwards he said he liked how animalistic our sex was sometimes, with hard, unrestrained thrusting. He played with and stroked my still hard, twitching cock a while afterwards as I lay next to him panting for a few minutes. He pulled the condom off and rubbed the semen around my hard cock head a while. It deeply tickled. He tormented me doing that... and I let him!! Then for a while we dozed lightly in the damp, tangled sheets holding each and watching the morning rain run down the window pane. The storm quieted down.

We then showered together quickly and laughingly ran from the hotel across the rainy parking lot and over to *Granite City Food & Brewery* for their signature 9:00 am brunch. We didn't get too wet by the still falling rain, but it was fun to run with Brent through the rain and leap over puddles. Over a fabulous meal we laughed about things and had a *really* nice morning. We had both ordered the Weekly Breakfast Entrée which changes depending on the season. We checked out of the hotel at 10:37am (I kept Brent's receipt!) and headed back for Des Moines. It was a *very* fun weekend in eastern Iowa!

**(#edit)**

The offer was accepted at the place in Bellevue that next week and I packed up and moved west on September 3, 2011 and in again with Kenneth, who had also met Brent on August 27th when he was in Iowa from La Vista, Nebraska and Brent was visiting me in Nevada at the Lincoln Way house. Brent had helped me with a little project or two there such as painting the basement floors where I had recently removed carpet. Thorne never wanted to help anymore. He was too busy going to the Saddle every night after work until closing. Just where Paul Andrews

was anymore was anybody's guess.

Thorne feared rejection, in fact he would become different people around different people. He monitored himself *very* closely I told Lisa at the next session after I had moved and returned to see her. Lisa called Thorne a "chameleon" and it was very true. "Those who are at the extreme in self-monitoring, like Thorne appears to be, are sociopaths... con artists if you will, who say and do whatever gets them what they want at the moment," Lisa said. Big trouble later in life for him she added.

It was around this time frame of therapy, just after I had moved, that I had a dream about Thorne... it went like this: I arrived at a huge house and went inside. Just as I was entering a room in the house I could see Thorne's shadow exiting a doorway into another room. I knew it was him by his shape and tried my hardest to catch up to him, running faster and faster and crying out for him to wait for me... but all I could see was his shadow or fleeting glimpse of his back walking out other doors in this large house. I was crying out to him that I loved him and wanted to be with him... but he just kept walking away and never let me get close to him. It also seemed that Thorne was laughing at me in the dream. He walked slowly out of rooms, but I could never move fast enough to catch him no matter how fast I ran. Lisa thought that was very significant. She said it shows my mind was finally, truthfully starting to grasp the fact that Thorne never gives *anyone* (and *never* will she added) an honest chance to **really** see him, reach him **or** get close to him. No one will *ever* reach him. Even if he gets involved with someone again. He may think he gets close to someone, but he will not. He truly is damaged goods and any relationship he has is destined to fail no matter how strong he feels it is Lisa said. He is simply lying to himself... And sadly to the other person he has dragged into his chaos. Just like Paul Andrews does with men... drags them into his uncaring lair to use them. But Thorne finally faced that a relationship with Paul would lead *no-where* and that is why he let me back in more after their "vacation." Lisa agreed.

Over the last decade I had seen some pretty obvious Jekyll and Hyde personality from Thorne. I could actually see his sadness and emotional mental issues from the beginning, but stupidly I still stayed. Kenneth and a few others always referred to Thorne as one of my "projects." And yes, I now truly think he was. I do see it now. Lisa agreed with that statement too. Thorne was just never mature really. It stems from his childhood likely. It seems he had never grown past the time in his life where he used to collect scabs off his skin. He wrote me that when he was younger, he kept a Styrofoam cup full of his scabs in his dresser drawer. I came across his email about this during the later half of editing my 2<sup>nd</sup> book. He would wait for the scab to form on his skin from some accident or self-inflicted wound and then peel it off and add it to the collection. To me that is just **not** normal. Not letting your body heal itself, just like Thorne has *not* let his mind heal. He keeps pulling off the "mental" scabs, to this very day! I think in some ways so he **could** feel something in life. He eventually got rid of the scabs when they had all fused together. **Gross!**

(#edit)

I thought back to a book I had seen in Thorne's bedroom titled *How to Spot a Liar: Why People Don't Tell the Truth...and How You Can Catch Them*. I told Lisa about it and she said he likely had that book since he had been lying to so many people starting with his parents, then Bertha, then me and he was hoping it would show him how not to get caught anymore. Lisa knew I had lied to Thorne a bit in our relationship as well. It just seemed Thorne needed books to find *any* answers he was seeking about life; spirituality, how to sing correctly, how to find happiness and love, how to stand on a box to seem taller during a concert without falling off, anything. Again I admitted that yes I had lied to Thorne about some things and I know he has lied to me. He even lies to himself I feel. Lisa agreed saying he may think he bought the book because of me... or perhaps someone else, but more than likely he bought it subconsciously for himself as a study guide of sorts.

At this time Brent was also seriously looking at one house in particular out of all the

houses he had looked at. It was just off 50th Street in West Des Moines. He wrote that he might put an offer in on it soon. He had first visited it in August around the time we went to the Iowa State Fair and while Thorne and Paul were out west. I wrote in my journal Brent had first been to the house on the evening of Thursday, August 11, 2011. He told me one stipulation was the people selling it might need extra time to vacate no matter when the offer might be accepted since they were very old and would need to find a new place. So that would push his date of moving out of his 78th Street place also, but his landlord John, was OK with that.

I had moved, in part, to get away from Thorne. It took awhile but the move did help so I could not see him as easily as living in Central Iowa. For a while after the move I was still in touch with Thorne... and it continued to be confusing *and* chaotic. I wish he had been just a normal friend who treated me better for all I did for him... and his kids. I wish he hadn't talked badly about me to others or hidden me away and I really wish he had **not** bad-mouthed **others** to me! I had **no** need (or business!) knowing all the highly personal things he told me and wrote me emails about others. He was still playing games with Paul Andrews so he didn't always have time to play his "games" with me. The down side of the move was not seeing Brent as much as before. That was a bummer. But for my mental health I had to finally get away from Thorne.

For some reason Thorne had wanted to come down to see the new house and we made plans for him to do that perhaps in October... if he "...could get away from Paul Andrews," he said in an email. Perhaps Paul could then "...finally shovel out his city dump of a house! LOL!" Thorne joked in the same email. Thorne did continue to laugh and joke about that when we'd talk as well... much to my dismay. Or he'd laugh about something else to do with Paul Andrews... like say Paul smothered him terribly... or Thorne would bad-mouth someone else. He even wondered if the birthday gift Paul gave him, that Thorne had shown me (a very pretty set of colorful tableware,) had come from a trash heap somewhere.... or was perhaps stolen. I didn't think much of Paul Andrews anymore either, but I didn't talk meanly about him until I wrote my books... and then I changed his name, added parts to his character, but like I did with the others-- I wrote the truth about him! Thorne also lived up to his last name and babbled about Bertha and her cancer and the removal of her breasts *all* the time. He had **no** couth! **None!** Until I learned the truth about Thorne's behaviors did I ever start putting him down and *never* in public or to mutual friends.

Until therapy, in my mind, Thorne could do **no** wrong. Therapy was SO important in my understanding of him and his likely illness and gave me the support I needed to start to get away. As I wrote earlier about Brent's love for Beyoncé and hearing her song "Best Thing I Never Had" in 2011 and how the song really, *really* mirrored Thorne! Like the song says it "sucks" to be him!

A couple of weeks after I moved, I drove down to Las Vegas to meet my friend Shane for the first time. We stayed in a room together at The Flamingo with a great view of the strip. While there I introduced him to (my now good friend) Marie Osmond, whom Shane loved. Marie was appearing at the hotel. Shane and I had met through eBay years before when he bought something from me and we remained in touch. Before I left for the trip Thorne had asked me to tell Marie that he was *not* an asshole when I saw her. I told Marie the truth and she was **very** disappointed in how Thorne had treated me... and others. I also told her in late 2015 what Thorne had done to Cody with the cold shower. She was appalled and upset. **Very** upset. She wouldn't have allowed him backstage, bought him dinner or paid for a room at the hotel had she known what kind of person he truly was. She said she was sorry he had acted that way with me and very upset he had physically abused his son. She said his behavior was *not* very spiritual or nice and that he must be a very unhappy person deep down in his very soul. I agreed with her. She said she would pray for him and asked his last name. She told me in October 2016, when I saw her for the 15<sup>th</sup> time she still prays for him. She also said she hopes he knows that what he has sown he *will* eventually reap in this lifetime. (From goodness comes goodness... from truth comes truth... etc.) I wish now I had talked Kenneth into going on that first trip to see Marie *instead* of Thorne!

Thorne would later make fun of Marie (and Randy Jones) by claiming I was friends with "**B grade**" celebrities as he wrote in 2011. I never told them that but it did show that Thorne *really*

is negative and appreciates nothing. Marie bought him a very nice dinner, allowed him to see her show for free, comped him a very nice room at the hotel, had him backstage and that is what he ended up saying about her. Saying she was less good than some other famous person. Knowing Marie as I do now I know she would have taken that with a grain of salt, but not me. To me it shows Thorne's *total* immaturity. It showed that he talked about *everybody* in a negative way. Even people who were nice to him. He is very Donald Trump!

Thorne kept me on my cell a *lot* during this trip and even kind of spoiled the time I had a little since I was walking around the strip with Shane but talking to Thorne! Actually more like *holding Thorne's hand* while I was away. But I had allowed it. I should have told Thorne to grow up and let me have some time to myself after him not wanting much of my time when I was back in Iowa. Shane and I had a good time and some *great* sex together there in Las Vegas despite everything. Shane had a great cock too! Meanwhile Thorne was in Iowa being miserable... with Paul "doesn't put out" Andrews.

I did talk with Brent as well when I was away, but I called him since he knew I was with a friend and he didn't want to interrupt that time. Brent also let me know the offer he had put in on the house he was interested in in West Des Moines about a week before was accepted and he hoped to be moving in late October himself. *Great news!*

The night Shane flew home and I was alone in our hotel room I made a JO video with my cell phone for Brent since he liked how I "gushed" as he put it and I missed gushing with him. I sent it to his AOL email. I also teasingly sent it to Thorne telling him I was thinking of him... just to keep him on edge and horny with no one there to help him out! Paul Andrews certainly *wasn't* helping Thorne sexually that was for sure! Brent had liked the video and the noise I made when I orgasmed I was told later that night by text. He said it was just like when he made me come... and it was... the gushing and the noise! It was *intense* for me! He had jacked off while watching the video! I had actually been looking at a close up photo of Brent I had taken while I made the video and blew my load! I liked that I was looking at him while I did it and then he did it while watching what I did while looking at him!

Brent and I continued to call and email each other once I returned home and, like Thorne, he offered to drive down and since he had family in the Omaha area he could see them too. I *loved* the idea and he came down on the first of October, a Saturday. He loved the new house and huge backyard, but did say I could use some better furniture, maybe a sectional, something like his, since the living room was so large. Brent really loved the sun-room and gave me some ideas about what to do with the yards, decks and some other decorating ideas such as painting the basement to get rid of the awful blue paint. He said it was the artist coming out in him. He had some good ideas. He also loved the granite kitchen counters and said the house he was buying also had some great looking kitchen counters. I couldn't wait to see it.

Before we went out we had a good time in bed first. Brent let me be his top-man for the first time and I filled the condom to capacity in my bed while I rode his ass. He said he had wanted "... to feel your tall, *lean* body moving on top of me" and I was *more* than happy to oblige. It was *incredible*. Then he was my top-man which I always loved. I had a large mirror nearby and watched Brent as he thrust on me faster and faster near the end until he came.... grunting in my ear. Finally we showered together before going out to dinner at *Upstream Brewing Company* in the Old Market area of downtown. He had been to this restaurant before with his sister and some friends and had put in a reservation for us the day before from home. He had impeccable taste! The upper patio was still open and had large heaters to break the slight fall chill, so we were able to sit out there. It was a beautiful night. Brent was sorry I had moved just as he was getting to know me better. He liked me as a friend and would have liked to have seen me more if I was still in Iowa he said. I agreed and said I would come to visit when I could and when he had time. He smiled his sweet stubbly, crow's feet smile. Beautiful. We ordered after the cute bald and bearded waiter came back to our table. Brent had the Thai Chicken Salad and I had the Beer Battered Fish & Chips. We both drank water. The place was packed and lively.

After dinner Brent and I walked the Old Market looking at antique shops, quaint little

stores, some of the great galleries such as the Old Market Artists Gallery and a few others. We also looked at antiques at *Hollywood Candy*. Kenneth was away on a weekend hiking trip so Brent stayed overnight and left the next morning after we went out to eat at *The Egg & I* in Bellevue... but not before having sex again and showering. Then Brent went to Omaha to visit his sister Kailey and her long-time "friend" Denise, who Brent had told me had had trouble that past summer with flooding in Fort Calhoun, then he headed back to Clive.

(#edit)

The first part of the following week was busy for me. I had been working on an independent horror film being shot in the area titled *Apparition* (which is *still* not out as of April 2017). It was taking forever to get my scenes done due to the fighting of the producer and director... who happened to be father and son. I finally wrapped and was happy to be done with it!

Thorne came down on October 8th. We had a good time... *mostly*. We had sex before dinner. I'd play his game to get his ass. I had been the first to *ever* go where no man "had gone before" with Thorne's ass! He had even asked me to shoot my load into his ass bareback and I did. He said he wanted that for his birthday present in 2008. Kenneth decided he didn't care to see Thorne and so he went on another hiking trip to avoid him. Kenneth didn't know why I had let Thorne come down... and looking back now I don't know either.

Thorne and I went to Spaghetti Works for dinner, nothing fancy like Brent and I had done. Thorne did continue to talk and laugh about Paul Andrews and things that went on, on their trip west a few months before a great deal. He bad mouthed *everyone* he knew! It was an *all-time* low! I didn't mention Brent at all to Thorne, it really was none of his business I figured since they did not know each other. It poured while Thorne and I ate dinner out on the patio of the restaurant. We thought about walking to DC's Saloon, but ended up not doing that. Thorne did not stay over but I gave him a lot of plants and plant stands left by the previous owners of my new house. I now believe the only reason Thorne wanted to see the house was due to his need for control. He could control the situation and also know *exactly* where I lived.

(#edit)

I still occasionally thought of Thorne and Willie having oral sex in the Menlo, Iowa Cemetery and I kept Willie's emails all about that event and Thorne's text messages after I confronted him about it. I still thought it was gross to do *that* there! *Total* lack of respect! Also what about Thorne's **genital warts** at that time? Willie had sucked Thorne's willie after all.

I am *thoroughly* convinced Thorne got the venereal warts from the kid he had sex with at ISU in the Lied Rec Center men's locker room that he wrote me all about. Why he would do that on campus **and** with a young student is beyond me. Had he been caught he would have been fired. And why he wrote me an email about it from his *work* email address still mystifies me as well! Though he may delete it, wouldn't ISU keep a copy of it?

Or perhaps he got the venereal warts from that guy from Iowa City who spit on him and then fucked him **with** that spit in that hotel room that he also wrote me all about. Who knows how many men that guy saw in an average week! On May 27, 2017 four friends (and their partners) that I am close to from Des Moines came down to Omaha that Thorne and I had known together. They come down every month, two are in the Choir. We have dinner at Spezia each month and have for years now. I told them, while we were talking about odd balls we dated that Thorne let that guy spit on him and then fuck him. They were grossed out and said they were surprised he would be into that. I told them even more and they were really shocked about things I said about Thorne. One mentioned he would never look at Thorne again the same. One of them was the same guy who always sees Thorne at PRO's and wondered how Brent and Thorne would *ever* last. I think they had heard something from one of them signaling unhappiness. I didn't ask.

Thorne was doing **all** the things he always accused **me** of doing with strange men. Other

than Kenneth, I had had sex with Mary's son Douglas and that was it while "involved" with Thorne. Now Brent was added as a close, sexual friend. I was not bed hopping, having sex in public with ISU students, having sex in a cemetery with someone I had initially made fun of or having anyone spit all over me! Gross.

I have recently read a copy of *WebMD Magazine* (October 2015) and some of the scary things they are just **now** finding out about, about men who have had warts develop from HPV verses men who didn't. The virus itself is shed after several years (they say between 4 and 5 now and so he likely gave it to Brent now), but 'something' else remains and can mutate it seems in the men who get warts. There are also commercials airing in Fall 2016 that have men saying "I knew I had warts, but I had not anticipated getting cancer from HPV." Very *scary* stuff! I never got warts from Thorne (or anyone), so I am assuming he didn't pass his virus on to me likely due to my extremely healthy immune system. Men with a weakened immune system are the ones who develop warts and cancers. Though I know he blamed me for his getting them in the first place. Everything bad was always *my* fault. He never took responsibility... for anything Bertha says that too in a video I have that Thorne secretly made.

Thorne did a lot of stupid things in his life regarding sex. Such as:

**Thorne *always* had to have wild, dangerous sex.**

He and ISU student in men's locker room in Lied Rec in 2009

He and professor in basement office in Science I

He and I at Riverfront YMCA (squash court upstairs) 2010

He and I in various (4 different) bathrooms on ISU campus. He and I had sex many times in them. 2007-2010

He and I in empty ISU Dorm rooms 2006

He and I in empty basement office in Lagomarcino Hall 2009

He and I in empty office in Gilman Hall 2009

He in the lower and second floor bathrooms of Memorial Union with **many** guys!

He at the Iowa State Fairgrounds Men's room while at the fair to work for ISU.

He, in his first office bathroom in Friley Hall. Wrote me about jerking off there many times while looking at himself in the mirror as he squirted into the sink. He had to be quiet since he had co-workers there too. "No moan squirting," as he wrote.

He and stranger (U of I professor) he met on Craigslist who spit all over him in hotel room and then fucked him with that spit. I found the guy and talked with him. He remembered Thorne well. I learned the guy is married but HIV+! Thorne has done some **very** stupid stuff!

Thorne has written me emails about all those escapades, including ours. When it was he and I he wrote about how exciting it was to do that with the possible danger of being caught. When I showed Lisa the list she again pointed out what is known about risk takers and Sociopaths/Narcissists. I had simply done it / suggested it / to appease / please Thorne. I would have much rather preferred a private bed in his house or mine! But there was a time, point in my life that I wanted Thorne so much and would have done *anything* to have him sexually. Keyword here: **Was**. Not anymore.

**(edit)**

I watched some of the other videos Thorne had made of Bertha over the years. There were about 8 of them, some pretty lengthy. In one Bertha was wailing about Thorne not caring. You could still have incredible "love" for Thorne (or think you do) and I could now see where he did **not** care about you if you had nothing more to offer him... that he wanted. When he was done with you, he was done. Lisa was right about that narcissistic part of him. In another video Bertha's moods were **all** over the scale from screaming she hated him... to pleading with him to love her...

to yelling at Thorne to quietly eat his potato chips... to telling him to stop bingeing and for Thorne use a feed bag like a horse... to if he had **ever** loved her at **all** he would "fuck" (her word) her **right** then on the living room floor and prove it! That family was (is) so obviously mental. Yes, my getting involved with Thorne was the single worst, **worst** thing I ever did and getting away from him the absolute **best** thing I **ever** did for my personal growth! *Major* step into the stupidity puddle for me to have ever talked to him. *Ever!* Live and learn!

(edit)

On October 13th I was back to see Lisa and check on the Lincoln Way house. Lisa and I talked about Thorne's emails, his other letters to me and some phone recordings I had transferred off my phone left by him. Lisa said this about some (a lot actually) of Thorne's letters, etc to me:

"Daniel, the last few years you were "with" Thorne I noticed Thorne used what would be called 'Words that Devalue' when you two were fighting. Threats of abandonment and exile include phrases that indicate the cutting of ties or at the very least the *threat* of doing so if you did not do as he wanted. Threats of abandonment are phrases such as, 'I don't care what you do anymore,' or 'I don't need you,' or 'I don't want you in my house.' They hurt because the person is telling you they want nothing more to do with you. Threats of exile are more harsh statements that cause pain because they indicate that you have **no** value as a human being by wishing you were gone. 'I never want to see you again,' or 'You are no longer welcome here.' are good examples of what he has said or written to you." Then Lisa went on to say, "Thorne was also good with what are called 'Words that Discount.' Invalidations and challenges are words and statements that discount your very being. An example of invalidation is the statement Thorne wrote you in a Fall 2010 email," looking at the printout Lisa read it aloud, 'I'm not going to waste my time talking to you anymore.' Invalidation statements hurt because the message you hear is that you *don't* matter to the person who said they would never tire of you anymore." Lisa was right Thorne had said all those things to me. She said he was a sick person who *really* needs mental help... Though he can't (won't) see that apparently.

Lisa went on, "You did a lot for Thorne, **so** much Daniel... more than you really should have and that was how he repaid you... he's *not* a nice guy, but he is good at *pretending* he is. He's a user and an abuser and you are better off without him. Remember when I talked about his loyalty? He was only loyal to **his** need to for you... nothing else. He is that way with everyone. When a toxic person can no longer control you, they will try to control how **others** see you. Thorne made you look bad, very bad in *many* people's eyes, both directly and indirectly with what he said about you and then what other people repeated about you."

It was all **so** true. Thorne had, in all essence, thrown darts at me with what he had told others about me. I was beginning to see things more clearly. The blurring of the line was coming into focus for me.

I left Ames after the session and headed for Des Moines and Brent's place. He was getting off work early that day. Brent had been busy slowly packing the 78th Street house up the last few weeks preparing to move. He also had to get some things out of storage that he had not unpacked after his move back to Iowa and that was one reason I did not see him the weekend Thorne came down to my house in Nebraska. I had not shared with Brent that Thorne was coming down either.

I arrived at Brent's around 3 pm... just as he arrived home. He smiled and waved as he pulled into the long drive. I smiled. I met Brent at the fence between the house and the garage and there he gave me a kiss out in public! He didn't care what others might think.

For the next few hours I helped Brent pack. Then we took a break and since Brent's bed was still available, though off the wooden frame and on the floor, we made *good* use of it. Then napped nude for a while on the damp, tangled sheets, after we were both satisfied before going back to pack a little more. Then we showered and went out to eat at The Urban Grill around 8pm. I left the following morning, a Friday, when Brent went to work. Sleeping with him was so

peaceful.

Brent had no thoughts of not getting the new house since he had near perfect credit, so he packed. Besides he had been pre-approved and his offer accepted. The house officially became his on Halloween 2011. But it was a treat and not a trick! He was *very* excited about the new place and new adventure and asked me to come and see it. We planned for me to come down sometime in November when he would be more settled. Brent had help with moving and said I didn't need to make a special trip to help though he'd be very happy to see me if I did. I did not help him move.

(#edit)

↑ The evening before I went to see him I called Brent to make sure I had the right address and he was happy I wasn't another telemarketer. He had just hung up on one before I called, but he had smiled when he saw my name and number on caller ID. He said he had placed his number on the Do Not Call list a while before and thought it worked. "No," I joked over the phone, "I am *not* soliciting *anything* from you that you have *not* already been giving me!" Brent howled over the line. I so loved to make him laugh. ↩

**The next day I met Brent at his new house, just off 50th Street in West Des Moines around 5:00 pm.** He had asked me to park on the left side of the driveway... he was parking on the right side of the garage interior and had some things stored in the other half for the time being. I rang the bell. Seconds later Brent looked out the widow to the right of the entrance, turned the dead bolt and opened the door smiling. I stepped in and he kissed me hello. Then I smiled... again. Brent was already without shoes so I removed my shoes and left them near the door. The house was *very* nice. I really liked it.

You came in the front door and a lovely tiled floor greeted you. You walked up a few steps and off to your right was the living room. I loved the window seat! And the huge sectional fit better here than his previous place. I loved his bluish-gray chair and matching ottoman that could be used together to make a chaise lounge. Later he mentioned Tom gave him that and he loved it too.

The dark interior front door oak trim seemed to match what I think was oak trim around the very highly-crafted living room entrance and throughout much of the house, even up along the sides of the staircase I could see. The living room entrance looked like you could sit plants in either side of the openings or hang them in the openings on hooks in the center of the "points."

I found it a bit peculiar that even though the doorway to the dining room from the living room was the same basic shape as the doorway into the living room from the entry hall... that doorway did not have oak trim around it. I wasn't crazy about the dated 1980's double sliding door mirrored closet nearby though, but didn't say that to Brent as he hung my jacket in it. He asked if I would like the Grand Tour. I said yes. So off we went into the house.

Ahead of you, past the stairs up to the second floor, was the eat-in area of the kitchen and the kitchen itself and off to the left was the "sunken" family room with a fireplace and charming bar with the smallest, cutest stainless steel sink I had ever seen. The bar top had beautiful inlays! Behind the bar were some great mirrored and glass shelves that I loved, they really gave the room some flash as did the two lights above the glass shelves that illuminated them. Below them were some cabinets for storage. Behind the bar there was even a place to keep wine stored! Perfect for Brent. He loved his wine!

I told Brent that the oak ceiling beams and oak wall paneling in the family room made me think of the Lincoln Way house and he said he had thought the same thing! He had been to that house in Nevada a few times before. The main difference was the ceiling beams in Brent's house did not have lights in them like they did at Lincoln Way. I thought the wall paneling looked like the panel style design Thorne used to talk so much about, but I could be wrong, and I didn't want to be thinking of Thorne now. Even the fireplace screen reminded me of the one at Lincoln Way with its four glass panel design! Brent said he was thinking of changing that out for something better suited to the fireplace.

Brent had his knick-knacks, art books, vases and some framed family photos sitting out on either side of the fireplace on the built in oak shelves and he was about settled into the house. He had been busy unpacking a *lot* each day, moving things to different rooms to see how they looked until he was done...or until he thought a picture, a book or some other item looked better here or there and he'd move it again. It was looking beautiful with all his furniture. His round wooden dining table fit perfectly in the kitchen eat-in area. He might move it to the dining room though and get something else for the space it occupied now. He mentioned he also might replace some of the light fixtures throughout the house and makes some other changes eventually. Gradually just make it his own.

He had several boxes of framed theater programs sitting near the fireplace. He kept the Playbills since he loved going to the theater. He'd hang those up somewhere soon he hoped... perhaps the finished area of the basement. He also might need to get more furniture he said, he was still contemplating what he wanted and what he wanted to do with the house inside and out. He had some beautiful nude male artwork in lovely dark frames waiting to be "hung" up (sorry I couldn't resist!) I wondered if he had done them, but I didn't ask or look at them too closely. They looked to be what had been at his 78th Street house that I wrote about earlier. If he had done them I felt they were likely of one of his lovers... or perhaps a self-portrait. But he did notice me noticing the larger one of a male torso and did say it was his ex Tom. He added he had *never* told anyone that before. Though Tom was older, this was Brent's visualization of Tom's body, smooth and lean. But most Asian men do have nice, trim body's.

Brent took me out the patio door of the family room and showed me the backyard. It had a patio and wonderful upper deck. There was even a small landscaped area complete with a small white picket fence in one corner. How American! The area would look great once the plants came back again in the spring and others were planted. Same with the front of the house. The huge back tree would be nice for shade at the deck too. A tool shed was also in attendance. Very nice space.

We went back in and he showed me the bathroom on the main floor in case I needed it and said the other doors were for the garage and basement, then we made our way upstairs.

The master bath had an amazing counter, *lots* of space, but only one sink and the cabinets looked a bit dated... but had huge mirrors! There were some nice small tiles along the backside of the counter. The shower was typical for a master bath. The mirrored medicine chest in the center was huge and pulled opened from two small pegs at the bottom center. There was a space that looked like the place a chair could sit right in front of it at the counter. I loved the master bedroom's earthy wall color and the ceiling fan and the smaller ceiling molding. Molding was in a lot of the other rooms too. Someone had taken time to originally design or upgrade the place well. The other bathroom in the hall had *beautiful* tile work in the shower. I loved the warm colors of the walls too! It had a fancy towel rack and shelf above the toilet that matched. I wasn't crazy about the ceiling wallpaper border though. And the cabinetry seemed to match the master bathroom... unfortunately. There was a single sink. The other rooms were pretty standard.

Back down on the main floor and walking through the kitchen Brent showed me the formal dining room with its fancy shadow box style wall paneling. I thought it was odd that the dining room window looked out over the back of the house at the shed and deck and not out towards the side street which I think would have been a better view... especially if a tree had been planted on the side of the house. There were a few pine trees there, but one opposite the window would be a nice view. A bigger picture window could have been installed too, perhaps one to match the living room. I'd talk to Brent about that idea sometime.

Instead of going out to dinner Brent said he wanted to make dinner there if that was OK. He said he had an idea for dinner. Something simple. I was all for it. He said it would be like a 'house warming' dinner for him. I was, after all, his first "important guest" at the new house he said. The kitchen had a nice L shaped counter that looked to be stone and had ample space to prepare food, there was also space on either side of the oven to work.

Oddly, all the major kitchen appliances-- double door refrigerator, dishwasher and glass-

top stove were white, but the microwave, mounted above the stove, was black. I thought that was strange with the kitchen color scheme, all the walls were white as well...a black microwave? But what did I know about colors and aesthetics? Brent had treasures up on top of the kitchen cabinets where there was open space. He wasn't sure they would stay there. He also had things sitting out on the three or four shelves near the eat-in area of the kitchen near the window. I also loved the wood railing that separated the eat-in dining area of the kitchen from the family room. It made it seem so much more "open" than a solid half wall would have.

I walked down the few steps into the "sunken" family room to look around again. Brent had a small lamp sitting on the carpet and against the wood wall that was plugged into an outlet directly below the wood railing in the family room. I accidentally kicked it over, but thankfully didn't break it, when I was looking at the wood ceiling beams and not watching where I was walking. I thought that was an odd place for an outlet-- centered on that wall below the railing! Brent said he needed to find a table to put the lamp on... if he even kept it there. I loved so much about the house! I think it fit Brent really well.

Brent and I took his car over to Hy-vee just a few minutes south down 50th to shop for what we needed. That was one reason he had asked me to park on the left of the driveway, so he could get out of the garage. He had it all planned!

Once we arrived back at Brent's, we removed our shoes... again... and made a simple dinner in the kitchen of Cheese Tortellini with Snap Peas, creamy Pesto sauce (bottled), small dinner salads and pre-baked (and still warm) very thinly sliced French bread.

Brent opened his pantry, next to the counter, which was next to the stove, to get something out. It had swing out type shelves on both sides for double the space, ingenious! I loved it and had *never* seen one like it before. The one shelf he pulled aside, the right side, even had a shelf on the reverse! Even the pantry doors had interior shelves attached on them! So cool!

Dinner was quick and very easy... and delicious. We also had a little wine. We sat at the dining table in the eat-in area of the kitchen for dinner and had a wonderful conversation. I told Brent how much I liked the house and he said he hoped I would be a frequent visitor. I smiled and said I would be.

After a very pleasant dinner I rinsed off the dishes in the kitchen sink and loaded the dishwasher while Brent ran upstairs to get something he said he needed. Once he returned he hugged me from behind by wrapping his arms tightly around my chest and he kissed my back as I was standing at the sink rinsing it out. Brent went down into the family room. I finished rinsing out the sink and the pull-out spray head of the faucet retracted back into the handle. I closed the dishwasher and I joined Brent down in the family room.

Brent flipped on the outside light and we sat out on the steps to the upper deck for just a little while since it was getting cold (especially my toes!) and talked quietly in the dim light. It was very soothing. We moved back inside and Brent lit a fire. I took a few photos of Brent sitting on the raised fireplace hearth without using a flash. The warm tones of the fire really made Brent sexier in the photos... if that was possible. They enhanced his masculinity in any case. He had turned off most of the other lights, except in the front entry hall and those above the fireplace and bar. It was lovely... and romantic.

Brent then got us another glass of wine from the bar and we settled in the family room. We sipped our wine as we sat together on the carpet, our backs to the fire and resting against the raised hearth using two of the three crisscross-patterned pillows from his sectional. It was nice to sit there and talk quietly awhile. Brent showed me a small picture of his late mother Janice he had sitting out loose looking pretty with her short dark haircut and happy smile. He also showed me a photo of himself as a kid back in the summer of 1971 with his very young looking sister. He mentioned his younger brother had not yet been born. It was nice to see some of his family history. He was a sweet looking kid with his front teeth not perfectly aligned with the others. You could see he was a cute kid who would eventually grow into the gorgeous man he was now. He still had that same rounded chin too... just minus the sexy stubble!

We continued talking quietly for quite a while. Just enjoying ourselves and the wine. Brent

leaned his head on my left shoulder and rubbed my chest and said he was happy I was there with him. He was very touchy-feely and I *loved* that. I said I was happy to be there with him as well and rubbed my hand up and down his thigh.

We carefully put our glasses on the hearth behind us once we were done with them. I was tingling. I think Brent was too. It was the wine as well as the company. We continued to quietly talk for a while and Brent laid down and stretched out in front of the fireplace relaxing. He was looking at me intently as he laid there with his arms folded behind his head and a slight, sexy smile on his lips.

Before I knew it though Brent had sat up and was tenderly kissing me and unsnapping my shirt. I was becoming aroused and I know he was too. He rubbed my chest and moaned as he kissed me rougher, putting his other hand behind my head, almost forcing his kiss on me as he tilted my head back. I loved it. Then noticing I had no T-shirt on he reached into my shirt and pinched my nipple. Next he rubbed his hand gently up and down on my crotch as if gauging the situation and he felt I was certainly enjoying his attention.

Suddenly he had my pants undone and removed like a magician (*poof!*), one pull and they came off! Then he ripped open, from the bottom, my button front shirt exposing my chest. Brent moved down between my legs and gave me head as the fire warmed my back. Damn it was good! He was very good and I just went with it, letting him enjoy himself since I knew he liked to be oral. He laid face down between my spread, bent at the knees, legs and was propped up on his elbows, his hands cupping my butt cheeks. He asked if this was OK on a full stomach and I said it was *more* than fine. He smiled up at me showing his cute crows feet framing his beautiful bluish eyes in the fire light. He rubbed his stubble on my cock and smiled. Then continued on.

After a few minutes of very slow, lingering sucking Brent grabbed the pillows from his sectional we had been leaning against the hearth with and we both undressed the rest of the way and laid down facing each other and made out a bit while kissing, our totally nude bodies rubbing together in the firelight. Hard cocks tickling each other's. Then Brent nudged me onto my back, he spread my legs open and went down on me once again. The fire crackled loudly and lit the room a beautiful glowing orangish-golden hue and had warmed the room quickly...or perhaps it was our own heat that did. Taking a breath he whispered he loved my tall and thin body as he ran his hands over my stomach and chest and then cupped my butt again. He continued bobbing his head... and I continued **deeply** tingling... and moaning. The fire played a cascading, tumbling light show on the ceiling and cast Brent's shadow into the room and only added to my pleasure.

After a few more minutes of deep sucking though my cock suddenly stiffened more as if preparing for action and started tingling in that familiar way even more so. I propped myself up on one elbow and gasped that I was getting close to cumming as I put my other hand on Brent's head thinking he might stop, just like I did the first time we had sex at his 78th Street house that past June 4<sup>th</sup>, but he seemed to enjoy that idea and with a moan continued on faster and tightened his lips around my throbbing shaft. I rubbed my hands on his soft hair and arched my back more and more as I got closer and closer to blast off! I felt his warm, wet tongue eagerly moving along the bottom of my cock. Amazing... Houston we have blast off! "**Ahhh! AH! Uggh! Uggh! OH!**" I yelled out arching my back.

Just as Brent caused me to forcefully climax I roared, arched my back further and unintentionally grabbed hold of his hair with both hands pulling it, tensed up, threw my legs open and outward as far as they would go from the intensity and cracked my left foot on the brickwork of the raised fireplace hearth... hard. So while I was intensely cumming and moaning I was having throbbing pain in my foot... pleasure and pain. Boy was Brent good at... what he does! *Wow!* It had *never* been that good for me! **Deeply** intense. It went on forever it felt. I softly bucked my cock into his mouth and squeezed my eyes tightly shut... then the orgasm progressively faded and then was gone. *Wow!*

Afterwards Brent came up smiling and licking his lips. He asked if my foot was OK and I assured him I felt fine... in more ways than one! I asked if his hair was OK and he said he rather enjoyed me pulling his hair and to do it again sometime. I smiled shyly and put my socks back on

to prevent any blood from getting on the carpet from my toe.

Unbeknownst to me, Brent had grabbed supplies from upstairs, including a large towel while I loaded the dishwasher after dinner, which he now laid out in front of the fireplace. Smiling I laid face down on the towel to prevent my post orgasm “drippings” from staining the carpet, hugged the two sectional pillows while Brent suited up, lubed himself and climbed on... right in front of the fireplace. He grabbed hold of my wrists... and was inside me quickly without even using his hands to guide himself to where he was going! I was up on my elbows, pressed against Brent’s chest... It was wonderful... I *loved* his rhythm and his moaning climax minutes later. Brent’s body tensed up and his legs gripped my legs... his ankles encircling my ankles. As the fire suddenly crescendoed and popped loudly like a volcano when the log fell apart sending tiny stars spiraling upwards out the flue Brent moaned loudly right into my ear and I felt his lava fill the condom. Then he bit my left shoulder as he shuddered and bucked in pleasure and then slowed his deep thrusting to shorter, faster thrusts. So *incredible! Oh my God!* I’d loved sex with Brent from the very first time at his 78<sup>th</sup> Street house that past June 4<sup>th</sup> with the post birthday ride!

Afterwards Brent pulled out slowly, moaning as he did and laid next to me on the family room floor panting and sweaty. He looked over and breathed “*Wow...*” and I agreed. After a few minutes I hobbled to the nearby bathroom to wrap toilet paper around my toe and put my sock back on just in case. I didn’t want to stain the light carpeting of the family room or the bed sheets with possible blood from my toe! I also cleaned off my rear. We cleaned up upstairs after we headed up with a quick shower. I stayed over that night.

We talked quietly in bed for a while, Brent spooning me from behind and kissing my back gently over and over. I asked how he got the mark on his right eyebrow and he filled me in on the story. Interesting. He had occasionally tried to hide the mark, but not too much anymore. Then we became quiet. Minutes later I felt Brent fall asleep... his breathing became regular and his hand on my thigh loosened and twitched a few times. I carefully rolled over and faced him in the dim light, looking at his beautiful face. I watched him. I could feel his breath on the exhale as it traveled out across my upper chest. I smelled his toothpaste too. He was such a sweet, lovely man. I smiled softly and kissed his face. He stirred and smiled gently. Slowly, while facing him I, too, fell peacefully asleep.

The next morning a noise woke me. Brent was standing in the master bedroom’s bathroom doorway which was opposite the foot of the bed. He pulled a towel off the rack just inside the door by the toilet and smiled. I smiled sleepily. Once again we shared moaning manly pleasures starting with me laying face up in the middle of his bed with my legs around his waist while he rode me hard. I looked into his beautiful face and studied each wrinkle as he used my body to achieve pleasure. It gave me pleasure as well! He jacked me off as he thrust. We *deeply* tickled the ivories by cumming together! I left after a quick shower since Brent was seeing some friends that afternoon. We made plans for the following weekend and it too was grand! I noticed even the imperfections on Brent’s body fit him perfectly. He was truly a *beautiful* man.

I also continued to see Thorne a little at this stage. *Very* little. I still didn’t see any reason to inform Thorne about Brent when he was able to get away from Paul Andrews and have me visit. Why should I give Thorne *any* ammo to try and talk badly about me to anyone else? Though he would later anyway I would hear. That had not changed. Thorne just had no business knowing my business. It felt great to be able to have a friend like Brent that Thorne did *not* know about and could *not* “investigate.”

Memories of Thorne sneaking into my Sheldon-Munn apartment in 2005 and playing my phone messages and then calling back and grilling my friends came to mind. I still have that video. My friend Martin has *never* spoken to me since then. He said he didn’t need a short, *fat*, jealous Oopma Loompa named Thorne badgering him for no reason.

There had been another time a few years earlier when Thorne acted up too. One friend, Robert, who was, and still is a very cute mustached cowboy, wrote to me to say he had seen me at Wal-Mart on Grand Avenue in Ames one evening. In the letter he said he had started walking over to say hello to me but stopped and did an about-face when Thorne glared at him with a

*You're not welcome to talk to Daniel* look. I had not known Robert was there until the email, which I still have, arrived several weeks later. I was very upset Thorne would do that to my friends, but felt bringing it up would be futile for now. Thorne would likely lie about and deny it. Later I did ask him about Robert and Walmart and like I thought Thorne denied it. Friends who had once stayed in touch now stayed away in droves after the way Thorne would act. I lost a lot more than I ever gained knowing him.

Thorne has done so much wrong and caused hurt to so many people-- even to Martin, someone he didn't even know. And what's worse is I allowed it to be able to "stay" with Thorne. **So stupid on my part! I wondered why I was staying with Thorne the way Thorne seemed to stay with Paul Andrews. I certainly was *not* happy with Thorne just as Thorne obviously was *not* happy with Paul!**

Being involved with Thorne was the single **worst** thing I have **ever** done to myself! Pure stupidity to have **ever** gotten involved with him. All told Thorne made me cry more than **anything** else. He was very cruel to me... and many others. But I do feel Karma will visit him sometime in 2017. Something major is on his horizon. Just what, I don't know.

(edit)

While Paul Andrews was away to Cedar Rapids, Iowa Thorne invited me to go see Lily Tomlin on November 18th at Hoyt Sherman and I went. Brent had other plans and would be busy that weekend. Thorne and I had a good time actually, but I still knew the score in the relationship we had at the time. Later that night at his house Thorne jacked us both off by holding our lubed-up cocks together as he straddled me on his bed. Thorne had been having issues with getting and maintaining an erection for several years and this was the best he could do. It worked... It was mainly Thorne's lubed cock head rubbing on mine that sent me over the edge. I would watch his cock "humping" mine and that did it. That always felt **very** good and I came intensely each time he would do that to us. And I mean *intensely*! That is one thing Thorne was good at-- making me cum. I think that was one reason I stayed with him for so long. The wrong reason though it felt very good. I had to hold back the noise or they would have heard me miles away. But still the orgasms Brent gave me were even more intense and Brent did like it when I got loud. Thorne just could not stay hard enough to fuck me any longer. Me, I was rock hard **all** the time (still am in 2017)!

I had also made plans to go see Randy Jones of the Village People in Iowa City on the 19th and Thorne came with me for that. I had spoken to Brent earlier that day though. While Thorne showered for the Iowa City trip I sat on Thorne's bed and gave Brent a quick call. Later, after Iowa City, I rode Thorne's ass rough in his bed and I mean rough... and thought of Randy... and Brent! Thorne was just the means to my orgasm... strangely, though I was riding *his* ass I didn't think of him at all during the sex. The orgasm up Thorne's ass that night was intense. *Intense!* I had to keep from yelling out loud it was so strong and lasted *forever*. I felt I was going to burst the condom when I orgasmed since it felt like gallons shot out... but remembered I was not wearing one. Thorne and I barebacked that night and I shot my load deeply into his ass. After I came down from the incredible high Brent and Randy's image provided though... there... was Thorne. Though it sounds like it, I am not saying Thorne was ugly back then. How he treated me and the things he did behind people's (mine included) backs was the ugly thing that made me think of him as a troll. Now I don't find him attractive though... his looks *have* changed. But back then, just a few years ago, was different. Very different. He was gorgeous. Not now. A friend of Thorne that he met, who lived in Minnesota and eventually moved to Iowa and who Thorne used to let sleep over at his house (while I was not welcome at the same time), told me once in 2009; "You should feel sorry for Thorne! He's short, very fat, over 50 and his life is almost over!" Really... a helpful friend to have. Not.

(edit)

On December 3rd I met Brent at his house around 1pm and we went for a drive to

Winterset, Iowa and a place called *Clark Tower*, which I had never heard of. It took us about an hour to get to the park. Along the way Brent held my hand in the car as he had done a dozen times before. He would look over and smile without showing teeth and squeeze my hand.

The gravel road to the tower itself reminded me of the Beatles song "The Long and Winding Road." But Brent made getting to it fun! Twisting turns everywhere, rugged tight turns too... And was a bit rough at times but it was worth it! Beautiful drive! The day was warmer than usual with no snow yet so we took advantage to get out. It was a stunning place to walk in the fall. The tower was fun too. We talked about a few things going on in our lives as we strolled together.

I took a few photos of Brent on top of the tower that turned out *exceptionally* well. A fellow wanderer took a couple of pictures of us together (one which I have an 8 x 10 print framed in my entry way in 2017) up there too with the countryside behind us, then we walked along the trail talking with me stopping to take pictures along the way... even a few of Brent as we walked in nature. Brent liked that I was interested in photography. He said it was an excellent art form. We talked a bit about art and our love for the different types of art, including theater and singing. I mentioned to Brent that I always wanted to sing and had done some limited recording, but was just not a very good singer. Brent told me as long as it comes from the heart I would be just fine and not to worry about what others might think. Art comes from within. It's a passion. Everyone sounds different for a reason and that is great.

It was a wonderful afternoon spent with a person who I felt *really* did care about me and my happiness. Brent didn't feel the need to put me (or *anyone* else) down. He and I had done so much together the last few months and I feel it was Brent who really helped boost my mood. He was just **so** positive, **so** happy, **so** supportive. A good, close friend. I felt it radiate off him when we were hung out together... and when we made love. I felt a spark whenever he would lay on top of me... I had *never* felt that before... and I am not talking static electricity here, I am talking the positive charge Brent put off! He just couldn't help it I felt. I still think back to him now when I need a boost and it works!

We left the park around 4:30 pm and drove back to Des Moines and ate at Maxie's on Grand Avenue. I didn't mention to Brent that Thorne had taken me there *years* before. Brent enjoyed the Greek salad a la carte and a glass of Sauvignon blanc and I had the lasagna and onion rings (Brent ate a few of my rings too!) with a Bud Light. We'd had a nice day. That evening I was not going to be seeing Thorne since he was still playing with Paul Andrews, so I stayed overnight with Brent, which was better anyway and what I preferred. *No stress!*

We had a pleasant evening sitting in the family room having a glass of wine... or two. Talking about photography again Brent showed me his autograph collection of actors he liked such as Maggie Smith. We also spoke of the TV show *Lost* that Brent liked. I admitted I had never seen it, but had heard of it. Brent had watched it with Tom while they lived in Long Beach. We also talked about actress Olivia de Havilland and one of her films "The Heiress" that I had seen recently and liked. Brent liked it too.

Brent looked at me, smiled and mentioned we had so much in common. And he was right. His autographed photo collection was wonderful. Then we talked about art again. He talked about the mechanics of art, but he said you *have* to be inspired by the subject matter, whatever that is, either in painting, drawing, photography or music. The material should move you, inspire you. That was very true. He told me "Between love and madness lies passion. Art." I don't know if it was an original saying of his, but I thought that was very profound... and beautiful. Brent had hoped to someday display his artwork. I told him he should! I rubbed the hair on his arms. He leaned over and playfully bit my neck then gave me a lingering, deep tender kiss.

Before bed Brent and I washed up together in the master bathroom's shower. We made out a bit, Brent pressed up against me hard as I leaned against the back shower wall and he kissed me deeply. I bent my legs a little so he and I were more the same height. I loved feeling his wet, warm and soapy body slide around between my legs as the soap rinsed off us. It tickled. He said sex could be artful too, like a dance. He again bit my neck and rubbed his beard on my neck and shoulders a while. He had my arms up against the wall. With the warm water dripping

off his face and mine he said “*You* inspire me, Daniel...”. He kissed me deeply, with lots of tongue. Such a good kisser! We both shot up hard pretty quickly. His hard cock rubbed against me as well feeling wonderful. Then Brent got on his knees and did what he likes to do. The water cascaded down on us as he brought me to a roaring orgasm minutes later. My hands rested on top of his wet hair as the water fell on us.... I didn’t pull his hair this time, I simply rested my hands on his beautiful head as he bobbed it up and down. Brent came about ten seconds later by jacking himself off.

I loved seeing Brent kneeling below me being sprinkled with water, which made him blink a lot, as he brought himself to orgasm, closing his eyes, throwing his head back and going “**OH!** Ugh...**oh**... **oh**....**oh**...Oooo...Oooo...**Oooo!**” He rubbed his stubbly face and his hair on my still dripping cock while he climaxed. Then he looked up at me and smiled satisfied as the water gently sprinkled his face. We finished by washing each others backs... and cocks. Brent also liked my feet and washed those for me. Then we went to bed nude. Spooning we talked quietly in the dim master room about the new year coming up. Brent had some plans as did I. Brent also mentioned he’d like to eventually settle down with a man again... “someday.” He sounded thoughtful, wistful. I know he still missed his former lover Tom who was still out west and what could’ve been had it not gone south. Brent had shown me photos of Tom earlier and he was very handsome. He wasn’t sure he would keep or toss the photos. I am not into Asian men per se, but Tom was handsome nonetheless. He had said sometime back that he would *always* miss Tom and that no one would ever really be able to really compete with or replace Tom in his mind. No one. But sometimes things just don’t work out. Sometimes lovers don’t treat us with love. I knew that very well. I used to feel that way about Thorne, that I would *never* be over him, but that was lessening each day. It was so bad at one point I used to try and find clothing I felt Thorne would find me attractive in. Pretty sad! That night Brent and I slept very peacefully in each others arms. My cock still tingled from Brent’s attention to it a half hour before! Amazing.

That Sunday we puttered around in the finished part of the basement and then organized the garage a bit better. I had brought my journal and Brent liked that idea. Writing was also an art. Later I texted Thorne saying I was at the bar and had bumped into a friend named **Brice** and we were going to a movie... then I promptly turned off my phone. Thorne tried to get in touch with me and **freaked** out when he could not. If he only knew that friend had been Brent, not the fictional Brice. I had even used a friends photos and called him Brice so Thorne could see a person. Mean yes, but I felt it was justified. Thorne was pissed... **pissed**. When he couldn’t reach me he sent a scathing text that I got when I turned the phone back on.

That night Brent and I had dinner at Centro on Locust. Brent had the Ricotta Gnocchi and I had the Tomato Basil soup. We each had a single glass of Pinot Noir. Then we drove over and saw *My Week with Marilyn* at the Fleur. Later, after returning to Brent’s place, we had a little more wine and made out on the sectional in the front room. I thought it was so cute how Brent put a middle indent in each of the three matching pillows on the sectional with a chop of his hand. He liked detail, but that made sense since he was an artist. Those little indents faded as we rolled *all* over the couch *and* the pillows!! Then the pillows fell off as we rolled and thrashed around on the couch some more!

Before long Brent took my hand and lead me to the stairs to head up to his bedroom. I ended up going up backwards and fell back about halfway up and Brent just crawled over me and laid against me, straddling me and he kissed me deeply and roughly. His knees were resting on the stairs to support him as were his elbows. We moved our way slowly up the stairs carefully with me still on my back, kissing as we did so. Once we got past the landing at the top of the stairs Brent just flopped down on top of me forcing me to the floor kissing me harder and grinding his crotch into mine for a while! It was getting hot... and a bit uncomfortable.

“Let’s move to your bed... we’ll both be more comfortable.” I smiled a little out of breath minutes later.

Smiling sexily Brent replied “Ok... but... let’s keep the stairs an option sometime... it’d be fun.” I agreed.

Once we entered Brent's bedroom he turned on the bathroom light only. He joined me standing beside the bed. There Brent shyly smiled his crows feet smile and started to slowly unbutton my shirt... drawing out the moment. I reached up to unbutton his shirt, but he stopped me.

"Uh-uh... just let me undress you." He said looking deeply into my eyes in the dim light. His eyes seemed to glow. They were beautiful. He sighed deeply at the sight of my chest. He rubbed my chest with his warm hands. "I love your thin body," he breathed quietly and slowly sunk to his knees while hugging me around my waist. Then he undid my belt and pants and lifted each leg until I was with only socks. I was already erect. My cock bobbed in front of his face. He rubbed his beard gently on my cock while he looked up at me from the floor. Then he took me into his mouth with a sigh. It was warm... and wet.

"Oh man! **OH!**" I grunted. His warm, wet mouth felt incredible. While he sucked my cock he started unbuttoning his own shirt and moaning.

Then suddenly breaking free of my cock with a loud slurp he said "Fuck, I want you now!" stood up and quickly removed his jeans. He grabbed a towel from the towel rack next to the master bath toilet and flung it over the bed. He rarely cussed, but when he did it turned me on. He guided me to the towel on the bed, laid me face down and took charge. He lubed up and found me pretty quickly, no condom. He was a bit rough as he rode my ass, but I *loved* it. He grunted and moaned which *really* turned me on. There he was fucking me with only his socks on. He buried his face in my shoulder while he pleased himself using my body. I reached down and took some of the lube from his working cock as it slid in and out. Then all I had to do was reach in between us and slightly rub my cock head glands a very little bit since I was tingling already. The lube I took from his cock as he fucked me and Brent's spit from the sucking were more than enough. It was Brent's movement that eventually made me blow my load. Like the pulling of a lawnmower starter cord, a few pulls gets the machine throbbing, but the momentum gets the machine off. While I was face down on his bed with my legs spread far and wide I had one of the best orgasms of my life that night. A minute later Brent groaned thickly, slowed his thrusting and I felt him squirt inside me several times. He cried out once *loudly* with the first squirt. Soon afterwards his dick popped out, he lowered himself on top of me and we snoozed. Amazing lover...

Actually dozing together with Brent still on top of me for a half an hour or so before he slid off me and drifted back to sleep. We slept on top of the blankets all night and thankfully stayed on the towel since Brent's seed came back out for a visit! When I saw Lisa the following day on Monday, December 5th I mentioned Brent's autograph collection. She was intrigued. That was another pastime in a growing list of things Brent and I had in common.

**(edit)**

The CCMC was going to have their annual Christmas program starting on Friday, December 16, 2011. I had so wanted to invite Brent, but didn't want Thorne to see him so I didn't. But it ended up being that Brent was busy that night anyway so it worked out OK. I think he had a date, but I didn't need to know with who. We were casual as I wrote before. I did audio for the concerts which I enjoyed. My friend Cowboy Seth flew into Omaha a few days before the concert and he stayed at my house. Seth and I managed to fit a lot of sex into just a few days. Seth was expert at kissing and fucking and I enjoyed him very much. He fucked with wild abandon and made lots of noise all during the sex from first penetration to orgasm. I *loved* it! He also let me ride him a few times. We actually had sex two or three times a day while he was here. Seth came with me to the CCMC show on December 16<sup>th</sup> in Des Moines. He was going to meet a friend of his the following day and stay with him a few days before going back to Tulsa. Seth knew I was involved with Thorne. He had seen and commented on my many posts about Thorne and I. But I had had Thorne on "restricted" status for a *very* long time beforehand so he never saw my "Friends only" posts all of which my Brent posts were (and are still) posted under. I would end up blocking Thorne after he had unblocked me a while later. Thorne remains blocked into 2017. Seth

also saw my posts on Brent and was confused about who I was truly with. I explained things our way to Des Moines.

I told Seth that Thorne and I had a very, very dysfunctional relationship, we really always had due to what my Therapist thought was a mental issue with Thorne, and I was working at trying to free myself of the relationship after more than ten years, but that Thorne and I still got off sexually together. That was one reason for the move out of Iowa-- the relationship I had with Thorne was extremely damaging and I wanted out. I told Seth I had been seeing Brent since early May but things were slowing down due to my friends in Bellevue/Omaha and Brent making new friends in Des Moines and because of the distance between us now. Seth understood. He also asked if Thorne and I still had sex together often and I said yes, that is about the only thing that really still worked well in our relationship... that being Thorne and I always had good sex. Seth then asked if Thorne and I had sex that night could he join us? Seth had wanted to jack off with Thorne and I that night, he wanted to stand over the bed and at least watch us getting off. He said he wouldn't have to touch either of us, just cum with us. I said Thorne would not like that. Seth was disappointed but said he understood. I told him if he wanted he could stand outside the bedroom door and listen in on us. Seth said he'd like that. I told him I would come up to his room at Thorne's and let him know when Thorne and I were about to have sex.

That night, after the show Seth, Thorne and I went to the Saddle for a few drinks and then we all stayed at Thorne's house. I slept with Thorne and Seth stayed upstairs in Cody's old room.

Just before Thorne and I had sex, I went up to let Seth know. I told Thorne I was going to go up and let Seth know what time we'd be getting up in the morning. Thorne used the bathroom. Seth was in bed with only a t-shirt on and had his *huge* hard-on just waiting while laying in Cody's old bed. He was touching himself too. I immediately got erect when I saw the bulge under the sheet. Seth noticed mine too and pulled my underwear down to my knees and sucked on me a little as I stood next to the bed. He deep throated me with his hands behind my butt cheeks to pull me forcefully into his mouth almost gagging himself. I felt his tonsils! It felt **so** good. Very good and I almost popped right then. I told Seth I needed to head back down to Thorne's room and stepped away from him. He jumped up and hugged me tight and kissed me very deeply while stroking my spit wet cock. I stroked him a bit too and he moaned gently while still kissing me deeply. I told him to come down soon after I closed the door to Thorne's bedroom.

I pulled up my underwear and headed back down and Seth was already about behind me stroking his huge cock on his way down the stairs. Seth had a huge cowboy cock. I mean **Huge**. Entering Thorne's room he thought my erection was caused by him. I said it was to get him excited quickly. It worked. Bo-ing went Thorne!! I laid down on the bed. Thorne kissed me deeply right away. Then Thorne straddled me and poured lube onto my cock and put his cock against mine smearing them around a bit. He then held our lubed cocks together and jacked us off while he also slowly thrust his hips, moving his warm, wet cock against mine. I held his hips while he thrust. I moaned a bit loudly over and over so Seth could hear. Within minutes Thorne brought me to a *super* intense orgasm with his cock head rubbing mine. My mouth flew open and I tensed down into the bed and moaned louder so Seth would hear me cumming. "Oh... **OH!** I'm gonna cum!" I said loudly. My cum spurted out and mixed with the lube as it fell to my stomach. It had never been that deep with Thorne before! **WOW!** Thorne suddenly looked down at my cock shooting and got googly eyes when I popped. All of a sudden Thorne's feet curled into my thighs, he threw his head back and his shot his load all over our cocks and deeply moaned. So we moaned together as we finished. Though Thorne had not known it Seth was indeed listening outside the door. He blew his load into a hanky he had he told me later. Seth actually said jacking off outside the door was a very sexy fantasy and he blew the biggest load he could remember when he heard us orgasming. He said it took a lot of strength not to make a lot of noise! Nice. I think my orgasm was so strong since I knew a tall, thin, bow-legged and bearded cowboy was listening in on us and jacking himself off and he had just been sucking and kissing me minutes before upstairs! Thorne and I slept well that night... each drained of a lot of cum. Seth likely did too! I took Seth to meet up with his friend that next morning while Thorne ran some errands. I

would see Thorne later at the CCMC show. I told Thorne I had something to do that day and would see him later at the CCMC show.

(#edit)

For Brent's birthday that next day, Saturday, December 17, I had bought him a pretty throw blanket for his sectional, a large white decorative plate, a small vase at Pier 1 on University in Des Moines, a bottle of wine from a wine store in Ames and a nice-looking long sleeved cotton shirt at Kohl's from Westridge Shopping Center. Brent had liked to drape throws over his sectional couch at his 78th Street house and the vase looked similar to a few he had. The plate was for decoration and the shirt was to keep him warm. While Brent had showered recently I had looked through his shirts hanging in his bedroom closet to get his shirt size and to make sure I didn't buy him one too similar to what he already had. We had a nice afternoon together... *very nice*. I arrived at Brent's place around noon and we made small talk about things for a few minutes. We were in the kitchen and I was leaning against the long end of the counter that was right across from the pantry. I could tell Brent wanted me. He looked at me *so seriously*. He stepped up to stand very close to me, so close I could feel his breath on my face. Staring at me as he slowly unbuttoned my shirt. He bent over to kiss my chest and suck on my nipple. He stood and smiling he took my by the hand and we went up the stairs. Once inside his bedroom he finished undressing me, then bound my wrists with a black leather like belt. I liked it. He laid me face down on his bed.

With my bound wrists I reached up and held onto the top of Brent's wooden headboard for dear life, braced my feet against the footboard and he passionately *rocked* my world.... and the bed! We had barebacked and I always loved feeling his cock *au naturel*. Brent blew his load deep inside me and moaned in my ear. Afterwards he lay next to me catching his breath before removed the belt from my wrists. Then Brent made me cum by laying on his side facing me, gripping my balls and jacking me off. I wrapped my arms around him while he did me. Neither one of us held back how it felt for each of us and we vocalized our feelings during sex. It was incredible!

After the amazing birthday sex, we showered together in the master bathroom, which as I had written before were close quarters... it was nice to wash his body after the sex. To hug him from behind while we were both warm, soapy and wet was *so sensual, so erotic*. I kissed his back as it dripped with water. I hadn't intended to, but I became hard again and Brent encouraged me to frottage between his thighs from behind in the shower as he braced himself with outstretched arms against the wall. Shower gel was an incredible lube! I was a horny bastard! Being taller than he I could hold Brent in ways he could not hold me. I wrapped myself around his chest and went for the gold while kissing his back. I could feel my cock sliding between his thighs and going underneath his balls. It was incredible! It felt like I had busted a nut it was so intense and I moaned out loud in the shower as I came. Opening my eyes I could see Brent smiling, happy he had satisfied me once again and on his birthday. He certainly had! Then we finished up in the shower and each headed out. Brent was seeing some other friends, I think co-workers, for a birthday dinner and I... was meeting up with Thorne for the concert.

I left Brent's, drove down 50<sup>th</sup> Street and jumped onto Hwy 235 from there. I actually bumped into Thorne at Walgreen's on University near Drake Campus. He had stopped there and was looking to see if they had RC Cola for me, sweet of him, but *very unlike* him by that point in our relationship. Then we drove separately over the concert location. I said nothing about where I had been or what I had done when Thorne asked what I did that day. I just said I hung out. And I had... in *more ways* than one!

Thorne and I exchanged gifts that night. I had ordered him a special "wand" off Amazon that was made to connect to his Tens Unit, which is used for electro stimulation of muscle. This attachment however was meant for your penis. It shocked your cock, balls and was supposed to help some men "Shock their way to orgasm" and that was something Thorne had liked doing. He had mentioned again recently in an email about using the old train transformer he had to "make"

him cum. He wrapped wires around his penis head and shaft near the abdomen and slowly turned up the DC current until his penis was strongly throbbing...enjoying the tingling until he couldn't take "electric edging" anymore and passed the threshold and he was electrically throbbing and shooting cum. I didn't understand it anymore now when I read the emails while editing this book than I did when he first sent it to me. But he liked it so I bought the wand for him. He liked that he achieved orgasm without using lube or touching his own cock with his hand. Just threw his head back with a few loud "UGH's!" as he squirted. This was something he could use to make up fantasies about being forced to cum without doing anything. The transformer was his assailant and he likely pretended to be tied up (like to a tree as he had me to with his other fantasy) and forced to orgasm "against his will." He likely whined "**NO! NoOoOoO!**" alone in his bedroom like he had with me as I "forced" him to cum on the bike bath a while before.

But that night after exchanging gifts I plowed Thorne at his house. I rode him as good as Brent had ridden me hours before and gave Thorne a good orgasm as well judging by the noise he made when he climaxed. I again thought of Brent while in bed with Thorne. Brent had made me climax *intensely* that afternoon-- twice. I can honestly say Brent has been the best sex I **ever** had. Three orgasms that day for me. Once again the glorious image of Brent faded after the sex... and there in his place... was Thorne. *Sighhh...*

I felt therapy was indeed helping me get over Thorne though I was still riding his ass good. That was sex and I was able to keep it separate from my true feelings I was finding for Thorne... which were not very good in reality by this time. Still, he provided his ass for me to get off in and being a normal, horny male I would take it. In essence I was using Thorne for a change instead of the other way around. I was literally fucking with him the way he usually did with me! I had mentioned to Lisa recently about Thorne being asked to stand on a box to sing a solo part in the CCMC show since he was so short a few years back at a concert. I showed her an 8 x 10 I had of Thorne on the box that I had taken with my Nikon with zoom. Lisa said that likely only made him feel more insecure than he was. But she could see he *was* very short for a man. Let it be known Lisa never once laughed at Thorne. Not once. She was professional and truthful about everything. I had not taken the photo to laugh at either. I had wanted it, at the time, since it was an image of Thorne. I hadn't even thought much about the box until Thorne himself said something about it.

**(#edit)**

Later in the month Thorne was taking the family out to Disneyland in California with Cody's life insurance money. They would leave late night on Friday, December 23rd from the Fort Madison AMTRAK station, twenty-nine years to the day Thorne's parents had died in an automobile accident. I told him to make *sure* they did something for Cody while out there, something special. Thorne *promised* he would. After all, without Cody dying they would *not* have had the trip money. I hope they did do something, Cody deserved it after all. But by that time Thorne's word was *not* worth much of anything to me anymore I'm afraid. Even just writing Cody's name in the sand on the beach and letting the tide wash it away would have been enough. Who knows but Thorne if he did anything special like he had promised he would. I know Cody was watching in spirit to see also. I do believe that. Cody had once asked me when we went to visit him in Council Bluffs, "Does my dad ever say he misses me? I miss him..." Breaks my heart now. But back then I said "Of course he misses you Cody. He talks about you all the time." But in reality Thorne rarely spoke about Cody after he left home. But I didn't want to hurt Cody's feelings.

I still have a photo I took of Cody playing baseball in Thorne's backyard hanging in my house in Bellevue in the entryway. I miss him so. So sad Thorne farmed him out. No caring, only what was good and convenient *for* Thorne... Just like animals. He was too "busy" to give much time to his kids or pets! That is why I am **so** glad I was able to get Snagglepuss away from him. After all this time with her he was going to give her to a shelter. **Such** a loser asshole I have come to find! *No* feelings, *no* caring. None. Lisa was right! All this "spiritual" crap he kept spewing meant

nothing! Snagglepuss would end up being put to sleep on July 24, 2016 in Omaha a very old lady whose body had finally betrayed her. I miss her so. I remember when I first saw her in Spring 2002 and when I kissed her goodbye as she died with her eyes open in summer 2016. Being a **fat** asshole loser Thorne wouldn't care to know she was now gone.

But I digress... I knew first hand how Cody **could** be, but I felt he needed help, intense help, *not* sending away. I know he would have lived had he stayed in central Iowa with or at least near Thorne. But Thorne is the one who has to deal with that reality now. He gets rid of pets and *anything* else that he doesn't have time for. As harsh as it sounds, and it is simply my opinion, I feel Thorne had given up on Cody. He was interfering *too much* with Thorne's life now. Thorne told me he was glad the doctor did not ask him to make the medicine change that ultimately killed Cody... to me that is a *total lack* of involvement in his son's life. Had Thorne given the OK to just do anything the doctor wanted without asking? Lack of involvement and Cody paid *big* time. A life cut short at 19... Tragic.

**Why** did I like this man at all? This same man who sent me an email in early 2002 (that I still have from his work account) saying he watched the beheading of journalist Daniel Pearl several times and downloaded the video at home to watch *again* later. Why?! He tried to show it to me at his place, but I just could not watch. Thorne seemed to get off on Daniel's screams and then choking as his throat was slit, his spinal column severed and his head removed. *That* was being positive? *That* was spiritual? No, this was being sick and perverted! Truly a mental case!

Needless to say, for as much as I was *really* starting to dislike Thorne by this time I went and visited him on the early afternoon of Friday, December 23rd. I actually helped him clean his house in fact. I vacuumed the kitchen and stairs and his bedroom and did a few other odd jobs for him while he watered plants and did other things before the AMTRAK trip that night.

Then Thorne took a woman named Becky over to Bertha's house to show her what to do with Bertha's animals while the "boobless clown-ess" was away. I would have rode Thorne's ass that day, but it didn't happen. I headed to Des Moines to pick up one more "special" gift for Brent and do a little shopping for myself at Half Price Books.

I saw Brent that evening once he was home from work. He was going to be seeing his family and some local friends for the holidays so we arranged for me to come to his house and spend some time that Friday. Brent drove us and we went to dinner that evening at *Fire Creek*, not too far from his house, just south on 50th Street a couple miles. The restaurant was beautiful and festive with a fireplace that had stockings hanging on it with lights and a wreath. The food was out of this world! Over dinner we enjoyed a nice conversation of new things going on in our lives, of the new friends in our respective states and having things going well for both of us.

We each took turns picking up the check when we went out and this time was my turn. I used my Wells Fargo card... Brent burst out laughing. He thought that was hilarious. *Wells Fargo* of all cards!

It was a beautiful, clear and *very* cold night as we headed back to Brent's... the wind was howling. There was no snow thankfully, although it was forecast. Once back inside the warmth of Brent's house we removed our shoes and coats. Brent noticed I was still cold and he said "Here, let me warm you up," and he hugged me tight and rubbed my back vigorously for about 30 seconds as we stood near the bar in his family room after coming in through the garage. Afterwards I was thoroughly warmed up...

He hugged and kissed me tenderly, then smiled and went to turn up the thermostat and then we sat down in the dimly lit family room, just the recessed lights over the bar, fireplace and kitchen were lighting the room and we exchanged gifts. Brent gave me a drawing of me that he had made himself. It was very nice. He had even inscribed it personally to me on the brown paper backing on the reverse side saying how much he enjoyed our friendship. I loved (and still have) it! It hangs in my entryway, near Cody's photo and the two 8 x 10 photos of Brent and I from Cedar Rapids and the Clark Tower outing. I gave Brent a small dark vase I found in the Old Market at an antique shop recently. He placed it on his shelf near some other vases. Gifts from the heart. Then of all things Brent and I slow danced a while in the family room with no music at all. He kissed me

slow and lingeringly. Softly, barely touching my lips with his. It created a tickle that I loved. We had a little wine too and sat on the couch.

There I gave Brent the special “gag” gift I had picked up on my way into town from the special store. He peeked into the bag, grinned and looked at me... then we went upstairs with the gifts and had sizzling fun... as usual. I had bought us each a Weener Kleaner. A round soap with a hole in it that you can use to soap up and wash your dick in the shower. He used one on me and I on him. WOW! Felt great! We orgasmed about the same time which made it even more special. That *really* warmed me up. Afterwards we sat and talked quietly on his bed for about half an hour. I headed out around 11:45pm by the time on his small Tambour style mantel clock in his bedroom. I decided to head back to Nebraska and not stay over, though Brent asked me to, in case snow did come in during the night or early the next day. Brent and I made plans to see each other again after the Christmas holidays on New Years Eve.

I stood on the tile floor at the front door and Brent was on the first step up so he could be closer to my height. Brent hugged me tight and rocked me back and forth for a long while. He said I was very special to him and to be careful on the way back to Nebraska. He kissed me deeply and said he cared a great deal for me, “So much, Daniel.” I told him the same. He kissed me again and then I left. He smacked my butt and smiled as I walked out and closed the door. I heard Brent turn the door’s bolt. As I drove away from the house I caught a fleeting glimpse of Brent turning off the entry way light through the window beside the front door.

As I drove down 50th Street toward the highway I thought about Mary’s son Douglas who had died the year before and how I still missed him. Though Thorne had seen and I believe met Douglas that was another affair I was able to keep from him. It had quietly lasted *many* wonderful years as I wrote about earlier here in book two. I drove towards Douglas’ last place via Interstate 35/80 over to Meredith Drive. I parked and looked up at his old bathroom window where he had died. I turned off my headlights and just sat there a long while. The bathroom window was dark. I got teary eyed. The howling winter winds rocked the car and I thought of how Douglas had gently rocked me years before and how good it was and how good it felt to have him on my back. He never let me fuck him though I would have. He did jack me off after each time he fucked me though. Once he sucked me off since he wanted to see how that was with another man. I know Mary would have been devastated by Douglas’s death had she not died first. I then got back on 35/80 and took my usual route back home arriving around 3:10 am. I don’t think Thorne *ever* suspected Douglas and I had been lovers... but again it was *none* of his business. I sent Brent an email to his AOL account to let him know I was home. I told him that though from his house to mine was about 130 miles he still felt close by and that was comforting. He agreed in his return email the following day.

While Thorne was away he sent photos of himself in Hollywood, at the beach... I kept them all in the special “Thorne” folder on my PC. For as much as he *didn’t* want much to do with me he was sure holding on and staying in touch! Lisa had plenty to say on why he was doing that.

After the Christmas holidays I saw Brent again. We went out with the mutual friends we had met through on New Years Eve. Had a nice time, at a mutual friends house but had a better time once we returned to Brent’s house soon after midnight. We just both wanted to head to his house after the ball dropped and spend some quality time together. We really started the new year off with a big bang and a gush! Holy crap was it good! We *rocked* that West Des Moines bedroom!

That night, after we were thoroughly satisfied, and while Brent showered after I had, I went downstairs and looked over the pictures he had sitting out of people important to him. He was thinking of moving them to another room and had them clustered together on the kitchen counter nearest the dining table. I walked around looking at them. I picked up one or two and looked at them. I knew what his mother meant to him. I knew he missed her. I knew he loved her. Loving someone in *any* context is very important... very positive.

With all that Brent and I had been talking about lately I had a feeling I would be losing touch with him in the coming future. Something just told me that. I wanted to leave something of

myself behind though in his house showing I had indeed *been* there... *shared* there. I found a black sharpie in a kitchen drawer and put a special mark somewhere in his house, out of view... unless you *really* looked. I wrote boldly **B&D 2011 ♥** in the black permanent sharpie. The letters, date and solid heart soaked into the unfinished wood becoming permanent. I looked at it for a while in the very cramped, awkward space. I didn't write it in the love sense really... but in the fact that we had shared **so** much in that house as very close friends and I hoped we would continue further into 2012. If we were still seeing each other into 2012 I'd add that too.

But I've come to think that from a certain stand point I **had** grown to love Brent. He was a sweet, gentle, lovely man. Though I had done the same thing in Thorne's house in 2003 on an attic beam. I wrote "T&D 2003 - The house Thorne Babble and Daniel Selby built while in love." I had also typed up a long one page note talking about Thorne and I and giving dates and information on us such as where we worked, added a photo and then wiggled it behind some new drywall that had not yet had the seams filled with compound and taped. I had told Thorne I slipped it into the stairs, but really hadn't. The letter, in an envelope, slipped in easily. No love at all in that letter or beam writing at Thorne's anymore. *None*.... I also think now, to a certain extent, Brent did love me. We were certainly more than fuck buddies... *much* more.

Using my BlackBerry I video recorded the writing and then came out into the rooms and walked through the entire ground level making a recording of Brent's house and then up the stairs to his room. Just to have a little video of the place. I recorded each room to be able to remember *everything*. Every detail. The place we had shared **so** much in.

When Brent opened the bathroom door after his shower I was lying in his bed waiting for him smiling and my phone was resting on his dresser. He didn't know I had written what I wrote with the Sharpie. He smiled and combed his wet hair, then brushed his teeth. He finished, turned out the bathroom light and crawled into bed with me in the dim room... lit only by the bedside Tiffany Mission style table lamp.

I told him, "No matter what happens in the future Brent, I will *never* forget you."

"That sounds kind of cryptic, Daniel" he laughed a little and reached out and pulled a chain on the lamp.

"Well I just wanted you to know," I said in the darkness of the room. I felt him slide in behind me. His shower clean nude body pressed against mine. I loved his body heat. "I like being with you because you're smart, funny, mentally... *and* yes physically stimulating... *and* sexy."

"Thank you, I feel the same about you. This has been a very special time for me too Daniel, the months we have shared together have been nice. I hope we continue to see each other when we can."

He spooned me for a while and we talked a bit quietly deep in the dark... then we said goodnight and he kissed my neck and back a few times. I wondered what his thoughts were as he waited for sleep, laying there behind me.

**(#edit)**

Brent and I continued to see each other for the next several weeks when we could into the new year. But unfortunately, as does happen with schedules and proximity, by the early months of 2012 Brent and I had slowly lost touch, just like I felt would happen. The emails, calls and even visits were becoming very rare. More and more I was starting to deepen the bond with friends in my area without trying and Brent was meeting others in Des Moines... including Thorne. I'm not sure of the exact date since my counselor Lisa (who I still saw occasionally for maintenance visits) had told me to write less and less about Thorne in my journals and that was what I did. I was not seeing Thorne very often anymore at all and things were **very** strained when I did see him. I felt **so** much better away from him and his black swirling vortex of chaos and personal demons that he didn't always kept hidden... they seemed omnipresent anymore. So not seeing him meant not writing about him anymore.

Brent wrote in an email in the early months of 2012: "Daniel, I have met Thorne and he and I have talked and continue to talk. It is a little strange that I knew you first and I was so

involved with you and that you'd been so involved with him for so long and talked only a very little about him to me, but now I know him too. He seems different than I thought. Thorne and I have been seeing each other, but we'll see. I haven't mentioned you to him." I didn't ask how they met-- in person or through an ad... it really wasn't my business and I really had no interest. I replied to Brent that the best thing he could *ever* do for *any* chance of a *possibly* successful relationship with Thorne was to deny that he had *ever* known me to Thorne **altogether** should it *ever* come up. Knowing Thorne as I did I could not stress that enough! Just pretend we had *never* met and certainly *never* tell Thorne we had had sex together... **ever!** Deny me to him altogether *always!*

I suggested he just tell Thorne he had not been seeing anyone much at all since he moved back from the west coast the year before, perhaps he could say work had kept him too busy to date or something. Just use the stock answer of "I don't know..." or "I don't know him" or "It beats me!" if Thorne asked *any* questions regarding me. I said Thorne would no doubt at some point in their relationship lie to him, so this little lie is OK to keep the peace. I also told Brent that some of Thorne's friends, such as tag-along Paul Andrews, may talk about me in front of him so just play along with whatever they may say. Sometimes it's not the truth that keeps a couple together, but the belief that they *know* the truth. So true!

A little while later Brent was getting to know Thorne better and deeper. They had had sex already Brent wrote and I knew then that the end was very near if not already here for Thorne and Paul Andrews' "relationship." There was **nothing** ever there anyway as Thorne had always said and he recently again (December 2011 / CCMC night) had laughed about Paul's fake (but loud) orgasms that had scared his son Jason a while back. Thorne was getting *so much more* from Brent than he had **ever** gotten from Paul and in much, *much* less time too! Brent **liked** sex and liked to use his cock! Just the opposite of Paul Andrews. That fact alone would seal it for Thorne! A man who liked sex and liked to use his dick was the kind of man Thorne wanted.

Brent had also written me that Paul Andrews had even hit on him though he was becoming *more* serious with Thorne! "...garbage eater who lives in a dump" as Thorne used to joke to me about Paul. Paul Andrews just doesn't have a clue or doesn't care when two other guys are involved... he'll just "horny" in like he had done with Thorne and I... then **not** use his cock! Who needs that? Paul (aka "Kermit") would **never** have a date on a Saturday night (or any other night!), so why not tag along and bug Brent and Thorne? I am sure he will! Thorne had mentioned Paul coming to hang around in his office building near his door when he had no reason to even be there, he certainly hadn't been invited... which had alarmed Thorne. He thought it was kind of creepy. I recall a time I worked on campus and passed Paul on his way past Parks Library towards Thorne's office.

Brent and Thorne had apparently both went to a recent First Friday Breakfast Club on February 3rd. A mutual friend of Thorne and I forwarded me a photo of Brent and Thorne from that February FFBC saying he thought Brent *was* me at first. He didn't know I knew Brent too, though many of Thorne's and my mutual friends (in the chorus too) would read and comment on my Facebook posts about Brent back at the time I was seeing him and see photos I had posted of us together too. The posts are still up on FB (visible to friends only, *sorry!*) and come up as memories to share again, though I have not.

The guy who sent the photo had to do a double take since Brent looked so similar to me. It was funny. Lisa thought it was interesting as well and said yes, she too, could see a *very* strong resemblance between Brent and I when I showed her a photo of Brent and I a while before. She added she was not surprised Thorne would hook up with someone who looked like me. It made sense given Thorne's personality flaws and being I was the man who freed him to be himself. Though he will likely never admit it she said, I've helped him more than anyone has.

She said though that I needed to trash the photo and so I did, right in her office, which was hard since Brent had been a nice guy and I liked him, but I also had all the other photos of him I had taken myself at the fair, the Clark Tower outing, in front of his fireplace and at the art show in Marion, Iowa. Thorne looked rather odd and bug-eyed in the FFBC photo anyway. *Not* his best look. Besides I still had the photo in the Facebook message that had been sent to me.

In Lisa's office I continued to sift through the ashes of bridges burned and of broken dreams concerning Thorne. My relationship with Thorne was like a series of frozen faces that hid more than they told. I was slowly seeing this, but I was, in reality, seeing him clearer than I *ever* had before by this time. Why I still had an urge to get off with him sexually I don't know. I think it was because he was easy, comfortable. I never thought of who I was with anymore when I was getting off with him. He was just an ass to me mostly... in more ways than one! It was always other men I had an image of in my mind while my dick was being stimulated by Thorne's ass, hand or mouth... never him anymore. Used to be *only* him I saw in my minds during sex!

I saw Thorne in Ames on February 11, just days after he went to the FFBC and was photographed with Brent. We returned a few things at Wal-Mart, then ate at The Flame 'N Skewer at the mall. Thorne also bought Maggie some video games at the Game Stop there. Finally we went back to Thorne's place, watched some porn (since *he* needed to, to be able to get an erection) and had sex. Again Thorne was wanting to be abused. It was more of the "**Oh! No! No! NoOoOoOoOo! Please! PI-I-I-lease *don't* hurt me, I'll...I'll *give* it to you!**" type scenario again. I tied him up and hurt his ass for him. Felt great to my cock and that was all I really cared about. I didn't say anything about him knowing Brent and I certainly didn't mention I had seen Brent starting in May of the previous year for about 7 months solid! Meanwhile Thorne continued to talk about me to others. Usually bringing up old stuff. Why he was not seeing Brent that day was not my concern. I was also not going to contact Brent and ask about it.

(#edit)

I hadn't seen or heard from Thorne in about a month and I had no plans to contact him, but on Friday, March 9, 2012 Thorne and I met up once again. He seemed to want to keep the chaos going. He had called in the morning and asked if I could come down, he said he had something important to talk about, but didn't want to talk over the phone. So later that day I drove the three hours from Omaha to see him in Ames at the time he said he would be free. I wondered if he had found out about Brent and I. I didn't even tell Brent I would be around since he was now seeing Thorne a bit and I didn't want to complicate matters. Thorne and I met at Stomping Grounds in Ames near campus around 5 pm. During dinner Thorne received a phone call and left the table to step outside. I think now it was likely Brent calling. I thought that back then as well, but never asked either of them. Thorne would've lied (which I feel he did at the time saying it was Maggie's doctor when he came back to the table) since he did not know I knew Brent and Brent would have told me the truth not knowing any better. But I really didn't care much. It really didn't matter by that time anyway.

I knew Brent and Thorne would meet one way or another and I told Brent that **very** fact the evening he and I first met. I kept waiting but Thorne never did have much to say that was "important" during dinner. He ate dinner and drank two stout beers. He gave me a hug, thanked me for buying him dinner and doddered to his car looking buzzed and took off. I asked him in a text if he'd like some company, but he never replied. I drove the three hours back home after going to Nevada to check on the Lincoln Way house. Perhaps that was Thorne's plan, to have me drive three hours out, do nothing, then have me drive three hours back. An 8 hour plus day for me with the dinner and the trip to the Lincoln Way house. But I still got satisfaction knowing I had known Brent first and shared **so** many wonderful things with him and *long* before Thorne had. But also perhaps Thorne somehow did know about Brent and I? Perhaps he had known I knew him first and he was checking to see if I would say anything. I learned long before never to say *anything* more than necessary with Thorne. I was not about to tell him Brent had fucked me heavily for months!

But as Lisa had been saying... I shouldn't worry about what Thorne might have thought about Brent and I. It was none of my business what he thought, just as it was none of his business about Brent and I! Also I think Thorne may have wanted me to come down to string me along knowing full well that he was going to pursue something with Brent. This would keep me hanging on. He was good at trying to get me to do that... and then hurting me by rejection. He

had it all planned I feel now.

Thinking back about Thorne drinking and driving I thought about that time he passed out in my truck and drooled all over the door while I drove him around to sober him up so he **could** safely drive home and not kill himself... **or** anyone else... and he likely would have. I wrote the entire incident out in this book earlier. I thought about how he came around hours later and loudly yelled at me "**Half an hour is long enough to be with YOU!**" It had been **three** hours, not just half an hour. He had been smoking laced pot in the parking lot behind The Saddle with some loser drug dealer who was very bad news as I wrote about in the first edition of this book after he had been doing some *heavy* drinking in the bar before I forced him into my truck to drive him around. What he yelled really hurt my feelings. I know he would have crashed off the road and died, and perhaps killed others that night in the process had I not driven him around. Yet he yells how 30 minutes was long enough for anyone to spend with me. I went home and cried over what he had said. I stood in the living room of the Lincoln Way house and cried and cried. My crying would have made him happy no doubt.

Thorne was also forever wanting me to get him pot, but he did not want to take responsibility for having it in *his* house. That December of 2011 I got him some pot—\$100 worth. But he would give it to me to hold as he **rushed** me out his door when he was done smoking it. He has a police record for having pot in his possession from 1974 and I think that scared him. Iowa is *very* strict with marijuana. You can get into a lot of trouble if you are found with it. I bought it several times for him and I admit I smoked it *once* with him. Did absolutely nothing for me at all but worsen my asthma. I didn't use it any further, but Thorne continued to.

Thinking about it at the time, I didn't want to have it in my house either. I didn't really trust Thorne. One day he may send the police over saying I had pot. Since he was the one who used it I put all the stashes together and took it back to his house. I hid the pot very well, likely several ounces in all, in Thorne's house. Tightly zip-locked in a bag, with his rolling papers and his lighter. I figured if he wanted it I would be able to retrieve it easily from the place I had put it. I would just lie and tell him I had it in my car's glove box, then go get it in his house where it is hidden. I wonder if it is still where I hid it, or if he has found it and smoked it? I told Thorne from now on to ask his son Cedric to get it for him I would not put myself in jeopardy for him ever again. Thorne was forever telling me in emails that his son smoked pot pretty regularly and always had a large stash of the stuff at his place. They were welcome to it! Why he told me this, again I don't know. But reading my books you see he told me very personal things about all his family members... even about finding sexual lube in his oldest daughter's bedroom once. Again, why do I need to know that?

But after Thorne did what he did with putting me down saying I was only worth 30 minutes of anyone's time, if even that, I made note of his license plate and when I knew he was drinking and driving I was going to follow him and call the police and report I had seen a drunk driver, where he was driving on the highway and give them his plate number. Driving drunk is a *major* offense in Iowa. For the very first time you do it and are caught jail time results in a mandatory minimum period of incarceration for two days and up to 1 year. Fines and penalties range from \$625 to \$1,200. Your license is automatically suspended for 180 days. If your blood alcohol content is above .10 (and Thorne's certainly was) your car requires a ignition interlock device to start it. In addition to all that the offender must attend a Substance Abuse Treatment center, a Substance Abuse Reality Program, attend Drinking Drivers Course and do a certain amount of Community Service. How I *wish* all that had happened to Thorne!

And yet another time he let me know he was drunk and going to drive I took his high school 8 x 10 photo to the bar with me showing everyone and asking people there if they had seen Thorne Babble. He had texted me that he was too drunk to drive home. What a **fool** I must have looked like carrying that photograph around! I never told Thorne some people laughed at the picture and one took it away from me and passed it around to others who laughed before I could finally get it back. Someone even took a picture of it with their cell phone! Other times Thorne would text or have as his Yahoo status line: "**Drunk again. Have to call a taxi!**" It was so

immature to try and get my attention that way... and when I would try to **give** my time to Thorne he didn't want it, he'd push it away and make me feel bad and then later try and get it again. Lisa had said he was immature and would remain ever so. I was certainly the mature one in the "relationship." Thorne had really been mean at the end. I no longer had anything he wanted so he no longer had time for nor wanted me.

(edit)

Brent wrote later that week just to say hello and hoped things were going well. I said all was fine with me and hoped it was with him too. I also added that I had seen Thorne in February and just a few days ago. He replied that all was fine with him and he just thought of me and wanted to say hello. He said that was very interesting about my seeing Thorne, but nothing more than that. I'm not sure he understood I meant *more* than just seeing Thorne around somewhere. I didn't reply to that email. I wanted to tell Brent-- *Where you're going with Thorne I've already been and I would never go back there again.* But I didn't. I had **never** bad mouthed Thorne to anyone at that point and I wasn't going to start doing that now. I didn't hear from Brent after later March 2012. And it would be a **very looong** while before I would again. Years and years to be exact...

Thorne could *not* have expected someone as sexy and sweet as Brent to remain celibate after he moved back to Iowa until he happened to come along could he? The relationship I had with Brent was none of Thorne's business, but it *is* part of my history and worthy of being included in my writings. Even Kenneth asked about Brent the other day and remembered meeting him at Lincoln Way in later 2011.

(#edit)

I had noticed Brent's vehicle at Thorne's house in April. I was back in the area again on April 28, 2012 to work on Lincoln Way and see Lisa. I had been driven around in that very vehicle during most of the outings that Brent and I had had together. He usually drove. I only drove him in my KIA a handful of times. We also drove his vehicle to our Cedar Rapids weekend. But if Brent was *really* happy with Thorne, then I was happy for him. Perhaps Thorne will treat Brent better than he did me.

Thorne would likely not like the fact that I had met and knew Brent first. He would also be very upset, even though it was **months** before they had met, that Brent and I had had sex... **lots** of sex.... *mind blowing* sex. Brent was truly incredible in bed.

I felt Thorne would likely think my writing about Brent and I was to upset him. He would turn the reality *around*, like he always does, despite the fact that it all happened *before* Brent and he had ever met and has *nothing* to do with him as Lisa had explained many times, but Thorne would make it **all** about himself anyway and he would once again put me down. Lisa had said putting people down all the time to others as Thorne does is the equivalent of an illuminated sign reading "VIOLENTLY INSECURE" floating behind him in a helium filled thought bubble. To put others down in an attempt to gain attention, validation, or happiness shows how jealous they are of what you have or had. That was (is!) Thorne 100%. I asked about my writing concerning Brent and I... was that from insecurity I wondered?

Lisa took no time in answering, "No Daniel it is not. Being that it *is* the truth, that is was *your* experience, *your* past and you are writing about *your* life shows it is not from wanting to hurt others or from being insecure. You are simply writing your experiences! I look forward to reading your book!" That made me feel better. It also helped that Lisa, a professional in these matters, said I should not worry if Thorne finds out about Brent and I. I did say the passages dealing with Brent were written very sexual, but I felt that is because the sex with Brent was at least 10 times better than it had **ever** been with Thorne. Lisa agreed that was likely the reason behind the difference.

At that same session in early 2012 I told Lisa that I was actually already going over my journals and writing about the relationship I had had with Brent for my book and likely would be

during the next year after compiling my journal entries, our texts, some of the phone recordings he left me and all the emails that dealt with him into the correct order. Shaking her head yes Lisa strongly agreed that Brent was indeed a part of **my** life's story that **did** belong in my book. Of course I would end up pulling out everything I wrote about concerning Brent and I just prior to publication. Now it is all going back in for the 2<sup>nd</sup> printing.

Writing about Brent and I truly wasn't to get Brent in trouble either... he is **such** a lovely, sweet, supportive, positive and talented man. Some people just come into your life for a little while. That is what happened with Brent and I. We came together at the right time and bonded for that time. *It was incredible.* I will always remember it thanks to my journals, our *many, many* daily emails, our texts, Brent's funny saved phone messages and the many, many photos (and a few phone videos I should add) I took during those months of May through December 2011. The time he and I shared together deserved to be told despite my telling Brent to never, ever mention it. Brent **doesn't have** to acknowledge it to **anyone**, it is not his place to **have** to acknowledge it or anything else Lisa says (thank you Lisa for reminding me of that!) The facts are in the writings, the details of places and things show it to be true Lisa said.

After March I had started staying away from Thorne as much as I could. I feel he thought I wasn't important as person at all anymore anyway since I had nothing he wanted any further except a cock that stayed rock hard forever (still does into 2017! Thorne likely *still* needs a pill to.) Besides he was concentrating on Brent... my "services" were no longer required.

Thorne always seemed to look at me with disapproval and disdain anymore despite all I did for him. He didn't (want to) realize I was reacting to his behavior around me. I understood so well at this time what Bertha felt like so many years before. He had treated her in the same terrible, shitty (as I had written all about) ways as he was now treating me. But in hindsight I was not surprised. I was basically a worthless human being in Thorne's eyes now and he said as much without using words by how he treated me and the things he has said about me to others.

Thorne even made me cry once at the YMCA on 73<sup>rd</sup> Street in Des Moines. I had seen him there, I arrived when he did and I was **so** happy to see him. I excitedly called out to him and smiled. But when he saw me he rolled his eyes and sighed. Tears came to me eyes since I remembered when he had told me he would never tire of me. I had taken that at face value and I now saw his face was worth nothing. He could not seem to understand that I could *feel* exactly what he thought of me and I acted out trying to convince myself that I was worthy and important as a human being, even if not to him any longer. I have feelings but I no longer need his validation. I had now developed self-validation thanks to counseling. But at that YMCA he had crushed me. I felt so sad which should again make him very happy. He also pretended to talk on the phone to other men and laugh a lot while I was around that Y... and perhaps he was talking to other men. I left alone a while later and drove home crying... where I continued much of the night.

Lisa had really helped me see his personality traits and just how much and for how long I had been **begging** Thorne to spend time with me before I finally, **finally** got tired of begging. He had new people (Paul Andrews and eventually Brent) in his life and I was being put out to pasture... again much like Bertha when I came on the scene so many years before. He only seemed to want me when he couldn't get the cream anywhere else! Lisa also said you can't have a healthy relationship with someone you cannot trust. True. Very true. And I had not trusted Thorne in a very long time by this point. She also said to be thankful I got out of the relationship when I did and that I knew to go for help. That is something I should be happy about.

Thorne was **very** cruel near the end. He had also talked about me to **so** many people, but not telling them how he had treated me or his children or his ex-wife. He hides things. Still does.

Eventually though, as I wrote about at length in the first edition of this book, things exploded and a restraining order was needed for our extremely, **extremely** tired relationship. I filed one in my state and Thorne filed in his too. I ended up letting mine go, I felt I didn't need the help of the law to get the fat, old, evil Oompa Loompa (as he has been called) off my back after all. Thorne's lie filled order was served and I was *happy* to stay away from him! *More than happy!*

Lisa said the order was a benefit for me too...and it was. Not sure he ever mentioned it to Brent. My relationship with Thorne had been like a puzzle bought in a thrift store... so many pieces had been lost over the years it would be impossible to make *any* sense of it!

I had made reference to Brent's license plate during the final blow up at the CCMC rehearsal church and almost, *almost* said that I knew Brent first, but I resisted. I had said I was going to tell his new "beau" about his warts and other secret sexual things. Though I didn't tell him I knew *intimately* who his beau was! I didn't want to drag Brent into this mess... *our crap*. For as much as I had *ever* wanted Thorne, at the end that is how much I *no* longer wanted him. I found out just how damaged Thorne was (and still is according to Lisa, a professional) by the things he said about me to others and the things he did to people, all the slander that many people still remember to this day. He has slandered *so* many people in emails to me. I had refrained from ever bad mouthing Thorne to anyone...*ever*. Least of all to Brent. I still have Thorne's email that has the line: "You know me and my games." I sure did. Thorne never continued with counseling I was told by his former therapist and my friend Gordon. Not that he was *ever* truthful in therapy anyway which I wrote about. And again I feel his issues started in childhood with his parents and their lack of child rearing skills... which I wrote all about in the first edition of my books. Also Thorne said Gordon did *so very little* for him he just felt guilty leaving, but obviously eventually had.

Also into the next few months of 2012, I was able to concentrate on my dreams once again and fulfilled one of those dreams soon after I was back on my feet. Brent certainly helped me land squarely on my feet! He showed me there were still good, decent *and* caring people around who did not hide you away, badmouth you to others, make you feel worthless... or make up lies the way Thorne had. Lying to prevent problems, such as Brent knowing me is one thing and *everyone* lies to avoid hurting someone, Lisa said that was normal, but to *maliciously* make up things the way Thorne did about me and others just to make yourself look good or feel better is the sign of a cruel and uncaring person without a soul-- an insecure narcissist.

My dreams were being fulfilled away from Thorne's negative vibe. On June 8 and 9, 2012 I auditioned and then did a call-back for an indie feature film for *Global View Productions* (now *Innovation Pictures*) titled "IOWA" through my agent in downtown Des Moines. The film was written and directed by film maker Thor Moreno. I was cast that following Monday, June 11, 2012. I was *thrilled* to win the role I had gone after: **Deputy Howard**.

I rehearsed my lines alone in the mostly empty Lincoln Way house at night while walking the living room, entry and dining room. Then I spent the early summer months of 2012 getting licensed so I could learn how to handle and fire a real Glock 22 pistol (then use a prop gun during filming that looked and reacted as real when fired during filming), rehearsing and then shooting the film on location in Des Moines, Grimes and Dallas Center, Iowa later in the summer. Very little sound-stage work was done except for a few scenes in a production house in Des Moines that had a huge barn interior built within it. Working with the other actors and production company was a dream come true for me. We had such fun on the set during the seven weeks of filming. I stayed at the Marriott Hotel in downtown Des Moines during the production in room 1604 and loved "living" in Iowa again. I had a ball!

On July 28, 2012, before leaving for the film location the first day of shooting, I packed up the remaining items in my Iowa house that had recently sold (actually on *the* day I was cast in the film!) and put them in my car. I walked through and thought of *\*all\** that had happened to me in the house in the last 20 years. The good, the bad *and* the ugly. I had taken photos and videos on a previous visit. As I walked around I found myself crying about all that had happened there and what will never happen there again, not with me anyway. I remembered watching TV shows like "Ghost Whisperer" and "Good Neighbors" when I told Thorne I was busy near the end and didn't care to see him. It felt good to just stay home, curl up on the couch and lose myself in a TV show I liked and *not* deal with him or his many issues. Of course many times I was seeing Brent instead or in addition to watching TV shows. Brent came over to Lincoln Way a few times. He parked in the Library lot that is now part of the library expansion!

Standing in the doorway, and looking into the now empty room, I thought of Thorne curled up and crying in the old basement recording studio control room on the love seat the early morning after he had left Bertha *so* long before and how I was laying on the floor in front of him to show him support. I still have that love seat today. In fact Brent and I have made out on it when he visited the house while I was doing repair work!

I felt good and bad about leaving. I actually stood in the center of the entry way between the empty living room and dining room and said "Goodbye," before leaving and closing and locking the back door... cathartic. Life moves on...

In August, while back home in Nebraska for a few days from working on the new film, I met a man through a friend. His name was Dawson and we hit it right off. We had a lot in common and he was (is!) the *polar* opposite of Thorne. Dawson is kind, honest, genital wart free, balanced, centered, creative, friendly, loving, un-controlling, NON-narcissistic and freely open to what life really is for. We have had a good time getting to know each other. (Now five plus years! Kenneth loves him too! And Dawson just moved into the Bellevue house October 2015!) Dawson and I travel to Des Moines often and stay for a few days. I have shown him all around and he knows *all* about Thorne... and Brent. He's admired all the handsome photos I took of Brent which I have put into a photo album and still have a few 8 x 10's of he and I on my entry way walls with many other friends.... And Cody. I can guarantee that Thorne has *no* photos of Cody out on display anywhere!

My film *IOWA* premièred in Des Moines at *The Varsity* across from Drake University on December 15, 2012, the same night the CCMC was performing nearby. It was thrilling to see it on the big screen with my mother and sisters and Kenneth and Dawson with me and then to sign autographs for people and be interviewed on all the local news shows. The film was later released on DVD and sold very well. It was also for rent in rental kiosks throughout Iowa in 2013-2014 at all Iowa Casey's General Stores.

**(#edit)**

In May 2013 I was finally ready to start bringing the curtain down for good on the production Thorne and I had starred in. There was no applause for the roughly 4,350 performance days we had shared together over the last decade plus. By this time the acts were so stale they had about molded. We had just been going through the motions for so many years it was truly pathetic that both of us held on the way we did for so long. Thorne claimed at the end that I tried to turn everything against him. What I turned against him was the truth... which he just didn't want to see. He didn't have a book to help him with that. He never wanted to take *any* blame or responsibility for anything wrong in the relationship. I could tell you what my counselor said about that, but you can likely guess. I returned everything Thorne gave to me to him on Thursday, May 16, 2013. It took forever to go through things-- about a year. I did that during the restraining order time frame. I left the boxes and bags right on his back drive-- my one final incident of passive-aggressive behavior with him.

Other items I donated that same day to the Animal Rescue Thrift Shop in Des Moines, including his 1973 8 x 10 senior portrait he gave me as a birthday gift in 2010 and the one I used to carry to the bar to ask if people had seen him after he texted me he was too drunk to drive but was going to really drive anyway I found out. I saw the photo in the front window in a back to school display, though marked *Not For Sale*, when I was in the area in August 2016. He had never liked it anyway and I no longer had a use for it. Also my birthday bike went there as well and it sold before I left the store for \$60.00. I also wrote him a long letter telling why I was doing this and gave him the web address that would host my books in the future (and eventually these portions removed from the books during editing). All of it could be printed off from there if he chose to keep a copy.

Though we no longer talk anymore (not that we *ever* really did) I have seen Thorne around. Once was in June 2013 at Gay Pride in Des Moines. As Dawson and I arrived in town, I saw his car and then him with members of the CCMC at some Pride booth nearby. He saw my

car too and quickly leaned forward to hide behind someone, which I thought droll and very much his personality type--the hiding type. Dawson and I parked and walked through Pride. Apparently Thorne had *hightailed* it out of there! He ran away and hid somewhere. Typical of him. Dawson and I both thought it was *extremely hilarious* and laughed about it several times as we walked around. Saying things like "Oh you know he's just hiding somewhere watching us!" and "Well he always was a voyeur who put peep holes in the basement walls to watch his young foster boys jerking off in the shower!" We roared with laughter at his weirdness.

Later that night though I did sit with Brent when Dawson and I went to the CCMC Pride show. Miss Richfield 1981 was hilarious that night and I am not much into that type of entertainment... but she was *hilarious!!* Brent and I had stopped talking pretty much altogether soon after he became more serious with Thorne and I felt that was for the best. Just a natural progression of events. Just like when I left Iowa... it had been time to move on. I was at a crossroads where you have to make a choice, either stay where you are or move forward in life. I moved forward and let them get to know each other.

Fifteen months had passed with absolutely *no* contact of *any* kind between us... but Brent and I saw each other across the crowded lobby before the show and smiled at each other affectionately both remembering back. We each nodded hello. Carefully Brent walked over and standing close by but not making it obvious, or facing me, so as not to arouse suspicion (though he still aroused me), he said it had been more than a year since we had talked and it would do *no* harm for me just to sit next to him at the show, so Dawson and I did just that. Brent went in first and sat down with a friend he was with, leaving two empty seats open on the isle and Dawson and I came in right after and I sat right next to Brent. I know Thorne saw that from the stage unless the lights blinded him which I doubt... I've been on that stage too, you can see the audience since there are no super-troopers to blind you...lighting is all done from above. Furtively Brent patted my left hand as it sat on my thigh at the start of the show. I smiled.

After the show and while his friend used the restroom, I gave Brent my new cell number and reminded him again to say he didn't know me if *ever* asked. If Thorne said anything about me sitting next to him just not say anything either. "Just say you didn't know the person next to you. Just play along with Thorne should he say *anything*." I told Brent. I said Thorne does not like me so he will likely say some (more) mean things about me, or call me ugly or stupid or weird. Brent said "Ohhh, but you're *not*, Daniel." which was sweet.

Brent said Thorne had talked about me a little, but I was not surprised at what he said. The only reason to put others down or bad mouth someone is to make yourself feel better. It is a typical insecurity trait. As long as it made Thorne happy or feel strong being negative... go for it!

"I don't mind looking bad in front of you through Thorne, Brent. That is the image he has of me now. The last few years he has lived to make me look bad and tell lies to others about me, which some have, in turn, told me about. I never badmouthed him in front of you since I didn't feel it was fair or necessary. You never badmouthed your ex-lovers in front of me, not even Tom. If Thorne finds out about what we shared so be it, it was *way* before you knew him so the little *shit* better behave! Just because Thorne and I had a very... *very* bad relationship doesn't mean you two will... I want to stress that. That is why I never put Thorne down in front of you. It seems he is treating you better than he did me. Just be careful."

Brent admitted Thorne was treating him... OK. As long as he treats Brent well that is *all* I care about. Brent, as I have said many times here is *such* a beautiful, good, kind, caring loving and decent man... and *so* positive! About me talking bad about Thorne in my books... I am merely reporting what he has done and outing his behaviors while adding how it felt to me and what he has been labeled by a professional due to those behaviors, his writings and my journal entries. Hardly the slander he did to me (and the *many* others he wrote me about). These are my opinions of him as well. He has his opinion of me and I certainly have mine of him.

Also after the show Brent introduced me to the man sitting next to him after he returned from the bathroom. His name was Leo. *Very* nice and handsome man who laughed and joked easily I would come to find out. Leo and I went out a few times. He talked about having worked at

Tones in Ankeny and we had a few things in common, such as we had both worked at Prairie Meadows, but in different areas. Leo was also a good kisser I found out. Nothing I found out about him scared me...nothing. He was also good at jacking a guy off! He seemed to enjoy me doing that to him too.

Leo and I spoke about my involvement with Thorne. I did resist saying anything really scathing about Thorne, but I did say a big part of the relationship was based on lies. Thorne had always tried to think of all these ways to lie to Bertha about ways to see me. That Thorne had even dragged me in with a written script of what to write to his work email to help him get out of some lies he had told her. It made it seem, at the time, that it was good idea since then Thorne could see me and I wanted that too, but with the benefit of hindsight I could see a lot of the things he did were based on his lies. I now feel our entire relationship was based on and build with his lies. I asked that he not tell Brent anything about that and he said he would not. He just said Thorne seemed like a nice guy and he was surprised to hear of his behavior with me. I said looking back I was not surprised that Thorne and I ended, just as he and Bertha had ended. What did surprise me was that we lasted as long as we had.

And with Brent... well he was just a **very** handsome older man I met with a great personality and (as shallow as it sounds)-- a **great** cock that he knew how to use and who I had a wonderful time with for quite a few months.... in essence an actual **May to December Romance**. We had indeed been **lovers**... and it had been **wonderful**.

Once again I wouldn't hear from Brent for a **very** long while after seeing him in June 2013. In fact both my books would be in print (minus all these parts dealing with him) before I would hear from him again.

Do I miss Brent? I do. I miss his **incredibly** positive touch, his laugh, his way of looking at things, his smiling blue-gray eyes, the rough and incredibly orgasmic way we had sex. I miss the friendship, yes. Some people stay around for the long haul, some are only meant to touch your life for a short time, but still can make quite an impact-- sometimes good, sometimes bad. Brent's was one of the **most positive** I have ever known. And yes, I found later, I *did* love him after all and I think he loved me a little too.

**\*\*Chapter 100 would begin here to end the original book. And after Chapter 100 is all new material written throughout July and August and November and December 2015 and January, February, June and October 2016 for the one year Anniversary release in summer of 2017.\*\***

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Before I get to the new material for the newer chapters it might be of interest to put this material here. This material was written for the book but pulled for different reasons. Either I had already mentioned this stuff *numerous* times, I felt it didn't fit or it had Brent's name attached. But here it is anyway! Enjoy!

Brent's friend Leo, who I really did not know really, really well (we went out together a few times and yes had sex together a few times in 2013), sadly died suddenly of a massive stroke on February 4, 2015 just days after he, Thorne and Brent went to see a production of *Kinky Boots* in Des Moines. Brent had called from work to let me know that Leo had died and how shocked and saddened he was. He felt he needed to tell someone who would truly care how he felt about it. Brent knew I had enjoyed what very little time I was around Leo a few years before after meeting him at the Pride Concert in 2013 and just felt I should know. He said Leo had liked me. The feelings were certainly mutual. Leo was a nice man with an easy laugh, quick smile and kind heart. Brent said they had just enjoyed *Kinky Boots* all together and then Leo died very suddenly and basically with **no** advance warning. He was simply just... gone. It can happen to any of us at any time. I was invited, by my good friend Gary, a bartender, but did not attend Leo's service at St. John's Lutheran Church. But I agreed it was very sad. I didn't ask Brent, and he didn't offer anything, about Thorne and him. It was none of my business really and I had no desire to know

*anything*. Brent was just being kind and letting me know personally about a fellow human that had died, that I had known casually and liked.

Brent and I did, though, go to lunch together just after Leo died. I met him in Des Moines at his work in mid February 2015 and we went to a nearby place on Hickman called the *Cozy Café*. Brent had a salad and I had Chili. We had a nice heartfelt talk about many things, including Leo. Once again he did not offer and I did not ask anything about him and Thorne. I simply didn't care. After lunch in the parking lot though he did hug me tightly for many long seconds and then did kiss me, and not just a little peck. He leaned into the hug and I did feel his cock was hard through his pants. That made me smile and I stirred too. Old times...

We were parked away from the building facing Wendy's so no one saw with the trees above us and the trash area beside the car... not that Brent or I would have cared. It felt so good to hug him again, taste his kiss and feel his hard cock... though only through our pants. I wish we could have gone back to his house, but he was needed back at work. He drove us back the few miles, said goodbye smiling and I drove home from there. I thought that would be the last time I ever heard from Brent.

But surprisingly Brent called me once again, also from his work place in July and said he and Thorne had been married in late June. The fact that they were becoming so serious was one reason I had edited my relationship with Brent out of the original second book just a week prior to the original publication in 2014. Again I was being nicer to Thorne's feelings than he had *ever* been with mine. I congratulated Brent. If he was truly happy marrying Thorne, then that was great. Brent and I have not spoken at all since that very brief last phone call almost two years ago now.

I did bump into Jason, Thorne's youngest adopted son (now a young man) in summer 2016 at a store in Ames when I was in the area with Dawson and he was *not* happy to see me, but he came over to me, not vice versa. He repeated how Bertha still called me a faggot and then added how his "father" (his finger quotes) had claimed to be in love with some new guy (I kept my mouth shut) who Jason thought was an ass and a loser and they even got "married" he used finger quotes again and added he just wanted to "puke." That was a word ("puke") that that family used and I hated it. He said his father was an ass and stupider than... well you know. Bertha didn't even really like Brent Jason said, but put up with meeting him. I said nothing and just walked away. "Yea, keep walking!" Jason yelled as people stared. As I left the store I remembered the young child I had taken pictures of and played with in Thorne's truck on our dump runs, among other outings. Pretending to be scared of the monster sounds he would make behind me. Gone was the skinny little boy who would stand in front of the TV singing along with Judy Garland as she sang "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" in *The Wizard of Oz*. Gone was the little boy who let go of his orange helium balloon and cried until I told him it would return tomorrow. I went back to Crazy's Joe's Pizza in Ames and got a matching orange balloon for him and tied it to his door knob at the 2<sup>nd</sup> street house. He was certainly very different now all these years later. Jason was overweight and did *not* look neatly dressed. He actually looked... scary. Gone... was the little boy. Lots of anger there. Later I thought that of course Bertha would not really like Brent... she didn't like anyone... not even herself.

I did see Lisa a few times throughout 2015 since she had helped me so much. We had not spoken about Thorne in a very long time, but I filled her in a bit. I told her about Thorne and Brent. She was not surprised they married. But pointed out that Thorne likely did not marry Brent for love, though he *may* have strong feelings for him. Thorne is incapable of feeling *true* love (his own words she pointed out and she believed that based on what she knew about him). Lisa said that he could not just mean me he could not feel for. He had mentioned this *many* times over the years in emails. That part of his disorder he could see (and feel) but Lisa said his narcissism would *never* allow it in reality, though strong feelings may persist for Brent. Near our final session, after all the maintenance work was done, Lisa told me that after everything Thorne had put me through in the past, all the talking behind my back, stabbing me in the back and all he has done to me *and* everyone else, it would be understandable for me to feel intense dislike for Thorne. Lisa

said disliking someone is *not* always a bad thing. She said he had treated me and others *horribly*, made others (me included) look bad for his own personal gain, made fun of others... including his disabled children. I spent years building him up and he spent his time tearing me down near the end. I told Lisa that in reality I *did* dislike Thorne enough for it to *just* border on hate, but I can't hate him. I know he has mental issues. But he would be the single most person I truly despise to this day though. In my book (and a few other people's too) he is just a loser. A loser who used and abused people, including his children... back to the cold shower of Cody and his behavior with his ex-wife. She is crazy though too.

Lisa went on to say "A narcissist can *seem* to love you. A narcissist can make it *look* like love. A narcissist can say the *words* of love. A narcissist can *think* it's love. Unfortunately, when involved with a narcissist, you are "enmeshed" but not "in love." You can be enmeshed and mistake that for love. But enmeshment and love are *not* the same thing. Unaware of the fact of enmeshment, you may, as you did Daniel, stay engaged in an exhausting pursuit of trying to be seen and appreciated by someone who can *not* see and appreciate you, but who can certainly talk badly about you to others." Lisa paused to let what she had said sink in. Then went on, "Most of us assume others are capable of empathy, consideration, respect, un-conditional love. One may stay hooked for a very long time trying to make it so, again like you did with Thorne, you invest but get *very* little emotional substance or emotional support in return. A narcissist acknowledges your existence *only* when you serve a purpose to them. A person who is not separate from you can not love you because they can *not* see and know you. It's as if you are *one* being... them -- the narcissist. You, as a separate, distinct individual can *not* be appreciated. In fact, evidence of your distinctness and individuality is confrontational to the assumptions and unconscious world view of a narcissist, and is often met with attempts to maneuver you back into accommodation... which Thorne did with you all the damn time Daniel. Disagreements can feel life threatening to the non-conscious mind of the narcissist because they contradict the invisible "mental road map" of how relationships work according to them. I can **guarantee** you Daniel that this type of behavior is now going on between Thorne and Brent as we speak. Right *this* very day!" It was a lot to think about. Lisa went on, "Thorne has *not* changed and he *never* will. He is still living in his fantasy world and he pulled an unsuspecting Brent in with him. When caught out a narcissist will often deny or minimize the effect of their actions on others. In fact, they typically make out that *they* are the victim, like when you said Thorne said you turned everything against him at the end. And they can play the victim role very well. For them it's simply another one of the masks that they present to the world."

I feel Thorne latched onto and eventually married Brent since he wanted (actually **needed**) "someone" in his life... in his "past its best" (declining) years which were now starting. He always said he couldn't take being alone. At 60+ he is now starting the faster downhill tumble into old age... and eventual death. His "sell by" date is fast approaching! His best years are indeed over... He's 20+ years past middle age. This is when things start to go wrong health wise... the 60's. As I wrote about Thorne was so desperate to have someone in his life that he tried a relationship with *Paul Andrews!!* ***That is desperate!*** But once Thorne found Paul did not put out (and Thorne told me ***all*** about the relationship and how Paul would get erect, but never want to orgasm... well, unless they were in a shower on an AMTRAK train apparently) it was really over.

What Eckhart Tolle wrote in *The Power of Now* certainly holds up: "Still others compromise and continue to be together in a dysfunctional relationship in which negativity prevails, for the sake of the children or security, through force of habit, fear of being alone, or some other mutually "beneficial" arrangement, or even through the unconscious addiction to the excitement of emotional drama and pain."

That was Thorne and I-- truly stuck in the chaos. It was truly pathetic. And now it is Brent Thorne has pulled into his mess. I still wonder why I stayed with Thorne... for the orgasms? Brent showed me, just as Mary's son Douglas did before him that there were other men out there who were certainly very happy to give me orgasm and have them with me too!

Years ago Brent used to occasionally write to me to ask questions about Thorne's past... I did resist telling Brent **anything** scathing about Thorne. I figured I had *no* issues with Thorne concerning Brent and I didn't feel the need to put Thorne down simply to make myself feel or look better. I was *not* that weak. Brent simply knew that Thorne had not always treated me well or fair or nice and that things went south on us-- a few times. Quite a few! I *finally* got tired of it and moved away.

Thorne, for as much as I dislike the fact now, **is** a part of my life's past history and for a pretty big chunk of time. Just as Brent was, but that fact I do like, unfortunately it was a much smaller amount of time that I was involved with Brent. I'd certainly reverse the two if I could! Unfortunately when I became involved with Thorne in 1998, Brent was in California. If I had met Brent before Thorne I'd have stopped looking and never answered Thorne's first messages to me through my *Classifieds 2000* ad in the first place. Brent gave me everything I needed. *True* companionship and *great* sex! I can't say it enough-- Brent was one of the nicest, most positive men I'd **ever** known.

But again I said *nothing* negative about Thorne the very *few* times I talked with Brent about him. Nor have I ever put Thorne down to anyone other than Kenneth, Dawson, Lisa and my mother... and always privately. I also told Brent to remember that his time here on earth is *very* limited and could end *any* time, just like Leo's did, and that he should stay focused on **himself** first and be happy, don't let anything **or** anyone in the future bring him down. Use his time left wisely and stay centered and cognizant. Brent said he would. I told him if he *ever* needed a friend he can count on me, he had my number.

But... after a few years I even blocked Brent on Facebook, just as I had done with Thorne and Paul Andrews **long** before. Kenneth and Dawson did that as well. I just felt I didn't need to look at Brent's profile or allow him to look at mine anymore. Our photos together and our comments back and forth still remain in my Facebook page's history though from years ago and come up as a "Facebook Memory" which I did share again (in April 2017) with many happy comments coming in again... including some from people Thorne still knows. I also blocked all of Thorne's family members that I could find and of course Bertha so I don't see them anymore in "People You Might Know"... HA... if Facebook only knew!

Something I found interesting is that several mutual friends, Mike (real name) being one, who have seen Brent and Thorne at PROS gatherings (among other get-together's) have told me basically the same thing. Their exact words were: "**I really wonder how long those two will last?**" I don't know if it was something they saw, or perhaps heard from one of the two...really none of my concern, I just wish Brent all the happiness he can find and with whomever he chooses.

The last time we spoke on the phone Brent thanked me for being such a wonderful, welcoming and loving friend, it was truly what he felt he needed at that time in his life after his return to Iowa and his break up with Tom. He said he thought about our friendship recently (in late June 2015) with affection, warmth and a smile and always will continue to remember it. I will admit I sometimes still (even into 2017) masturbate with a close up photo I took of Brent. He is beautiful and I do miss his caress and his lovemaking. He brought me intense, *incredible* pleasures in bed.

I wish Brent true happiness, I really do. But actually feel sorry for him since he probably really will never know the real Thorne-- just like I didn't and Bertha didn't before me and his parents before her. As Lisa has said, Thorne has a barrier around him and no one, absolutely no one, will *ever* get through it. It's his protection. He is still the same insecure person he has always been. He has not changed. He is *pretending*. Change scares him and I agree with her.

Brent had met Bertha earlier and Bertha had no trouble with him apparently, but judging by what Jason had told me she really didn't like him either. Thorne was right-- her nastiness **did** make her sick-- just as Thorne said it would, just as *his* nastiness and deceitfulness (and genital warts!) will catch up to him... soon. I see something *very* significant happening to Thorne in the future. Scary... Karma.

But the thing is I really *can't* call Brent a friend anymore... many years have passed since we spent *any* quality time together or even spoke. We're more of acquaintances, if even that now. But I don't expect to talk to Brent in the near future, even if I see him around, and I certainly don't expect to ever visit his house again. It was five years ago in January 2017 that I was last there. But my **B&D 2011** ♥ still waits where I wrote it there. Brent had a keen sense of humor and loved to joke. We certainly had had a ball...

Am I jealous? I can't be... I don't even have the inkling to try to be. I wore Thorne's ring once before as I wrote *all* about in my second book... it was certainly **no** great thing! I no longer want Thorne in *any* capacity and I *do* want Brent happy... and he *seems* to be these days. Also I still have my wonderful Kenneth who gives me more than I can say and I have a great friend, Dawson, around who is still fun to be around and travel with.

Seeing Thorne occasionally I can see he is *not* aging well and that will only get worse. He is taking on the "egg" shape of his father and I don't think at age 60+ there is much of anything he can really do to stop that now. I see he's still hanging on to his moobs and adding a turkey neck as well. Hey talking bad about him is fair play after all he has said about me! At least he is not being asked to stand on a box anymore and sing for being so short. Compared to Brent, Thorne is the size of a barn! I have seen photos of him taken from the rear! And can't he see his evolving turkey neck? Yep... that neck is starting to fall! Oh well... He is no longer attractive like he used to be to me. In fact he has now become a *Used to Be* in most areas of his life. This may all sound **very** bitter, but it's really not. It's simply the truth... and sometimes the truth **is** bitter. And again these are my opinions of him, just as he has had opinions of me.

Thorne slandered me to **so** many people. He said **so much** that others have repeated. He really is sad. There ought to be a law and there probably is... but I really don't care anymore. He can say what he wants, he always has. Most of my friends that he and I knew did not believe what he said about me anyway. The damage was wide-spread though (wide spread like Thorne) since others told others what Thorne said about me. I still have emails saved that people sent years ago (2011-12-13) about what was said. He has told me so many things about **others** in emails to which I have kept too... it is truly pathetic. If his "friends" only knew they had been slandered by their "friend."

Thorne couldn't expect a man as **beautiful** as Brent to remain sexless until he showed up could he? It is none of Thorne's business who Brent went out with or had sex with prior to their meeting. None. Even Lisa, a professional, says it is bad to talk about previous lovers with your current lover. Nothing good usually comes of it and it's no one else's business.

But does it upset me that Thorne ended up with someone as nice and affectionate and positively optimistic as Brent? Not at all. Their relationship does not involve me. These are two separate men (*very* different [types of] men) that I had been involved with for a time.

I, personally, am *very* happy these days-- just like I knew I had been with my life always, though Thorne tried *many* times and *many* ways to tell me I was not *ever* happy and it was **all** an illusion and I was over-compensating and that I didn't like myself and... blah, blah, blah, blah.

If truth really be told... anything *real* to do with Thorne died for me 15 years ago (2002) when he didn't believe me about Jason and the abuse Bertha tried to say happened (and that she slandered me about to others). She made it sound sexual... as if Jason could have **ever** done anything for me **that** way! You'd have to go to Thorne to find a guy who liked to look at barely legal foster sons jerking off in the shower through peep holes he had placed in the wall... that I am sure can still be found, though filled in and painted or wallpapered over. I certainly still have the emails where he describes the holes and why they were there and what he did to (with) himself while looking at the boys jerking off.

I *never* really trusted him after that I have come to find. I "fell out of love" with the person I *thought* I knew back then because I've grown to understand the person they actually are — and he was nothing like I thought. Very, very different. With the help of counseling the projector bulb finally shattered and I couldn't see Thorne as I had before... I was no longer blinded by the glowing image I had of him. Changes took place. Finally.

An unfinished song written just after the final “break up” in 2012. Maybe someday I will finish it:

Changes, I'm gonna have to make some changes  
Now that I know what your game is...  
I know that I would only lose, no matter what I do  
So the first change that I'll make is gonna be you...  
You're not changing me and I'm not changing you  
The only change is what we're going through  
You took the part of me that I was proudest of  
Now you're saying that's the part that you can't love  
If loving what you had is not what you want  
What do you need? You don't need me...  
You said I was the answer to your prayers...  
It don't seem fair, you no longer care...

But I am glad Thorne doesn't care anymore (not that he ever really did I find) since I don't care for him anymore either. I haven't for a long while. I do feel Thorne himself was sexually abused, as does Lisa, who made reference to several things he wrote to me. And not just by that fat neighborhood boy that Thorne has always mentioned pushing himself sexually off onto him. Likely that also drew, subconsciously, Thorne and Bertha together since they had both been victims of sexual abuse. You can see something in Thorne's eyes in pictures from back in the 1950's, 1960's and 70's. There is **nothing** there. No soul, no feeling, no empathy. His eyes are vacant. There is no life or spark present. His eyes look dead. That is true in current photos too. He truly is over-compensating while telling others *they* are. Probably much like he feels inside. In reality, empty.

It is said *Love Never Dies* but if that is true then I *never* really loved Thorne. Which is very sad because I then wasted a lot of years holding on to something that meant nothing. Thorne made me *very* unhappy for a very, **very** long time I learned...yet I had stayed... and stayed... and stayed... Thorne projected his unhappiness onto others to make himself feel better. Wasted years for me... And I continued to try and build him up while he grew strong and lost interest in me.

Thorne likely wouldn't believe what I shared with Brent even if he was told *by* him. He believes what he wants... always has despite *any* facts. Speaking of facts... I certainly *couldn't* look into Brent's windows on the upper floor of his house or into a bathroom that had *no* windows and still know *all* the details! I went into as much detail about Thorne's house in this book (earlier chapters when we are building it) and that was because I was indeed inside many times and had sex with Thorne there! Just like I had been and done at Brent's house... only thing is we didn't built Brent's house (but we rocked the bedroom, family room, etc a lot)!

Thorne lives in a “suspicious, fantasy bubble” Lisa said. It protects him. Paul Andrews is much the same she said. Thorne always has, always will live *in* the bubble. If Thorne found the “**B&D 2011 ♥**” inside Brent's house where I wrote it (not easy to find), it might tell him something or it might not. I don't care. I wanted my complete story told. Brent should continue to tell Thorne he just does **not** know me to be able to keep the peace and I know he will. Brent can call me ugly to Thorne if it will help.

Lisa said anything Thorne feels he was denied as a child is what he will deny anyone in a relationship. Lisa also says Thorne likely feels he is owed what his parents **did not** give him. Support and love mainly. The same likely for Paul Andrews. I went in-depth about Paul Andrew's (and Thorne's) parents in the first edition of this book (earlier chapters). I also heard a lot about Thorne's parents directly from him through emails-- all that history went into the first edition of the book as well. Others filled me in on Paul Andrew's parents...messed up families both of them-- nonexistent, or at best emotionally distant father on Paul's side and an “affairing mother with his

father's brother" on Thorne's. Thorne told me about in an email about seeing his uncle and mother kissing and said he heard them too at a young age having sex while his father was away.

Lisa brought up an email Thorne had written that mentioned when he was younger and played the piano at a gathering with his family and how slowly they would stop listening as closely and start socializing again that he would think "How **dare** you!" And Lisa pointed out another email that mentioned later when Thorne was older and married how he would think similar things when he would find a guy attractive and try picking up those men in the porn theater, the ones who rebuffed him made Thorne think "How dare **you** reject me!" Lisa said that was also from his childhood trauma-- sociopath tendencies grew. Now he felt "owed." That has turned some people into serial killers... a fact Thorne would **like** given some of the things he has written and some of the videos he kept and watched time and again (Daniel Pearl, going on Cutedeaddguys.net, etc). Lisa said the cute dead guys website was cause for concern, as was Thorne's gleeful viewing of Daniel's execution video. I had mentioned my interest in the death penalty, but Lisa said that was from a line of reasoning type situation since she had read the manuscript outline I had written for a book on the subject. I was *not* happy about the chair though I sent Thorne some photos since he liked that type of "dead" and "gore" thing. I gave back a toy of the Electric Chair that Thorne had given me as a gift. It remained boxed and put away the entire time I had it.

I am not sending the "person(s)" (composite) who is Thorne in my books a copy of the new edition with all these edits replaced. I sent them the first two books so they could burn them and feel better.... The same with "Boobless Clown-Woman Bertha." I hope she burned them in good health... if she still has good health. If Thorne wants these passages he can buy a new copy of the book or download them for free on the book site which I know he has checked-- I left him enough printer paper in his closet years ago to use! Even if Thorne read about himself and his patterns Lisa said he would not accept all that he has done or even that it is him. Someone else would still be at fault, and that was part of his problem.

I could also afford to lose Paul Andrew's friendship as well. Karma will visit him too soon I feel. Perhaps something will come to him from Thorne's genital venereal warts virus I know he had to have passed on to Paul. What he did, by getting involved with Thorne while I was still around, shows that he was *never* a true and honest friend to begin with. Anyone who loses his friendship is better off. The guy is a loser--- a loser at love since he is afraid of **any** type of commitment, a loser in bed from what I have been told by **many** men...once he's done (if he *ever* really orgasms and doesn't play his famous movie part "Screaming Skull"-- Screech, Screech, **Screeeeechh!!**) he's done... and he's a former convicted (records available) thief like I originally wrote all about in book two (but really-- once a thief **always** one, all anyone has to do is go to the local newspaper and look in the archives for his arrest in November 1985 or the local Ames, Iowa police department since it is a matter of public record and everything is on computer now, including his booking photo). He started working at ISU in March 1986 about four months after his arrest. He's a weird person who eats garbage (as Thorne *always* told me **so** much about--- moldy gas station salads or expired milk anyone??) Who needs anyone like that around? Thorne once asked me "I wonder how much "stuff" in Paul Andrews house now could be stolen?" who knows. Who cares? I can't look at him these days without thinking of his arrest or his picking in the garbage like Thorne told me *so* much about or his **loud bug-eyed flopping fish** fake orgasms (that Thorne also laughed about behind his back **so** often... how else would I have known **all** this stuff about others had it **not** been for Thorne and his gossiping BIG mouth??) or Paul falling off his bike with a glass bottle of milk!

**So** much of what Thorne has said and done is public knowledge also since he talked to **so** many people and wrote to me about SO much in saved emails (with full headers still!! Thorne always claimed that could all be faked... he would know about faking things.)

Thorne talked about **so** many people still currently in his life in emails, on laughing phone messages he left me (still have a few saved on the PC), just so much! A truly negative, slandering man. "Irish Princess" anyone? That publicly posted March 2015 photo of him was a laugh! Several people in Iowa wrote to say they got a laugh about it too.

I know it might hurt Brent for me to be laughing at Thorne, but he will never know. I won't be sending him my books or the book link where this edited material can be found.. But he also does not know the real Thorne. Thorne has been so cruel to **so** many.

I **will** miss the friendship I could have had with Maggie. I did enjoy my time around Maggie and Cody... for the most part. I was around them for years and I do feel (and Lisa agreed) I did a lot for them, even helped raise them to a certain extent. I certainly loved them and tried to treat them well. But... I can't blame Maggie for not talking to me anymore. I know Thorne has probably told her a few things that are **not** entirely true concerning me and Maggie was always the kind to go with popular opinion and she is very easily swayed. More negativity in his life. I always treated Maggie well and told her (and Cody) that their father **did** truly love them in his own way despite what he said to them ("**Stop** being a retard!" etc...) or how he would treat them in private on occasion. And while Thorne's restraining order did not say I could not see her, I think because the court knew Thorne and I had had a long, *loooonnggg* complicated relationship, and that included with the children as well. I just feel it is best not to confuse Maggie any further than Thorne already has. Thorne has no doubt poisoned her mind about me. I can still see her crying eyes in my memory when Thorne did some of the things to her that he did... and that were **not** nice. The teasing, the name calling and worse. He abused the kids as well in their younger years. Her crying upsets me. But I am still glad I did what I did for her all those years and told her she **was** loved by me.... Cody too. When I was about to leave Iowa I sent Maggie a card and inside I wrote this:

Dear Maggie,

I want to thank you for having been my friend all these years.  
You were a very special friend to me and though I am moving  
far, far away very soon and will probably never get to see you  
again, I will **always** think of you as somebody special in my life  
and I will think of you **often**. No matter what anyone may try to  
tell you, I do care for you and always will and I am a good person.

I Love You Maggie.

Take care, Daniel

## 2017:

Despite what all this sounds like the past really is past for me. I hardly think of those in Iowa anymore unless I am writing about them or someone writes to me about my books and asks questions... but I **never** give out real names or if someone is a full composite character in my books. That is just not anyone's business. And all this material was written **years** ago, but updated here or there. I no longer have the ill feelings for "Thorne" for the *most* part. I actually don't have **any** feelings anymore for Thorne at all-- good or bad and I am not just saying that. Lisa really helped me get over him. It's like talking about a bad meal. You ate it, but it made you sick and you barfed it out. I basically feel indifferent is all. **Meh** comes to mind about Thorne. I certainly don't *try* to see him in person any longer. I have "barfed" him out. The Oompa Loompa demon is out of my system!

At the final session with Lisa we did speak about Thorne... and Brent.

"In all honesty I did love Brent. He was kind, warm, like to touch and hug... hold my hand in the car... he was great in bed... handsome. I did care about him." I confessed.

Lisa looked at me "And more than likely Daniel, Brent loved you too judging by everything you have said you two shared and the photos of you two show it too. I also need you to know that you were **not** to blame for the way things ended with Thorne, just as Bertha wasn't so many years ago. With all I had read that he wrote in emails to you, in your informative and very detailed journal entries that dealt with him, in the 'I'm so drunk but going to drive' texts he sent you, the recordings I heard, the peep holes he put in walls to spy on masturbating foster sons, Thorne is a mentally messed up man!" With Lisa's fantastic help I felt I had finally found closure with Thorne.

He would never allow it for me, but I was able to get it after all and as usual without Thorne's help.

**Thorne had read over some of my writings and sent an email saying that I was a good writer and perhaps one day I could write about him in a book. He got his wish... now he can't say I never did anything for him.**

Though I no longer have any feelings *for* Thorne the person (or people composite), I am still very hurt by how he treated me over the years and at the end after all I really did do for him. If he had said he was sorry and *truly* meant it I think things could have been different between us. **Very, very different.** We could have possibly even remained friends perhaps, but not now, and certainly not if he had learned of Brent and I and all we had shared. Now he and I will **never** speak to each other again and I am *glad* for that. So glad! The Linda Ronstadt song "You're No Good" so reminds me of Thorne. The lyrics say so much about him it seems. I certainly learned my lessons!

Toxic is a good word to use to describe him. He was just an unhappy, unpleasant person, and I did my best to try to look for the good in him, but eventually I realized that there wasn't much good there to begin with.

As far as Bertha goes we were never friends and I still can't stand the clown-woman.

I even bumped into an old friend named Doyle (real name) in Des Moines in November 2016 that I had met **years** ago at the Saddle that I had not seen in a very, *very* long time (he still wears the plaid shirts!) and he said he had seen Thorne not too long before and heard that we were no longer an "item." He said he liked me better and he would keep me posted on Thorne whenever he saw him and I asked him not to bother. He had also thought Brent was me since he had not seen me in so long, but that I looked so similar to Brent! One more person to say that!! Also my friend from a looong time ago Richard (real name) said he was in Ankeny now and would like to see me sometime if I was there. He mentioned he also sees Thorne sometimes. I said "I'm sorry.." he laughed and said he does not go out of his way really to say anything to him. Richard still remembers what Thorne said about him years before that I had told him. All truth.

(NEW MATERIAL REMOVED FROM THIS SAMPLER AVAILABLE IN  
PRINTED SECOND EDITION COPY **ONLY**)

**New Material contents available ONLY in book-- Chapters 101-105:**

Mother's cancer diagnoses, lung removal and treatment July 2014 - July 2015 - Feb. 2016 - July 2017.

Trip to Las Vegas, Los Angeles, etc August 2-14, 2015 with Kenneth and Dawson. Being on Price is Right at CBS, Hollywood and what I won! (Aired September 2015).

Sister's cancer diagnoses 2014. 2014-2015-2016-2017 treatments. Terminal as of early 2017. Died July 2017 in Ames, Iowa.

December 2015 trip with Marie Osmond to New York. "Alone" time with Randy Jones that New York trip... *fun!*

Accidental death of niece Melissa on 2/20/2016 - 5:45 am  
Grinnell Regional Medical Center ER  
210 4th Ave Grinnell, IA 50112. Parts of autopsy report copied for book.

IMDB credited movie roles in 2015 - 2016. ("Life After Ex," "The Coldest Blood," "One Wondering Thought.") TV series role on "Burn" Fall 2016.

Attending Patty Duke's funeral in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, April 2016.

Helping with Marie Osmond's 2016 album "Music is Medicine" (CD release 4/15/16). I helped get the album pressed on **vinyl LP** to be issued Fall 2016 through Amazon **only** and autographed.

New (legal to use since I own the images) pictures from: Price is Right 2015 / Santa Monica Beach 2015 / Amoeba Record Store Hollywood 2015 / UCLA 2015 / Randy Jones 2015 / Marie Osmond 2015-2016 / Acting roles / "others I knew" / etc.

Trip (with photos) to Reno (2 days), Lake Tahoe (2 days) and bay area (SF, Livermore, Berkeley) (6 days) with Kenneth and Dawson June 10-20, 2016. Bumped into Des Moines friends in SF on Castro Street-- Ken, his partner Mark, Bobby and Sahn! Saw the memorial there for Florida.

Trip (with photos) to Las Vegas October 9-19, 2016 to see Marie again and dine with her and Olivia Newton-John.

New 2018 LP being recorded. In studio photos.

Death of Snagglepuss July 24, 2016. I remembered the first time I saw her in Central Iowa and I was thankful I was there when she was put to sleep in Omaha, Nebraska. Thorne wouldn't care at all about her dying.