

Howdy friends!

As you all know, I started 2013 off free and clear of "the cancer" and I was on a mission to make this my most fabulous year ever. The year started slowly, since I was still not able to go back to work until I was officially off of disability. So I mostly sat at home with Dave (the greatest man in the world) until I was well enough to go back to work.

Now, I tell you this next part, dear friends, with great secrecy and hesitation. But I feel like if I don't get this off my chest, I will simply die of guilt. You must hold this with to the utmost secrecy as no one can ever know of the story I'm about to confess.

As you all know, Dave traveled to Ohio in February to look at the death sites of the girls from the movie, "The Silence of the Lambs". Just as he was leaving the house and kissing me good-bye, he winked at me and said, "No cheating on me while I'm away!" We both laughed thinking how silly that was; I mean I had no sex drive since chemo! Plus, Dave and I were (and still are) completely in love and the thought of ever being with someone else was ridiculous.

Well – Dave was gone. I had planned to spend the weekend working with my metals (I absolutely believe that my cancer had nothing to do with my art!). So, here we were, Super Bowl Sunday, Ravens versus the 49ers. I had ordered a Papa John's pizza early, as I knew they would be swamped.

So, my pizza came at the most inopportune time possible. It came, just as I was giving myself a breast exam, hence, I had to open the door with no top on. I guess this must have given the delivery driver an extremely painful hard-on, because he dropped the pizza right then and there, and embarrassedly he grabbed his genitals. He then begged me to have sex with him. I was very firm and frank with him. "I'm sorry, I'm in a monogamous relationship and I simply can't betray my lover with infidelity." I told him over and over, but the whole time I was telling him "no" I was leading him to my bedroom. It were as if a spirit had taken over every part of my body (save for my brain) and I had no control over what was happening. Before I knew it, we were both naked, having an absolutely embarrassing delivery driver/horny housewife porno scene right on my bed. It was shameful and dirty and I felt like the lowest amoeba in the world. I felt especially low when I orgasmed.

He went to clean himself up in the bathroom, while I cried at my pathetic betrayal. I waited for him to leave my house, as I never wanted to see his disgusting face again.

Once he left, I went to the bathroom to clean his vile scent off my body. Now, ever since "the cancer", our shower would clog due to all the hair in the drain. While I was showering, I noticed that again, the tub was clogged. I hopped out and called the maintenance man to come up drain the tub. Now, dear friends, I admit this with the more shame than I had ever felt in my heart. I must have called the maintenance man Martin, to come up, right after he had taken a Cialis, because he had a raging hard-on when he came to my door.

I thought, "How extremely inappropriate! Coming up to my apartment with that THING pressing out of his jeans." I remarked that I was a lady and would not be addressed by someone that could not control

his bodily urges. The more and more I looked at it, the more grossed out I was. I just wanted it to go away, but my tub was still clogged. I felt I only had one course of action to make it go away. So, I sighed deeply, and told Martin to go in my room, where I pushed him down on to my bed, and I gave him a blow job. I swear that I wasn't looking for anything in return once Martin finished, but, he insisted it wasn't fair for me not to be pleased as I done such a great job on him. I promise that I was ready for him to just leave, but the next thing I knew, Martin was touching me like I had never been touched before and I couldn't resist. I was weak and had another orgasm.

Martin then unclogged my shower and left.

It was at this point that I couldn't bear to be alone. My thoughts were nothing but guilt and shame and I wished that I had died from "the cancer". I understood that I was not to be trusted when alone, so I called the safest person I could think of, my gay friend Mike. I told him I desperately needed him to come over to my house as I was feeling light headed and weak. I felt terrible lying to him, but I couldn't reveal the truth of my actions and I had to be stopped!

Mike came over. Little did I know, he was heart-broken. He had been seeing a man from Connecticut and the long distance thing just wasn't working out for him. Now, most trusted friends, you know that I hate to see my friends in pain. I held Mike as tightly as I could, yet there was no consolation to be had. I really felt that the only way I could truly make him happy, was to have sex with him. Plus I felt very strongly that if Dave were in town, he would have allowed me to have sex with Mike, just so he would feel better. It was only after we copulated, that Mike suggested that Dave might not be so agreeable to this.

Again, I felt awful. Mike suggested that I might feel better if I let him hold me and have sex with me, so again, we had sex. I felt no better.

Mike's cell phone began to light up. I could hear a party on the other end. Mike then invited his friends over to my apartment. The nerve on that guy! I had to leave my place, before any more damage could be done. As I was walking into the elevator, I ran into Mason, from 12D. Just my luck! The one day I happened to be sexually possessed, I run into the cutest guy in the building! I think you already know where this ended – in a grotesque rock start fantasy of love in an elevator. I was not raised this way and I swear, I have never used that elevator again.

I do wish I could say that this all ended at this point, but didn't. I had sex with my doorman, with my dry cleaner, behind the counter in the bodega. I simply couldn't stop. For me it was just sex, sex, and more sex. In fact, my urges did not end until the Raven's claimed victory over the 49ers. Once Ray Lewis and Joe Flacco were holding up that Vince Lombardi trophy, I finally felt relieved and satisfied.

I went back home, exhausted and broken, wondering how I could have participated in such vulgar actions. The only explanation I can come to, dear friends, is that I was caught in some Edgar Allen Poe alternate reality spell, which could not be broken until the Raven's won the Super Bowl.

I have tried to put this day behind me. In have, in penance, taken the 12 flights of stairs in and out of the building ever since, but it does no good. Every night, as I lay down next to Dave, I can still hear the the sexual sounds made in our apartment that weekend, and I'm sure that Dave must know something. I live in constant fear that the horrible truth will come out; that the Raven's will again be in the Super Bowl.

I went to see my doctor last week, so far, "the cancer" has not come back.

Love,

Marcy