

Yesterday at 2:10 PM

The Gay Sex Addict Trying to Resist His Urges in London

By Rachel Kramer Bussel

Once a week, Daily Intel takes a peek behind doors left slightly ajar. This week, the Gay Sex Addict Trying to Resist His Urges in London: Male, 28, West Village, writer, gay, in a relationship.

DAY ONE

4:07 a.m. I wake thinking how glad I am Edinburgh has virtually not a single hot guy. Primarily over-tingered, slightly puke-colored, and there is the accent. I watched my boyfriend leave and that's probably why I'm feeling like the bed is suddenly the size and temperature of Greenland. Can I phone my sponsor at this time? I guess the point of them is to be supportive in my time of need. But that's too dramatic, so I decide to go back to sleep. Maybe before I sleep I can jerk off? How compulsive is that?

2:16 p.m. I'm channeling some serious Macbeth, possibly Lady Macbeth, actually. Was she really that ambitious? Well, I guess Julia Roberts wouldn't play her in the movie. I'm on the train to London finally. The cute guy going to the bathroom signals me to follow him. Yes, I resist. Best I tell my sponsor immediately. I feel like meetings are helping me. They have to be; I go all the time and I'm not rushing into a train bathroom to get my drug from some guttersnipe.

8:13 p.m. Evenings are danger zones. I don't want to be alone. At meetings they call this ... I can't remember what they call this but maybe twilight zone will have to do. I've had enough sex to last a lifetime, I think. Really though, have I? No. I am being completely ridiculous in a Bridget Jones moment. I restrain myself by going downstairs to the hotel bar. Of course every hot Middle Eastern sheik has come, without their annoying wives and squally urchins. I'm never one for children, not to look at or to speak to. Married men are a specialty for me. It's always more of a rush for the addict. Luckily I brought my Kindle to gawk over as I feel the eyes of a prince on me. I decide to settle for the Kindle and a club soda. My life is like a low fat no cream Muji store. Very exciting.

DAY TWO

10 a.m. Who knew that London could be this hot? I see every single well hung Brit at the gym, a prime man-hunting venue for me. Something about the sweat, the threat of getting caught, but most importantly the fact that you're blowing some guy with straight men all around you. How deliciously dirty.

3:10 p.m. The masseuse has to be incredibly sexy just to tempt me. I get hard as he massages my legs and I think that this could be the gay version of *Fifty Shades of Grey*. This is going to be the day that I ejaculate without touching myself. I can just see where this massage is going. Best I ask for him to stay around my head area instead.

10:01 p.m. Some guy I used to sleep with is calling me. He must have seen on Twitter that I am in London. I don't answer, but I jerk off thinking of exactly what we would have done all over this penthouse if I had answered.

1:23 a.m. I can't sleep. Julia Roberts must have heard me; she is on TV in

blaring stereo. I love how she flashes those condoms. Richard Gere doesn't know what's bludgeoned him. Maybe I should have turned all this sex addiction into a profession before I decided to get help.

DAY THREE

11 a.m. I am watching *Shame* as I read a piece in an English paper on how sex addiction is an American thing and that the film was not representative. Michael Fassbender's penis is beautiful; it seems to have a life of its own. It could have a singing career if it wanted to. I want to talk to my sponsor about this film. The pain is fanatical as it fires in me.

7 p.m. I'm waiting for my ex-lover to come for dinner. He's late. He always flirts with me and tells me that he still wants me to penetrate him every time I see him. I am seeing him to test my willpower but also to see exactly what reactions he brings up in me. The addict in me mocks me, but I see him anyway. I give him the eye that only I can give.

10:28 p.m. I'm in bed talking to the boyfriend. He fights his own addictions so he understands mine. Well, he does what he can to understand my addiction. How grateful I am to have him. Although we're across oceans again I know I have love.

11:03 p.m. The hotel has free gay porn. I watch five minutes and think that some straight man must have chosen this. The guy getting screwed is not even hard, meaning he's doing this for the money, as he had to rush off from some Eastern European country where money is just in coins, not because he loves having cock in him. How disappointing. I shall definitely mention this on my comment card when I check out.

DAY FOUR

4:05 p.m. I'm minutes early for the meeting. I finally found one in London, the city of nebulous rebuffs, it seems. I grew up here; I should know this by now. The meeting is in a dwarfish church and we're only four people. The shares have tenor and nuance in a way I haven't seen at meetings at home. The Brits don't share too much so this must be an engenderment of some kind. I stay for the full meeting and share some of my turmoil surrounding wanting to understand more about the desire to have sex all the time. The way that I am convinced every time that it will validate me the way my father never did, but how it never does.

6:38 p.m. I meet a friend on the steps of St. Paul's. We talk about sex, and everything encircling it. The presence of the church illuminates some kind of drama in me. I text my sponsor about it while my friend talks about how no one wants to sleep with him. I volunteer, but I repudiate my suggestions as I remember my Program. My sponsor texts back and reminds me of the day-to-day philosophy. I smile from a recondite place as the sun starts to lower. I'm not religious so this is something far more profound I'm feeling; I know that with no uncertainty.

DAY FIVE

7:01 a.m. I'm in Hyde Park running as fast as I can. Some ridiculously winsome guy decides to come race me. I beat him but near destroy my knees forever.

7:30 a.m. Smiling with extra glee, I parade my tiny shorts in front of him. He invites me for breakfast at his nearby apartment. My addict accepts the summons. En route I get confused about whether this is for sex or for breakfast and decide to suggest breakfast at this twee café I saw closer to where we were. He looks puzzled but my charming smile seats us easily.

8 a.m. I eat and I leave. I feel pleased with myself.

4:30 p.m. I'm supposed to meet my girls in Bond Street. I hate shopping, the eternal strive for more material crap. I have bigger things to focus on, like self-knowledge and trying to figure all this sex stuff out. Oh yes, and the deadlines I

am now chasing to meet. I want to stay in my ivory tower and just create, as opposed to dishing out this arresting energy to any guy I could meet outside those walls.

8:22 p.m. The butler calls the room and asks if I need anything. My soiled mind thinks he is offering me sex so I say he can come up and we can see if there is anything he can do for me. Am I crazy? Maybe I want to push the boundaries and see how far is too far. I stop him at the door and say I'm actually all set. Only sleep will fix this. I crash.

DAY SIX

3:18 p.m. Waiting at airport. I am minding my own business when some older guy comes to tell me I have great shoes on. Really? I am ribald, but shoes? Come on. He sits next to me and asks if I want to shower with him in the lounge's bathroom. I start laughing, at first only in my sooty head but then with garish sputter. I thank him for showing me what my addiction looks like.

6:19 p.m. I'm on the plane, safe in my cocoon, I would think, stretched out and trying to sleep. My monkey mind dances around as I think of how much I am learning about myself every day. Every day there is more comprehension of my previous conduct. I think back — ten years of faceless, nameless, profound-less sex with men I ticked off my have-to-screw list. The B-list celebrity guy, the fat guy, the model, the hundreds of married guys, the almost-dwarf guy and, oh yes, the transsexual, if that counts.

7:55 p.m. As I get off the plane an insanely hot guy comes up to tell me I looked like I wanted company on my flight. I smile and say in my previous life I would have definitely wanted his company but now I'm somewhere new. New York. Home. I cry every time I come into Manhattan. I couldn't be more grateful to have given my love to this city.

DAY SEVEN

4 a.m. I'm on London time. My body worms towards his hard flesh. I feel relief because I know that I am freer than ever before. Free from my own succubus, free from the lies I kept reciting. I sit up and wait for the sun to come up.

7:29 a.m. My favorite coffee place greets me with besottedness. We have a dance that no one else can fulfill, me and caffeine. Now I can start dealing with my other addiction, one I used as substitution for the other more daring ones. I think of how I told my Euro friends about my sexual compulsion and they didn't understand, they thought I'd become too much of a New Yorker. They're French; sex is like rolling over in bed — inevitable and inconsequential.

10:35 a.m. I'm sitting with my sponsor, and I surrender to the fact that I am happier than I've ever been. More aware, more conscious, I guess hornier. But not like before, not mindless. Sex is not impulsive anymore.

TOTALS: 2 e-mails to sponsor sent; 1 sexy message received; 3 come-ons refused; 1 disappointing porn viewing; 1 sex addiction twelve-step meeting attended; 1 platonic breakfast.

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