

I meet women who have been victims of sexual abuse. Complementary to their own therapy, we try, step for step, to make contact with the body again. Of course this is a trial of falling and trying again with a result that is hopeful. How these women experienced this, you will read below.

Appointment with a gigolo..... after sexual abuse.

In my youth people touched me who should not have. This has scared me for life. Even in my daily life I still notice the results of this abuse. This because I will never have children again, because of my past.

Love, warmth I have never felt, let alone erotic feelings. I was looking for that just to feel great and nothing more. Approaching a gigolo was really scary. The website from Rene looked neat. Even the photo he emailed looked trustworthy. In my mail contact he gave openness and honesty.

He proposed not to go intimate the first time. This gave me a feeling of safety. Rene said he could make a woman enjoy eroticism. I really wanted to get that feeling and enjoying it as well. After that he mailed me some more pictures. That's why I thought it was a good thing to make an appointment with him. He asked all sorts of questions by email: Have you ever enjoyed eroticism? Being aroused? No idea how that feels. That is why I appraised him; I also want to feel and know what that is. I really felt like a failure. Eventually I made the appointment but I thought it was terrifying.

He gave me a relaxation massage to begin. That felt saver again. But then I wanted him to continue. I wanted to feel so bad. I asked him so much during our mail contact. Did I know better? He always gave an answer to my question. I was busy with it a lot, really a lot, because it was a big step for me.

The date almost arrived that we made an appointment. In the mean time I thought it was exciting in a positive way. And then the day was there. First a cup of coffee and talk a bit. Then a relaxation massage. I was super tensed. Step for step I unfroze. En then.....astonishing! I was totally amazed. I have feelings! I do not get this. Never felt this, just with a stranger. I did not knew this feeling but it felt so great.

I wanted to feel it again!!!

Thanks for making me trust you so much, I was astonished by this!!!

The days after I did not get it wowwww, what did I do, what happened?

But above all, when will he come again!!! I want this over and over again. I want to feel this soooooo bad again.

Two weeks later:

I thought it was real special. Still am amazed by this. Nobody could ever touch me. I always watched my back and knew how to avoid physical contact.

With Rene it went so fast. Felt save and trusted. I think this is because of his openness and honesty. He also said in the emails that nothing was obligated and I could keep my clothes on. This gave me rest and trust. Even his appearance and every time the question if I was alright made me feel save. When we were finished he did not immediately leave but laid together with me. That felt save. Thought Rene was a special man.

Two weeks later:

A dip. Rene had but my feeling button on on again.

With Rene this was real nice. After in the weeks coming all weird feelings raised and the intensity. My life had been really dark. Felt sad and worthless. Felt tired and hopeless. You can do nothing about it. It just happens. Sadly therapy was necessary again. Not nice, but luckily it goes the better way.

3,5 month after our first meeting we had the second one. I asked him again to take it slow. Did not know how I would react. Though it was terrifying again.

Pfff, it was nice, felt it again and again. Never thought I could feel something so nice. I still feel like floating with butterflies in my tummy.

Looking back, my new life started the day I met Rene for the First time. He was a stranger to me, but still.

8 weeks later:

I am doing better and better and after our last appointment I did not have a relapse. It only goes better, good for me!

A year after the first appointment:

I am living again. I have had a difficult search for the right help but this is over and I am at a right place now. I am beginning to feel rest about my best, can have careful touches again. Sometimes I even like a hug. I can laugh for real again, and find pleasure in what I do. So I am doing good. Rene has meant a lot to me in that time. It gave me a last push to search for help and fight for life!

Pieterneel.

EJOYING EROTICISM AFTER SEXUAL ABUSE... IT'S POSSIBLE!

Gigolo.....the word alone gave me shivers. The person behind this did not stand a chance.

For a Moroccan woman, raised very strictly according to the Islamite rules and also a an abusive past, contact with a gigolo is unthinkable. Even though this same background made sure I could not be intimate or even have personal contact with a man.

Till my birthday...I realized I was almost turning 40. If I ever wanted to experience the warmth again, something had to happen. I wanted it so bad, the loneliness became stronger than the fear.

In a talk with my therapist I sarcastically mentioned a gigolo. She actually went in on that subject! I was shocked. She send me a link through the internet. What could happen, I told myself, I would click it away in a second. The website looked really neat, not vulgar at all. From some of the reactions on the website several women got help from making an appointment and had helped them to have a normal relationship. Really??

After a period of extremely hesitation I dared to send an email with a short description of myself with the request to make an appointment to get it over with. The answer followed real quick and to my surprise, not formal at all, but very understanding and personal. He pointed out that trust and safety were important and suggested not to be intimate on the first time. Well, I was not going to do that at all, but the fact that he proposed it himself gave me a lot of rest. I could say how and what we were to do and no strengths attached.

Enjoying, that what it is all about. Do not have a clue how that feels like, but we'll see, that is what I thought. He sent me some personal information and pictures of himself. I could ask him anything, but because I did not know what to expect, I could not ask anything. What should I have asked?!

The nerves sheered through my throat just when the appointment got closer. Eventually the doorbell rang. I opened the door and there he was...René. A panic attack (what the hell am I doing?!!!) and the feeling of slamming the door, but slightly calmed down, I let René in. He sat down, and began talking to me. We drank something and nothing pitiful or heavy, but normal. A normal getting-to-know-each-other conversation. The way he acted and his natural manner, a start was made.

I calmed down bit by bit, but I was immediately sharp when he proposed a massage. I could keep my clothes on which relaxed me a bit. He started with a massage, this felt slightly unusual, because I have avoided any physical contact. René asked over and over again how I was doing and things went better. After a while proposed to continue the massage on the couch. My heart was pounding crazy, but because of his courteous behavior I admitted to it. I felt like a wooden puppet.

He asked me what I was thinking of doing. Lingering I proposed a hug. In this wrecking preparation for this appointment I told myself to try this at least. He put his arms around me and I had the idea that my heart would jump out of my chest, that's how scary I thought it was. But René just held me and tried nothing else. The hug really got me of my piece but I froze.

Slowly I defrosted again and the voice in my head spoke to me. The voice that had overruled my life for so long, the voice I could not do anything about. Just at the moment that a negative image came by, the voice in my head reacted so immense, René held me even tighter. As if I was worth being held like that. Then I broke. I felt horrible crying in front of him, I was really ashamed. René asked me if I was doing okay, but I could not say a word. Without saying anything else he kept on holding me. The warmth, support and comfort that came with it.....

After drinking a bit, we hugged again. With his support I was able to ignore the voice in me. The feeling of his cheek on mine was new and loosen up feelings in me that I did not know existed.

The First step was done and René left a real good impression with me. It really kept me going, the feeling of his warm embrace I experienced over and over again.

Because he did do what he said he would, I dared to take the next step after a couple of weeks to make the second appointment. René suggested If I wanted to email more to make the trust grow. Nice emails were sent and I was stunned by his marks that really got to me. His understanding, insight and warm words helped me to express what I could not do when we first met. I thought it was unbelievable that I could do this, with a strange man.

The second appointment was a revelation! Because of the emails my trust indeed had grown and I opened the door feeling real safe. Still with my clothes on, again an embrace. His cheek against mine felt even better than I could remember. It flashed through my head that this feeling was good. René asked after a while to continue hugging on the couch, just to see how this would go. As like usual we lay on the couch and I could relax really soon. He asked me if everything was alright and with my confirming answer he asked me to close my eyes, nothing could happen to me. After some hesitation I did this.

Then, feeling like a feather and slow, I felt a caressing finger on my face, neck and back. I did not know what was happening to me! My body reacted to his touches....from the top of my head to my toes I felt the twinkles. Never thought it could be like this! It was an unknown feeling yet at the same time I was embarrassed that my body reacted in such a way. I ignored the feeling of shame and let the wonderful feeling float through my body.

René asked me again If I felt good, and I nodded. I could not say a word but he noticed that I felt.

He then told me that a kiss in the neck was often the sensitive spot of a woman and it was a spot that was loved. And if he could try this as well. No idea how it would feel like, but I became curious, definitely after his caressing. Though hesitating I admitted to it.

The moment that René kissed my carefully in my neck, a shock went through me. What was that?!!!!!! Again I did not know what was happening to me but I giggled because I did not know how to act. Total confusion but what an incredible feeling. He asked me if he could do it again. YES! I could not place the feeling but I surely wanted to experience it again. A storm of emotions went through my head. René did not continue doing it for long and at a certain point he took me in his arms again. I was completely blown away from this appointment as well.

With my therapist I worked on the voice in my head which was still present but became less. Everything went so positively that I looked forward to meeting René again.

After a couple of weeks we met again. The embrace felt warm, nice and trusted. It made me calm and safe. Safe?? Yes safe, how this was possible was still a riddle for me, but still it was. Being naturally and calm, René made sure that there was no reason for tension and that we could take it a step further each time. Like he already said, the basics for intimacy were there for me, something I could not imagine having!

Practicing kissing (because well this is what it starts with, usually on the first date) went better and better each time. To my silly astonishment I did not find it disgusting at all. The first time the old feeling of just doing it was present. René did not have any pressure and every meeting we had he tried it over and over again. Calm, relaxing. Along the way I did not only thought it was nice, but I even kissed him back! Unbelievable, because if something kept me from meeting, it was the kissing part let alone anything else that could happen. I could not get to it, but I did have feelings and how!!!

He removed his shirt and I felt so safe with him that even without thinking about it, I removed my shirt as well. The contact with his skin was even more intense that I could remember. He made me adjust slowly and then started to caressing me again. It made me beautiful and feminine...thus this is how it feels...

He went on with a massage were he first rubbed my back. I could lie relaxed till the moment he slightly went to caress me in my side. My breath stopped. The top of it all was when he ended the massage with some kisses on my back, these were not just twinkles but more electrical shocks!! I could not even imagine this in my wildest dreams....WOW.....

I became intoxicated that helped me overcome my shame and I could even caress René. Did I do that?!?! Yes I could and I did.

As a closure I got kisses in my neck, this time not soft but also not ruff, the sound he made, his cheek that passed by mine...hundreds of electrical shocks through my body, I felt everything, criss cross through my body!!

It felt like being in a rollercoaster, the feeling of relieve, freedom and luck was overwhelming.

A couple of days later I got a huge intense relapse. Unexpected and overwhelming the voice in my head came back. I felt worthless. Luckily for me I had an appointment the next day with my therapist. She helped me get back on my feet. Later I could tell it to René via email. A relapse that not only helped me back but also helped him back as a gigolo. Instead of scaring him off, he supported me and sent me a link of an article he found, that turned my whole world upside down and back again....recognizing and recognition.

I really did not get why someone would just do this for me, why did I deserve this? Why did I deserve René? Maybe God did not forget about me after all and sent René on my path.

Because of René I now know what enjoying means, he makes me experience, feel and enjoy...I am starting to live again. The empty and death feeling I have walked with for 25 years was gone. René gave me the key to my cell door, that perhaps opened really rusty but the sunlight is already coming in.

I am not there yet, It will take a lot of strength to open the door even more, but I now know that I will get there. My contact with René is not over yet.

In not even a million years I thought of saying this, but a gigolo still makes me shiver, but only from pleasure.

Thank you René for what you have done for me...hope for a new life.

Yasmine

I am woman and I am alive.....

Days of crying and taking it in....I need to write IT down!!!

Never tried till now

I cannot get it out of my head, my head keeps spinning....

I was born in a "good" catholic family.

I was the middle of 3 kids (accident)

Oldest child (M) was sick and youngest (F) was mentally handicapped.

Youngest was born because a priest insisted it was okay to have another!!

Mother fell in a depression after the birth of her youngest and never came out of it again....

If I was naughty or stubborn, I got beaten up. (Dad worked abroad a lot)

She beat me with anything she was holding at that moment.

I was being told over and over again that I was no good and was often being threatened with everything. Mom had several tries of committing suicide and the doctor was often called to give her medication, from the age of 12 there was help in the house because she could not handle. It. I ran away from home twice with the consequence of being beaten up even more....

I never told someone or talked about it.

I started talking about it when I had 3 children already and I got into trouble with my husband (30 years old).

The first experience with a therapist went all wrong because he tried more than only talking.

After the first 3 appointments, he started making sexual comments and tried to convince me in having sex with him!!

I did not want to watch or feel for years and let everything happen.

My first experience 11 years...

The whole afternoon spend at a friends' place and I could stay for dinner.

Nice, she had an older brother (20 years) who was good friends with a young dad out of the same neighborhood where we lived.

He brought me home at night, we lived near an industry area so a lot of dark streets and buildings....

On a parking lot he grabbed me asked me if I was curious...Did I know what he was talking about, so I said yes, why?

Then he pushed me up to a car and tried to kiss me, feeling his hands on my body...He grabbed with one arm, my arms and with the other arm he pulled my underwear down...

Everything happened so quickly... I did not know where it was going...(till I could only feel pain)

God was I scared...

At that moment for the first time I experienced that I could get away in my head... there was a door somewhere...

Just at the moment that I wanted to walk away I "woke up".

What was left was pain and fear.

After coming home, and going to the bathroom I saw that there was blood on my underwear. PANIC!

I did not want to say anything and took my underwear to school with me just to throw it out somewhere in a trash bin.

Never mentioned anything about this....

13 year.

I was sent to get shag for my dad on a Sunday night.

On my way to the cafeteria I needed to walk by a church and a monastery.

At one point I felt someone was walking behind me....

Arriving the garden of the monastery someone grabbed me and pulled me through the gates of the garden.

Afraid, panic...

A young man felt like telling me he wanted me, that bastard

It was dark so you could not see much, he started kissing me and pulling my clothes...

Apparently there was someone who saw everything and stopped a cop who walked there.

Luckily it was not worse than a couple of fingers... But I was afraid, scared and ran away and do not feel...especially not feel at all!!

He was caught by the cop and extra hands were asked.

I was brought home by car.

The cop asked me if he could enter the house and in the hall way he spoke to my mom. I was sent upstairs immediately, I felt bad, guilty and afraid...I did not do anything wrong right??????

After the cop left I came downstairs..

Never asked, never told, life just went on...

15 year

Mom was ill and not present a lot, but she did had an address where she had to clean every day.

At an office of the inspection department.

Like often my brother and I had to go with her to help her clean...14 offices and a large lab.

My brother was not a nice guy in that time, he used weed had bad friends and was moms darling.

After fighting we arrived at the lab to clean...

At a certain point he said he felt like "fucking"yes so??? What should I do with that??

He said that I should do it and If I were to say know he would tell mom all about the things I did wrong!!!

He started hitting me on my upper arms....

No...not again!!!!!!!!!!

He had grabbed without emotion, explanation a thick plastic bag, put an elastic on it....

I did not dared to say no, or to beat him or something else..

Just do not feel do not think....

Only a lot of pain!!!

Sharp, too much, too rigid..

Afterwards going home, I felt fitly again, used and did not know what happened...

Ok?? So turn the button and do not talk too much! Just continue life...

Nothing told, nothing mentioned.

The months afterwards it was every time under pressure, sometimes violently, but with a condom...

He even went so far that his "friends" could taste as well.

Under constant threats and violence that he used I became very easy and let it all happen!!

I did not feel anything...

Do it quick than its over in no time.

He had a lot of time in those years because my parents were gone a lot and they thought we were

old enough to stay at home! Years later I told it and never got any recognition, because according to my mother her son never did that!!

I had made it up and who knows even more lies!!!

3 years of no contact and talked again. Never had this conversation yet.

My father had a conversation once with me and my ex and then he said: I believe your story...but I am married to your mother!!!”

The years after that I kept myself going by not feeling anything nor thinking, just continue live...

I have had a lot of sexual contact in those years...if that was a way to get attention that that's how it should be...

Even so far that after a failure attempt of a boyfriend to have sex his dad was taken into the action (52 years) and he would show how it should be done!! The son should learn what he should do...

I let it all happen...

When I was 17 I met my husband. The first who did not want to have sex immediate!!

I did not get this...

After a lot of dates it eventually did happen, but for me it was just doing it....

20 year

Intern for my education nurse A in Breda.

After taking care of a patient for a couple of weeks he got a bit more intentions than that I had hoped for.

I said no by telling him I was engaged and I had met the man of my dreams.

After a week of two I met with a colleague to get some drinks at the bar. She was finished an hour earlier and we would meet in the bar. She had a bike and I had a motorcycle....

Cosy... yes kind of...

Till the patient walked in.

He had a lot of alcohol to drink and started acting real familiar so we decided to leave.

Arriving outside my colleague went to get her bike while I waited.

After a short period HE came outside and started talking to me...I was nice and sweet and wanted me...I should trade my fiancé for him.

With everything I had I tried to convince him that this was not the case. Nothing helped and after a while he took a stiletto out of his pocket. I was shocked and tried running....

He opened his knife and put it in my neck....

Afraid but mostly calm, don't think don't do and especially do not try to run away!

He had put his arm around my back and with the other one he still held the knife.

He stopped a cab and forced me to get in.

On the way he still had that knife.

Arrived at the Motel just outside the city I had to go in.

He booked a room and forced me to walk with him into that room.

Arrived there he threw me on the bed and told me I had nothing to say, he wanted me and that was that.....

He put the knife on my throat and kept it there till I was so afraid that I said yes...there was blood coming out just enough to creep the hell out of me!!

Afraid and panic for my life I had nothing else to say.

I said that I first had to go to the toilet...shivering I went to the bathroom... I was having my monthly period!! Not a lot but still, what should I have done??

I tried to explain what was happening but that even pissed him off more...so I became silent again... He undressed me and started kissing me. I was numbed and gone in my head I did not want to feel, I did not want to know.

He came with his head between my legs...

More I don't know, I was gone, do not know where or how...Only not there....

After a while I know he grabbed me and stuffed his penis with a lot of violence in my mouth....

Black, gone I do not know what more had happened...

When I woke up and it was light again He was gone...

On the nightstand there was a 10 token bill. CRAP!!!

I went to the toilet and saw there was gum in my hair on my private parts. One big mess, everything hurts.

Numbed, do not know what to do...

I went back to the hospital where I was an intern. I threw away my clothes. I washed and scrubbed myself for have an hour and shaved and changed clothes...

I just went working, did not mention anything, told nothing...

Even after this I miss behaved with men! Sex is just something that I could not feel nor enjoy.

Lost it somewhere...

My husband from back then did not knew anything about this.

I just started experiencing this at the age of 30 years.

Problems in the marriage and in bed.

All these years of having sex without feeling or thinking.

My man was not so sensitive and did not notice.

He was okay with having sex with me while sleeping, and when I woke up he continued by saying If I go on long enough you eventually will feel like it....

He got a lot of pleasure in the fact that he could test me in everything that my body could handle. I did not feel, see and let everything happen.

At a certain point I did tell him what happened in the past, I could not keep it for myself anymore it had to come out.

A lot of talks with my doctor and sent through to GGZ.

this was no success.

After years of struggling with myself and therapies I came across a psychologist. (Rob).

He got his degree in these kind of problems and I felt good with him en very unsafe.

It was a man.

I have had years of conversation with him, cried and eventually I could tell him what had happened, I was 35 years old.

I fought with him, beaten him and ran away and came back again...

My ex-husband did not get a thing!

I was changing and more clearance occurred from who I was and what I wanted. He called himself the victim of my past!!!!

After 20 years of working on myself, therapies workshops and everything else my body came at the point where it started reaction on twinkles again.

After talking about the first panic attacks it became more calmer. I felt like I was becoming whole again, felt insecure, afraid to make contact again (after the divorce).

After hours of conversation my body pointed out that it wanted more. Because of the many

conversations I had with Rob, I told him this. He advised me to hire a professional because if I would choose a random man again I would get the feeling of being raped again.

Ok, let's Google.

At first insecure...This is something you don't do!!!

What are you thinking??

Eventually found the site of René.

Read, feel, read...and yes that sounds good.

The experiences are good, what it says, that is what I am looking for. A man who knows what he is doing. Especially the tone-of-voice in the text really speaks to me.

I only searched for text, no pictures or slick figures... I know them already.

I have read 10times what was on the website.

It kept on feeling good...that was it!!

I called Rob and told him what I found and he completely agreed and said to try it for sure!!!

Then more time passes by...

After a night of doubt I lay in bed and could not sleep.

I read it that night again and my longings could not be calmed anymore.

I wanted to know how it felt like to be with a man intimate, without pressure, without violence...I wanted to feel!!!

I went out of bed and sent him a very intense email...I became calm.

Immediate the day after answer!! I was shocked!!

René was sweet and kind and clear.

Quite soon after that his picture followed... nice man, and lucky for me not one of those slick types!!

After emailing a couple of times I felt brave again!!

Just for a minute...well a million times I have thought about cancelling with a bad excuse... But I am brave and I want to LIVE!!!!

And especially feel as well!

(All those years of functioning in bed with a lot of alcohol to especially not feel anything!!)

Till the day before...

Email from René, the clock is ticking, pffff no I won't do it.

I feel afraid, insecure and especially vulnerable.

Shall I cancel?

Lucky for me I did not do that!!!

And then the doorbell rang..

Nervous as hell I open the door.. and there he is!!!

Nice, normal, sweet and no silliness.

After getting acquainted with, I asked if he wanted Coffee??

And then...

I think that I am brave and tuff, but I am afraid!!

Eventually I tell him really fast who I am and where I come from..

Ha...he does not pull back, he is not scared off and does not say no!!!

René is very clear in what we do and after the coffee he invites me to go upstairs.

If I could disappear I would have done it...But I am a big girl, and I will go for it!!!

After putting everything ready, he invites me to take my clothes off!!

What the hell am I doing?? What am I doing??

everything I hate and everything I am afraid off, I have invited!!
NO, don't do, don't think!!!
On request I lay down on the bed, luckily on my belly.
And then,.....
So soft, so loving and respectful,
I don't know what happened, everything went through my body....what is this??
Shivering, it is good, let it happen..
I have cried several times and René was so sweet! I really did not have a clue that physical contact could be like this...

After a while during the massage my body began to react and shiver, I was being suited by René apparently it was normal to feel...

O jeez...I felt real passion...I was seriously getting aroused!!!
What happened after that was.... fireworks... explosions... I sang from my heart.
I do not know how long it was ago that I have felt myself, but never in this way!!!
I was not afraid, nor numbed, not forced....
It was heavenly
And yes, crying of course!!
René was so sweet and understanding, it was ok.....
I have walked on clouds one day...Till the relapse came!
Angry, guilt, and especially awkward with the feelings I had.
Very sweet...email from René.

How are you?

Well I don't know, I feel guilty that I have enjoyed and I feel dirty and rotten!!!

Is this normal?

Yes so....I get a link to a website about sexual abuse...and I become angry!!

Angry at myself, René...I do not want to feel this. I do not want to cope!!!!

After the reaction of René there will be rest and I will see what I will do...kicking and beating and getting angry!!

Immediately apologized...yes I get it. I see what I do. Now a week later there is acceptance.

I feel like a woman!!!!!!

René is the first man I have allowed.

I begin to feel whole again, a bit insecure but I am on my way...

Amazing, I often walk around with a big smile on my face feeling excited.

If I think back, my body immediately reacts!

This is definitely not the end, I want more!

Feel who I am and enjoy what my body can give me with a man...

In short...I feel awake and it feels like I am born again!!!

I am a woman and I feel.....