LMAO it’s 4:42pm, the first day of my second year of grad school, and I just smoked up before going to Casey’s class.

I only had a few puffs but it got me surprisingly high… hopefully it wears off soon! I’m realizing I might not have enough time to go to the grocery store before class starts at 5:20 anyways… so maybe I’ll just utilize my high in enjoyment by staying at home and journaling about some of the shit that has happened to me in the last 48 hours.

Dylan and I discussed the relationship and I caved on being exclusive with him even if just to start off. I also brought him home and to my room and he’s met all the roommates now besides Christian.

We had an intense discussion about the future of our relationship. Dylan thought I was just going to break it off. So did I honestly.

So fast forward to Sunday evening, I was supposed to go home Sunday morning but Dylan and I took all morning getting food and then napped all afternoon (which was actually really nice).

Then Dylan and I were looking at each other naked in the mirror when he asked me if I thought we looked cute together as a couple. I hesitated and basically told him exactly what my worries have been about my lack of physical attraction to him.

I told him I was sexually attracted to him, but not fully physically attracted, and that it was mostly about his height and the fact that he is shorter than me.

He did not take it well (reasonably so).

We fought for hours and hours. I felt really bad.

Then we got high, and crossed.

He spent about 2 hours lecturing me on myself and telling me all of the things that I need to work on - basically a psycho-analysis.

Part of me loved that because it showed that he cared so much and pays so much attention to every detail of me. Part of me really hated it because he picked apart so many things about me that I am not sure if they are valid, though I worry about them. He called me out in so many ways. Some ways were very accurate and true and I deserved to be called out on them. In some ways that he called me out, I felt pretty stung by his words.

It was surprisingly lighthearted for a while.

Then Dylan got hung up on the fight again, and started to get nasty. He basically blamed me for ruining this relationship and his confidence and making him feel uncomfortable being naked in his own home, etc.. etc..

I felt so awful and so defeated, so I slipped off of the bed to the floor and built up the courage to just run for it.

I grabbed my bags and my phone and my shoes and when Dylan came out of the bedroom to check on what I was doing, I was already ready to go. He tried to convince me to stay and then when he started getting upset again I ran out of the apartment.

While I was waiting for the elevator to come, Dylan came out and grabbed me and got me to go back inside his apartment.

We sat on the couch and as he told me how he felt and the impact of what I had done, tears began to stream down my face.

We laid down in bed to try to cool off and Dylan tried making me feel better and apologizing for how aggressively he had acted.

He cuddled me and told me to let it all out… so I did.

I started sobbing.

Like really, really sobbing.

It was the first time I had felt comfortable to fully sob in a *long* time.

I was no longer at home.

I was no longer in California.

I was no longer in an airport, freeway, or public space.

I was in Dylan’s arms, *safe*.

So I sobbed. And it felt amazing.

We fell asleep.

Then.. I was woken up to Dylan touching me. He stuck several fingers inside of me. It was painful. I didn’t know what to say. I was so tired and still high.. So I let him continue.

He pulled me underneath him and started to fuck me.

He was pulling my hair and pushing me down and covering my mouth as I moaned. I did moan… but it wasn’t from pleasure entirely.

I kept thinking in my head.. *Do I want this? Is this okay…?*

Dylan asked me if it felt good, I said yes. I was incapable of saying no… I feel like I should have said no.

He told me he was going to use my body. That he was going to cum inside of me.

He told me.

Then he did.

I had a hard time falling asleep after that. I was in pain, it didn’t feel right. My vagina didn’t want that. My body wasn’t open to it. I felt sad… and … scared.

I fell asleep.

I woke up to Dylan. It was clear there was still some tension in the air.

We bickered a bit. And also cuddled.

Dylan told me I really hurt him.

I told him he really hurt me too. I told him that it felt like he used my body to get off because he was angry at me.

He realized that his actions probably came across like that last night - even if that wasn’t his intention.

He apologized sincerely, several times.

I told him it was okay… and it is.

I should have spoken up last night.

Also Dylan shouldn’t have done that.

I think there’s a lot to figure out here.

At least Dylan knows my whole story now.

I feel good getting truths off of my chest. It’s much better than falsehoods.

I am ridiculously truthful lately. Probably to a fault.

But honestly - we could all use a little wildfire every once in a while ;)

Actually, I came up with a pretty great quote two nights ago:

“Drastic things make other drastic things feel smaller.”

It’s basically the inspirational version of another quote I made today:

“When everything’s on fire it’s easy to make things burn”

So basically…

What I mean by those quotes is that recently I’ve realized that there is no point in me holding back my truth, which has led me to have honest and hard conversations with a lot of people I care about. This has stirred up some drama and large emotions. That is okay because now that many things are deep and hard, it makes making more deep and hard things come up in my life that much easier.

I realize it’s confusing.

Basically shit has hit the fan in my life, lol.

I’m good though.

I’ve been smoking and drinking a lot. Mostly smoking. That helps a bit.

I feel very behind on a lot of things in life, but I think it’s also making me realize that school is not my #1 priority in this exact moment.

And I think that’s okay.

Anyways, I should go find some food before getting onto this Zoom call - too bad I don’t have any groceries lol.

What an interesting time to be alive…

Pessimistic Jess is actually kinda fun to hang out with sometimes ;)

More soon.

Jess

23