

# My Secret Diary

Role-play draft by Questioner@comcast.net, rev. 1, 5/27/2007

## My personal and private diary

Thursday, Jan 4, 2007

Dear Diary,

Tonight was my weekly poker night. I have been playing poker with the boys every Thursday night for many years.

It was a stormy night out and very gloomy, but there was a full moon out that could be seen from time to time when it was not hidden by clouds. In the movies, there are people who turn into werewolves during a full moon. Although I know there are no werewolves in real life, I do know that crime rates go up during a full moon. Sociologists don't know why. I was wondering if there would be any weirdos out tonight.

I got home around 11:30pm. I could tell something was wrong when I turned into my street. All the street lights and house lights were out. I figured that the storm must have taken down some electric wires and there was a power outage. At this hour of the night, it might take until morning for the electricity to be restored.

I do not smoke, so I don't carry a lighter or matches and I had no candles or flashlights handy. But I was not worried. The house was dark, but I knew how to get around and would not have any trouble finding the way to my bedroom.

I have not been afraid of "monsters under the bed" since I was a little kid, so I did not expect to have any fears walking around in the dark. Nevertheless, it was a weird experience. It was totally dark because the moon and stars were hidden by clouds and all the usual small lights such as digital clocks and such were all off. I had never been in my house when it was so pitch black before.

It was eery. I groped my way to my bedroom keeping my hands in front of me and feeling for all the familiar landmarks. It was the strangest sensation. For no reason that I could think of, I kept thinking that maybe there was an intruder in the house and that he would pounce on me while I was walking around the house. I was almost afraid to take off my clothes because I was worried that someone might be watching.

Of course, my fears were irrational. Even if there was a burglar in the house, he wouldn't be able to see me either with all the lights out. But what if it was a female burglar and what if the lights went out while she was in the house and made it hard for her to escape? What if the lights suddenly came back on and she saw me naked? What if she were behind me and I would be about to see her face if I turned around. She might throw a blanket over my head and then race to get out before I would see her and be able to identify her to the police. But I could just pull the blanket off. What if she tossed the blanket over my head and then tied it off, so I couldn't just pull it off?

But where would she get rope? Do all cat burglars carry rope with them or is that only the ones in the movies that break in by climbing down rope from the skylight?

I have no skylight. The burglar has no rope. There is no burglar. I am in no danger.

But if the burglar had rope, she would more likely grab my arms, pull them together behind my back, and tie my wrists together so that she could make a quick getaway before I could pull the blanket off my head.

But if she tied my hands together, she wouldn't need to make a quick getaway. She could take her time robbing me while I was all bound up and unable to stop her.

Or she might get turned on by my naked body and rape me. I shuddered.

I dashed for the bed, slept with my clothes on, and pulled the blanket up over my head so she couldn't see me (another irrational response). I whimpered for a while and then fell asleep.

#### **Thursday, Mar 8**

Dear Diary,

It has now been over 2 months since the time I came home when the electricity was out. I still have this irrational fear that there is someone who is lurking in the house who will either rape me or tie me up and do terrible things to my body. What sort of things? I don't know. There are a lot of strange people out there.

At first, I would come home to a dark house after my poker game and immediately turn on the lights when I entered the house. I would make my way cautiously to my bedroom at the other end of the house from the garage, turning on room lights along the way as I got to them. I'm not sure what I am afraid of.

More recently, I started leaving the house lights on before I left for my game. Then the house would be brightly lit when I got home.

But this made me even more afraid.

I need to get rid of my fear. I know there is no basis to it.

#### **Thursday, Mar 15**

Dear Diary,

Today I got home from poker night and I sat in the car for 10 minutes. I was afraid to go into the house. Finally I built up the courage and opened the door. All the lights were on. I listened carefully. There was nobody there.

I can't let this go on. I am an intelligent rational person. I must find a way to get rid of this paranoia before it expands and effects the rest of my life.

#### **Thursday, Mar 22**

Dear Diary,

Today, I was determined to overcome my fear. I purposely left all the lights off before leaving for my weekly game. When I got home, I willed myself not to turn on the lights.

I kept telling myself that it was all in my mind. No one was here. Everything is safe.

I got to my room okay. Nothing happened. It was still kind of eery. But this time, there were still lights on all over the house that I could not control. The digital clock on the oven, on the microwave, on the dvd player, on the vcr player, on the clock radio. Power lights on my computer and stereo equipment. Starlight came in through the windows. I never realized how much light there actually was in a "dark" house.

Things went fairly well. I didn't seem afraid. Well, maybe a little. But just the fact that I made it through the house without panicking helped to ease my mind. Maybe if I do this once or twice more, my fear of the dark would go away.

But then I thought: "What if there is another power failure? The house would be really dark then. Would my fear come back?"

I'll have to think about this. My self-cure is almost working, but it will need some modification.

#### **Thursday, Mar 29**

Dear Diary,

I had all week to figure out what to do. I didn't want to turn off the circuit breakers before leaving the house because then I would have to reset all those damn clocks. And the food in the refrigerator would go bad.

But I knew that I had to force myself to come home to a totally dark house a few times and walk through the house without any problems in order to break my fear. If I could just do this a few times, I would be all right. I really don't want to have to go see a shrink.

So I came up with a solution. Tonight, before entering the house, I tied a scarf around my eyes (like a blindfold), cutting out all light. This would simulate the effect of coming home to a completely dark house. It was a strange feeling, but I forced myself to go through with it. I made my way to the bedroom successfully. I was still a little scared. But no one attacked me. I knew that if I could do this safely a few more times, I would be cured.

If you've never walked around blindfolded before, it is quite an experience. Because of the lack of sight, your hearing seems more sensitive. The slightest sounds are exaggerated. I could hear the crickets chirping in the back yard. I could hear the wood floors creaking. All sorts of night sounds and house sounds that you normally don't even think about are blown out of proportion. I had to keep telling myself that these sounds were normal.

But I kept listening intently for the sound of footsteps. Is it possible there was an intruder here? Sneaking up behind me? With my blindfold on, he could be here right in front of me. But if there really was an intruder here, he would want to surprise me and be extra quiet. He would take his shoes off so as not to make any noise. She would tiptoe around.

Oops. I was now thinking of the intruder as a "she". I was back to the rape phobia. I need to work harder at my cure.

#### **Thursday, April 5**

Dear Diary,

Today I really planned ahead and was determined to get over my irrational fear. This time, in addition to the blindfold, I put earplugs in my ears. That way, I would neither be able to see anything or hear anything.

I went to the drug store and studied all the earplugs they had on display. Each one comes with a rating, like 20 or 24. It represents the number of decibels of sound that are muffled. I got some that were rated 33 - the maximum rating they had.

Now I was walking into the house both deaf and blind. I was totally vulnerable to attack. If someone were waiting for me there, I would never know they were there. They could have the lights on and easily see me to mug me or rape me, and I would never know she was there. I mean he wouldn't. Or they wouldn't. My god, there could be a whole team of women there waiting for me.

Maybe the intruder saw me last week and she decided to not do anything, but tell all her friends and have them all come back next week. To see that idiot walking around his house blindfolded and earplugged. They could be planning a gang rape.

I need to work harder at my cure.

#### **Thursday, April 12**

Dear Diary,

I know that the only way to cure my phobia is to face it head on and not be afraid.

So tonight I went all out. Even with the earplugs in, I could still hear some sounds. No earplug is perfect. So tonight I added a headphone that I plugged into my ipod. I set it to play loud music, so that would definitely drown out any sounds that a rowdy gang of intruders might make. I clipped the ipod to my blindfold, which I now replaced with a professional model that was sure to cut out all light. Bright light could still get through the fabric of the scarf I had been using. With my new blindfold, there are holes cut out in a piece of foam that fits over my eyes. I can keep my eyes open in these holes, yet still not see anything. I could be out in direct sunlight and still see only total blackness.

This was an amazing experience. I was totally in the dark and could not hear a thing except the muffled sound of music playing in my ears.

I was determined to go all the way with my homemade "cure". So after coming into the house blind and deaf, I stood in the center of the room and slowly removed all my clothes. If there were people here watching, I would give them a good show. I sensually undressed the best I could.

If I were going to be attacked, now would be the time. Nothing happened.

I waited a few moments and then headed off on the blind walk to my bedroom.

I bumped into something that shouldn't have been there and was completely startled. I jumped and was very scared. Who was there? I held my breath and waited. Nothing happened.

I realized that the process of taking my clothes off while blindfolded had disoriented me a bit and I had merely bumped into the chair in my den. I breathed a sigh of relief.

I was ready to tear off the blindfold and make sure no one was there. But I calmed myself down and said to myself that I really have to follow through with this and get rid of my fear. So I re-oriented myself and stoically continued the solo march to my bedroom.

I finally got there and plopped down on the bed. I was totally naked. What if the female gang were waiting for me to get into bed so it would be easier for them to pounce on me? While I was standing up and walking around, I could still fight someone off with my hands and pull my blindfold off.

Laying on the bed like this, I was even more vulnerable. One woman could jump on my chest and hold my hands down while the other woman tied my feet together. Then when I could no longer run away, they could gang up on me and tie my hands together. They have had weeks to think and plan their attack. They could have all the rope and belts ready. Maybe they've even practiced this amongst themselves so they could get me all tied up quickly before I even had a chance to realize what was going on?

I shuddered at the thought. But then I realized that I was not shuddering in fear. I was turned on by the thought. Yes, it was scary, but it seemed very erotic. I could feel my cock sticking straight up into the air, hard as a rock.

I was bemused by the situation. Okay, this was better than being afraid. I decided to take advantage of the situation and reached over to the night stand next to the bed and grabbed my trusty vibrator. I turned it on and proceeded to masturbate myself, all the while thinking that maybe there was a bevy of women looking on in amusement. Maybe they were masturbating themselves while they watched.

I had the most powerful orgasm that I have had in ages. Wow, that was some turn-on!

It took me a while to get the nerve to remove the blindfold. Darn. That tells me I'm still not cured. I finally built up the courage and removed the blindfold. No one was around.

Maybe they left just after I climaxed, determined to come back next week and enjoy themselves even more by planning to do all sorts of horrible things to me. And bring all their friends too to see the show.

I knew I would have to keep this up, week after week, Thursday after Thursday. If I kept doing it and nothing happened, that should surely convince my subconscious mind that it was all a figment of my imagination. Then I could come home and not be afraid any more.

I will have to keep doing this every week.

I hope no one can read this online diary. The computer manual said it was supposed to be totally secure. It would be horrible if someone managed to read this diary, know all my plans, and arrange to show up, knowing my exact routine and knowing that I would not see or hear them.

No, that can't happen. I will prove it to myself. I will continue the routine each week with nothing happening until I overcome my fear.

**Thursday, Apr 19**

Dear Diary,

Each week I have to up the ante. Maybe the women are not attacking me because they fear that I am too strong and that they would not be able to overpower me.

So today, when I got to my bedroom, I took a leather belt that I had left there this afternoon, and used it to wrap around my ankles, tying my feet together. Then I tied a piece of rope from my left wrist to the left bedpost. This still left my right hand free to masturbate myself. But surely, if anyone were present, even one petite young girl, she would be able to overpower me seeing that I already had my feet tied together and one hand tied. It should be a no-contest. Here I was naked, laying on the bed. Totally vulnerable. Unable to see or hear, and partially tied up.

If someone were here, now would be her time to pounce. I would be totally helpless. I reached for the vibrator and had to grope around for it. Was it just slightly off from where it usually was or did someone move it on me? No, it was there. It's all in my mind.

I grabbed the vibrator and began to jerk myself off. Was someone there waiting for me to get all hard and horny and then will grab the vibrator out of my hand just as I am about to come?

No, dear diary. Nothing happened. It's all in my mind. But again, I had an extremely powerful orgasm. I look forward to doing it again next week, and the week after that. It's a good thing no one knows I'm doing this. I could be in such trouble if someone stumbled across my diary...