



## Preface

DO ME A FAVOR—Think back to a time when you were first falling in love with someone. Do you remember those feelings? The rush and excitement when you saw that person or thought of them? They meant everything to you. What if they broke up with you and you could not eat, sleep or even think clearly as your world came crashing down? Or maybe they cheated on you, or you cheated on them, but you both stayed in the miserable relationship? Even though you treated them like shit, or they treated you like shit, you still couldn't stop being with them. You got back together, like, twelve times, and each time your self-esteem dived lower and lower. But you found yourself going from obsessively sending intriguing DMs to every person on Instagram to then starting another relationship as soon as you could, even behind their back. Or maybe started to stalk them once they finally left you? Did you then start to sleep with all their friends to get back at them? Or perhaps you began to follow their new love interest on social

media and leave them horrible direct messages about how shitty their ex was? Maybe you broke into their house with the key they had hidden in one of those fake rocks and set up spy cameras. And when they didn't respond to your texts, calls, and emails, you threatened to commit suicide or murder them. You might have even tried it and spent time in prison for it.

Oh, wait...perhaps I lost you way back at the “*treating you like shit*” part of this litany? And if so, that's maybe because you aren't driven by sex and love addiction.

But I am. And even though I didn't do all the above things, I can definitely relate to and understand the compulsion to do them.

I am sitting here trying to figure out how to explain the revelation I've had over the past year. You might be thinking—*Why the hell is this woman admitting to being a sex and love addict?*

**Rule 1: The key to getting better and becoming healthy is admitting you have a problem.**

I was in a dark pattern. This isn't a pretty picture I'm about to paint.

So here I am. I am admitting it.

It took me a long time to speak the truth about myself. I was always surrounded by secrets and lies, relishing in the double-life mentality and definitely the physical exploration of my sexuality.

I had a blind obsession with love and sex. After I went through the pain of facing my addiction, I was inspired to share my experience.

Who knows? Maybe my “*failures*” can help others. Or maybe you can get a few laughs at my expense.

Whatever floats your boat, I'm surely okay with it.

My goal in sharing this journey is that maybe someone else can find a little hope and realize that they're not broken or alone.

I could go back to the beginning and tell you how and why I started acting out with men. Don't worry, I definitely will, but let's go to the beginning of the end, to my "*lowest point*" or my "*bottom*," as we like to call it in the Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous program (SLAA). SLAA is a 12-step program based on the principles of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Your *lowest point/bottom* is the moment when your world is crashing down around you, and you're looking at the mess you made and thinking—*Shit I created this and now have to figure my way out of this disaster of a life I totally fucked up.*

My original intention was for this to be a memoir. But as you can imagine, I'd have to reveal other people's secrets as well. So, what follows is not just my journey, but pieces of stories I've heard along the way and of course, my wild imagination. I mean... I am also addicted to romance novels.

A quick note about my main character's name. Even though I'll be sharing many of my darkest secrets with you, I'm also using a dash of creative license when it comes to the characters and stories. So, with that in mind, I wanted to find a name that would best fit this dark heroine of mine when "Roxanne," that classic Police song popped on the radio. And it was like a gift from the gods. I think it's the perfect pseudonym for me/her/them.

I can't afford to write the exact lyrics in the book, but basically, they're urging Roxanne to realize that she doesn't have to be a prostitute—she doesn't have to do things like wear a slutty dress or sell herself. Ideal lyrics that impeccably describe my caliber of disconnection with my addictive behaviors.

*Technically, I had never been paid for sex, but if you consider dinners, flowers, gifts, phone bills and rent payments as "payment," then...guilty as charged!*

Bingo! ROXANNE, it is!

So, hang on, this addiction is one gnarly son of a bitch!

# Chapter One

## The beginning of the END.

THE BEGINNING OF THE end started in my one-car length driveway, not very glamorous for a Hollywood sex and love addict. Believe me, I wish it was a better location for my plight—something über-fabulous that sets me apart from all the other kinds of addicts who hit their rock bottoms. Maybe I could have been on a star-studded red carpet or throwing rocks at some A-list celebrity's Bentley. But no, I bottomed out in my small driveway in front of my two-bedroom home in Culver City, California.

I was standing there trying to prevent two men from killing each other. One was from New York City, so I'll call him NYC. He was a rough short brown-haired thug who had a huge chip on his over-the-top and annoying Method-acting shoulder. The other one was a longtime boyfriend from back home in the South, let's call him ATL. *Yep, this is another battle between North and South.*

ATL was a blonde, green-eyed mama's boy who thrived on taking care of everyone else. The sweetest person you'd ever meet, almost to a fault. ATL and I were high school sweethearts from Atlanta (*yeah...that's where I got ATL*). I moved to Los Angeles 10 years ago, and we were maintaining an on-and-off long-distance relationship.

Here's where it gets sticky. I had been with both of these men for the past two years on-again, off-again, sometimes getting confused when I was on. Sounds pretty bad, I agree, but I have always told myself men get away with it, so why can't I?

I just loved to have multiple partners at one time, especially if they were both out-of-towners. It kept me on my toes. I would get a high from spinning lies to each guy. One of my fantasies was to mold two or three guys together to create the perfect partner.

*And on that day, that fantasy bit me in the ass.*

I was at the end of the driveway, screaming from the pit of my soul, "I'm sorry!"

*I'm not sure I was one hundred percent honest, but I needed to defuse the situation.*

Two men were standing in front of me, asking for an explanation. NYC had a small knife in his hand, and he was swinging it around like a pirate. He bluntly turned towards me with aggression, "Who is this guy, Roxie?"

I tried to think of a clever rebuttal, but was coming up empty-handed. ATL answered reluctantly, "I'm her boyfriend."

NYC took a charging step towards both of us with his little Swiss Army knife blade, "What???? No, I'm her boyfriend."

I stepped between them to block NYC from manhandling ATL. I did it as best I could with my 119-pound, 5'7" body barricading myself between these two dudes—one *aggro* enraged, the other, ATL, very *timidly* huddled behind me.

"What the fuck are you going to do with that?" I glared at NYC. "You're a theater actor from Connecticut. Are you going to stab him? Pluck his eyebrows? Calm the fuck down and put that away. It's embarrassing." I stood in front of ATL, being his human shield to protect him from the 200-pound beast.

ATL kept mumbling over and over again, "How could you do this to me, Roxanne? I love you."

*I felt it. Right there.* Like that mini pocketknife was actually going through my heart and stabbing me over and over again. ATL's sad puppy-dog green eyes were filled with despair.

This could have been the moment I realized what I did was fucked up, but no, my bottom was lower.

*A lot lower!*

Instead, I started to detach. It was like I was magically floating outside of my body and watching the spectacle play out like a television actor watching herself in a dramatic, seedy nighttime soap opera. Easy association because I'm an actor on television.

I shrieked at the top of my lungs as NYC with his toy knife chased ATL around his orange Mini Cooper rental car, "ENOUGH! It's my fault. I did this. Neither of you knew what was going on. I'M SORRY!" It was an out of control, high-pitched scream like Diane Keaton fighting Bette Midler and Goldie Hawn in *The First Wives Club*. *It's a genius scene and a classic freak-out moment.* And there I was recreating the same amount of hysteria.

My neighbors began to exit their houses.

The old, gay couple on the corner even had a bowl of popcorn. *I don't blame them— it was definitely a shit-show at the fuck-factory type of situation.* I have to admit, I can create quite an entertaining neighborhood confrontation.

Then it took a turn for the worse.

The cops pulled up with their sirens blaring and announced on their intercom, "Put down the knife and get on your knees. Hands behind your back."

I was mortified. I explained to the officers over the loud siren, "Sorry to make such a scene. I was kind of cheating and lying to both of them, and they caught me red-handed," with as much innocence as I could muster.

The badass female cop stared at me, open-mouthed with disgust. To the right, the rugged muscular male officer gave a slight smile of shock and awe.

Within minutes, ATL was sitting on the curb softly crying, while NYC cursed in his fake Irish mob accent as he was being handcuffed. Mortified doesn't even describe how I felt. But under that humiliation, I also found myself attracted to the male officer's clean-cut *CSI* look.

*I know, bad timing, even thinking that thought.*

Insider information: NYC just performed a role as a mob guy in an off-off-off-Broadway play. He's a diehard Method actor. This was especially annoying when you were banging him, and he insisted religiously to staying in the play's character and speaking only in this bogus mob-guy accent. It was beyond frustrating to hear that accent when trying to stay turned on during intercourse.

But at that moment, I was thinking that NYC looked so tough and manly, while ATL was crying like a big old pussy. I couldn't help it, but overt masculinity turned me on.

*NYC—fuckable. ATL—not so much.*

My addictive mind made a decision right then and there—I would get him back. This would not be the end of us.

The cops had settled both of them down and defused the whole drama. A huge sigh of relief. NYC's Swiss Army knife had been confiscated and he was now sitting on the curb with handcuffs.

The judgmental female officer stared at me, while asking ATL, "You want to press charges, sir?" I crossed my fingers, hoping he wouldn't. That would be another shit-show, having to explain this scenario in a court of law. *I imagine testifying about this whole scene wouldn't be much fun.*

I'm usually such a brilliant bullshit artist. I've lived many double lives. I've spun so many tales of untruths to get out of fucked-up sticky situations, even one where a dude caught me

fornicating in the back of a minivan in the high school parking lot!

What was the key to getting away with that interception? Driving away before the confrontation and then deny, deny, deny it to his face afterward. I got out of that conflict with flying colors because the windows were tinted, and he wasn't one-hundred percent sure.

I couldn't lie my way out of this one though. I was stumped. My mind was numb. No scheming tale was forthcoming. But these two fellas were lying too. All three of us were living in half-truths. They had met before. I first met NYC on a movie. We were shooting on location in Kansas City, Kansas. *The perfect setting to act out, I might add.*

ATL came to visit me on the first weekend I was working. We all went bowling together with the cast and crew—nothing much else to do in that town. We were there shooting a cheesy horror movie in the freezing snow. NYC was the muscle-ripped-psycho-killer. I was one of the many victims he mutilated.

*Romantic much?*

I banked my career on playing that sexy, naive character who walks by herself in the woods calling out for her missing boyfriend. You want to yell at the screen with pure frustration—*Who would be there by themselves, you idiot girl?* Not to mention exasperatingly hollering—*Why would she be wearing that crop-top and mini skirt in the middle of the woods in the dead of a winter storm?* Then the monster comes out of the shadow and kills my character.

*Yep, that was me. Don't judge.*

I bought my house with those paychecks and enjoyed my time choosing my next sexual prey on those sets. On that movie shoot, ATL was in town and NYC was my target.

NYC and I had our first kiss on camera, in the icy cold woods with ten crew members standing around watching, freezing their butts off, while we rolled around in the fallen



leaves. I wanted him. He was a damn good kisser, moving his hips perfectly to almost give me a fully clothed orgasm. But here was the kicker, we were gyrating around in poison fucking ivy. I ended up with itchy, red welts all over my ass and my thighs. Not exactly the best ending to a month-long shoot, but maybe it was a huge foreshadowing of the pain I was going to cause myself later.

*After bowling, ATL and NYC had even shared a beer at the hotel bar. I was freaking out when I heard.*

During the outburst in front of my porch, I wanted to shriek—*Come on, guys, let's not play dumb here, you both know each other.* But I kept catching myself. It was probably not the best time to call someone else out on their bullshit lie. I clamped my mouth shut. Which was really hard for someone like me, who hated liars, especially since I was one of the biggest ones. I can't help it sometimes. I had to get one up on people, especially when I was trapped like a wild animal.

When you are a compulsive liar, you reach for anything you can to justify your behavior. I was like a predator with one objective—to *devour*. That was what I was doing, devouring these two men, but something happened on that asphalt drive.

*I was tired. Tired of my twisted lies. Tired of keeping my stories straight. Tired of the double life, and I had to tell the truth, perhaps for the very first time.*

As the cops pulled away with only a warning, *AMEN*, I walked towards NYC. He turned rapidly and glared at me to stop coming any closer. ATL stood up and stepped towards me to hear my explanation. His eyes were filled with an aching hurt.

“I’m fucked up. And this is fucked up. Things just got complicated with the timelines of our relationships, especially with you, ATL, when we kept breaking up. Not that I’m making any excuses, but... yes, I have been seeing both of you and sleeping with both of you... but *never* on the same day. Okay,

maybe once a couple of months ago when I thought I was pregnant,” I said with as much sensitivity that I could muster.

“Wait, but we never used protection and you told me you thought it was mine?” ATL glared, confusingly distraught over that realization.

“Neither did we and you told me it was mine. And what do you fucking mean by complicated?” NYC responded lividly.

*SHIT! I didn’t mean to say that.* I hadn’t thought it could get any worse. Boy, was I totally off on that call.

My mind was reeling in backtracking panic. “Huh? Yeah, about that?” I shifted a step away.

It finally hit me how messed up I was. I hated condoms—another thing I realized that was completely messed up. Addicts are willfully ignorant about risk-taking behaviors when it comes to thinking about health—*ours or somebody else’s*.

NYC called me every terrible name in the book, “You’re a disgusting whore, SLUT, I hope you die from AIDS. Fucking glad there was no baby, I could’ve been stuck with your ass for 18 years.” Then, he added, which hurt like hell, “I’m going to have to get tested now because you have no conscience. You were such a waste of my time!” He left with a theatrical goodbye, “You’re a nasty human being!” He spun around and walked to the end of my street, where I assumed he called an Uber.

ATL just turned away, shaking his head with complete repulsion. He looked at me quietly weeping as tears streamed down his cheeks, “How could you do this to us, Roxanne? I loved you.” He shut the door of his bright-ass orange rental and slowly pulled out of my driveway, sobbing. He probably went back to the airport.

A small pain hit me in my heart. *Was it regret?*

Ignoring that feeling, I breathed a huge sigh of relief that this showdown was finally over, and no one got killed. I turned to find all my judgmental, prudish neighbors staring at me.