

This writing contains

Pregnancy/ pregnancy loss

Abuse

Sexual assault

Emotional abuse

Cliffy and I worked together and as we saw each other more and more we became very drawn to each other and developed a very intense and isolating relationship. I was in a very emotionally vulnerable place and had very few people in my life after finally leaving a severely abusive relationship. We started spending all shift talking, then every chance we had we'd be together outside of work. Our friendship was wholesome and childlike, we'd share food, tease each other and talk ad nauseam about how we were so happy to have found each other.

As we grew closer he started talking about how bad long distance relationships are and how much he would resent his girlfriend if he didn't get to explore his connection with me. He spoke of all the ways she neglected him, asked too much of him and didn't really understand him. He said he became suicidal without physical affection and sex. He said I felt like someone he already knew and that we were deeply meant to be in each other's lives. I connected so much to the ways he was saying he'd been hurt by her and just wanted love that I gave it to him. I saw myself in him, I saw a small sad child too and I was overcome with the need to bring him joy and comfort. I have never felt such love for someone so quickly.

He told me he was being neglected and abused by his girlfriend and that she was insecure and unstable and could never find out we were friends but that he needed me. The first time we had sex was a deliberate decision on his part, he paused and decided to enter into a sexual relationship with me. We had a very intense dynamic that degraded into him having access to my body whenever he wanted it. He'd ask for sexual favors at work, grope me when no one could see us and perpetuate a very demeaning and demanding sexual dynamic in private. I was not comfortable with the language he used during sex, the things that aroused him made me feel like I was betraying the feminine divine within me and often cause me lasting physical pain. I gave him a key to my house, one which he would use to let himself in multiple times a day to use me as a sexual release, whether I was ready or not.

He asked me to be his, to be sworn to him, to be loyal to him and only care about his pleasure. He used my past sexual trauma to maintain a strict subservience from me and preyed on my love for him as a person in any way that benefited him. He told me I was a divine being, made just for him. He told me no one else was good enough and he'd never wanted someone so much or felt so spiritually connected to another person. He told me things I'd wanted to hear since I was a small child. The first time we had sex he didn't ask anything except if I was clean. I have learned now that he knowingly exposed me to health risks and lied to my face about his health status. He spent all the time he could with me and treated me like someone he really loved and wanted. He told me he loved me the second time we had sex, a sentiment I shared but wasn't going to speak yet.

I learned I was pregnant at 11 weeks, just after Roe v Wade was overturned. When I came to him he seemed sure I'd get an abortion, like it was the only choice I had. I told him I was unsure. He panicked and bartered with his trauma, cried and said he didn't want me to have to raise a child alone. Looking back, he told me who he was in that moment and I didn't heed the warning. He was crying for himself, he never acknowledged my emotional attachment to my unborn child or the effect it might have on me. He only wanted it gone. I held him and comforted him and told him I'd have an abortion, that I didn't know how much it would destroy him to think about raising a child. Now I know he wouldn't help a bit but he made it seem like it would be some huge undertaking that he couldn't manage emotionally with his childhood traumas. He knew exactly how to convince me of what he wanted and I believed him and loved him enough to do what was better for him. I hope some day I forgive myself for that.

I undertook a complicated, drawn out and expensive process under a horrifically deformed and biased healthcare system. Unbeknownst to me I had a genetic condition that greatly narrowed my options for abortion and drew out my pregnancy for a month after I found out. It was weeks before labs came back, old men who didn't care about me or wanted me to keep the baby and the growing feeling that I'd have to feel this life in me let go and die. I was under immense distress emotionally and running out of money, for a week I thought I'd have to bear his child. Arizona stopped all abortive care and I had no money, transportation or support aside from him. For nearly a month he watched me as I rode my heavy bicycle to work through morning sickness to the same shifts as him. He'd listen to me dry heave until I occasionally passed out in the bathroom and do nothing. Every day I'd ride back across town at high noon in the summer cause he never offered me a ride and if I asked he'd have some acceptable excuse not to. So I just stopped trying to go to him for help. I separated from my body and tried day by day to hide my pain and not hurt myself. His girlfriend was staying with him for the summer and if he helped me to or from work, it would risk her finding out.

When I confronted him about how absurdly distant he's been while I was pregnant with his child, he confessed that he thought I got pregnant by him on purpose and that's why he was distant. I

was calm albeit disturbed by the notion that he could think that and not approach me at all to discuss it. He said the herbs I used were common for people to use to get pregnant, I was simply going to an herbalist. I'm still unsure if he truly believed what he told me or if it was an excuse not to show up for me but it is the one laughable thing that came out of this. If ever I chose a man to have a child with, it would not be Cliff Ludena. Even before I learned about his status as a serial abuser.

Being pregnant was the most emotionally agonizing thing I have ever endured, for my body and self. I had multiple complete breakdowns and acute psychological affects from the stress of trying to work though the physical symptoms every day. I developed hysterical responses to affection, even if it was just verbal and lost the sensation in my skin after the last breakdown I experienced. Even now, I only feel temperature, my body won't let me feel pressure on my skin and I have very intrusive thoughts about maiming my reproductive organs.

I had to pull at him for any small support while I was pregnant, even a hug wasn't offered unless I asked. He once got frustrated and said our friendship started to feel like a relationship and he didn't want that. No regard for responsibility, accountability or my health. Just displeasure at the obligation I had become.

He didn't stop initiating sex after learning I was pregnant, he was even more physically demeaning and rough after learning how much more sensitive my body was. He orchestrated himself in ways that any person with a penis would learn very quickly are not often welcomed or enjoyable. I've experienced someone being too rough accidentally, but hurting me was his goal and it aroused him immensely to register my genuine shock and pain. Having sex with him physically hurt a lot at this point, I'd sob while it was happening and he never stopped. He'd come over just to get sexual gratification then he'd leave. Sometimes going right back to where his girlfriend was staying. I continued to disregard the pain I felt from sex and the panic attacks I had when he left. I had no one else, not even my mother knew I was pregnant and I was starting to fear being alone and unstable. He'd come by when he wanted to use me sexually, he'd position me so he could ignore my pregnant body and get his release.

As my love for life left me and my body dwindled under the stress of a very unhealthy pregnancy, he started treating me like I was just another friend of his. He'd let me cry in the back at work, he'd tell coworkers he didn't know "what my deal was" and feign concern and curiosity. He knew exactly what I was going through because he did it to me, but no one suspected he was the cause of my outbursts. I was able to feel the baby moving at 14 weeks, it broke me and deprived me of sleep for four days which led to my body entirely giving out at work. I passed out and came to clawing at my stomach and seizing after an acute panic attack. I have scars from my nails digging into my flesh as I

tried to dig his child out of my womb. He pretended not to know the cause of my breakdown and left early to get lunch with his girlfriend.

I spent the last money I had on the hotel room in California. Even laying next to each other the night before my abortion, I felt like he was trying to become physical. I was inconsolable and terrified for the procedure and the loss I knew I'd feel. I let him hold me as I sobbed that night, I knew I was crying because of him but I had to let him hold me because I needed to be held by someone so badly my skin burned. I had needed it the whole time but was finally worn down enough to just let him hold me even though he brought me to this breaking point.

On the way back to Arizona from the abortion clinic he asked me if he could make a call. He then proceeded to have an entirely normal and casual conversation with his girlfriend as we drove. The type of abortion I had was surgical and invasive as well as painful physically and emotionally. I endured extensive complications with bleeding, anemia and debilitating cramping. I was in debt at this point, with my savings entirely devoted to recovering my health and terminating the pregnancy. I reached out to Cliffy, he saw me break over and over as everything stacked against me and he only turned away. I have since learned there is a fund available out of an organization in town that could have helped me but people there knew him. Looking back, he put me through hell to save himself a small shard of accountability or disclosure within certain social circles he still wanted to be aligned with.

We shared space nearly every day and eventually I grew used to how cold he was when I was overwhelmed with my pain. It seemed to annoy him when I cried, he never checked on me after the first time he saw me cry very early on. I gave him the benefit of the doubt, thinking he has just met his threshold and he is suffering as well.

He gave me a ride home one day, something that really surprised me and made me happy. Looking back it was only another means to an end. Knowing I was in debt and working the same job as him, not even a week after the abortion, he asked when I'd be able to pay him back for the procedure. I laughed then, because I couldn't do anything else.

He hadn't asked how I was doing the whole pregnancy except conversationally like he did everyone else, he never asked how I felt or what I needed. He never thanked me for any of the ways I supported him. I entered myself in inpatient emergency care after another stretch of not sleeping and only feeling the phantom movements in my stripped womb.

I felt like a risk to myself and couldn't be alone so I went to an emergency care facility for three days. He didn't ask about the IV marks when we worked, he didn't seem to care when I told him I had to seek professional care in fear of harming myself. It rolled off him like he had scales. The same with the time I finally told him I missed my baby. I was raised by a single mother and see deep reverence in maternity and the power of the womb. He viewed my body as a toy, a device for his pleasure and nothing more. Few things have made my blood stop like that but realizing my deep maternal suffering was a mere nuisance to him will always stand out. This was one of the biggest trials of my life, creating life and all of the consideration around ending it too. That was nothing to him. I was nothing to him.

I thought he didn't know what he was doing, like he was doing his best but was struggling like we all do. I thought he made mistakes but he actually made choices. I was blindsided when he spiraled. He had been normal to me a day before, albeit trying to demote me back into being just another friend of his. He made me feel like I was asking too much of him when I wanted to talk about what we had gone through, like I shouldn't be asking for his time like that. I figured he needed time, space, something I couldn't offer so I left him alone. He took one of our coworkers out and started sewing a web against me. He convinced them I was a pathological liar, that I wanted so much more from him and he was just trying to be a friend to me. He said that I was the one pursuing him and that he'd never be with someone my age, that he's devoted to his girlfriend and just trying to navigate my obsession with him maturely.

He isolated me, strategically contained the suffering he caused me and when he believed he could do that no more, he lied his ass off because he knew no one knew the truth besides him and I. The person he chose to slander me to also noted that he started saying the same things he did to myself and others he's lured in and hurt. That he was so glad he found them, and that he was so alone right now and just trying to get by. I believe he was attracted to this person and sought their attention to initiate another path to his desires. He used their kindness and experience with abuse to gain credibility. He was trying to set someone up who believed him and would tell his version of our story. When someone finally came to me and relayed what Cliffy said I broke down and told them I had been pregnant for over four months with no help from him. They were astonished and disgusted, he had actually convinced someone I had known for years of his lies in only two days. He is so believable, you want to believe him and I can't imagine who he truly is at this point.

I got to the place where I'd feel guilt and self hatred for wishing he did more to help me. He told me he needed space and it was just too hard to watch me suffer. He promised we'd still be friends and that he wants me in his life. I told him I believed him and as long as we do right by each other I'll always want to be his friend. I truly believed we could recover our friendship and that it was worthy the work. He privately got our upcoming shifts together covered, blocked me on everything and tried to

exit under the protection of his shameless lies and slander. Many things about him still sear me when I think of them. He didn't do much right, anything he did was more for himself or he wouldn't have done it. Even paying for the procedure was an accident for him as my debit card had gotten turned off in California. I know he would have made me pay if he could have.

His deliberate actions to remove my right to be believed about the trauma I endured is unforgivable and telling of who he truly is. To put someone through the things he put me through is atrocious, to remove my right to be believed and supported as a victim of outright abuse is vile and he did it with fervor. If he had any warmth left in him he would have just disappeared but he had to make sure I couldn't tell my story, he had to save himself the trouble of someone ever knowing what he put me through. He devalued my agony and traded it for his comfort.

He asked if anyone else in my life could drive me to California to have the abortion. He outright refused to take me unless I got an appointment for the time his girlfriend was out of town for a week. I had to remind him that this is the rest of my life, not a small problem but a potential new life form I would have to care for until I died. He still asked if someone else could take me, knowing full well that I had no one but him. He said if his girlfriend found out it would be really hard for him to get her trust again. No regard for anyone but himself, his protection of his relationship was solely to guarantee his access to consistent sex and someone who is slightly removed from the circles that would out his selfish and abusive nature and hold him accountable. Everyone is an asset to him, he even remarked that he wanted to be friends with me because of how I show up for people in my life. He wants the benefits of being around kind people but he has no regard for anyone but himself and little to offer without compensation. This has made him extremely adept at concealing himself and putting forth a charismatic, attractive and seemingly deeply compassionate and human front. Not a day passes that I don't think about him, everything reminds me of a memory with a friend who never really existed but meant so much to me. I thought he was a soulmate of mine up until he stabbed me in the back. Knowing Cliffy has left me afraid to be kind and unsure of all I once knew about kind people and trust. He truly felt like a good person, in all the ways we're taught to trust. He relies on the fact that others have more compassion than him, that someone else will suffer for him simply because they love him and can't help it. He is the worst case scenario, someone who seems too good to do any of the things he does or be any of the things he is. Someone who recognizes the best qualities of humanity and uses them to further his selfish conquest or gain. He knows what he is and he's good at getting cared for by those who are more human than him.

I was ready to let it go, I thought he was a good person who made mistakes and bad choices. I nearly forgave him and then I learned about the wake of pain and darkness he left with so many other people. I am affected by his actions in so many ways I wish I could shed. There's no easy way back out, it's effort, money and the rest of my life now that I have to spend recovering in body and mind. I

have to accept the new challenges and take it day by day. Cliffy tricked my inner child and replaced the few things I was sure of in life with a sea of fear and distrust for both the world and myself.

There can be no tolerance for someone who so selfishly endangers the only vessel we have to navigate this life with, our very bodies, who acts only out of self benefit and pays with others safety happiness and well being. He is unacceptable in every degree, any chance at redemption lost to his choice to fulfill his own wants at the cost of kind people.

He is deeply intelligent, he knows he causes pain. He is a grown adult who could have sought help in any form for his sex addiction if he wanted to heal and stop hurting others. He isn't wrestling with himself to become better, that would be work that doesn't get him anything. The warm parts of him must scream in protest at what he's become, somewhere deep down but they aren't enough to keep him from hurting people over and over again. He is not just a lost cause but a direct enemy to the values upheld in many foundational communities in Tucson. He deserves no place in the spaces made by well meaning people and should be afforded no more mercy for his ruthless consumption of our love, time and lives.

He will do anything to hide himself and avoid consequence and I anticipate his first response to this will be one of desperate fabrication and damage control. I want nothing from Cliffy, I don't even care if he gets karma or not because I know this planet is crawling with men just like him. He'll say I have a reason to make him look bad or I have motive to ruin him personally. I don't care about him personally, I don't wish him anything and I doubt anything will change him. If this helps spare one person the pain of caring about him it is worth all of the ways he will try and silence my voice.

If this information validates experiences anyone else has had with him, know you're not alone.