

Prelude

My return to Instagram was one I made purely conditional; a return like this necessitated making core changes in how I conduct myself on the internet overall (not just in NSFW spaces), limiting who I interact with and how I do so, and confessing fully and openly to a lot of things that are certain to change the perception I have going forward.

I understand greatly the personal consequences that may (and will) come from talking openly about the topics I have personal experience in, along with my engagement in said topics; to clarify, I do not condone neither *my* own behaviors and actions, nor those of a similar nature done by others. Nor does my discussion of such matters imply pride or condonement of such things, irrespective of whether or not real world harm is applicable.

This statement is intended to make clear the origins of *why* I acted in the ways I'll describe for so long, confess to events I remember with full clarity, and lay forth a series of choices that will ensure my own personal moral and mental safety going forward, while protecting future individuals from any harmful action I may have otherwise conducted if not mitigated.

Genesis

What I argue laid out the trauma-laden groundwork for my ongoing struggles was implanted at an age range between seven and eight years old; the *actual* age I may have been has never been pinpointed precisely by myself, and it may be possible this event may have occurred at an even **younger** age than I describe here, but I can remember the actual *event* exactly.

I was at my grandmother's house with herself and a then-teenage cousin of mine. My sleep had been stirred by said cousin at around three in the morning, with a proposition of sex being offered to me. Not knowing what was being offered and asking her "What's sex?" lead into her giving me a blowjob before getting on top of me and riding my penis shortly after. The time passed between this act of sexual abuse couldn't be told, nor any additional acts that may have been done to me; a recollection of this incident hadn't even been formed within my mind until years after it may have potentially occurred, when I was fourteen years old. Before that point, other occurrences of varying degrees of severity were experienced throughout years that should have been free of such trauma.

In Christmas of 2011, I received my first smart device at the age of nine years old. It was a shitty RCA tablet with a DC charging port, soon broken due to my irresponsible handling of the thing; soon replaced with a soon-to-be obsolete (model-wise) Nexus 7 tablet, it would invariably become an unintended gateway to prematurely expose my prepubescent mind to pornography, although that wouldn't occur until a few years later. Up and until 2015, exposure to porn was fleeting and quickly forgotten, with a near year-long period free of any exposure to it whatsoever. This was primarily due to being far more interested in playing games and watching YouTube videos, somehow avoiding the growing sexualization of the content posted there *until* 2015.

That year was the year I had visited my father for the second time in my life, alongside meeting a friend of his alongside their family due to his staying with them at that time. Not much has to be said during this time, mainly due to privacy concerns and it being of insignificance as it pertains to *myself*; one notable exception would be the re-exposure to porn at the hands of this friend of my father's, who felt that the best way to introduce a twelve year old to sex (not knowing I had unwittingly done that myself two years prior) was through hardcore videos on Pornhub. *No, I am not fucking joking.*

Rightfully my dad was pissed at this, and it even lead to a physical altercation between him and his friend. Nowadays I have no issues with this person in any way, and have even kept in touch with him in intermittent bursts (showing that I'm bad at keeping in frequent contact *generally*, to those who were assholes about it), yet I can still

acknowledge personally that he did wrong in that instance, and unintentionally triggered far worse in me later down the road; I am **not** saying that everything **I** did was his fault, nor will I attempt to shift blame for things I have done as recently as **weeks** ago (at the time of this statement's release) onto a man who did this a decade prior.

I may be a piece of shit in many aspects, but I opt out of being so here.

Internet Discourse

Before being raked at the coals publicly for degenerate behaviors I had (at the time) poorly defended using my underage status, I was spreading my prepubescent wings thin across various social media services. YouTube was the obvious first, although I hadn't posted up until that point, then Twitter, and then God knows what else. These were mostly personal accounts that I did nothing of significance with, at least not for another three years.

2018 onwards is when my internet usage would serve to become a primary detriment in my life, stemming from my time in subsets of the broader commentary community; starting with the outing of former brony micro-celebrity Zakary Kayes (more known as ToonKriticY2K), I spent the next two years generally being known as a shitheel in that community that was detrimental to the online safety of those both liked and disliked. Just two situations from this time period are worth discussing in some (but not all) detail, owing to their later relevancy in my current moral and personal standing as an individual.

The first scenario happened when I was far younger, and in the midst of my first true long-distance relationship with someone I'll refer to in abbreviated form (SBBJ); there was a difference in age between SBBJ and I of two years, with myself being the older party at fifteen whilst they were thirteen. During our first serious spat in our relationship, which had stemmed from a misunderstanding, SBBJ turned to a group of people within a then-infamous drama server catering to the brony commentary community and revealed private sexual interactions between the two of us publicly. Inevitably said group soon dragged me into the server to be publicly berated, for acts I presumed were innocuous owing to the fact we had both been minors at the time; obviously this was not the case, as the initial bashing gave way to cautionary advice after tempers had cooled between all parties, with my informing that I had been in the unintended position of grooming SBBJ while also unwittingly committing a crime by self-producing and distributing CSA/EM (child sexual abuse/exploitation material) in addition to sending drawn pornography, which was made worse by the fact our interactions crossed international borders. A promise made to stop was given to this group, and to SBBJ directly, and I was then sent on my way with the presumption my interaction with those people was one and done.

A consequence of this incident was the development of my extreme paranoia surrounding any sexual interaction with those I presumed to be underage for years, and later on the ongoing cycle between lustful euphoria and extreme guilt exhibited once I became a legal adult and said interactions *continued* occurring, always with the condition of my not knowing of someone's age until **after** sexual interactions had transpired for an extended period of time. It even culminated in a ruined, reestablished friendship (although it had sexual benefits) with SBBJ following my commitment to a relationship with my current partner, with a verbal breakdown being sent as my final message to them which exposed the first known case of this phenomena causing deep anguish within my psyche. The bridge had been burnt with that message and my following action (on Discord, removing them as a friend while having requests turned off, effectively blocking them without actually doing so), and a request from my partner to allow them one final word was fruitless as they felt it meaningless even with my allowance of them to do so; wherever they are, I wish them well even if they hate me for what the remainder of this statement will discuss and reveal about myself, and for reasons outside of it. They deserve better than me, and I'll be happy if it has already been obtained.

Two years later, and almost four years ago as of the publishing of this document, was the occurrence of the second event that has left current trauma within me. Someone I was formerly on good (albeit shaky, since this was also a reestablished friendship) terms with was engaging in questionable conversations and conduct pertaining to my current partner; hearing about this and the fact it took place at a time I couldn't react with immediacy infuriated me, and hours later I pulled said person into a one-on-one call that primarily consisted of me verbally bashing the person for going after my then fifteen-year-old partner whilst he was eighteen alongside generally mocking him whenever he left the confrontation in momentary bursts. After the fact, I had wanted repercussions to be faced by this person, and so turned to those who had long been scorned by my actions over the last two years; asking for my poor standing to be put aside in order to look at what had been gathered by my partner, I had initially attracted some attention my way for the sole purpose of looking into what I had claimed, and had placed hope in further scrutiny by those people resulting in action being taken shortly thereafter.

Instead, I was placed in a private (but not really, since it ended up being streamed) group chat wherein the call immediately made clear I was disbelieved, and that my actions amounted to no more than a spite-fueled witch-hunt that was based on a well-known dislike of someone who had acted questionably towards my partner. Hindsight long after the fact made clear that the omission of critical information at the time of my call to action, along with the fact that my methods used in gathering supplemental information would cause particular individuals to seem hypocritical in lieu of their publicly and privately held stances, doomed what should have been an open and shut case of a predator being publicly put on blast in a way that would alert those close to them; that's not to say nothing came out of the affair, as my complete dossier on this person was cited for an additional month or two going into 2021 as reasons to dissociate, but it was far more muted than it otherwise would have been if handled with far more responsibility.

With one last call done at the end of 2020 with the same group who had given me a wake-up call regarding SBBJ two years prior, and my own renunciation of any further interest commentating on things beyond my grasp, this part of my life ended on what seemed to be a chance for personal advancement in all areas.

God, I wish it had stayed that way.

Beyond the Discourse

My personal life was mostly dedicated on finding work and getting through the final months of making up for my choice to drop out of high school during my sophomore year, with my presence online cycling between being reduced substantially and expanding lightly. I was very much active on the accounts I *had* kept up, however, and on the latter half of my cycle was my return to NSFW Instagram; the Facebook-owned "platform" was always a platform rife with problems for me, both as a child and as an adult present *amongst* said children, due to further preying (and the first time over the internet) done to me at around thirteen to fourteen years old by a themed erotic roleplay (ERP for short) account that was ran by an actual pedophile that ended with nudes being exchanged. With that prior memory forgotten about (likely deliberately so until now) I had decided to come back under a Sayori-themed account, although this account quickly got disabled as I was too descriptive in post captions at a time where Instagram maintained a semblance of rule enforcement far more prevalent than it does today; at this point, the decision to do what every other account did (which was just cropping and posting porn) was made on the first account of note... lustfulimp.

The Midna-oriented account, in addition to its later-made alternate account "lustimp," was the first account of note to gain the attraction of degenerates, and *quickly* at that. This fact shouldn't be all that shocking, considering that Midna remains a relatively underrated and underutilized character despite her growing popularity, both at the time and even now; what *was* shocking was the amount of screening I had to do to make using the account somewhat bearable, as in addition to certain interactions on that account leading to my newfound "appreciation" (if you can call it that) of particular fetishes I

harbor today, lines were blurred between who was degenerate *fictionally* and those who were **legitimately** degenerate. To this day this continues to be an issue, with many accounts either being unabashed with the fact they're a moral and ethical stain on the world or pretending to only be into taboo subjects and themes fictionally to build a large following, so that the inevitable switch-up implicates many through guilt by association; that fact doesn't excuse what were willing interactions even back then, with one particular individual not *only* being an actual pedophile but also harbored sexual ideation towards their underage sister. I steered through any conversational thread leading to real life fantasizing by emphasizing the desire to keep things fictional, but continued repeating of this pattern wore me down until I blocked the guy; more than anything, I sincerely pray that no harm has come to this scumbag's sister and that he's either seeking help or locked up.

This experience, combined with the growing number of open predators making their unfortunate presence known, lead me to the first of many Instagram account purges. Inevitably, either through my own personal disgust at whom I was surrounded by or as a result of shame at my own disgusting acts, the cycle would repeat prior to either of those two events occurring; create an account and refollow those I liked interacting with before letting them know who I was, get a larger following by either posting or consistently roleplaying, experience those I've never interacted with message me unprompted or get messaged by myself if I looked at their profile and found we shared overlap (interests, people followed/following, etc.), and finally fuck up inevitably when one of those said unknowns reveals that they're underage *and continue interacting after that fact*.

I cannot explain why I'm like this, nor justify the compulsion within me to continue doing what I know to be objectively wrong morally **and** ethically. Upbringing is certainly a factor, and can explain *why* I feel attraction to teenagers, but that never acts as justification; feeling bad for yourself while continuing on doing what leads you to feel such a way is nothing more than pittance farming, both for the perpetrator and from those who you explain it to without the establishment that what you're doing is a *pattern*. This is a pattern that has continued on to varying degrees of severity for **four years** now, whether I'm interacting with those that are underage in inappropriate ways or with those who have no problems doing so, and would go so far as to share illicit material with those whom they feel would raise no objection. With this admission in mind, I will list the illicit interactions I've had over this period and what **I** did in response; this series will be far more condensed than the previous sections, but informative in spite of that.

- In 2022 (I've forgotten what account this transpired on), I interacted with who at that time was a sixteen year old Japanese boy; the interactions began shortly before my nineteenth birthday, and nudes were exchanged on both ends. Guilt inevitably set in and after blocking them, I broke down once this was confessed to my partner as it was my initial realization of how harmful the pattern I had found myself in was, both to those I harmed with my actions and to my own mental health.
- Someone who I've known online for a long time (and who I still speak with to this day) was subjected to what is unquestionably *the worst* thing I've ever done (as if everything before and after this isn't terrible too), and is something I will never defend; in a state of untamed and shameless lust I not only wrote erotica that openly described a crime being committed (meeting up with a minor for sexual purposes), but also portrayed them as a younger girl in a shamelessly perverted way, down to referring to them within the erotica as a "loli." I've never reread the story nor shared it once more with this mutual, although it is still brought up on occasion by myself to them; the *sole* positive thing I can say about this story is its impact on my literary writing ability, although I wish it could be attributed to anything **except** that.
- Between being sent both *actual* zoo porn and CSEM on both accounts up (gassyfae/braptilla and pointywaifu, respectively) by those I willingly interacted with, interacting in ways I damn well knew better not to at this point with minors through the former account, and hypocritically condemning those who were engaged in the same level of depravity I was but were simply less conflicted about their degeneracy, the fact said interactions occurred less is

not enough to counter the fact they were even *had*, and would continue on past 2023 even after I eventually deleted both accounts; simply put, I ran without having to face or take any accountability beyond that of my partner.

- Concurrently with my interactions with the Japanese boy, similar interactions with a Polish boy just a year younger had transpired **after** by birthday had passed, with contact being more sporadic owing to the time differences (as if the ones with the Japanese boy wouldn't *also* be affected by this) between us and the former having a busier life overall; I mention this last rather than underneath the first point due to my choice of reestablishing contact in 2024, with nothing to justify this other than *my* wanting of it. This is the one and only time someone I had **already known** was still a minor was sought out by myself, and I sincerely hope that stays the case.

Following a continued struggle in darkness, but with no illicit interactions owing to my self-imposed exile from places like Instagram, the remainder of mid to late 2022 and early 2023 have nothing to say in regards to my own personal conduct; I was simply suffering with paraphilias I never wanted, and the weight of prior actions weighing on my conscious. At this time I had been outside mainstream social media, personally using alt-tech and only making a Discord at the behest of a former friend, which was later used to reconnect with the few who followed my exodus from Instagram. It was when my account was suddenly deleted in mid-October of 2023 that I returned to Instagram for the first time in over a year, after refollowing those affected by my surprise banning; the original purpose for this current (brapikura for future reference) account was to be a redirect towards other accounts of mine that were infinitely easier to moderate and self-regulate on. WhatsApp (at the time), XMPP, Discord, etc. Whether that was from a conscious acknowledgement that continuing my debauchery on Instagram would inevitably lead to another fuck up, or a dislike of Instagram generally (maybe both), by January of this year that intent was largely back-burned with my recommitment to interacting on Instagram fully aside from interacting with those who had followed me elsewhere previously.

What could possibly go wrong?

Regression

There won't be any build-up to this part, as I feel it would be both distasteful *and* be perceived as unnecessary padding out of an already lengthy statement; I will simply describe the two individuals whom my interactions with led to me taking a deeper look at **what's** wrong with me, especially since one of those people were still interacted with until recently.

Chronologically, I knew about one of these people on a surface level before the other, but didn't interact with them until late April. The account was a taboo-oriented Tails account that I had seen recommended to me months prior, and my many attempts to send follow requests (it was, and still is, a private account) went unanswered due to inactivity until just four months ago; the interactions were NSFW from the jump following initial basic pleasantries, with admittedly borderline comments on the taboo side being mutually issued as we continued on and the lust was continuously built up. At a point I asked in a mix of horniness and creeping concern if they were *actually* underage rather than leaning into the degenerate muse they adopted for their account, and the former was unfortunately confirmed... but rather than ceasing contact then and there, I kept on going; despite knowing it was wrong at a conscious level, the kind of language used to highlight my moral and ethical hypocrisy aroused more than it perturbed. That fact didn't do enough to dissuade me from sending audio messages of myself masturbating and eventually losing myself in sexual release, and the comedown from *that* action was enough for me to hate myself in a way I hadn't in over **two years**.

These acts transpired into early-to-mid June prior to my latest account deactivation, with one to two week periods leaving plenty of time for my mind to sway between brutal self-hatred and remorseless arousal,

yet there's one more party to discuss; a party whom my interactions with were ongoing even as I typed this statement out. By the time of its public release, any contact with these two would have ceased in its entirety, with their only way of seeing this being via my method of broadcasting that this even *existed*.

Whereas the previously mentioned minor only ever escalated things via my own instigation, and kept the worst offenses to text and drawn images, I have received real sexual images and videos from this person which was spurred on from my continued sexual interactions with them. It's the same setup as before, albeit containing some extra steps; interact publicly with a lewd profile that gets suggested and doesn't look questionable on surface level, follow and interact privately, get deep into lewd territory, finding out in the midst that the person I'm interacting with is underage, and choosing to keep going under some misplaced "I'm already in this deep" mentality. In spite of the actual images I've received from this individual, and my previously described crossing of certain lines, I have only ever sent *fictional* images and videos back; for transparency, I would occasionally receive zoophilic (actual) GIF's on both Telegram and Discord, with the few I received overall sent on the former. Since my Telegram settings wipe messages on both ends after a week (due to my immense dislike of Telegram, with there being only one exception to this standard) nothing sent from both sides remain accessible long term, leaving only Discord as the problem area owing to the illicit nature of the material sent there.

I have yet to conclusively cease contact with this person at the time of making this statement, although I would have done so by the time of its publication. Two minors, with varying degrees of illicit conduct, ultimately attributed to my reaching out and the allowance of degenerate lust to dictate my continuing of conversation and interactions that should have ended then and there. There will be no attempt to spin this, downplay or otherwise justify being twenty-one years of age and continuing to engage in illicit conduct with those far below my age bracket; the only thing that should be done is addressing *why* I chose to come forward with all this, along with providing a clear path to cease and avoid particular actions and behaviors now and in the future.

The Way Forward

Bullet points **solely** for this portion; no verbose preface, no diverting explanations. Just what will be done going forward that will be of mutual benefit to everyone, but especially myself.

- A week after this statement's publication, my current Instagram account will cease to exist in its entirety. One that will be made before my return will exist and actively reconnect and refollow those I wish to remain in touch with, with it being their decision as to whether they want to remain in touch with *me*; the account will be private and extremely close-knit, with zero interest in diverging from this. I will not ever allow myself to be as accessible as I have been for years to degenerates, nor be a present harm to minors who have been socially groomed into finding my mental illness and enablement of it acceptable.
- **If** I ever decide to interact with those I haven't already allowed on said private account in the future, a request for age verification will be the very first mandate I issue to anyone reaching out for contact. Using the word "mandate" is deliberate here, as anyone either refusing to issue this or explaining their discomfort in revealing personal information will be sent on their way without exception; for the latter, I will generally be more sympathetic towards that sentiment as I highly value anonymity myself and will aim to construe a method of privacy-preserving verification that can't easily be blown through. Preserving privacy is an absolute priority for myself and others, but preserving my personal *safety* trumps that significantly.
- Depending on whether I can maintain contact with particular people outside of these channels, winding down the continued existence of my Discord accounts (or at the very least, the NSFW one) alongside others on platforms with a less than stellar moral reputation. XMPP and SimpleX have become my preferred methods of contact, with others like Threema being adopted for

personal and philosophically-oriented reasons; Discord and other services like it exist purely for necessity to maintain contact with particular people, and not because of my liking of their services. Getting people I like to learn about and move to where I am is a goal of mine, but not one I consider a requirement; I'd rather have contact with people I like on places I don't than have no contact at all.

- Seek outside help in ways that avoid any form of so-called "therapy." This is more so personally motivated, as my opinion on the concept of psychological therapy isn't the highest for a multitude of reasons, but by no means does this part translate to "do nothing, or do the bare minimum." Going out and being more active, consuming less pornography and engaging in less erotic writing overall, finding **stable** employment... there are many ways to keep me busy and less available to potentially slip up, so current and future goals will especially emphasize this part more in my personal life than any other.
- Atone for my moral sins in any way humanely possible; spreading awareness about Instagram's (and other social media's) lack of effective moderation and age gating, being a sympathetic ear to those in a similar or worse position than I who show genuine desire to improve in the ways I plan on doing so, and potentially seeking religious rebirth. God forgives but never forgets, as will all of you, and that fact alone gives me the justification to do better not *just* for myself, but spiritually as well.
- **Never** fuck up to this degree ever again; morally, ethically, personally. ***Never fucking again.***