Exhibit C

FOREST

Jake and I had been friends and coworkers for years. Looking back on it, I'm not sure why. From the very first Tor developer meeting I had attended, he repetitively propositioned my partner and I for sex. He even went so far as to, on the very first meeting on the first morning, in front of all the other developers — whom I had not yet met — tell me that he was okay with my partner and I fucking in the same bed as him while he watched, causing both of my partner and I to feel completely humiliated that our private sex life was being discussed in front of colleagues we had hoped to build a good start towards friendly, professional relationships.

While travelling, the first time he came to the city I lived in, I invited him to stay at my house. As politely as I could, I explained, "You can have the floor, and I'll take my bed, or the other way around. If you're comfortable with it, we can share my bed, as friends. Meaning no physical contact." We both slept in my bed.

That turned out (mostly) fine. (Except, of course, being propositioned again, this time for a threesome with Jake and one of my roommates.) In fact, Jake and I proceeded to share beds in a friendly manner over the years, and nothing bad ever happened.

Once Jake had moved to Germany, I came to visit friends there for a while, and one night I stayed at Jake's place. Again, we shared a bed, as friends. There weren't even any discussion or attempts beforehand to convince me to do anything sexual with him. It was freezing cold, and I went to bed with several layers of street clothes on.

Sometime around 5 o'clock in the morning, I woke up very confused and startled because my pants were unzipped and Jake's arm was wrapped around me, his hands in my underwear and he was rubbing my clit and rimming the edges of my vagina. I tried to shove him off me and wake him up. He's physically much bigger than me, so the shoving didn't work as well as it should have, but nonetheless he rolled over, a bit exageratedly, mumbling as if asleep.

In the morning, I confronted him about it. I was really confused. I didn't know if he was actually asleep, but if he was, how did my clothes come undone? Assuming that if I was super confrontational about it, he'd have some excuse like "Oh, but I thought it was okay that time because you didn't explicitly give me the we're-just-friends lecture before bed…" When confronting Jake about this, I said, "Dude, what the fuck. You started fingering me last night." It took a few seconds for there to be a reaction on his face, and then he seemed confused, saying "Oh… what? I don't remember that." I glared at him.

The really disconcerting thing for me was that, half an hour later, he said, "I thought you were her." Here, "her" was Jake's fiancée. At the time, she didn't live in Germany, and they hadn't seen each other in weeks. Jake's fiancée was also gorgeous and super curvy, and I am basically a scrawny, little twig. "I'm not sure how you could confuse us, even asleep." I said. He continued muttering some excuses about having wet dreams about her. He seemed to suddenly and extremely vividly remember whatever dream. Nowhere did he say, "I didn't put my hands in your panties," nor did he apologise.

✖ Close