F\*%K JUDGING YOURSELF

(Everyone else will do that for you.)

The villa was even impressive at night. Three floors, a huge pool, tons of rooms, all in white. We again went over the plan for the next day, and I was given the responsibility of setting an alarm and getting everyone up at 10 a.m. Welcome to being the one female in the group. By the end of this discussion, Jason was already snoring on the couch. Marcus and I said goodnight and headed down to his room, where he gave me a pair of sweatpants and the infamous sweatshirt yet again. I went to pee and while washing my hands, I looked at myself in the mirror.

*Shit*, I thought. I had no intention of having sex tonight, but the thought “Maybe he’ll just want to cuddle and pass out” made me chuckle out loud in the bathroom. *Still, it’s not happening*, I told myself. By now, you all know that last sentence is bullshit but, hey, at least my intentions were right.

I came back into his room and hopped into the very Greek and very uncomfortable yet aesthetically pleasing bed. I laid my head on his chest, and he put his arm around me. Cue the awkward “how is this about to start” moment.

Well, it did start, heated up very quickly, and clothes came off. Fuck. I guess this *is* happening. He tried to…well, you know, and I put my hand on his chest and laughed.

“Ha. You swear…” I said, insinuating the lack-of-a-condom situation he had going on. He smiled at me.

“Sorry, yeah, I have something,” he said genuinely as he got up to head to his bag.

As I laid there in this gorgeous villa in Mykonos, butt-ass naked, all I could think about was how gross I felt naked. Remember the actual movie *Eat Pray Love,* where Julia Roberts says some epic bullshit about how it’s okay to eat and gain weight on vacation because “Has a man ever looked at you naked and told you to put your clothes back on?” Well, no Julia, but she failed to mention how unsexy it makes *you* feel which, as far as I’m concerned, is way more important than what the dude is thinking. Ugh. Fuck you, Julia Roberts. Fuck you.

Marcus returned with proper…attire, and I yet again found myself staring up at a very sexy, well-built specimen of a man. This seemed to be a recurring theme on this trip. And again, good for you, Gabrielle. Three out of three. Jesus Christ, I’m a whore. Pat on the back, nonetheless.

No complaints. When we finished, he looked at me and said, “God, you’re so sexy,” which was beyond adorable. Okay, fine, touché Julia Roberts.

I threw his sweatshirt and my underwear on and we went outside to cool off on the ridiculous patio. We lay down on one of the lounge chairs, my head on his chest and his arm around me. It was actually really…*nice*. It was comfortable. We talked about his job and if it was what he wanted to do for the rest of his life. He asked about my work and had questions that showed he was genuinely interested. He told me about his brother and sister and his relationship with his parents. He asked me about my parents, and I told him about my dad and how close I was with my mom, which led to how much she’d helped me through the divorce.

“Yeah, I was blown away when you told us that story earlier,” he said honestly.

I have to admit, although it wasn’t the deepest of deep conversations, I felt like I saw a side of him that he didn’t always let people see. Lying there listening to his voice, I saw a glimpse underneath the typical white frat guy who uses slang like “lit” and “legend,” drinks beer, and gets really riled up over the Patriots game while high-fiving his bros. Don’t get me wrong, at first glance he most definitely came off as a cocky douche bag. But, from what I was seeing, it was just a thick layer of protection that had been built up because of his environment back home. Underneath it, he was sweet and caring. I don’t know if he had intended on me realizing that or not, but I did.

After about an hour of talking, we were both freezing and headed to bed. He put his arm around me and was fast asleep in five minutes flat. I fucking hate people with that talent. What I wouldn’t give. I lay there for a good hour, not sleeping, as I tend to do, and felt a sense of relief. Because, like with Chris, I didn’t feel any guilt. I didn’t feel any negative emotions about what had taken place. And most important, I wasn’t missing Javier. Not at that moment, at least. I realized then that there was no point in judging myself on any of my actions. Don’t outside forces already do enough of that? Judging myself only made me take steps backward from learning whatever lessons were being presented to me. Ultimately, if all of my actions were making me think and feel and grow and begin to heal, who the fuck am I to judge that? You all will do that enough for me.

It was 7 a.m. by the time I finally dozed off. It literally felt like I had just shut my eyes when my alarm went off at 10 a.m. I turned it off, rolled over, and looked at Marcus, who was sleepily staring back at me.

“Absolutely not,” I said.

“Yeah, fuck that,” he replied, and we went back to sleep for another two hours.