

## **TW: Violent and hostile abuse, manipulation, transphobia, neglect, gaslighting**

**01/20/2025**

I'm writing about my experience with thenoirenigma, or Noir Enigma. His partner, AJ Fox (pahnita), will be included in this statement, but I want to make clear that I don't harbor anything towards them. I did, but not anymore. This is focused on Noir's behaviors to me and around me, and I will be mentioning behaviors towards AJ as well but this is in no way me speaking on behalf of them.

From the beginning of 2023 to late 2024, I experienced homelessness. I had moved a total of 10 times that year, jumping from couch to couch, and it quite frankly broke something in me. No exaggeration, I was catatonic for most of that time because I had given up regardless of my brain fighting everything and god to keep going.

Because of being in that mindset for so long, I did anything I could. I put up with a lot, I made a lot of mistakes, I lost everything, and I carried a lot of shame with me. With this particular situation involving Noir, I thought it was a way to bridge the gap between my situation and a solution.

I had been friends with Noir for about five years at that point since 2019—in the beginning of my career as a creator, he was one of my loudest supporters and I was his. He was very genuine in his care for me as a friend, and I did all that I could to support him equally. It was a good synergy, I had played a lot of games with him and we got very close to the point where we briefly spoke about gaining feelings for each other. We went on a date to see how the vibes were, which consisted of us watching a movie together on Discord. It was a good night, and there was good energy between the both of us. It was refreshing. He genuinely cared and the energy continued, and then strangely it was radio silence from him after a while.

I would see him on socials, continuing to be active and on his projects but when it came to personal DMs, it seemed very difficult to get an answer most of the time. I was sad, but I wished him well and kept it pushing. Around that time, I had started getting familiar with Critical Misses, which is how I met AJ. I knew that them and Noir were friends at the time because they had started doing Morning Ritual together, a Saturday morning TTRPG talk show on AJ's channel. I was on one of their very first episodes. Slowly but surely, I started entering more spaces with AJ AND Noir in them and I gained a lot of mutuals that were theirs. Sometime later, I found out they had started dating.

Was I hurt? Yeah, I was, but enough time had passed that I let it go and congratulated the both of them. I was *genuinely* happy for them because I considered them both very dear friends. They seemed happy together, and I didn't want to hold anything against Noir because I wasn't sure how his life was panning out. Also, he didn't owe me anything. I made sure to keep checking on him despite the distance and in that time, I could tell the friendship was starting to lose the intensity it had in the beginning. Which, that happens and is understandable. We were changing as creators and as people.

Now from the beginning, Noir was very charitable to me in various ways: whenever I didn't have enough money to eat, he would always be willing to help if I asked (which I did quite a bit because he made it clear that it was okay to do so. I'm thankful to have a good group of friends that have expressed the same without judgement), he provided a listening ear always, and he always validated me within my content creation. I always made sure to return the energy in any way that I could because of how kind he was. He never expressed a problem at all and told me that I could always come to him for anything. This extended into him telling me that if I ever needed a place to stay for however long I needed, then he would be more than happy to help me in Chicago.

Back to my homelessness—I caved after fighting for months and asked him if I could take him up on that offer. Here's the screenshot of me asking and the conversation that followed:

Here, you can see that I made it clear that I could help as best as I could with what little I had—I felt terrible asking for a big favor like this. I wanna clarify my comment about being “kicked out”: It was evident that because I was still struggling to find footing that it wasn’t doable for the person I was staying with to house me anymore, so I was aware that they were considering asking me to leave due to financial strain. I accepted that and I took it upon myself to leave on my own accord so I wouldn’t stress them out anymore because it was crunch time until another expense was about to come. I would have done anything to alleviate me being a burden, and that included offering any help that I could until I could adequately support in a monetary way. I wanted to make that as clear as day. He even reiterated that he “always got me” in [this screenshot](#).

This was [his response](#) to what I said.

Again, I asked for conditions, stipulations, limits—ANYTHING before I made an eight hour drive for survival. Noir promised the bed to me, but below you see AJ offer the couch—it was probably a miscommunication and I wasn’t pressed about it. But it was weird, I guess? I brushed it off though, I was just grateful that I could stay somewhere that was safe and with people I trusted. The three of us had a group chat already for a while before this so I just pasted the same thing since Noir had mentioned discussing things with AJ.

I copied and pasted into the group what I asked above about being sure. AJ [responded](#).

The rest of the conversation can be found [here](#).

The conversation continued about logistics, which was Noir explaining at the bottom of the screenshot that his siblings would be coming over every once in a while and that we’d need to come up with arrangements if they ever did. It was no big deal at all. Everything was set, and it was a huge weight off of my shoulders. It was either I stayed in my home state and slept in my car, or I drove to safety and two trusted friends while I figured things out. I felt so appreciative of them.

When I arrived, everything was fine and I spent the last \$100 I had on groceries for the whole apartment as a thank you to the both of them for housing me. Everything was meshing well together, and we had fun for the first week or so. I hit the ground running to look for a job immediately. I had made a promise to the both of them that I’d be working and chipping in what I could, and so I got with a job agency and within the first two weeks, I secured a full time job up there.

However, as time went on I began to notice a shift with Noir and AJ. It started to feel like tension was present, but I didn't know where it was stemming from. Noir would start coming home from work and not really speak to me much. While he was at work, AJ and I were at the apartment all day and they didn't really speak to me either. For both of them, I had to speak to them first in order for them to speak to me. It was strange because I started to feel like I was causing the tension. With my ADHD, admittedly, my PC had become a fixation before I moved up there and it continued on while I stayed there. I would be on the majority of the day, doing GTA roleplay and staying at the desk in the studio because it felt as if they didn't want to talk or socialize much after a certain point.

I could understand the exhaustion from Noir due to his long work days—it was exhausting for him. I could also understand AJ not speaking during the day because they always worked on projects at their desk, but I started to feel lonely. I remember asking them to either have board game nights or movie nights together, but it never resulted in anything except for a movie night we had with his little brother, Jae. And after I would ask, I would come home from being out to find them watching movies or TV shows on their own so I would just go straight to my PC. For a long time, I thought that it was in my head and just anxiety but then it was confirmed that was not the case.

Shortly after that shift happened, another happened and they started to subtly stop talking about food around me. AJ had cooked for the first couple of weeks for all of us. I offered to help with the cooking when I could because there were nights where Noir expected dinner from AJ on the table by the time he got home. With the topic of food, Noir had always told AJ and I to just make a list of things we wanted whenever we needed groceries and he would get it. No questions asked. Because of the fact that I had to wait to start working, I had no money and so I had to depend on other sources/loved ones to get me money almost every day to order out because I didn't want to eat up their groceries. From what I was feeling from them, it felt as if they wanted to save food which wasn't communicated to me so I always assumed I would just eat separately from then on. I tried to make myself as separate as possible so they didn't have to worry about me.

Noir ordered groceries at one point, and I had requested something be put on the list (ice cream mochis)—I expected him to only buy like 1-2 boxes of it, which I was more than okay with.

He ordered 6 boxes, and genuinely because *I* specifically requested it I munched on them for the next few days until there were about 2-3 left in a box. Mind you, they're relatively small mochis so I didn't think anything of it, and I asked for them so I doubly didn't really think about it. That's when I started to notice them intentionally not asking me to partake in dinners anymore. AJ, alongside cooking, always fixed our plates and handed them to Noir and I before making one for themselves. That stopped,

and then the mention of them ordering out and asking me to partake stopped as well. It got to a point where I wouldn't think anything was being made, so I would order out with the little funds I had only to find AJ cooking to prepare for themselves and Noir whenever he got home. It was weird timing.

There were days where I didn't know how I was gonna eat because they stopped offering. In the beginning they would order out at times, and they would ask me if I wanted anything, and then it would just be messages between them until food showed up at the door, and then I had to fend for myself. A lot. I'd like to reiterate; I never expected them to take care of me 1000000%, and I made that clear, but I was consistently told by them that things were fine and there were no issues, that they would help support me. For once, I decided to listen to them because I trusted them. I even *kept* asking after I landed there because my anxiety kept going off, and now I know why.

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**TW: abuse, controlling behavior, violent behavior, gaslighting, intentional neglect, ableism.**

**I've gotten explicit permission from Jae to share the following.**

Noir's little brother came over at one point to stay with all of us due to his car being broken into and him being stuck in the area, and it was the first time I had finally gotten to meet him. I knew Jae from when I started content creation, and he had always been such a sweet and kind person to speak to any time I spoke to him while talking to Noir in calls. Noir had spoken about Jae in such a positive way that I was happy to have met him finally. Immediately, Jae and I hit it off and became very close. A lot of the very strange behaviors from Noir and AJ continued, and I got frustrated to the point of venting to Jae about it. I felt it was safe to do so because Jae was already also sharing some frustrations of his as well, and that's when he told me he got confused by something that he had noticed from AJ.

She had made breakfast one morning, and prepared enough food for herself, Noir, and Jae. They didn't make enough food for a fourth person, and Jae was confused—in turn, he ended up taking less food for himself because otherwise there wouldn't have been enough for me. It took a bit for my brain to process because that essentially confirmed everything I had been suspecting up until that point, but I was so mentally tired by that point that I just accepted it and didn't bring it up. I didn't want to risk being kicked out.

Then the abuse started happening.

Myself, AJ, and Jae were all home while Noir had gone to work and we were all in our respective areas. I was at my PC, AJ was in the bedroom on their PC, and Jae was watching TV in the living room. Evening comes around, and I get on a phone call with a friend of mine on the balcony outside. It's a serious conversation, and as I'm talking that's when I hear a slam and the balcony shakes because of how hard a door was slammed. I then see Noir come through the kitchen to the balcony door, and he tells me that he needs to talk to us and for me to get off the phone immediately. I stood there for a second because, the fuck? I told my friend I had to go.

The three of us go into the living room where Noir is sitting, and he tells us to sit down. I could tell that he was incredibly upset because of how he looked, and he immediately begins to yell and cuss at us. Apparently someone from the complex had called his property manager who called him at work, telling him about a noise complaint. We all tried to defend ourselves, letting him know that we hadn't spoken to each other *all day*, and not even the cats made any major noises either.

He cut us off and continued to yell at us saying that "as soldiers, we had to fall in a line. That whatever he says goes because he's housing all of us, and that meant being quiet while he was gone." Not the exact wording, but that's a summary and yes, he did call us soldiers.

The yelling continued for about 10 more minutes ending with, "Do you all understand me?"

We all nodded.

He got up, stormed through the living room to the bedroom, and slammed the door hard enough to rattle the walls again. That's when we started to hear things breaking. We heard thuds on the walls, at one point he almost broke AJ's monitors, he threw things, was screaming at the top of his lungs and repeating the things he had told us.

I had gotten physically and mentally triggered due to past experiences, so I started packing. Survival mode—I was used to leaving immediately if I didn't feel safe. I also had to comfort Jae as well because he was shaken up, and AJ was keeping their distance from the room. I texted a couple of friends asking if their place was open, and in the screenshots below with one of them, I quickly cover it up towards the end because I didn't want to cause any issues. This person also knew Noir personally, and I didn't want to cause rifts—to me, it felt like the problem was small and I was over exaggerating so I backpedaled. Here's the [conversation](#) - personal information and identity has been crossed out at the person's permission.

After I was done packing most of my stuff, Jae went into the bedroom to try and calm Noir down. I was later told that Noir had called AJ “stupid” for simply speaking to the neighbor, and then asked Jae if that’s something he would have done to double down on the comment. After Jae came out, we cycled in and out of the room. AJ went in next and spoke to him for a while, and then they came out to tell me that I could go in next if I wanted to talk to him.

I went in, and the conversation was uncomfortable. He tried to relate to me through Blackness, and then he moved onto the soldier talk again. At the time, I understood where he was coming from. He was coming at it from an angle of being a Black man and having everything and everyone against him—felt. But in hindsight, it was weaponizing Blackness to excuse abusive behavior over things he had no control over. He said this to me:

“When I have people stay here, I need my soldiers to be in a line. If any of you fall out of line, it’s over. I can’t help you anymore. You all need to be in a line.”

I didn’t say much, but I did call him out for the violent episode he had. Told him it wasn’t right nor okay, and he kept repeating that he wasn’t in the wrong. He apologized for the delivery of things, but he his intentions weren’t wrong.

I left the room and just sat in the living room, numb.

A while later, he came out of the bedroom and sat with us in the living room and said:

“You know, sometimes families go through tough shit but all that matters is that we always make it out on the other side. So I think we should go out and do some karaoke. You guys in?”

I personally felt like I couldn’t say no.

So we went to a bar.

The friend from the night prior was kind enough to check on me the next day, and I look back on [this](#) realizing I minimized everything.

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The second incident, I slept on the couch and as the energy shifted, the less considerate Noir became of me sleeping in the living room. His PC was set up next to the couch, and especially on Saturday

mornings, it would be very noisy—I knew Morning Ritual was a thing. Even when he would go to work on weekdays, he would always wake me up either from stomping through the room or slamming the front door.

One morning, he couldn't find his keys for a considerable amount of time and AJ was also up trying to help him find them. At this point, it's about 6:30 in the morning and I just hear Noir getting increasingly angrier until he finally finds them and storms out the door slamming the front door hard enough to rattle the apartment again.

I couldn't go back to sleep after that.

The day passes, and he comes back home. Same as before, storms through the apartment and goes to the bedroom slamming that door.

Another violent episode where he starts cussing and screaming, breaking things, punching the walls.

AJ and I are trapped in the kitchen and I look at them asking if this is normal, and they tell me that she just lets him get it out until it passes. For a brief second, I felt sorry for them because it felt like she had put up with it a lot.

I'll be honest, I can't remember what happened that night after that.

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The final straw.

I had started DoorDashing to get some pocket change before I started my new job. The start day had been pushed back, so I had more time to kill before orientation day. Jae was very kind enough to help me with dashing, and drove me around Chicago since I have an older car so I spent days going with him to get that done.

One night, I come home to find Noir and AJ sitting in the living room watching Dimension 20. Noir looks at me and actually greets me for the first time in a while.

N: "Hey, where you coming from?"

Me: "Oh, I was out dashing."



N: “Oh nice, you been doing okay?”

Me: “Yeah, as okay as I can be.”

N: “Good. Well I’m here if you need anything.”

I thanked him, and a little bit after, he got up and turned the TV off and went to bed. AJ stayed behind and asked if she could have a word with me.

My brain immediately went to: they’re gonna kick me out.

Nah. They didn’t kick me out.

I [texted](#) Jae what happened.

To just give concise context:

- AJ sat me down and asked me again how I was doing, I told them I still have days where the brain hurts but otherwise I’m managing.
- They expressed that they and Noir were concerned because of my PC fixation, and that they’re asking because “they were my friends and concerned about me.”
- Shortly after, they said I needed to start paying on the internet bill because it was an astronomical amount (I think she quoted over \$170 or something like that, which no).
- They then talked about me chipping in on groceries because I ate too many of the mochas *I* requested
- She said it triggered Noir greatly, and it’s because of trauma with food scarcity, which I’m not doubting but... I can’t. Yeah.
- And then they asked about my job situation, and at the time I couldn’t start yet but I told them I had a job lined up.
- They said that that was good because “when Noir lets people stay here, he wants them to be working towards something.”
- Tied it up in a bow with “we care about you and just wanted to check in on you. If you need anything let us know.”

I left the next day, and then the day after I started working the first week of March 2024.

Apologies if this is long, but I needed to include context for *everything*.

After I left, he didn't follow me on social media although AJ still does. Neither of them followed me when I remade my Twitter WHILE I was staying with the two of them, and I even messaged them letting them know that I made the new account. The message went ignored. I know that may sound like a foolish thing to be upset about, but it was sort of the cherry on top of everything.

AJ tried to apologize to me before I left the apartment. I kept things civil, told her it was whatever and it's okay. I haven't heard from either of them since I left that day.

Noir wasn't home, but he sent me [this](#) when I left.

Jae gave me permission and wanted me to say the following:

I would also like to mention the tokenization of his little brother who is Trans. It's not my story to tell in detail, but Noir does use Jae as a trophy on the internet for self gratification, but completely neglects him in real life and he wanted me to speak up about it and mention it. While he was staying there with us, Jae expressed concerns about his parents not being supportive of his top surgery when it came to insurance and such. Noir said that he would support Jae financially, and to just let him know how much he was looking at and that he would get it taken care of. He wanted to spite their parents, is what he told Jae, and Jae was relieved about it.

The time of the top surgery was nearing, and there was little to no contact from Noir to Jae except for a small exchange that was unrelated. The surgery came around, and Noir was completely detached and gone - no offers of help or support as he promised. I supported Jae all throughout with what I could before, during, and after the surgery because I felt horrible about it and wanted him to feel the support he deserves. It's been that way ever since we both were there, and he's become like a sibling to me. I never want to replace blood, and I've told Jae that many times, but I also didn't want to sit idly by while he was being mistreated when he stood up for me so much during the abuse. I also no longer wanted his Transness to be mistreated either.

I will never trust Noir Enigma again, and it breaks my heart to say that because we genuinely cared about each other. We were all each other had at the beginning of both of our careers, and I'll always be grateful to him for that period of time. I tried to leave the situation as swiftly and civilly as I could because I still valued the friendship I had with him and AJ, but I never realized how much of a burden I was to them until it was too late. I still go back in my brain to see where I misstepped or went wrong,

and I keep blaming myself for being so codependent on others during that time. I'm not at fault, never have been.

I had nothing, and I was fighting everyday with nothing to keep surviving. When you're in that mode 24/7 for **almost two years**, you do everything you can to live another day. I feel like a broken record, but people are so quick to diminish and judge such a humbling and terrifying experience. As simple as that sounds, I cannot begin to describe the complexities with going through things/having to do things that take life away from you in order to get something you should always be afforded; a fucking home. After I left Noir's, I had to go to another friend's place and they treated me with such kindness. Didn't question anything about my situation, didn't judge me or expect anything from me, and it was the last thing in Chicago that gave me even a semblance of hope in the kindness that humans *can* have. It prevented me from completely breaking, and it prevented me from taking my own life. I struggled a lot after that.

I had PTSD episodes in the middle of the night, every night well into the beginning of this year. I lost my job that I had gotten up there because I kept getting suicidal and missed work. I had to move back home, still homeless and on another couch.

What's dope, though, is that even with all this bullshit:

I got my own place two months later.

I have a cat son who loves the fuck out of me. And I, him.

I've started doing theatre professionally again.

My mental health is improving, with the exception of very human days.

I'm doing okay.

I don't hate Noir, I could never hate someone I cared so much about at one point, but I truly do hope that he starts reflecting upon his actions towards others. In fact, I still care a lot and hope that he gets the help that he needs in order to find peace within himself. I was going to drop the situation, but then things kept reaching my ear, he blocked me on social media even though we had no interactions since I left, and it was driving up my anxiety thinking about the fact that I had no closure or space to say my piece. I couldn't stay quiet anymore. I began seeing and observing patterns with others as I've been watching quietly, and I can't let this keep happening. I hope he eventually becomes comfortable enough to express his true self to those that know him over the internet as I did at the beginning of our friendship. I'll carry a lot of what I experienced in a painful place for a while, but it taught me a lot.

I fucking miss my friend, the one I used to clown with all the time and laugh about silly shit with. I miss his genuine laugh that could fill a room. I miss the person that I connected with about unconditionally supporting each other in a space that already wants us out of it. I miss trusting him and I miss the warmth he had; he made me feel seen, comfortable, and he was my best friend at one point. That's the Noir I'll always hold close, and it breaks my heart that it's turned into this. It's why I don't wish ill, nor do I even want any form of justice, but I will stand up for myself and hold him accountable for how he treated me when I needed him the most. And how much he tried to diminish me in a community that's supposed to be accepting and welcoming in a world that fucking hates everything he and I stand for.

Homelessness opens you up for many people to mistreat you knowingly or unknowingly because they have the power to do so, and it's scary because it's supposed to be people that love you. The person that's helping you get by automatically has an upper hand because... they aren't homeless. Since then, I've heard whispers about how I did a lot of wrong in that situation and even almost two years later, I still have times where I think I did but in all honesty, I didn't.

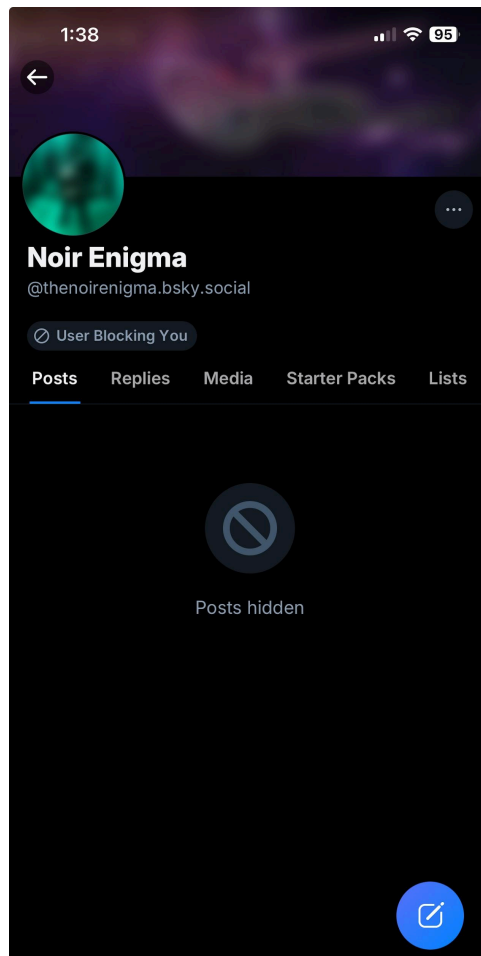
At the end of the day, I was the one without a fucking home.  
You can't demand everything from a person that has nothing.

Finally, if you don't have the capacity or energy or resources to adequately help someone then don't.  
And don't offer.

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### UPDATE:

I have discovered that Noir has blocked me on Bluesky, as of September 2024. The last time I spoke to him was February 2024, the Discord message he sent me when I left his place, and I had only spoken to very, very close life friends about what I've written about above. Not sure what prompted the block, but it took me by surprise.



If anyone would like to speak to me personally or if anyone has any questions, let me know and I can clarify. I'm comfortable doing so and will be forthright as I've been in this statement as well.