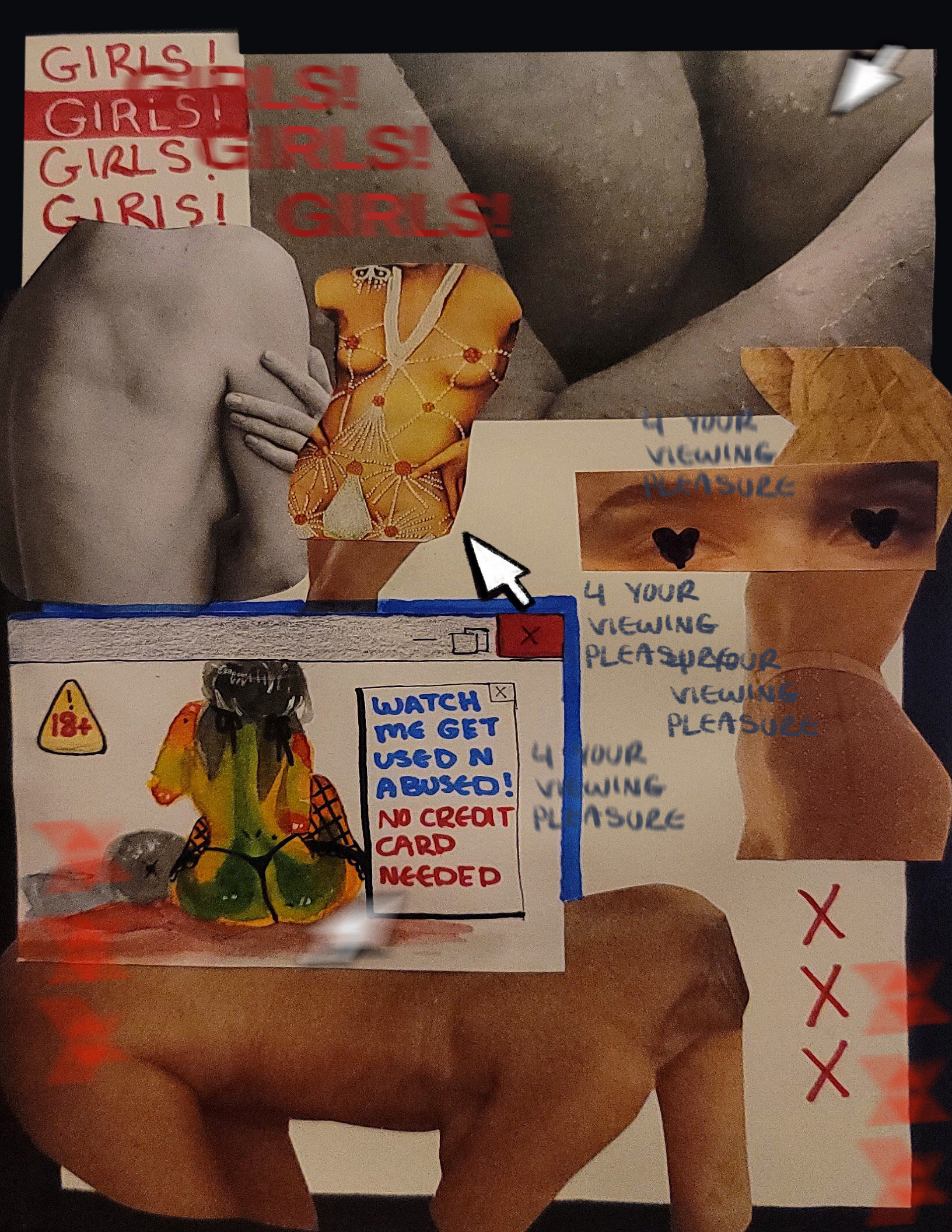


If Only You Knew,,

All the Things I NVR Said.

Trigger Warning: mentions of sexual as-
sault and suicide.



About 3 months into our relationship, I came across the 500+ porn/lewd pages you were following on a separate instagram account.

I remember scrolling ,
and scrolling ,
and scrolling...

I will never truly be able to describe the anger and disgust that I experienced in that very moment but it felt like someone had just lit my insides on fire and I was being burned alive from the inside-out. It didn't stop with you just following these pages... you took it even further and decided to peruse them during moments that I *thought* were intimate. Moments that I thought were between the two of us only.

I cried until I passed out that night, asking myself where I went wrong and why I wasn't good enough over and over and over. The only answer I would receive is that I wasn't "stimulating enough" and it was a "joke". One that I guess I failed to see the humor in.

It did not get better as the time passed, I just talked about it less.



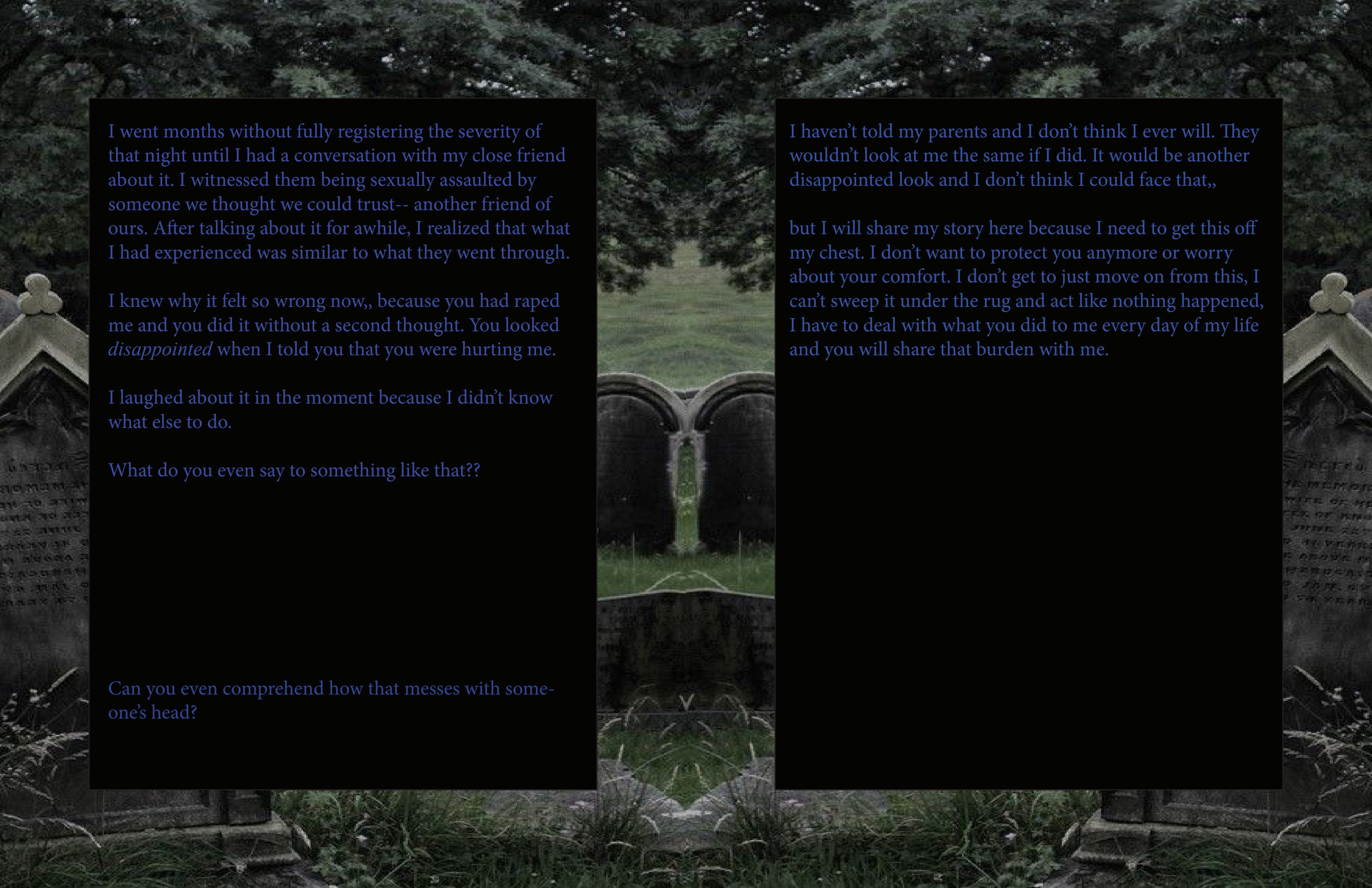
I wanted to take my own life that summer.

I had so much love to give but what was the point of waking up every morning just to be reminded that nobody wanted it?

Everything happened so quickly that night, I didn't have time to really stop and process what had just happened to me. I don't remember a lot but I do remember the excruciating pain. I remember telling you that you were hurting me and finally it stopped.



I won't forget how disappointed you looked.



I went months without fully registering the severity of that night until I had a conversation with my close friend about it. I witnessed them being sexually assaulted by someone we thought we could trust-- another friend of ours. After talking about it for awhile, I realized that what I had experienced was similar to what they went through.

I knew why it felt so wrong now,, because you had raped me and you did it without a second thought. You looked *disappointed* when I told you that you were hurting me.

I laughed about it in the moment because I didn't know what else to do.

What do you even say to something like that??

Can you even comprehend how that messes with someone's head?

I haven't told my parents and I don't think I ever will. They wouldn't look at me the same if I did. It would be another disappointed look and I don't think I could face that,,

but I will share my story here because I need to get this off my chest. I don't want to protect you anymore or worry about your comfort. I don't get to just move on from this, I can't sweep it under the rug and act like nothing happened, I have to deal with what you did to me every day of my life and you will share that burden with me.

