

Sex Addiction - VOICE OF A BETRAYED PARTNER

I didn't even know you existed. I had no idea how many lives you've ruined. I didn't know how sneaky and cruel you are, how you hide inside people's pain and make them think you can take it away. You turn yourself into everything they think they need and offer them an easy way to escape reality. You whisper that they can escape their feelings, their fear, and their emptiness. You tell them they can hide from responsibility, morals, values, and human decency and still feel good for a little while. You tell them it is okay to go against everything they believe for a moment of comfort. That they deserve this. That they have earned it. That they are not hurting anyone. That they are powerful and in control.

NO you lie! You are in control, you are powerful, and you are hell. You trick them into believing that the quick, fake comfort you give is better than facing real life, that they deserve it, that people that love them and care for them don't understand them don't really care for them, you teach them that complete selfishness is normal and deserved. You convince them they can still be good human beings, that they can keep their addiction and their real lives separate. You are a liar and a thief, and I hate you with everything I have. I despise you. You are a monster that keeps growing till it consumes its host, black, slimy, and full of evil.

You start slowly, introducing your filth and lies as if you care, whispering your lies. You hide in the shadows where only the addict can see and hear you. You are so sneaky that people do not see what you are doing. They think you have their best interests at heart. You pretend to be their friend while you slowly destroy goodness, love, kindness, integrity, and their soul. You make them weak, cowardly, powerless, pathetic. You feed their selfishness and make the wrong choices feel easier until they are dependent on you; consumed by YOU!

I didn't see you. I didn't know you were in my home, or I would have eradicated you. Instead, you grew everywhere you could find space. You thrived like a parasite, like a monster growing larger and larger until you took over my husband completely. You made him believe his own lies. You rewrote reality. You rewrote him. You rewrote the life I thought I had.

You were let in by the person I trusted most, loved most, and depended on most. He opened the door to you, and that makes the betrayal even worse. I did everything right. I built a life I thought was safe. I picked someone I thought I could trust. I gave my love, my heart, my effort, and you destroyed it anyway. That is not fair. That is not right. And now I live with your destruction every day: fear, grief, anger, confusion, shame, trauma, a feeling of powerlessness and resentment. I feel defeated.

You stole my marriage, my trust, my safety, and so many years I can never get back. You destroyed my past, my present, and the future I had planned. You turned one man's insecurities

and selfish choices into a life of chaos for me. You made me question myself, my worth, and my sanity. You made me feel invisible, discarded, and unloved. You made me live in a nightmare I cannot escape.

My mind cannot accept that someone capable of loving me could also be capable of such cruelty. Your destruction is mind-blowing. I keep trying to solve a puzzle that has no logical solution. I mourn the death of the husband I thought I had and the death of the marriage I thought I lived in. I cannot stop thinking, “Why did he do this if he loved me?” and “How could my kind, loving husband do this?” It breaks my heart to see what you have done to him and to us. But I also know that he opened the door to you.

Now that I know you exist and have infected my home, I have started cleaning my house of your slimy filth. But the residue of your poison is still here, quiet, subdued, yet still toxic and dangerous, like an animal that has been cornered. The person who opened the door is still in my house. I cannot control you, and I cannot control him. I have to trust that he will point you out if you surface from the shadows so we can all shine a light on you and push you back into the dark. It is hard to admit that I have no control over you or what you did or what you can do in the future.

I hate you. I hate that you were let into my house and my life. I want you gone. I want to feel peace again. I want to feel content. I want to think about my future and my past without pain and heartache. I want to have hope and faith again, but right now I can't.

I don't know what comes next. I despise you with every fiber of my being. I am consumed by what you have done and the destruction you brought into my life. Right now, I just need to grieve. I need to feel the weight of everything you destroyed. I need time and support to even start understanding what my life has become. I need safety, truth, and compassion around me while I live day by day.