

OWEN

You couldn't blame me for Owen's behavior. I didn't make him the way that he was. I had no idea that he would turn out this way. Nothing that I did contributed to his actions. He was the only one who was accountable. Obviously he took advantage of my vulnerability. He pretended to be some thing that he wasn't. In retrospect, I should've seen through what was happening. But it wasn't that easy. He had advantages over me. I didn't realize with some of these were until much later. Owen was a special sort. He made it for every effort trying to sell the superior intelligence.

Owen didn't know everything that he seemed to know. But I thought that he had some thing, and I needed it. At first, I was convinced that he offered me the credibility that I lacked. This seem like a suitable inducement. We're both headed a similar direction. He could offer me counsel. I never depended on Owen for money. He had the air of a professional. He had the resources to sustain himself. He was able to play his game. He advanced his con. I ended ended up being a spectator. It wasn't supposed to be this way. I had a creative flair. I wanted to pursue my artistic side. I liked to read. I liked to write. And he was able to engage me an interesting conversation.

He gave me the impression that he was part of a larger movement. I would listen to him. At times, I acted as if I was listening to a lecture. I would make notes. I would act excited when he offered his insights. There seem to be no limit to these ideas. Nevertheless, it still wasn't enough. He would make me feel as if I was reading a book. He would provoke my thoughts. For the time being, I electors will recent arguments. There were times when he would expose my own lack of understanding. This was a part of the overall experience. I went along with him, I welcomed the opportunity. I wasn't in graduate school. But I could pretend that I was. I felt honored that he was interested in me.

Through it all, he constantly advanced relativism. This meant that he never could be wrong. We didn't fight. I just went along with things that he said. I realize that he was making most of the important decisions in our lives. But I didn't give it a second thought. Overall, I saw this as part of my personal evolution. He was alerting me to things that I needed to think about. And I was going along with him. I accorded with his outlook, but I felt a little frightened here and there. I was venturing into new territory. It wasn't clear how to orient myself. That didn't diminish my commitment. In fact, only made me more involved. At this point, he really wasn't pushing my buttons. He just knew how to give me the right cues. I would see his signals, and that would direct me where I need to go.

Through it all, he seemed to be infallible. He didn't try to embarrass me. But he sidelined me in the argument. He'd make things move along. And I felt as if I was staring into space. When he alerted me to the right way of thinking, I would perk up and agree. I wasn't questioning him. There was no reason to disagree. He was guiding me. And I accepted that guidance. There were no two ways to think about it. The very worst was staring me in the face. I was thanking him. I wondered what would happen if I disagreed with it.

With an image of bringing down the house of cards. I kept I thought to myself. I

didn't find occasion to go against his opinion. I didn't see myself as submissive. We were both developing from similar influences. I would I want to think any differently. I also thought that it was useless to disagree. If he was directing my thought, I simply believed that he had better sources. I might go back and look at an article that I read, and I would recognize where it was in error. That made me respect him even more. He was working from a secret understanding. I wanted to know why. Overtime, I could always find justification. Therefore, there was even less pretext for disagreeing with him. I would look at him, and I would admire his intelligence. Sure, there was something elitist about his nature. In a competitive world, I felt that he was offering me that edge. I would accept it. I never thought of myself as better than other people. But I did feel that an uplifting destiny awaited me.

I prepared myself for what would come next. I was enhancing the side of myself. He was telling me that it was okay to feel that I had abilities. If I started to question myself, that would bring up questions about him. He did have training. He read well. However, there were serious gabs. If I start wondering about Owen. It only helped me to accept my own weaknesses.

Maybe the world didn't give the both of us credit for what we truly knew. Owen was giving me the opportunity to overcome that deficiency. That emphasized the importance of our connection. It was us against the world. He could add to that belief by his knowledge. He would emphasize a critical point. And this would confirm for me that he was the right guy to be with. He was correct in the world of its flaws. All the while, I felt isolated from my friends. He was always jealous of the men I knew. And he felt that my female friends were trying to interfere with our relationship.

I went well I went along with his judgment. Some of my friends would criticize him for no reason. I also felt that they were jealous of something that he had. I knew the true Owen. I knew how smart he was. I knew how he was helping me to be a better person. I wasn't gonna go along with his craziness. If we loved each other, no one else was gonna tell me differently. At this point, it was very clear that he was trying to work ahead game on me. He realized how devoted I was to him on an emotional level. And he recognized how to submit my strength. I wanted him more and more.

He used our passion as this game. In the bedroom, he made me feel submissive. He made me feel that he had all the power. He made me feel that he was a great person. I had no doubt it was happening. He was using his knowledge. In these circumstances, I felt that he was almost cruel. I was a friend that I tolerated this behavior. He wasn't affectionate. He could be cold.

He could expect things that had nothing to do with our interaction. This was all part of his game. Clearly, it was a form of persecution. He loved the fact that he could act this way. It was all part of his power again. He wasn't inflicting cruelty on me. But he would continue and his efforts. That made me feel more isolated. I couldn't tell my friends what I've been going on. I've already close them out of my life. And he knew this. That gave him a sense of power. I wanted to accuse him of what he was doing. But he had techniques that helped him to deflect my frustration. He wouldn't forbid me from seeing my friends. It was almost as if he had

trained me to be this way. I would be afraid to tell them what was going on. They might've wondered. They might've asked me questions.

More than ever, I wanted to make it seem perfect. I went along. I gave him everything that he wanted. And that was that. I was fighting to get away from myself. I was fighting with him. But we weren't saying anything. I wouldn't disagree with him. I wouldn't scream. I wouldn't get angry. I would just acquiesce. Thus, he had total control over me. At this point, he wasn't doing it to me. I was doing it to myself. When I listened to him, I told myself that I was fortunate. This added to the experience. I was lucky to be in his presence. I was lucky for him to share with me. He was making me feel as if I was more than myself. He was reaffirming my intellect. I was in the presence of a great man. And he was sharing his greatness with me. Why would I feel any differently? He was leading history onward right before my eyes. And he was inviting me to be part of a marvelous event. I was a little scared. What was happening to the both of us? The craziness increased. I wondered where any of this was going. I was getting close to the inner one. Sure, it might've seemed frightening. But I believed that this was all part of my training.

He had gone through the same thing to achieve his greatness. And I was lucky to share in this method. How was I ever going to be able to overcome these influences? It all seemed reasonable. Every step on the brought me closer to the very inside and motivated Owen. I didn't feel excluded. He wanted me to be part of this. He called on my participation. This was everything for the both of us. This was all that he needed. I was his disciple.

Indeed, I was like a well trained dog. He would give me a treat, and I would respond just the way that he wanted it. It's only made me feel more helpless. At the same time, he was convincing me to go along with this kind of thinking. That meant that I could be rude to my friends. I could be mean to strangers. He was taking advantage of that side of myself. I thought that I was being effusive with him. I felt that I was demonstrating that I could be a warm person. This only added to his icy nature. When he needed to, he would freeze me out. I don't understand how to change any of this. I was supposed to go along. There were times, but I told myself that this was love. What process could I go through? What did I really care about?

Everything that I thought came from Owen. Down deep, I truly believed that he was a savior. I thought it would only be time before these ideas would catch on with others. He was offering me a science. I knew a little to begin with, and he was enhancing my knowledge. We were back in the university environment. He was reinforcing my curiosity. He was gratifying my fundamental desires. He was a world unto himself, and he asked me to be a part of it. Sure, there was an aching in my sore. Sure I had questions. And my questions shook me to my core. But that didn't diminish my wonder. I need to be prepared for what is coming next. I couldn't last forever with his confidence game. Nevertheless, and impressed me in the moment. I thought that I was reinforcing a belief in myself. It became clear after a while that view is only temporary. When I was out with Owen, I would act as if everything was going well. I was really good at pretending. He worked me that way. When I got home, and that feeling will become so much worse.

He would just push down, and I couldn't catch myself. I was falling. I was helpless. I had no way to hold on tight. It didn't seem like a big deal at first. He might make a critical comment, but I thought this was all part of our interaction. He was guiding me. He was giving me constructive criticism that would eventually make sense. I still felt privileged to hang out with him. He seemed so much smarter than I was. So she was going along with all of this.

How could I think of it differently? I was caught in the middle of the stuff. It was ongoing. I didn't see it as negative. All the while that feeling became worse that hollow feeling. I was more and more numb about myself I wanted to say that he was at fault. I need to find the world to leave him. But every time that I would have the doubts he would find some way to blame me. It kept getting worse and worse and worse. Where was this headed? How could I grow? How could I find strength? What was he doing to me? Why do they feel things this way? Overtime I started hating myself. I doubt of the things that I was good at. That didn't diminish my belief in what he was offering me.

I kept learning that there was this wonderful thing that helped us to carry on. I should've been nurturing myself. But I was making excuses for him. That only gave him permission to keep on this way. Overtime, I could feel the pressure. He wasn't letting up. He was learning new techniques to humiliate me. I felt shitty. I was blaming myself. It was more than I could take.

I was letting my love get in the way. How could he called his love? It was certainly some kind of brainwashing. That was what he was good at. He did it again and again. I tried to catch my breath. I tried to find that thing in myself. But it was in there. It was always outside my grasp. I felt bad, made it impossible for me to analyze what was going on. It all seems so ridiculous. This wasn't how I wanted to be. This wasn't how it needed to be. Need to end this behavior. But he didn't. I imagined that he was sitting in front of his computer. He was finding new ways to torture me, and I couldn't walk off. I was still living in his world. My thoughts were his thoughts. He was in my head. He was making me I felt hopeless.

The numbness was working at me. He understood the pressure points. He recognized on my wounds. This only added to the terror. I was frightened. I was lost in this experience. No one is going to hear my cries. I didn't want to admit that I was wrong. And he kept adding more evidence to prove that he was right. I noticed all the things that had attracted to me attracted me to him. Now, that made it evident how awful he was. And the terror remained. Why was the world this way?

I felt that there was this evil force that I could do nothing about it. And he found someway to control it. And that control person my situation. You conspired against me. This became overwhelming. Sometimes I would feel sick to my stomach. Sometimes my body would ache. A mysterious rash would appear. There were always be something new. I would glide through these experiences thinking that I could find some way to make it right once and for all. How could I find the motivation to become strong any semblance of strength when I gave him a reason to persecute me?

Some people who didn't know what was going on tried to make me feel as if I was feeling sorry for myself. I had a great guy. I always told everybody how wonderful he was. So

what was my complaint? Was I letting my victimization gain control of me. That even have a right to complain. After all, I lived a comfortable life. On occasion he take me to restaurants. Still, we would have the pretense of having these stimulating conversations. Now, everything was guarded. I could feel his control increase.

He was tightening the leash. He didn't have to he didn't even have to criticize me. He would give me that look. And I spent the rest of my time going along with his effective. That added to my feelings. There were so many things that I couldn't understand. There's so many things that made no sense to me. And he got better. If I even said something, I felt as if I was screaming at him. It was no way to object. I felt as if I was the aggressor. I tried so hard. I didn't have much left.

I tried to battle back. I tried to catch my breath. There was any of this supposed to go. This was becoming my life. I looked at this nightmare. How is this even possible? It was never fun. It was always hideous. And he could do it all so well. He brought it against me. He was destroying me. I had no choice. There was this inevitability to it all. Even as I escaped, it will all come rushing back. A crush would be even more intense than. He thought that he was justified to be this way.

He was making up for my feelings that barely understood. I wasn't a bad person, but he was telling me that there was something wrong with me I kept scratching away at myself hoping to see what that thing was. There is no way to catch my breath. There's no way be my self. I felt like nothing. He applied to this out all too well. I know it came down to this. He wasn't going to stop. This was his forever I asked myself over and over again why this happened this way? Why had this happen. There was nothing more inside. I waited for him to give me instructions.

I wanted him to make sense of it all. I had revered his intellect. Now, I felt that his intellect was the only thing that could help explain what was really happening, so part of me was relying on him more than ever. He wasn't give me an opportunity to get away. I was only becoming more entrenched. Combine with his scheming, the situation could not have been worse. He loved it. He lived for it this. That was who he was. It was slow for me to realize who he had always been. That was a self-crushing blow. I had given all my life to nothing. I might've blamed myself. At the same time, I realized that the sentiment had always been internal. We had always been living this way. This monster was all too close to me. How could I ever close the book?

He was not going to allow it to happen. And he was ready for every alternative. I didn't understand I was supposed to understand. It wasn't a mystery. It was just part of his arrogance. So I accepted him. And I went along with things. I hated it. But I was forced to accept it. I forced myself. I didn't want leave it at that. I need to strengthen my analysis. He had boxed me in a corner. I needed to get out of it immediately. What steps could I take? What was left?

As long as I remained with Owen, my life stayed on a downward spiral. I wasn't doing what was needed for me. I was giving in to his wishes. I felt sad all the time. I lost my initiative. Fortunately I was hanging on at work.

Owen made an effort to destroy my confidence. I wasn't able to assert myself. I couldn't

create arguments against him. Everything that I did, was up to scrutiny by him. I couldn't be myself.

He had techniques that he used to gain control over me. As much as I tried to fight these influences, they were preventing my independence. He seem to anticipate my actions. Thus, I felt helpless before these influences. These crushing influences meant that I was incapable offense. I understood what was going on. But I was only watching it. I scrambled to find some means to counteract doing. But he was too good at this. And I was only spectator in my own life. Overtime, I could feel my whole personality change. He had a total grip on my world. He didn't even have to order me what to do. Everything was automatic.

The sky turned dark. And I can only watch I could only wait for the worst. I could sense that disaster coming. Why couldn't I use my knowledge to protect me? Was I helpless?

"You cannot even understand what is happening to you. You do not have the processing power as an individual."

He made me afraid to leave him I felt worthless. For as long as I had stayed with him. the more difficult it was to assert myself. I was trying to find a way out. It was overwhelming. He had broke me down completely.

I didn't have any force to work against him. Even when he wasn't around I felt as if I was being watched. He made me think that he knew everything about me I had no independence whatsoever I could try to break free, but he would be everywhere. He had ability to counteract my desires. For myself, it was some kind of control or some possible way to overcome and seem to have no limits. I was crushed by this way. It was in the picture but it became completely impossible to get away from these influences he was in my mind he's part of my experience is there every step of the way what does it what does this even mean? He made me completely submissive.

I felt as if I had to go along with whatever he wanted. there is no way to resist him. He has sucked all the spirit for me. Just cleaned out my soul. I feel cut off from the universe. And there's no way to retain any kind of focus. I was I was floating and out of space. I was banished from creation. His sense of nothingness enveloped me. I found it delightful. He took pleasure in my pain. This was completely based on my imagination. I have nothing to do with me. What made me this way. It was almost tragic. What had been taken from me? Where did you even exist?

If I tried to get away from it, it would haunt me and everything that I did. He seemed to fight against us. And for my integrity, where could I find myself? I couldn't hold it together. I tried to use that nothing to stay in that connection. I was hiding from myself. I felt as if I was spinning around. I need it to confront all these feelings. I can do my best to make them vanish. For a brief moment, I might feel like myself again. It seemed like all I needed to grow. Be enough? Would I ever have the resources to resist?

I knew that there was a power inside. It manifested itself time and time. I could build from it. It could guide me. Follow along. For the time being, enough. Nothing else seem to matter. I could use the power inside to subdue the negative forces. It just gave me enough self-assurance. I didn't want to get too far behind. As if I was in control.

What did I need to come myself. I've been with Owen for so long and I couldn't even grasp the steps. However, he seemwd to offer me the road to a new way of thinking. I started

reading. It made me think that things were that bad. Owen got in my head, and he inspired my intellectual curiosity. For a little while, I start to revise my viewer. I almost for gave him.

I told myself that this was all part of my learning process. He was only trying to guide me. In fact, when I read books, I found them a lot easier to grasp this whole experience, and how it was taking me into a different place. This added to my fear of myself. It should've help me resist on. Instead I was just reinforcing his efforts. This scared me more than ever. How could I ever get myself back?

He was taking something from me that was all mine. I felt like a child. I didn't have my own mind. I didn't have my own thoughts. Was telling me what to do. And what to think. I was just acceptin this. What did I need to do to get myself back? I had got so into his programming. There seemed no way out. I was lost in this darkness.

I was submerged. There was nothing pleasant. But I tried to find satisfaction from any incremental gain. I would try to put on a happy face for the world. I would tell everyone how great we were doing. And this reinforced his achievements. And I wondered why I liked the motivation to move on. What did say about me? Did any of this of anything to do with my present state. What was he taking from me. Was he manipulating me. I felt incredible emptiness. All of the way in my spirit. You seem to be no way together myself together is being punished for something that I never did. The sense of guilt became ever so greater. No one could be mean to me. And I would blame myself.

This feeling was constant. Touch. I loved the fact that he could keep doing this over and over again. It was all part of his nature. What made him like this? I wonder if he was a truly evil person. And I give him that opportunity. And I allowed him to act out some thing that he never tried before?

Why had I progressed to this point. I was just sitting duck. I was there for the taking. He invaded my world. He turned me into nothing. It brought me down. I felt this intensity. My body had been shocked. The force spread all through me. Through it all, he was mocking me. He was offering me no opportunity for a rescue. I hated that fact about him. How had things transpired this way.? What had been the cause?

My confusion made me feel like less of a person. I was unsure where we were supposed to go. I was totally lost. Owen had a sly way with words. He could compliment me, and I would feel that he was saying something nice about me. But when I thought about it, it would be clear that he was putting me down.

He would do it over and over again. And I would only catch on how much later in fact, I believed that he was making amends for a past insult. He was only becoming more adept at the sly remarks. It added to his feeling of superiority. He was putting me down. But he was also making me more dependent on him. Each time, I wanted to be different. I wanted him to offer me a kind of support that I craved. I battle with that feeling. The only thing that matter to me. I wanted to tell myself that this is more than affection. This was supposed to be love. This was supposed to be some thing that could be ever lasting. But the only real thing that I was feeling was everlasting pain and there seem to be no way to escape this feeling. I became more and more intense.

It weighed on me. I became immersed in this feeling. What was the source? I was

losing my place. The challenges became so difficult. I wished that I could describe it better. That bird made it possible for me to find my true identity this added to his sense of self assurance. Why were things this way? Would it cost me to be so acquiescent. I was a strong person. I was getting in my way. Why was the glare distracting me. I need to figure this out. I couldn't let myself be overcome by him anymore. But I knew this was the time. I feel too reliant upon this lifestyle. Somehow he seem to make it easier. He made me feel as if I was royalty.

I felt as if we were in touch with a fortune. I had my own job. I didn't need his money. But there was a scare about us. And I took to it. I even look down on other guys, because they didn't need to meet my standards. Despite all the things that he did to me, I still createD this elevated picture of him. He seemed like someone special he was a unique individual. He was a true artist. He was in an intellectual. He was a genius. How could I even question him? Why did I doubt?

I wanted to understand what made me so desperate. This amateur intellect was able to adapt sophisticated ways had a cultured accent. He could code. He always seemed on the top of his game. I could never rally the same kind of a insight. He exposed on my feelings. I felt this way the first time that I met him. He helped me to feel uplifting. But I was overwhelmed.

I truly felt that I would never be worthy to be in his presence, but he confronted me with what he knew. He could juggle juggle the balls and keep them up there forever. And I would just be mesmerized. I had no idea what I was looking at. I fell for the optical illusion over and over again. I enjoyed observing it. He gave me pleasure. I love that sensation it was all part of my growth. I accepted it without questioning.

What really made me more vulnerable from the beginning? He knew this in a sense, I never had a chance. He controlled the narrative from the beginning.

There was no room for my creativity. He was able to direct every aspect of my behavior. This create an advantage for him. He could ignore everything that I contributed in a positive way. He only understood or supported his outlook. He didn't leave wrong for me. I salvaged what I could. I try to make my own way. And I recognized the obstacles that I was going to have to overcome each time. I seemed to make significant progress, he brought me back to earth. I couldn't separate myself from these influence. That only added to my paralysis. I would sit staring at a page in a book. I would pretend to make notes. I would run my hands wrong the words. Nothing really brought it to life. There was nothing that I could touch. He held on to all of the cards.

He seemed to be mocking me, and I couldn't deal with this behavior. I did it to distance myself from all of us. There wasn't any more room in myself.

I was I supposed to do truly otherwise I figured that I can find someday to put it all in place. I feel smaller and smaller. I couldn't tell myself that it was okay. I wasn't just seeing things the way I wanted to see them. I was now questioning what he was telling me. But I kept it all to myself. I still seemed to be totally subservient. I thought as if I had no choice.

"Where have you been?"

"What are you talking about?"

"You didn't meet someone."

“I talked to a friend on the phone. But I never left the house.”

“I can’t really believe you.”

This was not leading to my development. He had such a tight leash on me that there was nothing that I could do. I had lost my direction. This was hardly fair. He was benefitting from this connection, but it was getting me nowhere.

“So you were someone.”

“What was that about?”

“You are boring me.”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“I cannot relate?”

I hated the feeling that I was going to merge into him. I needed to guard my independence. But he was working to bring me down.

“There are only so many possibilities.”

Every possibility was destructive.

“Do you even what you are doing?”

HE SMILED.

“What is any of this about?”

I could sense that we were on the verge of something monstrous. I could see it in his eyes.

“This is worse than I could have imagined.”

“I have done my best to help you with your imagination. Shira, where is your head?”

“Owen, where is yours?”

I could tell that he wanted to destroy me. I had little choice.

“What is a definition of choice?”

“Take what you will.”

“Make this look wonderful.”

There was no wonderful with him. I could feel the storm rolling over me.

“I am floating in the ether.”

“What does that even mean?”

“What are you saying?”

“This is so boring.”

“It will get better. You will get brains.”

I was losing myself again.

“This is not supposed to happen like this.”

“I will tell you what I expect. I expect you to be better than this.”

“What do you want to know?”

“Help me to explain myself.”

What did this guy even want?

“This is never going to be good for me.”

“You need one agreement.”

“I am trying to find the right ingredient.”

“The only ingredient is the one that helps me get rid of you.”

“My life is getting comfortable.”

“Don't make excuses.”

“That is not going to do it for me.

He was getting deeper and deeper into my head.

“How does that effect the way that we are?”

“This is going to be more than wonderful.”

“We can hide all of this somewhere.”

“Keep talking.”

“I feel as if this is not right.”

I felt as if my whole life was not right.

“This is not going to help.”

“I need to make quick action of this.”

“Are you kidding?”

“Where is this headed?”

“I do everything that I need to do.”

“Let us get out of there.”

“That is not fair.”

All these ideas were running around in my head. I had no idea what I needed to do for my life.

“I can't hear this anymore, Owen.”

“This is not going to work.”

“This is some kind of revenge thing.”

I did not want to be part of this. I wanted to go home. There was no longer any home.

“I cannot stop you from doing this.”

“This is worse than worse.”

I took my brain out of my head.

“There is nothing more to say.”

“Of course, they do.”

“Are you trying to hurt me?”

“I am hopping up and down.”

“What is your objection?”

“What are you doing to me?”

“You woke me up from my nap.”

“That is a fine way to show it.”

“Break the glass.”

“That is not going to happen like this anymore.”

He was trying to convince me with some kind of deep cultural brainwashing.

“And you want me to tell you that it works.”

“It will never.”

“This is close.”

“That cannot happen like that.”

“That is stable.”

“That is going to burn.”

“Where is that from?”

“I have a new body.”

“That is not going to work.”

“I know that it's not working.”

I saw red. Was this a premonition, or was it happen in the present? Owen was not letting me have a proper dream life.

“What are you doing up?”

Was he going to do something?

“I only wanted a glass of water.”

Did he know what I was thinking? The water was an excuse.

“You need to come back to bed.”

I wanted to rush out in the street and be done with him.

“This is taking way longer than I hoped for.”

“Does any of this mean anything?”

I was asking myself questions, but I had difficulty answering myself.

“You could take a different course of action.”

I only wanted him to go away. I could figure out my life after this. Why wasn't I able to make a clear decision for myself?”

“Nothing is going to teach you anything.”

“That all feels so wrong.”

“I paid for this out of my pocket.”

I was detecting a pattern to his abuse. And it was affecting me inside.

“How is that really supposed to work?”

“We go along with things that we hate.:

I was giving myself automatic answers, and none of that allowed me to change. It was going on so long without any kind of resolution.

“Why did you leave?”

“This is not going to get me anywhere.”

“You are wonderful.”

I couldn't imagine telling him anything nice. And I did not want to hear anything nice from him. It was only going to mess with my mind.

“This is almost over.”

“You have no idea what is coming.”

I told myself that I could just leave. He was getting under my skin. He made my flesh crawl.

“What is any of this about?”

“I need to get some air.

As long as I remained with Owen, I was going to stop growing. But I could sense a

threat, and that made me afraid.

I thought I figured out what I needed to do with Owen. Due to my mental health, I needed to leave. Nevertheless, I recognized how difficult this was going to be. He was going to make every effort to make sure I stayed with him. I didn't have the courage to stick it out on my own, but I needed to reach deep in my character and figure out what was happening. Something was in the way of my personal growth. This was important.

I couldn't maintain that level of control. I was hesitating. I was afraid to think about what was out there. I assumed that he was protecting me, and I wanted to remain in this special world. I was immersed in this moment. It was overwhelming. I was afraid. It evident to me what was preventing me from being courageous. It was staring me in the face.

I sat in my car trying to give myself the motivation. I never went anywhere. I went back inside, only for him to get mad at me. I told him that I hadn't gone anywhere. I was out there cleaning my car. I was afraid that he was going inspect it. This refueled his anger. I needed to prepare myself. I don't want him coming at me with all his force. It wasn't my fault. I hadn't done anything wrong. I I didn't want to look at him. I would break me down, and I would have nothing left. I couldn't let this happen. I would to do what was necessary to stop him. How could I hold him back?

There were so many factors preventing preventing my growth, preventing me from being assertive.

What was the alternative? What did I need? I relied on my cleverness. I didn't know how it was. I thought it when I got back to my car. I wouldn't be defenseless. And I thought about everything that I was leaving behind. I knew what I wanted in my life. I just didn't want him in it.

“Why do you think that you could come back?”

I let my concern simmer. I didn't know which way to turn. I hid my face.

I didn't want to get lost in this eternal nothingness. I needed to assert myself, but I lacked the motivation. He had been doing this to me for so long, I felt as if I knew no differently. I kept coming back to him.

This wasn't who I was. He was taking advantage of me. I could only expect the worst. I wanted to cast him out of my world once and for all. He has finally showed his complete monstrosity. I would escape and make a life for myself.

He continued to believe that he was immune from any accountability. I wanted to understand better how I could have invited him into my world. This was not my fault. I had let down my guard, and he weaseled himself in. The aftermath would be overwhelming. It was hard for me to be so absolute. I needed to apply the same standards to myself. How could I clean house? I didn't know who I was anymore. I could barely do anything.

What remained? I was a hollow shell.