This I No Longer Believe

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English 101

Professor Wood

March, 4th 2020

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I was fifteen when I met you. Your extremely easy-going personality caught my attention but I never imagined that it would end like this. Before you, I believed that love was beautiful, painless, and the best feeling a person could feel. However, because of you I no longer believe those things. Initially, I was unsure of what to write for this essay since I thought that there was no life-changing moment when I no longer believed something. Until I saw the due date and our memories came flooding into my mind. March 4th, 2017 is a date I will probably never forget. The date was etched into my notebooks, set as my phone password, and at one point was the pin number to my debit card. I genuinely believed we had a picture-perfect relationship, in my mind, we were going to get married. I was young and naive. I completely ignored the fact that my life was just starting and I had plenty of other people to meet. I went into our relationship with rose-colored glasses expecting everything to be perfect and painless. However, as time went on you proved my naive beliefs so wrong.

Now when we first met I thought you were one of the most annoying people I’ve ever interacted with and I wish my opinion of you never changed. The immense amount of damage you caused me could have been avoided. Unfortunately, my opinion of you changed but I would’ve never guessed in a million years that love would be able to hurt like this. Like every relationship, it was great at first. There was never a moment that we weren't at each other’s side and many people admired our relationship together. I used to admire you, I trusted you more than my own family but now you would be the last person on Earth that I would put my trust in. The cracks started to form about 9 months into our relationship. I found out that you cheated on me and I was devastated. You begged me to stay and you promised me it would never happen again. The first time you cheated on me made me question my previous opinions on love. If you really loved me why would you hurt me? You convinced me that love is supposed to hurt sometimes. You would send me social media posts about how people forgave their partners for cheating. It was an implication that I should do the same thing. So I did what any ignorant sixteen year old would do, I stayed and tried to forgive you. It was one of the most painful experiences of my life trying to forgive you. My self-confidence was nonexistent and no matter how hard I tried, it was nearly impossible for me to trust you. Looking back I laugh about how naive I was but at the time I truly believed everything you were spoon-feeding me. I believed all your lies, the I love you’s, and your promises to change. I never expected the person I loved the most to be the person to cause me the most pain.

I spent most of my nights crying myself to sleep. Recurring thoughts that I wasn’t good enough for you, constant worrying you would do it again, wondering if you were lying to me about anything else. It was literal torture for me to stay with you, but you didn’t care about that. You told me that I would ruin every good moment we had with my depressing thoughts. I would cry in front of you but all you did was stare and me crying would only make you more angry with me. I asked you why you wouldn’t comfort me and you would always say something along the lines of “I didn’t know what to do” or “I don’t care”. Eventually, things got a little bit better I felt as if I was getting over the situation. Right as I was almost over what happened you cheated on me again. I felt so stupid, how could you do it again after you promised me it would never happen again? Instead of letting me go you begged me to stay again. You manipulated me into thinking you were mentally ill and you didn’t actually cheat on me you were just overthinking the situation. I was holding onto the idea that you gave me the first time you cheated on me, love was supposed to hurt sometimes. I thought that this was just a small bump in the road. You told me if I got over it the first time I could do it again. In theory that makes sense but realistically the second time hurt a lot worse than the first.

You would tell your friends about the things you would do to me. Their opinions of me cut deeper than anything you’ve ever done to me. They said I was crazy. Everything you were doing wasn’t that big of a deal. I was a controlling and manipulative person. I should get over everything you’ve done I’m holding too big of a grudge on you. At this moment I realized how manipulative you can be. The fact that you were able to get a whole group of people against me and have them brush off what you did to me seriously scared me. When people would whisper and look at me I felt like it was all about me. Your manipulative tactics turned me insane, I became a person I never wanted to be. I was bitter, cold, and snappy towards everyone because I didn’t know who I could trust. I lost most of my friends that I’ll never be able to get back because of this time in my life.

Slowly, you began to be the person everyone assumed I was. I wasn’t allowed to talk to guys or girls unless you approved of them, I wasn’t allowed to get a tutor after school unless it was a teacher, I had to tell everybody I was in a relationship with you, I wasn’t allowed to post certain pictures on my social media, and finally, I wasn’t allowed to wear certain pieces of clothing. This was all outlined in a contract that you had me sign. It’s sickening that I allowed myself to be treated like your puppet. It was even more sickening that the rules to your own contract for me wouldn’t apply to you. It’s funny because I wasn’t the one to break your trust. In fact, I did nothing at all to break your trust. Even after the two times, you cheated on me I never gave you a “contract” of rules you had to follow for me.

After this contract fiasco, I began to realize that you aren’t the perfect person I envisioned you to be in my head. Your constant abuse didn’t faze me anymore. I ended up leaving you for someone else. I at least had the decency to break up with you before pursuing this person. After talking confiding in this person for around two weeks it made me realize you are a manipulative and weak person. This person made me feel more alive and cared for than you ever have. This person and I eventually decided to hang out, when you found out you weren’t happy at all. You were blowing up my phone begging me not to kiss her and a bunch of other vulgar messages I blocked out from my memory. We were both absolutely shocked about the way you were acting, it made our whole hang out experience awkward. She ended up leaving early because of it. You ruined another good thing I had going in my life and I was sick of it. However, you manipulated me again into staying with you. I was scared that you were going to harm yourself if I didn’t go back to you.

Finally, after 3 years of pure torture, you decided that you wanted to break up with me. To no surprise, you wanted to leave me to pursue other people. I was absolutely heartbroken, and it was so weird because I hated you so much up until that point. I begged for your forgiveness and I put all the blame for the failure of our relationship onto myself. You didn’t even care though, you were just using me for my body and giving me false hope of us getting back together. You didn’t care that I was up all night worrying about who you were with and what you were doing. You didn’t care about me going out of my way to be there for you and your family. You didn’t care about me still paying for things you couldn’t afford and me almost helping you pay for tuition. Then it hit me all at once. You never cared about me the same way I cared for you. You were giving me false hope just so I can still take off my clothes for you, only you. That’s when I began to no longer believe that you were the perfect partner, person, or even friend. I realized that I was worth so much more than everything you have ever put me through.

It’s unfortunate that my first relationship had to be such a toxic and abusive one but I believe that it happened for a reason. It changed my entire perspective on love and relationships so drastically. I now know my worth and I will never let another person treat me the way that my ex treated me. While I believe that love is beautiful and the best thing a person can feel to an extent. My view on love has expanded, yes love can be the best thing that you can feel but it can also be your worst nightmare. It all depends on the person that you’re with. I refuse to give up on love because one person didn’t treat me right. Instead of being optimistic about love and trust I choose to be more realistic.