No Comparison

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In a lot of peoples lives there is an other...

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In a lot of people’s lives there is another. Another man or woman besides your spouse that you have that special connection with… In some cases that other is just one of many men or women that we have in our lives to fill that void…

I feel your lips brush my forehead and your words love you. But your words spark no emotion in me, nor do they have any of their own. I know it's not because I'm naked in bed half asleep, I know because it's fact. Emotion left us long ago, but here we are. Here we are married, trying to make it work.

Muah your lips say overjoyed I love you. My heart skips several beats before melting in your hand, my lips form a silly smile and I feel this overwhelming sense of happiness wash over me. I love you too I say hearing the giddiness in my own voice. Emotions run high between us. Him with his ring on, me with mine on both binding us to other people… Here we are married, trying to make it work.

I let out a sigh as we converse a little over dinner. You don't ask what's wrong; perhaps you haven't noticed there is. How can you not notice me? How can I sit three feet from you and be invisible? We follow the same routine, everyday the same. The monotony bores me. You bore me. I want more.

I sigh as I sit back in my computer chair staring at your face through the computer screen. What's wrong you ask. You noticed, of course you did, you don't miss a thing. I feel like I'm always your top priority. The five-hour time difference doesn't help anything, it's early here and you’re at work there. Seeing you for that one hour a week always makes everything, all the struggles worth it, wish it were more often. I want more.

His cock in me, his breath is on my neck. I feel empty, there's no love, no emotion. Its just sex, hardly enjoyable sex if I’m being honest… I endure it to please him. Not that he does anything to please me, but that is the trend of our lives apparently. His pleasure comes first and I get none. Sexually frustrated and tired of pretending. I need more.

I feel his cock in me, I feel the touch of his skin on mine, and I can feel the need and the want. His words whispering in my ear through the phone give me goose bumps. Our breathless passionate words turning one another on more… I can feel it building inside me and I can tell by his voice that he close too. Cum for me baby he says and his words trigger an explosive orgasm. My cries do the same thing for him. We lie breathless, smiling and laughing thousands of miles apart. I need more.

His words always seem to hurt me. They put me down and make feel worthless. His harsh tone and disapproving looks bring tears to my eyes and anger and bitterness to my heart. Our fights are pointless and stupid. Feels like I can do nothing right. I can never make him proud, I'm sure the thought never even crossed his mind. I only ask for one kind word, but he would never do that.

His words are always kind. They lift me up and push my self worth through to the sky. The only tears they bring are tears of joy or tears from laughing so much. He holds my heart and projects it from harm. He always is proud of my accomplishments no matter how small they might be. The words that I speak actually matter. Intentionally hurt me with his words... He would never.

I fight hard to survive the damage you cause me. Try to pretend it doesn't bother me, but it does. I fight for a better life for myself, a life without you. I fight to be able to have an independent thought without getting laughed at! No more will I endure you. You are not my only.

I fight hard for myself, but I also fight hard for us. For the chance that we could be together… I don't have to pretend; you see everything written on my face, laced in my words. No laughing at my ideas, just my silliness, for when I'm with you, I feel like I can be me. You are my other.

My mind whirls; a little late to be thinking of that now isn't it. I always say I hate to compare the two of you, but darling there is no comparison I think, as I sit on this plane closing the gap between us. I don't know what will happen when the plane lands. I don't know if this will work, but I'd rather risk potential happiness than be stuck miserable for rest of my life. I took the first step of leaving, now the second.

So here I am asking you...

Instead of being my other, please be my ONLY...