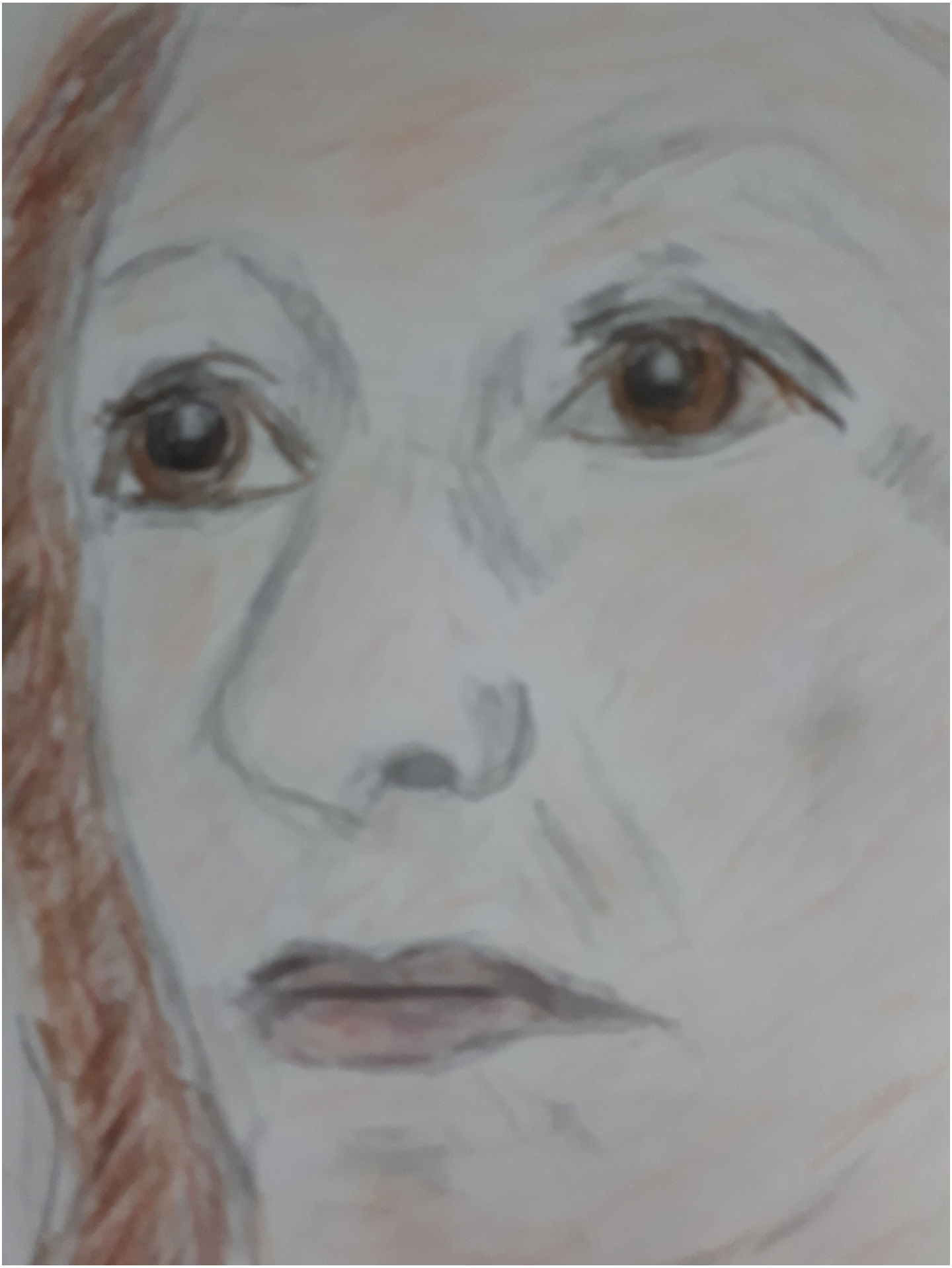

# Two Voices

**Part 1**

**Her story**

**22 years later, is love worth the pain**

Jean loved the night life, clubs and pick up haunts. You could pick and choose who you wanted, take them home for the night, or go home alone. I myself was not that interested in the scene, but loved to dance.
It was in the 80's in a city in North America.  We were two beautiful women both in our early 30's.

……..

When he asked, I knew. Something about this man told me I wanted him in my life now and forever.

I know; how can you know that at first glance, life is not a romance novel? And yet I did.
I remember the song still. Every time I hear it now, I will remember that first night we danced.

He was incredibly handsome and …

Yes, he went home with me that night and that night changed my life forever.

Twenty-two years later, early Sunday morning, I read the email.

He was breaking up with me by email. ……

I was in shock. This was never to come to an end, this could not be happening.

This was not the first break up with him in the 22 years but this one was different, it was planned, it seemed final.
This was the one I had always feared.

The world turned black for me that day.

The email said…..
……

My instant response was anger…….. How could he have done this? There had not been even a single sign.

Some friends had invited me over for dinner that night to celebrate my birthday. I did not want to cancel as they had arranged it around the time that I was not with him.

…. just the slightest thing set me off and I would start to cry. I excused myself after finally telling my friends what had happened. I was in so much pain I could not stop to think if they would judge me when I told them.

Over the next several painful months I tried to come to grips with the end of my dream.  Though it had not been a dream to me, it had been a reality. For him I was fun and exciting, and yet something else drew him to me.

To me he was everything I wanted……. I was not sure I could go on without him in my life.

**That first night**

……

Yes, I had brought him home that night. I was not into one night stands, but I should have known he might be. Something about him said he wasn't though, …… ……

How can anything feel this good I thought?

I had to stop him, I had to say no….. Yet another voice, a louder voice, told me I wanted to experience the road this man was taking me down.

……

I knew he would call me. I wanted to see him again; I knew that without a doubt.

I knew then that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with this incredibly wonderful and sexy man.

We got together frequently over the next several weeks, ……..

……
One of my friends, Nora, really turned heads when she entered a room. …….I had never been happier than when I was with him. When I stood beside him, and my very attractive friend, he put his arm around *me* and gave me a kiss.

He had chosen me, yes me!
…….

I was in love, and maybe what I was seeing, was him falling in love with me.
…….

The next few weeks we saw each other as much as possible, until the day, only six weeks after I met him, my world was to be destroyed.

*If you are reading this and you have been there, you know the story.*
……..

When he did not call, I looked for his phone number in the phone book and called the number I thought was his. A woman answered the phone. …..

*Yes, I know what you are thinking, how stupid was I, and why did I not just hang up the phone.*

Yes, it was his wife that answered the phone.  I was so naïve it never occurred to me he might be married.

I was so blinded by my feelings that I could not see the reality. How could this be, when I was so sure he felt the same for me as I did for him?

*So many people have felt this way, I know this now, yet then, I felt I was the only one in the world who had felt this kind of pain; would I even survive it?*
…..

The pain of all that, and the four more breakups with him flooded over me as I tried to recover from the dreaded day and the email, this so many years later.

# His voice

I was out having fun with my friends, showing off as we do……..

I had not intended to be unfaithful that night. I had not intended to fall for this beautiful woman. It just seemed so natural and when we were together I had no control.

I never intended to hurt her, I just never thought past that night.

…….

When she called that night and my wife answered I knew I would not be able to lie my way out of it, and I did not want to.

……

I did not want to lose my family; I had to make the promise.

I had just met this beautiful woman, and I had really fallen for her, and I knew she had fallen for me, but she would get over me and it would be best. I had my family and I would stay where I belonged.

……

….. I could not stop thinking about him.

I wanted him to know how much he meant to me, and yet I also wanted to tell him I did not want to be the other woman in his life. …...

I told him I wanted him to be happy.

If only for that short time we had known each other, it was worth it. …….

Somehow, I must get over him and carry on, but I would never ever forget him.

**The first year**

He did not answer my letter right away but some months later he did call to talk.

……Each time we were together he would loosen my inhibitions further.

……
I don't really know how he got away so often to see me. I never asked. I was just happy to see him. I think he worked late a lot and came to see me after work.

In this first year, I had just lost my job and was a little depressed about it as it was my first experience at corporate games playing. I know that having him in my life at that difficult time helped me through it.
….

He would call me and be available, I would change plans, drop everything, ……..

I had always disliked Christmas anyway…….. This Christmas, our first Christmas, was the most difficult as all I could think about was him with his family.

I was alone…….. I wanted to be with him, but he was with his wife and two kids, how could he be with me. That was what I had to accept. I knew that.

……..Though I loved him and wanted to be with him more and more, I did not want to break up his marriage; so reluctantly I accepted the role of the other woman in his life.

For me he was not the other man, he was the only man I could ever love.

Yet he was my secret love as I could not tell people about him.