

Update: after I blocked her and tweeted about killing myself, she didn't message me (Whatsapp was unblocked), didn't message my mom, didn't do anything to reach out and check if I was safe, she just gave my mom's phone number to a random person instead who reached out while I was passed out in the hospital after attempting to kill myself. I think this is probably the most disgusting thing I've ever seen from another human being.

Last time I will talk about this

My ex girlfriend @santy__ow cheated on me after I was her first boyfriend, dating her for 2 years. I will now list the things I did for her:

- Taught her everything when it comes to love, dating, sex etc.
- When I started dating her, she didn't even tell me she was a girl. She said she was a guy but was already on hrt for 2 weeks. I helped her every step of the process through her transition, from paying for diy hrt, to analyzing her blood test results, bringing her to doctors, affirming her, making her friends so she can learn makeup from them, etc....
- despite being extremely verbally (and through text) abusive after losing ranked/officials (would scream slurs, tell me to neck it, tell me I should die and I'm worthless etc....) I always supported her every day, and never complained. I even began actively becoming friends with multiple tank pro players/coaches so that they coach and vouch for her to get into better teams. I also paid for all these coaching sessions out of my own pocket. I have hundreds of not thousands worth of messages worth of abuse towards me, and would have hours of verbal abuse if I ever wanted to record it, which included every slur in the world, every possible denigration and insult towards me. She threatened suicide dozens if not hundreds of times, and despite all of this I have never complained, and helped her recover every single time.
- I bought her mouses, keyboards, cat toys, food, games, helped her build her PC, and dozens of other things totalling thousands and thousands of euro. She has never bought me anything, not a single gift. One time she gave me her old mouse, and let me swap out some components from her old PC. Now that I think of it, it's a bit odd she never gifted me anything for 2 years of dating.
- I sacrificed significant amounts of mental health for her, this isn't something that is quantifiable, but for at the very least 9 months out of these two years, it was constant abuse and neglect as a girlfriend from her. I also applied and went to study to university on a program I didn't want to study, just because I wanted to make more money studying/then working in biochem so that I can afford the cosmetic surgeries she wanted. I also sacrificed my health. She urged me to go back into the gym so that I can get "bigger muscles" even though originally she said she wasn't into that. I said well whatever, I'll do whatever I can to please my gf. So I went back into the gym and started working hard. Eventually I had an injury, and stopped going for a month. When I went to live at her place (we lived together for 6+ months at her place in Spain because she refused to travel to my massive empty apartment in Slovakia due to "me having a 240hz monitor

instead of 360hz like at home". Anyway point is, she pressured me into going to the gym again by implying she didn't like how I wasn't getting bigger (while re-covering from a back injury). So I went back into the gym early, paid for the membership, and a month later I had a massive disc bulge that's only removable via surgery and compressed my nerve, giving me constant pain at every point of my life except when laying down. I endured 1 entire year of living in insane pain and disability in Europe instead of coming back to my home country so that I can spend more time with her (she repeatedly urged me not to go get treated in my home country). Not only was she the reason why I went into the gym and got injured again, but she was also the reason why I stayed in Europe in constant pain while studying in University.

- I was always there for her first and foremost. I remember when she got sick, I made sure to lay down with her, care for her, do everything for her to the point I knew I would also get extremely sick. I have extreme medical anxiety due to a drug induced PTSD incident in my life that she knows about (4 years ago). I of course got sick with her, and still cared for her while being anxiety crippled + actually half crippled due to back pain. I endured the excruciating pain of sitting in the airplane visiting her every other month, I had to take 900mg of ibuprofen minimum every time and it still was unbearable. I had to take 600mg every time we went out on dates I paid for. I remember one of the last dates we went on, she accidentally gave me her phone instead of mine while I went to lay down on the ground to recover from the pain. And I got a notification from bones (her old friend from before me and member of team Spain) that was weirdly flirty. The next couple days I went through her DMS with him (I felt justified because 1. She has asked me for my DMS with who I consider my deepest friend and other girls (0 flirting, I literally helped get them girlfriends/boyfriends instead). 2. Because we had incidents before where I saw her "flirting" with people, but she always said it was Spanish culture and a joke.) I discovered a long history of flirting including sexual flirting, aka talking about touching each other the literal day before they went to a lan together. I showed her these messages, we had a big scandal, I almost left her but she convinced me nothing similar was ever going to happen again, and that it was a joke and that nothing happened irl. Now I obviously know it was false. But anyway, she cheated on me with bones too.

- when we first started dating, I was in a state of mind still extremely heavily affected by my PTSD, and knew that she decided to leave me or cheat on me, I would probably kill myself (I was already extremely close for a full year). I told her that, which, you could say is manipulative (this wasn't my intention). I was also controlling during the first month of the relationship until I got off my meds, like asking who was who out of her friends, asking where she was going, and always asking her to stay with me in vc all the time. Eventually she showed dissatisfaction towards this behavior, and I improved and changed myself to let her do whatever she wanted on her own with me very rarely questioning everything. I later found out I was right to have anxiety as she was sexually flirting with bones during this time (and probably did something irl together). Keep in mind she knew that if I found out, especially at the time, I would 100% kill myself no questions asked. I was living alone in a 30story apartment, and was already standing on the edge of the balcony multiple times before. She knew if I found out I would be gone, and still did it.

- I tried my best to be the perfect boyfriend for her in every way. I changed my appearance and style to anything she wanted. I changed my haircut, body shape and everything else she asked. I changed my personality and behavior to match what she wanted upon request, I eventually stopped talking to my friends almost entirely, because managing her was draining 10000% of my social energy, to the point I couldn't even talk to professors or my family. I paid thousands, did anything and everything she wanted. I did everything she wanted sexually, emotionally, physically, monetary, etc... I even came out to my parents that I was dating a trans woman (my parents were very close to disowning me for that) just for her. There's literally not a singular request I didn't fulfill. When she wasn't able to have sex with me for months, instead of cheating, I told her I understand because it's a medical issue. I don't think there's literally anything I could have done better as a boyfriend, she was just always a cheater and would always have cheated on me no matter what I did. I could have been the most handsome perfect boyfriend/girlfriend/enby, with perfect personality and a millionaire, and she still would have cheated on me, as I'm sure she will cheat on any other person she will ever date. I remember the first few days we dated, she told me something like "if my friends flirt with me, I might catch feelings", I obviously wasn't happy upon hearing that, and even less happy when she told me she'd be fine if I had a second girlfriend (she said only if I loved them equally). But we agreed, if she ever caught feelings for anyone, or wanted to cheat, she would first. Tell me. Second. Break up with me. She promised me this hundreds of times, that if she wanted to cheat or break up, she would tell me first. Hundreds of times literally over 2 years. And she still cheated multiple times without telling me anything.

- I am lost as to what to write anymore. I literally did everything for her. I managed her entire career in overwatch start to end, give advice on how to join teams, coached her, hired coaches, hired players, got her duos, got her into teams I created her career literally. I also did everything and more for her transition. Who she is today and forever will be marked by me. I am her first everything, and made her 99% of what she is today, besides the cheating, that is in her blood. Poor parents of hers, having such an animal as a daughter, I was thinking that with the cut of money I will get with inheritance I would buy a house in Spain for them to live in and an apartment for me and her, or a beach house like she wanted to, but instead they will all be left with nothing. I taught her everything she knows, love, sex, how to make friends, transitioning, overwatch, literally everything, and she decided to betray everything to have a bit more excitement in her life. The funny thing is, when I was leaving on a plane to my country to go get the surgery, I gave up on the plans I had with her (I wanted her to write to me what she was doing everyday, call me every day and maybe sleepcsl once or twice if she wanted to) but I literally said to her, it's fine. I trust you, this time I will trust you for once. Just have fun with your friends for 2 weeks, and let's have some fun after this together. But today, she messaged me, saying how she felt bad after the match and it's her fault, I told her that it's fine, just focus on the match tomorrow and forget about me. I told her I was in the hospital, she knows what that meant, and we said we love each other and left. And while I was on the surgery table, she decided to cheat on me. On the surgery table, for an injury, that she had a very big part in its happening.

The worst part is that I did everything, and she did most of the time nothing. She didn't deserve me. Multiple times I had women and guys flirt with me while I was in the relationship, I never did

anything with any of them, and the vast majority I would show her the DMS with these people to show to her that she has nothing to worry about. And she still cheated. Love is so dead. For her future partners: good luck, handling that animal is not easy and took 110% of everything from me.

About my suicide attempt. I was in the hospital when I found out about her cheating, upon confirming everything and messaging who I consider my deepest friend, I took the majority of the antidepressants in my prescription bottle and hid in the bathroom. After passing out I eventually woke up about 2 hours ago in the hospital bed. Why? You don't understand, everything in my life was her for me to make this relationship work. I had to think, do and take care of things for her 24/7 for the relationship to stay afloat. For 2 years I fully dedicated almost every minute of my life to her, thinking about it constantly. Upon realizing that it's over, and in such a disgusting manner, I wanted to just get it over with and make her feel guilt for something for the first time in her life, since she doesn't know what that word means. My spine surgery is delayed until my stomach recovers from the drugs. Maybe will take a few months more, at least that's what I understood from the nurses.