

# SHORT STORY

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- **IMPORTANT**

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## A HEARTBREAKING TALE OF LOVE LOST

My name is Anthony, a young man in my early 30s. I came to Dubai, United Arab Emirates, some seven years ago. I made this life-changing decision to relocate from Africa to Dubai in search of greener pastures due to limited opportunities and economic challenges in my home country. Despite having a stable job, I realized that I was not able to achieve my long-term career goals or provide the quality of life I desired for myself and my family.

Dubai, with its booming economy and reputation as a global business hub, offered me the promise of better job prospects, higher earning potential, and a more cosmopolitan lifestyle. I saw the move as a chance to take control of my future, pursue new opportunities, and provide a brighter future for myself and loved ones.



Just like any other person, I have been in and out of relationships for several reasons, but in 2021, after four years of living in Dubai, life took me through an unexpected turn when I met Sarah, a charming and ambitious young woman who had recently moved to the Middle East city. Our initial meeting was casual, but I was immediately drawn to Sarah's warm personality and infectious enthusiasm for life. As we got to know each other better, I discovered that we shared many common interests and values. Our friendship quickly blossomed into a deep and meaningful relationship, and before long, I found myself falling deeply in love with Sarah. She brought a sense of joy and companionship into my life that I had never experienced before, and I knew that she was the one I wanted to spend the rest of my life with.

We have been dating since then and to me she was an angel sent from above, a woman my mother would truly appreciate and commend me for a job well-done in finding this precious jewel. However, in a cruel twist of fate, I recently experienced a devastating betrayal at the hands of the woman I loved. I had told my family, my friends, and workmates that it is time for me to marry the love of my life. As a creative content creator and a chartered acc-



***I was so much in love such that at one time I had her name written on my haircut : Sarah***

-countant, I had crafted a plan on how to go about it, and was eagerly preparing to propose to my girlfriend of three years. Little did I know this will uncover a shocking truth that would shatter my world.

I had been planning the perfect proposal for months, meticulously arranging a surprise proposal in church, a romantic dinner at our favorite restaurant in Dubai Marina and selecting the most exquisite ring I afforded. However, just hours before the big moment, I received a mysterious text message from an unknown number, revealing that Sarah had been seeing another man (*the pastor*) behind my back.

Despite the heartbreak of discovering Sarah's betrayal, I made the courageous decision to continue with the proposal plans because I loved Sarah to the moon and back. My love for her had been genuine and our relationship had been built on years of shared experiences and memories. I also recognized that everyone makes mistakes, and believed that Sarah deserved a chance to make amends and rebuild our trust. Moreover, my love for Sarah was stronger than my pain, and I was willing to forgive her in the hopes of salvaging our relationship.

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I knew that it would not be easy, but was willing to take the risk and fight for the love we had once shared.



I had organized with the junior pastor who was leading praise and worship on how we would carry out our plan. Cameras were on and phones ready to capture the moment. I went up the stage, handed over my phone to the pastor to take a video of everything. Sarah was busy in spirit, most probably she was talking to angels on how she wants her life to be. In a dramatic move, I was kneeling next to her with a ring in my hands, waiting for her eyes to be opened by the Holy Spirit.

When Sarah saw me kneeling down with a ring, her initial reaction was one of shock and confusion. She had not expected me to propose after what had happened, and she was taken aback by the suddenness of the moment. As I poured my heart out and asked her to marry me, her emotions were in turmoil. She felt a mixture of guilt, regret, and sadness for hurting me, but she also knew deep down that she could not accept this proposal. Despite her love for yours truly, Sarah realized that our relationship had been



irreparably damaged by her actions, a secret she had kept away from me for the past 3 months, and she could not in good conscience say YES knowing that she had betrayed my trust. With a heavy heart, Sarah gently declined my proposal, knowing that it was the right decision for both of us and immediately ran to the ladies rest room.

From the restroom and she sent a text message on WhatsApp, revealing that she was three months pregnant for the pastor (*our main pastor, who is married by the way*). The message was short and to the point, stating the shocking news without any explanation or context. I was stunned by the revelation, feeling a mix of anger, betrayal, and heartbreak. I struggled to process the news, wondering how Sarah could have kept such a significant secret from me and questioning the future of our relationship.

The text message marked the final blow in our tumultuous relationship, leaving me with a sense of profound loss and a shattered sense of trust.

As I lay in bed, I couldn't shake the feeling of unease that had settled over me since reading the text messages from my girlfriend, Sarah, who had betrayed me. The messages replayed in my mind like a broken record, each word cutting deeper than the last. I read and reread them, trying to make sense of the lies and deceit that had been hidden behind her sweet words and loving gestures. Sleep eluded me as I tossed and turned, my mind consumed by thoughts of what could have been and the painful realization of what was. The weight of betrayal bore down on me, leaving me feeling hollow and alone in the darkness of the night.



Devastated and in disbelief, I confronted Sarah and the pastor, who tearfully admitted to the affair. The news was a crushing blow to me, as I had believed our relationship was built on trust and mutual respect. I was left questioning everything I thought I knew about love and relationships.

As I grappled with the betrayal, I found solace in the support of my friends and family, who rallied around me during this difficult time. I have sought counseling to help me process my emotions and heal from the trauma of the betrayal. In the end, I do hope I will emerge from this painful experience with a newfound appreciation for the importance of honesty and communication in relationships. While the scars of

betrayal may never fully heal, I remain hopeful that one day I will find love that is true and enduring.

Up to this very day, my betrayal serves as a cautionary tale about the complexities of love and the importance of being vigilant in safeguarding one's heart. It should remind you that even in your darkest moments, there is always hope for a brighter tomorrow. I am still surviving, Sarah is living in Sharjah and the pastor has kept this as a secret to his wife.

**\*\*\* The End \*\*\***