

Marita G. Schmitz

# The temptation of the “dark” twin



My “twin soul fairy tale”  
- true story -

## **The temptation of the “dark” twin**

It was... a short time after my 19th birthday - after breaking up with me first boyfriend - relationship lasted about 2 years - with whom I actually wanted to move in together - I moved out of my parents' house and into my first one of my own apartment.

I wanted to be independent and live close to my job.

Above all, I didn't see how I could ask my parents for my accommodation giving money for food. Because this is what I should do from now on.

A few weeks before I moved out, I found out from a friend that there was one there should be a so-called telephone meeting in our city with a kind conference circuit - where many people can talk to each other at the same time.

The I had to try it out.

It was funny - everyone was talking at once.

Then I had to get one

think of nicknames/nicknames because no one wanted to give the real name.

Most had animal names or movie character names.

It was very funny and we talked about meeting up as a group sometime want.

There were several phone numbers you could dial - yes, they crystallized real cliques that began to meet. We made a meeting point which most people agreed with and then we met. At the first there were only a few meetings - maybe 10-15 people of mixed ages.

Before I went to the first meeting I noticed a very pleasant voice called my name. When we met, there was sympathy right away - we have each other actually everyone understood well. It was a fun meeting. Now you looked at them names and many voices also the people. Sure, you had the one or presented to others in a completely different way. It was very funny and we all enjoyed ourselves.

We then met more and more; sometimes to go ice skating, sometimes just to do something to drink and chat - usually at a fixed meeting point (bistro/café).

There it was - again and again - that one voice that now always means mine called her name - only now I knew who she belonged to. And I joined in and also called his name.

We were very fond of each other. As I said, I was just 19 years old young and he is already 25 years old. I didn't really know how to assess him. We were kind of like buddies; and I had only just separated from my first one boyfriend I was with for almost 2 years. I was - as described above, yes also just moved out and wanted to enjoy my life - go dancing and people meet. I didn't think about anything except starting something solid again. We were very careful with each other. However, I noticed that he was really impressed by my temperament and my joy of life. And the adventure appealed to me.

Well, we picked each other up at home here and there to hang out together to go to the meeting point or even bring each other home.

For whatever reason, there was never any approach from him.

It was kind of strange with him. I once put mine at a meeting arm on his shoulder... But nothing came back.

Well, I said to myself: "Yeah, we're just buddies and everything's fine."

But after that, feelings came up inside me - like - maybe I wasn't good enough, didn't have a job as great as him. I found myself very boyish and chummy.

Maybe not his type of woman - or not ladylike enough.

At the time, I didn't really think about why we were together were so familiar. But hearing his voice on the phone was always very magical - yes, just attractive.

I went here and there to the meeting place, wherever I was drawn to or to activities I enjoyed.

In the meantime I had also found a friend there. With this I went to the dancing more often on weekends - sometimes to a dance hall, sometimes to the disco. He came there too sometimes with.

The meetings became fewer and fewer and I spent more time with my girlfriend - We also drove to her or mine in the car on the weekend parents and went to the local disco.

The meetings continued for a while and we kept running into each other here and there across the way.

Someone had told him that I had a new boyfriend - and from there we only saw each other by chance. There was never an opportunity with him to have a personal/private conversation - there were always others there.

Then I went to another meeting point with a different phone number in fact, I met HIM there. When I saw him the only words that came to mind were:

"Oh, you again!" Yes, I was actually a bit offended because he basically hit me left behind. I didn't know that he thought I had a new boyfriend. He was deep in a very heartfelt conversation with another young lady.

Well, I guess I was a little jealous.

However, I only knew that he had noticed this for a short time - since ours last contact.

He and I - we rarely crossed paths anymore; it was quite a while a long time ago - at least 2-3 years - we met by chance while shopping in the lunch break.

It was strange - we actually just made small talk about where who works and lives now.

But I think I stuttered a little. I don't know. I had me somehow really happy to see him again. Since we only had a short lunch break and both of us bought something, we parted again pretty quickly - without exchanging our phone numbers. He now lived in one other district; and I had already moved to the country to live with a new friend.

And only worked in the city.

Somehow the meeting left me uneasy. I kept busy over and over again

thinking about it again. I kept seeing his face in front of me - like it was me smiled at. Somehow it didn't let go of me - somehow magnetically. What was that? I guess it was about a whole year later - I thought that I had him after all would like to see each other again - even though I'm still in this one relationship stuck.

But I was somehow itching to see him again. See if there is more. I was curious and kept seeing his smiling face in front of me. Like him

was happy to see me again. Mmh, I really wanted to find out whether there is something between us - whether there is more - than just friendship.

But how should I do that? I'm bad with my current boyfriend

say: "I'm off to see an old friend from before..."

But I still took the opportunity and drove (45 minutes travel time by car)

on a weekend - when my boyfriend wasn't home - to him.

I entered his apartment - he showed me around. Nice apartment, I said.

And then - I had to know - how will he react?

I placed a kiss on his mouth. But I only saw in his eyes fear. He did ask if I wanted to stay, but with fear in his eyes I couldn't do anything and at the same time I was scared -

at home to have already been exposed, that I could already be missed and that I then I would get in trouble if I stayed away longer. Besides came inside me again that feeling, whether he could be honest, whether I was good at all am enough for him, feminine enough and attractive enough for him. The same thing happened to me feeling high, like back then. I quickly said goodbye. I got back in my car and back again drove home. I said to myself: "No, then there's probably nothing more and that's fine." Later, after a few days or weeks - I don't remember exactly today - I wrote him another letter. First I had my sender written on it - then crossed out again. Sent. That was it.

About 2 years later I married my boyfriend at the time - but really I didn't get it in my head. I kept having thoughts made and dreamed - what would have happened if I had stayed there? Well - I'll probably never know - I thought. Well, I was only with my boyfriend at the time (including the wedding) for 7 years together. Then he cheated. I moved out. We divorced. Then I tried to find him (my nice telephone voice) again. But I had