

Statement of Experience and Boundary - James Saint

Jo,

I need you - and anyone supporting your mental health - to hear this fully, because I am done carrying it alone.

When we met, I was cautious because I knew the complexities of long distance and your life could be dangerous for my well-being. Despite that, I allowed myself to fall for what felt like a deep, soulful connection, entering the relationship with a hope of building something true and stable.

Instead, what unfolded was a cycle of intensity and chaos that has left me deeply traumatized.

You escalated the relationship quickly, overwhelming me with affection and future plans that didn't match emotional stability. In October 2024, I explicitly called out your emotional unavailability, avoidant patterns, and unresolved turmoil with your kids and ex. You responded by starting therapy in November 2024, which I made clear was a prerequisite for us to continue. But the core patterns never changed.

We spent Christmas and New Year together. On 9th January 2025, we moved into the rented house together - I spent nearly a month organizing your belongings and home, believing we were creating a shared foundation. But then you recklessly brought your children into our home without preparation, forcing me into a parenting role I never agreed to. That night was so destabilizing I turned to sleeping pills and diazepam - a clear sign of overwhelm and a risk to my recovery from past addiction patterns. I left the relationship on 7th February 2025 because it was the only way I could protect myself.

A week later, you showed up at my place - and you have effectively been here since, only seeing your kids for a few days at a time. During this period, we got engaged - a commitment layered on top of chaos, rather than built on mutual healing or stability.

You know my life has been filled with pain long before we met, and you've sobbed over it. But acknowledging my suffering while continuing behaviors that retraumatize me only deepens the

wound. Your words of love are not matched by consistent, safe actions. Instead, I have felt lured, love-bombed, and gaslit into questioning my own needs and perceptions. This dynamic has been unsafe and unsustainable.

I want you - and your psychiatrist - to understand this clearly: my desire to give, love, and build something real has not been met with the safety, attunement, and accountability I need. I can no longer sacrifice my sanity or peace for a dynamic that leaves me feeling alone, even when you're right beside me.

This is not an invitation to persuade me or promise me more. This is my truth, and my boundary.

James