

Tales From The Narc Side: ...

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The Final Straw: His Rage, My Clarity

The night I stopped making excuses for his rage



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Imagine the **angry** face of a man shouting aggressively in a pub. He's **fuming. Furious.** Feels disrespected.

“You are stupid, you have no clue how to take care of yourself, you’re immature, you are dumb like a 15-year-old. I do not want to listen to what you have to say!”

The man shouting at me across the table was my boyfriend. The same person who said he loved me, claimed he had never felt anything so deep before, and wanted to spend the rest of his life with me.

The trigger? Earlier that afternoon, I didn’t want to rest or sleep when **he had decided** I needed to.

I **disobeyed**. Refused to accept his control.

He didn’t care what I needed. He always knew best. He knew better than me what my body felt. Better than the doctor what needed to be done to manage vertigo. Better than research that explains why vertigo symptoms worsen when you lie down.

He just **knew best**. Always. About everything.

He was raging. I could not put a word in. He kept shouting, diminishing, invalidating. I tried to speak several times.

I attempted to say, “Please stop screaming at me. I did not feel like resting. I just wasn’t tired.” I attempted to explain that the doctor had told me that lying down was not advisable.

I felt like I had to justify why, in my 40s, I did not want to rest that afternoon.

More and more, I felt small. Like a child being scolded by an unfair adult. A child who couldn't quite understand why the rage was so disproportionate. What had she done so wrong to trigger this?

He did not let me finish one sentence. Nor did he care about what I had to say or what the doctor had advised. At some point, he made it crystal clear: **"I do not care about what you or the doctor say!"**

I was getting more and more upset. He was attacking me **for no reason**. How could he be so aggressive? So cruel? Where was even the slightest ounce of empathy? I had struggled for days with vertigo, yet despite not feeling well, I still took a plane to see him.

He did not care.

Since we sat down in the pub, he had insulted me and I was supposed to stay silent and just be torn down. In his twisted mind, I did not have the right to speak. As he kept talking over me, preventing me from even forming a full sentence, tears rose to my eyes. My heart was racing.

How can someone behave like this?

While I tried again to say that I was not tired, he interrupted, looked at me patronisingly, and sneered: **"See, if you went to bed like I told you to this afternoon, you wouldn't be so nervous now!"**

I was speechless. Did he just say what I thought he said?

Weaponising my emotions was not new.

Unfortunately, neither was this kind of outburst.

If I was unwell, he got annoyed. He didn't like complications. I had vertigo, and he felt bored.

I got up. Walked to the bathroom. And inside, I knew.

That was the final straw.

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that woman at the table? What would I say to her?

That night, something inside me decided: **this was enough.**

But little did I know, **narcissistic abuse does not end when the victim leaves.** Abusers don't like being left. They **do not want to lose.**

In the weeks after, while we were apart, I spoke about the incident several times. His response never changed: "Couples argue, and that's normal." He was just "worrying about me" and "trying to protect me."

Not once did he take responsibility. Not once did he show an ounce of understanding of how his aggression made me feel.

Instead, he normalised the shouting. Insisted that it was just how emotions were expressed. That it wasn't a big deal.

I was stunned. He seemed to really believe it.

But I no longer did.

If this resonated with you, *follow me for more raw and honest stories on healing from narcissistic abuse. I'd love to hear your thoughts in the comments.*

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What are your thoughts?



Daniel

May 1

...

I have heard stories like this before, one of the reasons I avoid relationships like the plague...



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1 reply

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Jessi Brooks

Mar 16

...

The absolute lack of anything remotely resembling empathy is confusing to our brains. I, too, struggled to grasp how someone who "loved" me didn't seem to care if I was well, or to accept that I was separate from him. He actually ramped up his... [more](#)



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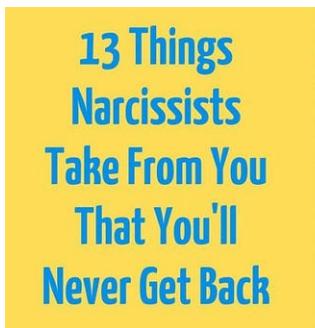
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