

Red Pill Wifery

ARCHIVE

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[/u/dream-hunter](#)

July 23, 2026

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The Red Pill Tastes Like Shit.

August 12, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I wrote a bunch of introductory posts, but I think I'm going to leave them hidden for now. Not sure I feel comfortable enough to spill my guts on all that at the moment. So the first post to this blog will be ranty and not very insightful.

I've been trying to improve myself since I had the twins, and I feel like I've hit a wall. After they were born, I lost about 40 lbs (most of that being baby weight and babies themselves), but all in all, I went from 200ish lbs pre-pregnancy to around 177 lbs right now. I'm rather tall, but that's still overweight. I lost that weight mainly due to the extra calories burned from nursing two boys, and from all the stress involved therein. I lost most of that weight before I even started working out.

I've been working out daily for about 3 weeks now, and I was doing hot yoga twice a week for a few weeks (or a month?) before that. I've lost maybe a pound. Maybe. It fluctuates back and forth, so I'm gonna say not really.

I started on Supreme 90 for a week, but quickly realized that I can't keep up with the hefty calorie requirements and diet plan, because of the boys. Between not eating enough and exercising too much, I started to make myself feel sick. So I changed my workout a bit to include 3 days of light running, 2 days of free weight training, and 2 days of hot yoga. And to be perfectly honest, I don't feel like it's done a damn thing.

My husband hasn't remarked on me looking any better, except when I start to get depressed about it, so it feels like the token "of course you're beautiful, baby" that a husband would throw a wife whose feeling down on herself. No one else has really said anything about it either. So I'm really feeling like there's no point. If I sit on my ass and do nothing, I get the same results as working as hard as I can. So why????

Of course, this makes me feel absolutely horrible, after seeing how important physical fitness is for Red Pill women. And since I can see that my husband is having results. I'm being left behind.

The extra skin that I gained from the twins isn't doing me any favor either.

I feel like I can't really make any real dietary changes right now, either. If I eat too few calories, I feel like absolute hell. Eating healthy is hard to do when you need to bulk up on calories. It's also hard to do when your dad is living with you and he's doing most of the cooking, and when most of our grocery bill is going to feeding 6 people. (Long damn story. Long, exhausting, completely depressing story. I'm at Starbucks typing this right now, because I feel like I can't be alone in my own fucking house.) Eating healthy is expensive, and I feel like we can't really afford it right now. And really, I've read so much diet stuff that I'm overwhelmed. Low Carb, High Carb, Paleo, Vegetarian, blah blah blah... they all contradict each other, and say the other is horribly unhealthy for you. I don't even know.

And during the week, to save my sanity, I *have* to get out of the house, and when I do, I

eat crap. I'm almost to the point where I feel like I can't eat at home during the day anymore, because 1) if I eat in front of my daughter, she pesters the shit out of me to give her some, and 2) if I get up and walk to the kitchen, the boys see that I'm gone and start crying. Dear God, I'm permanently attached to the couch, or I end up with a room full of crying children. My dad is glued to his computer all day, so helps minimally, with the exception of watching the kids while I go out to Walmart or wherever I can make an excuse to go for an hour a day, just to get out of the house to eat. And then I feel guilty that I made him watch them for that time.

I'm acutely aware that my looks are only getting worse as I age. The last couple of pictures of myself have looked disturbingly look like my mother, which scares the absolute shit out of me. I love my mother, but she is not a pretty woman.

I just don't know what I can do to make it work right now, and I desperately want to. I probably just need to slow down and not worry about it, but that's really hard not to do right now. And I've been having weekly freak outs about this and other things for a few weeks now. I hate not feeling comfortable in my own house.

On to more productive things!

August 13, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Today has been a day of self-improvement. There's a little bit of money in the budget for clothing, so I ventured out to find some nice jeans; my current ones aren't quite fitting right. I'd highly suggest taking a look at this post over at Grasping for Objectivity on [Mom Jeans and the Dreaded Long Butt](#). So much good info, and made my jean shopping experience much easier, since I knew what to look for.

I started off at Platos Closet. Great place for cheap, nice jeans! Unfortunately, it's also a place that demonstrates the absolute absurdity of women's sizes. What the hell does 14 Regular *mean*? Why does a 16 in Lucky Brand not even fit over my thighs, but a 16 Old Navy does, BUT IS TOO SHORT? Dear Manufacturers: get your shit together.

I did, however, find a nice pair of glittery black stilettos, or as Mr. RedPill would call them, "hooker shoes". Indeed, I did buy a pair of shoes with no intention of wearing them in public. Rawr. Sis at [Passionate Christian Marriages](#) will be proud!



And only \$15!

I gave up on the jean search there, and headed over to the mall and looked through the Torrid clearance section. I found a couple of good fitting pairs of 14's for buy one, get one half off. Score! They're a size smaller than my current jeans (16), and a little tighter than I'd like. Hello, how about selling a 15 guys? You men are so lucky you don't have to deal with this nonsense.

I find that as our marriage gets better, and we get closer, my spending habits are based less on myself, and more on what I think *he'll* think about it. I *want* to be sexier and more attractive for him. And I also want him to be impressed with my budgeting prowess.

And now, I'm off to continue watching movies on SyFy. Today is Star Trek: Insurrection . Not the best of the ST movies, but helloooo Commander Riker.

Homework: Makeup

August 14, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Suffice it to say, the shoes were a big hit last night. Perhaps too big of a hit, hah!

I meant to talk about makeup yesterday, but I ended up short on time and forgot. I've never been much of a makeup person. I didn't start wearing any till my 20's, and only sparingly till my late 20's. This was a big stress in our marriage for a while. My husband wanted me to wear it more often, but my argument was that 1) I didn't wear makeup in high school (when we met), and didn't wear it when we got married, so why would he try to change me if that's who he fell in love with? And 2) the only reason he'd want me to wear more is because he thinks I'm ugly. I call this one of our "cookie cutter" fights, because it was one that happened every few months, and the script was always the same. Same arguments on both sides, no resolution.

Another reason for my dislike of makeup was my sensitive eyes. Even a little bit of mascara caused my eyes to burn for days. It wasn't until I got some [Bare Minerals](#) that I started wearing it more often, but I did (and still don't) know anything about makeup applications, so it's been minimal at best. This weekend I started looking around YouTube for some tutorials, and found this one. Looks pretty simple, right?

The number of YouTube tutorials for makeup is overwhelming, but this looks like a good start. I'm committed to becoming a pro! Or at least better than I am now, for cripes sake. [MakeUpGeekTV](#) has some good stuff too, worth checking out. I'll post some results once I'm satisfied with the results.

Anyone have any good tips? Or guys, do you have a look that you particularly like?

Stay At Home Musings

August 17, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Not much to report since last post in the homework department... I played with some eyeshadow today, but I think the colors I own are too mild to come up with the look from the video. It looks nice, but taking pictures with my crappy camera phone didn't really work out, it's too subtle. Once we have a wee more to spend, I'll get a couple of darker colors to work with.

I keep seeing talk of SAHM's being "bored"... I think I missed the memo. I *wish* I was bored. I'm so worn out by the end of the day, it's ridiculous. I need to count just how much laundry I do during the week for 5 people, plus 2 little butts worth of cloth diapers. The last few days have really stunk for me around the house. As I've mentioned, we have twins, and I've been nursing them for 4 months. The first 3 were a painful hell, as neither one could latch worth a damn, and the last month has been a painful insane hell, as they've started being distracted, yanking my nipple all over, scratching, pinching, etc, *and* their latch still sucks. I got to the point where I was beginning to resent them, and not really having a whole lot of fun with them, so I decided to ween to formula.

This is a hard decision for a few reasons. First, formula is immorally expensive. Double the normal immoral amount, and you get what we have to spend. We're apparently make too much to apply for WIC (which I think is bullshit... Multiple babies should be an exception of some sort.) We're already running short on funds due to hospital and grocery bills. Second, even with twins, which are so hard to nurse, there's a sense that I've failed in what I set out to do, which was to nurse them for a year. Mommy Guilt is a powerful thing. I know I should be happy I was stubborn enough to last 4 months, but the guilt still sucks me in. Hell, I felt guilty weaning our 15 month old daughter at the time, even though she was obviously ok with it and didn't need it anymore. It's almost a feeling that I'm not enough of a woman to handle being a mother properly. Not really sure how else to explain it. But my sanity is waning, so I think it's a wash in the end.

So these things have been weighing heavy on my mind, and I'm the type that needs my space when I'm feeling bad. Being in a full house makes this difficult. I want to wail and thrash and throw pillows, but I can't do that without causing a scene. I ended up falling asleep at 7pm two nights ago, because I laid down to get away from everyone, and just drifted off. Totally unusual for me, I'm a night owl. My guy has been a peach through it all. I appreciate his ability to navigate my emotional storms.

We're gonna have the house to ourselves (except kids) Saturday night though, so there will be planning of extracurricular adult activities that can help me release some steam.

What is this?

August 24, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

My husband knows of this blog, and I'm hesitant to post this, but oh well. That's what I get for telling him about it, I guess.

We're going on 4 days (I think) with no sex... And I find myself highly perturbed, yet marveling at it. This time last year, I would have been absolutely relieved to have gotten no sexual advances from him. But today I feel... Sad? Irritated? Almost mad? Completely unsexy. He came in today and watched the kids for a little while when I ran to Sam's Club to buy some things. When I got back, we sat around till the little ones were in bed, and I went to change to go for a run. He didn't make a pass at me like he usually does when he gets me isolated in the bedroom... He said he wasn't working out tonight, he was going to bed, and that it would be nice if I took the night watch with the babies tonight. He went to sleep with only a kiss last night as well.

Not only was I kinda pissed about the lack of sexiness, I was kinda miffed that he decided not to work out. He didn't really work out in Wednesday either. Why does that bother me? I think I'm scared he'll slip back into his pre-alpha ways. I find myself wanting him to lead more, and be more assertive, but it's hard to just SAY that.

I know most guys would say "WHY DON'T YOU INITIATE FOR CRIPES SAKE???" and they're probably right. But somehow I feel like I deserve this for all those times I turned him down. And I still kind of have a mental block about initiating, especially when I'm angry. Also, he is genuinely pretty tired. So I'll probably just sulk.

It doesn't help that I switched pills two days ago. They very well might be making me more moody. SIGH.

Man, I hate nights like this.

Communication Breakdown

August 26, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Yesterday was a little better, but ended on a sour note. At least the boys mostly slept through the night.

I'm noticing a pattern in myself. I seem to bottle a lot of things in during the week, and it all manifests on Sunday. I woke up this morning immediately wanting to get out of the house by myself, even though we had a relatively kid-free afternoon yesterday (sort of a date day). It got worse as the day progressed. I'm out at a Starbucks now, with a diet-cheaterific chocolate cheesecake. I can afford a good desert after fitting into these jeans.

I think tonight I'll buy [The Proper Care and Feeding of Husbands](#) by Dr. Laura. I've seen it recommended in a few places over at the [MMSL](#) forums, and since I just finished reading the Married Man Sex Life Primer, I need something new to read. I really feel like consuming something that will push me to improve myself and how I interact with my husband. My communication skills are sorely lacking, where they didn't used to be. I think I shut myself down for so very long with him that I've forgotten how to have serious discussions like a normal human being. Most of our serious interactions are via email, which is good in some aspects, but is still hard for me to do at times.

I'm still debating on whether or not to put our full Red Pill journey out here in the blogosphere. I've written a good bit (5 posts, to be exact), with still more to write. I'm afraid, though, that it's too much, too personal, but at the same time, I do feel the need to put it out there. Maybe my insights can help someone else. I think I'll sit on it, continue editing, and get it out eventually.

Teehee.

August 28, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Nothing substantial to write home about tonight, but I saw this over at the MMSL forums, and it gave me a good chuckle.

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due to its content.**

Introduction Part 1: Intentions

September 5, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

So what's this Red Pill thing all about? I'm just figuring that out for myself. What did I make this blog for? Well, I certainly need a place to express the emotions and conflicts that accompany my recent discoveries.

My journey began some months ago, in the middle of a hard twin pregnancy. At the time, I thought my husband had HORRIBLE timing in bringing up some of the issues he was bringing up. And perhaps he did... but I think overall, it had a positive effect. He certainly could have done some things differently, and I will be delving into that. I'd also like to explore how women are brought up with impossible views of what marriage is supposed to be, what femininity and feminism are supposed to be, and how those impressions don't jive with real life. Disney Princesses, hearts and flowers, a man who caters to our every need... it's all hogwash.

And now, what is the Red Pill? Athol over at [Married Man Sex Life](#) could explain it better than I ever could. Go give his blog a look. And buy his book while you're at it.

The Red Pill, a bitter little pill, is the truth: Almost all woman want to be lead, in some way, some more than others. We respond positively to it. It turns us on. Women are attracted to leadership and social dominance. Flies in the face of modern feminism, doesn't it? All marriages are supposed to be an equal partnership! Women don't want or need to be dominated, the world tells us. But this is (mostly) not true. The constant battle over the Captain's Chair is responsible for most of those silly arguments that took up so much of the first 7 years of my marriage, and I believe this is the case in the majority of marriages, whether it's realized or not.

I'm not advocating total domination, where a woman is no longer a person and has no say in her life. Oh hell no. A well-functioning Red Pill marriage involves a very competent, intelligent woman who can and will take over the Captain's Chair in several point during the marriage, when necessary. But for major decisions, there is discussion and debate, and then the Captain makes the informed decision. Think Captain Picard and Commander Riker in Star Trek: The Next Generation. Nothing but respect there, but one person is ultimately responsible for the course of the ship.

I can't begin to explain how smooth our marriage has been the last few months, with this concept firmly in place in my mind. Well, I guess I can begin to explain it, and I will throughout the life of this little blog. I hope it'll take on a life of its own. More to come.

Introduction Part 2: “Tell me about your childhood.”

September 6, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

My idea of marriage begins with my parents, so I guess I'll start there.

My early childhood was quite happy, but it didn't stay that way. I think my parents started out in a good relationship. They met when they were hippies, both had ridiculously long hair in their wedding photos, the typical 70's looking couple. My mom was a tiny thing, I think she told me she weighed 90 lbs on her wedding day. My dad was pretty slim himself. They waited 7 years to have me in 1981.

I have very fond memories of playing with my parents, and how loving they were. I remember Saturday morning cartoons with my dad, brunches of bacon and pancakes, my mom staying home to raise my sister and I. We lived out in the woods in the South, and there was lots to do outside, and that's where we stayed most of the time. I think my dad was fairly alpha early on. I remember thinking he was kind of harsh at times, but my memories from then are kind of fuzzy. My parents were still affectionate then. My mom stayed at home with my sister and I, and took great care of the house. Her attentiveness and dedication are what I aspire to currently as a SAHM... I never want to become a bump on a log that does nothing all day.

Later on in my childhood, I think maybe around junior high, things started really going downhill. My parents stopped talking as much, and became like roommates. They fought pretty often as well. It was obvious that something had happened at some point to make them slightly hostile towards one another. My mom still did the best she could for us... she took 2 jobs at one point to make sure that we could afford to keep doing the few extracurricular activities that we did, while my dad continued his 1 job in a very unhappy fashion. Early in my life he read a lot, which was admirable, but that turned into hours of mindless video games. Which turned into complete and total ignorance of what was happening to his family around him.

Somewhere along the way, he'd gone from probably a balanced alpha/beta all the way to omega. Neither one. He asserted his dominance with the family when he wanted to, because he could throw a hell of a fit, but his 8 hour a day video game habit made us very resentful. He became a joke to me. At one point, he forgot to pick my sister and I up from the movies, and we sat there waiting for hours. This became a regular occurrence. It was embarrassing, and frustrating. If we tried to tell him something important while he was sitting in front of a computer screen, he'd acknowledge, then completely forget.

I think somewhere along the way, my mom just gave up. I came to find out later that there were some serious trust issues, and without getting into details, they were both responsible for it, but never found a way to recover from it, because they never communicated. I think my mom tried, but talking to my dad at that point was like talking to a brick wall. He would zone out looking at the screen, and then completely forget anyone was talking to him all together. I tried to talk to him about various things, and got

the same zombie treatment.

After I left home to join the military, I started getting reports from my sister that they were fighting, and their fights were starting to get a bit more violent. She called me one morning, after I had been at a long night of night driving training, in tears and hysterics. My dad had shoved my mom, locked himself in the bathroom, and was threatening suicide. I ended up calling both my parents, telling them to “grow up and stop acting like fucking children, because their daughter is STILL IN THE HOUSE AND SHE’S FREAKING OUT.” My mom tried to pull the “I’m your mother, don’t talk to me like that” card, and quickly realized that I didn’t give a shit, as I told her so. Unfortunately, she took my disapproval of fighting in front of my sister as a sign that she should stay with my dad until my sister graduated.

After that, things seemed to get oddly better... my parents became more affectionate, my sister told me. My mother started working out and losing weight. Which set off another hellstorm, because my dad thought she was doing it because she was cheating. To be honest, I think she was. He became unbearably possessive, and not able to leave the house or do anything other than sit at home in silence with him, she became an alcoholic. Eventually, they did divorce. So all that is the example that I had to work with. By the time I married my husband, I thought living in the same house and not talking to each other was the norm. Getting in little arguments over dumb things was the norm. Not showing affection was the norm. And so on and so on.

So then started 7 years of my marriage that I wish I could go back and fix...

Introduction Part 3: The Beginning (of my marriage)

September 8, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

This will be a hard post for me to write. I've been going through a lot of hard emotions about the way our marriage began, and maybe this will be somewhat therapeutic.

Our dating relationship was entirely long-distance. I was in the military, and he was in college. The drive was 9 hours in the beginning, and shortened to 3 and a half once he moved a little closer. 98% of the time, I was the one making the trip, since I had more money for gas, and didn't have my own apartment for the longest time. He couldn't stay in the barracks, so we'd need a hotel. So no-go.

The long distance made for some intense emotions on my end. I absolutely hated where I was stationed, and hated the people I worked with, and was struggling to keep up physically. Every weekend ended with me in tears, crying that I didn't want to go back to that hell-hole. It also made for some amazing, mind blowing sex. Everything we had pent up for the week came out on the weekend. Unfortunately, I also had a jealousy streak a mile wide, and often accused him of cheating. (This wasn't one of those instances where I was projecting... no infidelity happened on my end. In my mind, he was armpit deep in hot college girls, why would he want to stick with only me if he had to? Preselection at its finest, I suppose.)

We were somewhat happy, but tumultuous to say the least. We were engaged after a few years, and to keep a long story short, we were married at the JP a few months before the actual ceremony, due to possible deployment. Thank God the deployment didn't happen, but the early hitch gave me the opportunity to put him on my life insurance policy, so it was for a good reason. We were getting married anyway, right?

Right about that time, I discovered that he was having an emotional long distance affair. I was devastated. I also caught him googling "annulments in Texas". Double whammy. I honestly can't remember what stupid crap we were arguing over that was SO BAD at this point. It all seems so completely trivial now. But at the time, he thought it was bad, and I wasn't giving him the emotional connection he was after, so he sought it elsewhere. I did the typical "trash the house and leave like a crazed lunatic" bit, but decided as I was driving out of town that I wasn't gonna put up with this shit, but neither was I gonna just give up. I am nothing if I am not stubborn.

We somehow got through this and went through with the wedding ceremony, but I think that series of events really broke me. Our honeymoon was relaxing and lovely, but sex went downhill after that, gradually. I started feeling somewhat repulsed by the idea of sex. And not just with him... in general. I didn't put two and two together until recently about how the loss of my sex drive coincided with those incidents, but I really see it now. I also began to have hormonal issues due to the condition Polycystic Ovary Syndrome, which sent me all kinds of out of whack.

I regret the loss of those first few years, when we should have been happy and crazy for

each other and screwing like rabbits. I withheld my 20's body from him, and I am so regretful for that. But he didn't exactly have the best way of handling the situation either. We both transended into the lonely space that is World of Warcraft. We had our computers in the same room, played at the same time, but often didn't talk to each other (See a pattern, from my last post about my dad?). We had flashes of nicety and happiness, but sex was dwindling to a twice a year event. And it was great when it happened, but it was impossible for me to get in the mood. I would try in spurts, but then he would bring up the fact that I'd been cold for months, and I'd say "what's the point if I'm just going to get berated anyway?" and I'd go right back to being completely asexual. We both packed on the pounds, neither of us really caring about what we looked like physically, which certainly didn't help either. I repeated the blue-pill mantra of "you're not fat, I love you just the way you are", and so did he, but I don't think either of us really meant it, though I really thought I did at the time. I don't think I was attracted to him, for a number of reasons. At least, that's what I guess, now that I can look at it from a red-pill perspective.

We fought often during this time. When we weren't ignoring each other, we were fighting. Most often about chores, because I was depressed and hated to do them. I think the fights amounted to my husband tip-toeing around being the Captain, and me resisting, because I thought that's what I was supposed to do. I don't even know why I argued about some of the crap I did. And he failed that test a lot. I would usually get so angry I'd leave the apartment, because I didn't want to unleash my anger by physically throwing something, as I had a tendency to do. Another carry-over from my dad's hissy fits. I know it sounds like I'm making excuses, but it was mostly my fault... I just really didn't know why I was so unattracted and unattractive and depressed, and it honestly boggled my mind. I got even more depressed when he'd try to talk me into sex, because I **really didn't know** why I didn't want to. Why was I so disgusted? Looking back, I'm guessing the betatude. It still makes me feel like a huge jerk, as well I should, I guess. I have a lot of guilt over it.

I was the one working while he was in college getting his Masters, and I'd often come home completely drained. I'd been put in charge of training people to do a job that required a computer, only the people I was training were completely computer illiterate, and utterly unable (unwilling) to learn. I'd come home with migraine-sized headaches at times, hop on World of Warcraft, and waste the entire evening without saying a word.

This went on for years. 5 or 6 years. We both felt helpless in our own ways, but I was too stubborn to do anything about it. Previous interactions with "counselors" made me averse to seeing a marriage counselor... Though after seeing some accounts of what modern marriage counseling is from fellow red-pillers, that was probably a wise decision on my part. And so it went on and on.

Introduction Part 4: Babies

September 9, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

About the time I hit 27, my biological clock started going off big time. My husband had found a decent job (well, really great job, actually. He loves it, and it pays enough, though not as much as if he were working somewhere else), and I felt like it was a GREAT time to hop on the baby train. I somehow convinced him of this, though reluctantly, and I started going to the doctor to fix my cycles, which were screwed up 7 ways to Sunday due to the PCOS.

The doc started me on a few things, and it didn't really help right away. Finally we got my meds adjusted so that I started ovulating again, and things fell into place. We were having sex more often, but it was "need to get pregnant" sex. That's not to say it wasn't good sex, but I was definitely forcing myself at times. However, I do remember the night we conceived, and it was totally spontaneous, and had absolutely nothing to do with charts and temperatures. Isn't that how it always happens?

So we had a positive pregnancy test. To be perfectly honest, I don't remember a lot about being pregnant with little K. There was lots of sleeping. I can't begin to explain how exhausted I was. Thankfully, I had quit my job to persue a photography career that has yet to take off and likely never will, but it gave me lots of time to sleep. Oh sweet, precious sleep, I miss you. What was I saying? Oh yeah. I remember sleeping, and I remember dear husband not knowing a damn thing about how to deal with a pregnant woman.

He has a habit of dismissing things he doesn't understand. And he couldn't understand being pregnant because he's never been pregnant, so he dismissed my sickness and complete exhaustion as if I were making them up. He became annoyed at me for not cooking dinner, or "being lazy", or whatever, and oh boy, that didn't make things go very smoothly. I'll admit that I acted like a complete nutcase in response to how he was acting. What the hell was he going to do when the baby was actually here??? Tack on my complete terror of miscarriage, and we had sex a whopping one time while I was pregnant. And it was awful. My cervix was low, so he was hitting it, and he didn't know it, and I was dry and there was no lube, and ohmygodjustenditnow. That happened around 4 months, and didn't happen again for the duration.

And it didn't get regular after the birth of our sweet, squealing, colicky, up-all-hours-of-the-night daughter, either. I was determined to nurse, through a bad latch that made my nipples bleed, through her waking up every hour and a half to nurse more on my bloody nipples, through her having to be held all day. We had fights about me getting some time to myself in the evenings, beause when husband got home, he needed a break too. And he wanted to play video games, specifically World of Warcraft. He eventually came to realize that it was unrealistic for me to be on baby duty 24/7, and that he would have any time to sit at a computer for anything other than bills, at least for a while. Needless to say, I was thrown into a bought of postpartum depression, from which I couldn't make

myself return for a while. I wouldn't go to the doctor, because that would mean defeat, that I was a horrible mother, or some such junk. It really sucks to recognize after the fact. I had moments where I wanted to pinch her, where I'd stay up at night crying because she wouldn't sleep, I'd cry all day because she wouldn't sleep. I'd put her in her crib, close the door, and scream a blood curdling scream at the top of my lungs just to get it out of my system.

I think around 6 months, I snapped out of my funk somewhat. Somehow, I made it through without doing something stupid (other than refusing to see that I had a problem). I'm pretty sure we didn't have sex that whole time. Bloody nips aren't exactly a turn on for me. My husband got me through this time by the seat of our pants. He's a great father, and really turned on the support when the family needed it.

Life went on, K made us ridiculously happy, but we still weren't really connecting. After a few years, we decided it was time for another baby, if we wanted them all to be out of the house by the time we retired. That was seriously our motivation. So I started the medication all over again, and vowed not to let myself get thrown back into depression with this one...

I got pregnant after only 2 months this time, and after only 1 day of sex that month. I soon realized that my severe morning sickness was because there wasn't just one baby, there were two. Soon we found out there were two little boys. My husband was overjoyed... I was terrified.

Introduction Part 5: The Twins and Reconciliation

September 10, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

So, I left off with being pregnant with twins, after a rather unproductive bout of “trying for babies” sex. Yeah, it really was pretty abismal, especially compared to the way K was conceived. The pregnancy was hard, to say the least. Whereas last time I was mainly exhausted, now I was exhausted, highly nauseous, and taking care of a toddler. I began doing what I always do in new situations: I researched the hell out of twin pregnancy. Multiple pregnancies are so much more high-risk than singles, and the symptoms are literally twice as bad, because of the extra hormones and extra weight. And once again, my dear sweet husband (oh sarcasm) didn’t understand, and began getting irritated and cold with me, because he didn’t understand just how awful I was feeling, and how completely terrified I was of this pregnancy. A million things could go wrong. 50% of multiple pregnancies end in c-sections. A huge percentage of twins are born premature. And the list of complications goes on and on.

In an effort to get him to understand, I gave him one of the many books I’d bought on multiple pregnancy and birth. And it gathered dust. I especially began to be irritated when I noticed that he was vigorously reading “The Married Man Sex Life Primer 2011” by Mr. Athol Kay. What the hell was this bullshit? I’m in agony, puking my guts out everyday, with barely enough energy to cook a frozen skillet meal for him at the end of the day, and he’s reading this crap instead of the book I gave him? I was appalled. I called Athol a few not-so-nice names. I berated my husband for thinking of sex at a time like this. What. The. Hell.

Knowing what I know now, I’ll say that even though the book has likely saved our marriage, the timing was HORRIBLE. Oh we had some fights about it. My husband, in a hurry to kick the MAP into gear, upped the Alpha way too hard, when I was really needing lots of Beta support. I started to freak out, remembering how hard the transition was after we had K. Was I going to be stuck taking care of 3 kids while he did his own thing, played video games, went to the bar, whatever? Freaking. Out.

I think he eventually realized he was hurting me when I confronted him about how he was treating me. “If you don’t understand what’s going on with me, and can’t relate, why not read the book I gave you SO YOU CAN UNDERSTAND??” He agreed. But he’d lost the book. To this day, I’m not sure where it went. It’s probably languishing on a bookshelf somewhere. But he did start to realize that what I was going through wasn’t something he could just throw platitudes at. “Don’t worry, you’ll be fine” wasn’t cutting it. Major abdominal surgery was a real concern.

(Note: I can’t pinpoint a lot of the things that he started doing that turned me back on, because I didn’t know what to look for before I read the blog and book myself, but I will say that other than too much alpha for a little while, he did a great job running the MAP. He’d started losing weight, he started being more assertive and making more decisions, and I started to warm up again.)

My worrying of preterm labor was all for nought. 28 weeks came and went. Then 30. And so on. By 36 weeks, I was done. DONE. And even though we hadn't really been having sex throughout the pregnancy, I knew it was a way to kick things into gear, and early labor was definitely no concern, so he gladly obliged. Also throughout this time, I'd started reading Athol's blog. While originally irritated in the extreme (the first page I opened the book to when I found it was titled "Come On Her Tits". WTF!), a lightbulb eventually went off. He was trying to save our marriage, and I had been a total bitch for 7 years.

Back to 36 weeks... Somehow, me being the size of a small house, we managed to do the deed every 3 or 4 nights, sometimes every other night. We had an incredibly limited number of positions, obviously (just one, really), but he made sure I was comfortable. At the same time, he made some dominant moves. He made me remember just how much I love having my hair pulled. Even though I felt like an elephant, he made me remember that sex actually felt good. What a revelation!

At 38 weeks, I was done. We went in for the OB appointment, Baby A had turned breech, and I absolutely lost my mind. I was damn near hysterical. No, I was hysterical. At that point, I didn't care about the risks associated with a c-section, I just wanted them OUT. I'd been having trouble breathing. I couldn't even toss and turn in bed at night, because lugging my ginormous tummy from one side of the bed to the other was actually physically painful. I was contemplating wearing a frackin' diaper to bed so I wouldn't have to get up to pee every 30 minutes. It was insane.

And so my wonderful, awesome doctor said "meet me in the OR", and it was done. My discomfort wasn't without reason; Little D was 6.5 lbs, and Little A was 7 lbs. They weighed more than some single babies, and came out healthy and beautiful. The surgery was one of the weirdest things I've ever experienced, and my husband was a fantastic nurse for a good long while. I had a little bit of trouble healing, but nothing drastic. He and my parents helped around the house and with babies, and I was able to get up and move around pretty well. Nursing was horrible, and I struggled from the beginning, but having so many folks to help out really helped to stall the postpartum depression I think I had with K. I wasn't the only one that got up to feed them, Mr. RedPill was doing most of the work, and that helped so much. It was something I truly appreciated, and I tried to show him that physically, as limited as I was by the surgery.

Even through waking every 2 hours to feed them, we were somehow totally hot for each other. 6 weeks postpartum, we got so hot and heavy making out one evening/morning that we ended up going at it anyway, despite the doctor's instructions to wait 8 weeks. It was like we were newlyweds again, and it was (and still is) totally amazing. Mr. RedPill has been quick to smack down any silly fitness tests I come up with, though I don't do it consciously, and I think I'm actually testing him less these days because I'm aware of them, and because there aren't anymore silly fights for control of the relationship. It feels good to let it go and let him have control. I think that's what I wanted all along, and the constant "I dunno, what do you want to do?" statements were getting on my nerves. It's weird how I can see this now, but at the time, I had no idea why I was feeling the

negative feelings I was having.

So that concludes my intro, but perhaps this is the beginning of new things. I feel like I left a lot out, but I'm sure I can tidy up loose ends in future posts. I hope our story can help someone who might be going through something similar.

How To Care For Your Introvert

September 12, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



I am an introvert. Oh believe me, I may not seem that way to the casual acquaintance... I can fake normal to a T, sometimes I may even come across a little extroverted because I try too hard. But at the end of the day, after even only a few hours of the lightest, friendliest social interaction, I feel emotionally and sometimes physically exhausted. If the interaction is more serious, I'll get home and *want* to fall into a deep sleep, but I'll end up staying awake till midnight overanalyzing every detail of the social interaction, to determine just how much of an ass I made out of myself. I'll replay embarrassing situations in my head for **days**. I will be worried, until the next time I see a person, if they now hate me for some small thing that I said, when in reality they probably didn't even notice what I *think* happened, or they just don't care.

My husband is an introvert turned extrovert. In high school, he was the quiet, shy kid that only had a select group of friends. Once he blossomed, he **loved** being the center of attention. He still does, to the point of embarrassment for me at times, especially if there's alcohol involved.

Before we settled on our current Captain/First Officer dynamic, this difference in us caused some contention. I would always ask him to call others to schedule get-togethers, or ask him to plan events, and his response was usually "Why don't YOU do it?" Talking on the phone to someone other than family (and sometimes even with family) is something I hate doing. If it comes between the choice of calling someone to set something up and doing nothing at all, I'll choose the nothing at all. This would lead to arguments, because he thought I was being ridiculous, and he wanted me to take the

lead in whatever was going on. I would get angry because he just couldn't understand my social awkwardness, because I was so good at pretending to be a social person at times. I wanted him to take the lead in this area so bad, but didn't really have a way to express it, because I'm a horrible communicator.

Now that he's taken charge, he knows that if a social interaction is going to happen, he has to take the reigns and make it happen. This also leads to him being an AMOG of sorts, I think, and it's a good boost for him. It also takes some pressure off of me, because I can sit back and watch him do his thing, and not feel pressured to take the lead of the conversation. I still feel exhausted after a party or a get-together, but overall, it's helped my stress level a great deal.

Feminine Attracts the Masculine

September 13, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Since I was a young girl, I've been taught that femininity = weakness. I grew up a little tomboy, never wore makeup, rarely wore dresses or skirts. I kept my hair long, but I never did anything with it. I can probably count the number of times my mother got dressed up on one hand. She never taught me how to wear makeup, and for that I'm kinda glad, because she's not very good at it either, bless her heart.

Girls are bombarded with the message that they shouldn't bother trying to look feminine, while at the same time are berated if they don't look a certain feminine way. It's confusing and makes no sense. "A man should love you for who you are, even if you're overweight and ugly and don't try!", "Femininity is weakness!", coupled with "If you're not rail thin with huge boobs and nice hips, you fail." It makes for a bunch of women who feel entitled, yet have no self esteem.

I really hated all things feminine growing up. And after joining the military after high school. And through part of our marriage. I even demanded purple instead of pink at my daughter's baby shower.

However, as Mr. RedPill often reminds me when I start to make a distasteful face at something pink and flowery, "the feminine attracts the masculine". Old hamster thinking lead to to thought, "Why doesn't he love me for meeeeeee?" We had MANY fights over this, particularly on the issue of makeup.

Why is femininity's attractiveness such a toxic idea for feminism? It seems that an embrace of women's natural femininity would be a good ideal, but it runs contrary to the belief that men and women are equal, and therefore exactly the same. It's an idea that has become so ingrained in modern women that I find myself falling back on it at times, even though I know better. Men and women can be equal in their dignity and human worth, but still be fundamentally different.

I'm currently reading "Care and Proper Feeding of Husbands" by Dr. Laura, and she speaks to this. Many of us expect men to act like women as well. We expect them to be a girlfriend that listens to our problems without fixing them. We expect them to feel loved without touch. We expect them to know what's going on in our female brains. Even though I still suck at remembering these things, I've been trying to remember and treat Mr. RedPill like the manly man he is, and I'm slowly transforming my closet into something respectably feminine to catch his eye.

Women are bitches, but I look fabulous.

September 16, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I started the day determined to have *someone* show me how to do my makeup, answer my questions, and sell me something. Mr. RedPill and I were set to go on a Fondue Date later that evening, and I wanted to look lovely. I got a few good tips from random YouTube videos on eyeshadow, but nothing felt really solid when I tried it.

I was originally going to hit up the MAC counter, because everyone seems to think MAC makeup is the best thing ever. I decided to try out an Ulta store first, because I heard they did demos, and there was one close by. However, after walking in and not really finding anyone that looked like they could help me, I walked out and went down the street to the Macy's.

I thought all Macy's had MAC counters, but apparently that's not the case. There were several other companies selling their wares, so I decided to check out the Clinique counter. I sort of awkwardly and timidly asked them if they could show me how to do my makeup, because I wasn't entirely sure of what I was doing, and got 2 blank stares. I got the feeling that these women thought I was utterly stupid for even uttering such a phrase. One left because she was on her lunch break, the other just looked at me as if I were a bother to her and asked me "So, what was it you wanted to buy?" I just kind of muttered "nevermind" and walked out, feeling very dejected. Why do women have to be so horrible to each other?

After doing some searching, the nearest MAC counter was 15 minutes away, so I headed there. Bare Minerals also has a store in that mall, and since I was most familiar with them, and scared of rejection once again, I decided to go there first. I was almost immediately greeted by one of their makeup artists, and when I explained my dilemma, she immediately said "Sure, no problem!", sat me down, and asked me what products I already had, which ones I needed a bit more brushing up on, etc. She was a peach! She used the same foundation, bronzer, eyeliner, and mascara I already had, and found me a very complimentary blush. We experimented a bit with eyeshadow, and she showed me three different looks (normal everyday, a bit more dramatic, and smokey eyes). She showed me where the different shades go, and how to apply eyeliner without poking out an eyeball. I asked about lipliner, but she told me that she didn't think it was necessary for me since I have pretty full lips. I asked about how to choose a lipstick/lip gloss, and she told me to choose based on the shade of blush I was wearing. Fascinating! I always thought I should somehow match to my eyeshadow. Makes a lot more sense now. I learned what all those different brushes do, and how important it is to blend eyeshadow. Blend blend blend!

Once we were done, I looked gorgeous, and I bought the blush and a foundation primer. Foundation primer! What a difference that stuff makes when you're using loose powder! And theirs is incredibly light, I can't even tell I put any on, other than my foundation actually staying on my face now.

Mr. RedPill and I went on to have a lovely fondue date, and I'm now wearing my facepaint makeup with more confidence. Thanks Bare Minerals! Your employees aren't horrible human beings! Clinique can suck it.

The Ugly Truth

September 17, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Never Saying No

September 18, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

If you haven't been reading Mrs. Yes's blog [I will never say no in 2012](#), it's worth a read. In summary, her New Year's resolution was to never turn her husband down for sex, and in return she's learned a lot of things about herself and how she interacts with him. It's really a beautiful read, and an eye opener.

I recently told my husband that I was doing the same. He didn't really respond at first, and when I asked him about it, he said he didn't know how to respond. My motivation is simple: I feel guilty because he missed out on 24-30 year old me. Insanely guilty. Throw-myself-on-my-sword guilty. I feel like it's the least I can do.

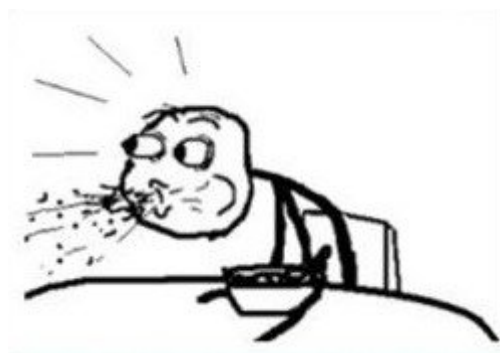
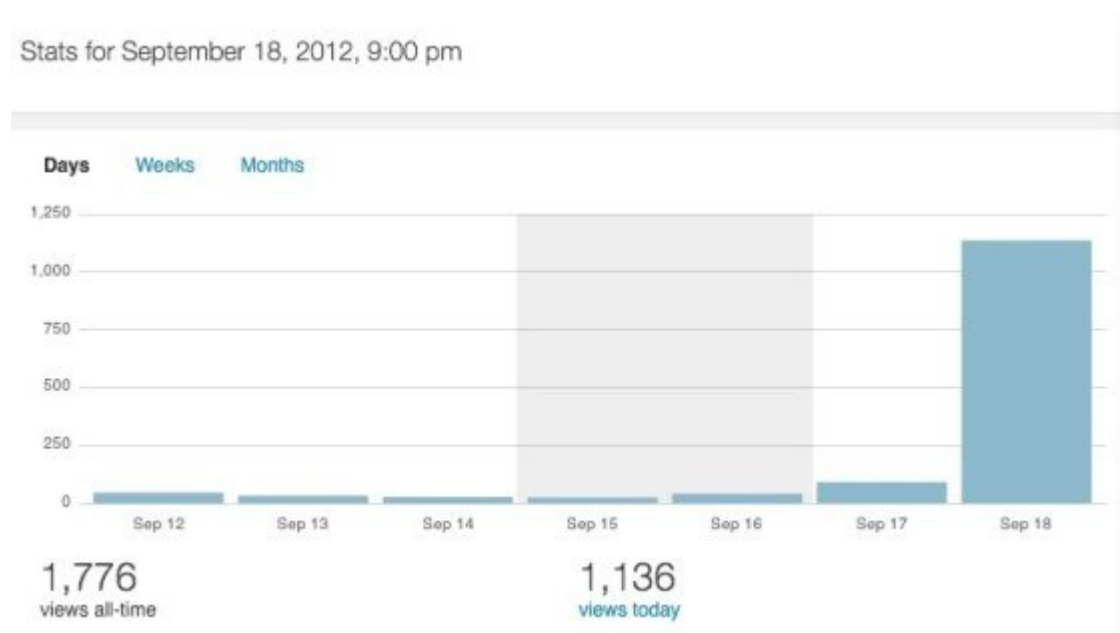
I know it's best not to dwell on the horrible past, but jeez. It's so hard to look at EVERYTHING in my past and not see blue pill failure. I see it in how our marriage was, obviously, but also in all my previous relationships. I was *Queen of the Long Term Relationship* throughout high school, and every, EVERY relationship ended in a burst of flames after a year or two. I treated some of those guys like absolute shit and felt like I started to **hate** them, and I had no idea why at the time, but it's so clear that I hammered them all down into sad little beta puppies, then got angry when they were sad little beta puppies. I almost want to hunt all of them down on Facebook and apologize to them for being that way (no way in hell I would, don't worry). I really thought it was something wrong with me, that I couldn't love a guy more than a couple of years. I thought that was why my marriage was so crappy, because I was defective.

I really should stop dwelling in the past, but it's so hard when I know that Mr. RedPill was in so much pain. He usually reminds me at this point that a lot of it was his fault, because he was unattractive. And it's still hard for me to agree with that! I'd still rather turn a blind eye to it and put all the blame on myself, but he's right. Blue pill habits are hard to break.

This morning, he said he didn't *want* me to say yes even if I didn't want to have sex, because he didn't want to have sex with a woman that wasn't attracted to him. I'm still determined to acquiesce as often as I can though. I'm terrified of falling into a rut again. I fought tooth and nail against the idea that sex was a pillar of a good marriage, and wondered why our relationship was one one huge argument when we weren't intimate. Now I plan to use that to our advantage. If more sex means we get a happier, calmer household, then bring it.

Whaaaat

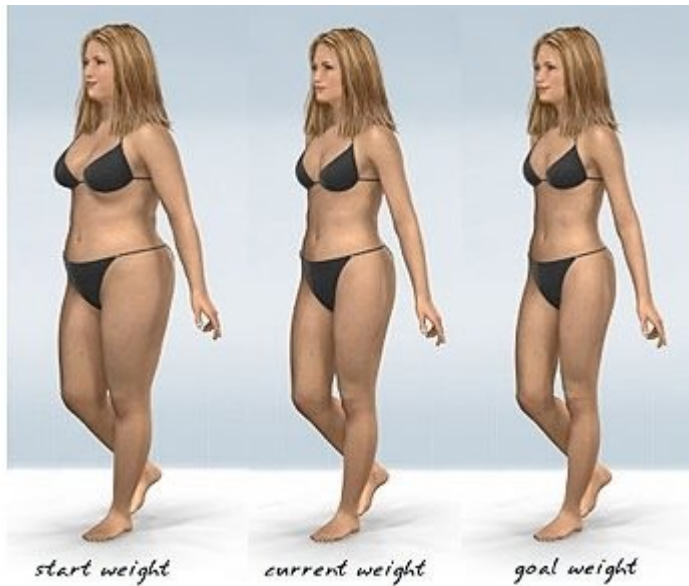
September 18, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Holy hell! Thanks for the link love, [Athol](#) and [ThePrivateMan](#). All the comments so far have been wonderful... Great to hear from some First Officers and Captains who've gone through a similar timeline with their marriages. I hope my musings can give a little insight, and that I can get some back from you all, because I am but a young padawan in the Red Pill universe.

Fitness Update

September 19, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



I'm almost to my 25 lb weight loss goal. Well, my first weight loss goal. I can stand to lose another 10-15, but I like having multiple goals so I can feel accomplished, I think that's important. Also, that's 25 lbs since about a year and a half ago; I had twins in that time, so it's fluctuated a lot. I did a good job with my gestational diabetes while pregnant, and kept the carbs to a minimum (with the exception of cheeseburgers, those were my pregnancy kryptonite), so I only gained 23 lbs with them. Considering 15 lbs of that was babies, I think that's pretty good. So really, if you count the weight I gained while pregnant, I've lost 40ish lbs, I guess.

Most of the weight loss I attribute to nursing two boys for 4 months. Hoo boy, that's a lot of calories burned. Since we weaned, the rate of weight loss has dropped off dramatically. I've really had to fight for the last few pounds. Also working against me are the hormonal BC and diet.

Diet at home is something I can't change very much right now, for complicated reasons. My dad and stepmom are living with us until they can get back on their feet (long story, ugh), and getting my dad to stop using white flour, white rice, and potatoes when he cooks is like telling a fish to lay off the water. Not happening. I could probably have that fight, but right now it's just not worth it. More on the later, perhaps.

I'm also hopelessly addicted to fast food. I have made improvements; no more sodas, only unsweetened tea or water. And portion control, only small fries if any at all, and no oversized burger monstrosities. It's just hard not to grab something when I'm out and about. My plan is to cut it out completely in the next month, so there is a solid plan, I just need to buckle down and *do it*.

My workout plan: On Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, I do a circuits with free weights. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, I run. I'm using the [MyFitnessPal](#) app to track calories and carbs, and the [Couch to 5k](#) app to ease back into running, something that I

wasn't good at even in the military. So far, so good. I'm struggling a little with the circuits, because I feel like I'm not getting a whole lot out of them, but I'm staying with it because I know my "feelings" about workouts aren't always accurate.

Visibly, I can tell it's having some effect. My waist is visible again, which is nice. I missed it during the twins pregnancy. My poor tummy will never recover fully, but I do see it tightening up a small bit. I gained a lot of weight in my arms (why couldn't it be the boobs??), and I can now see the definition in them. I still need to work on triceps more. I'm down 2 pants sizes, and have donated out a lot of huge, frumpy clothing. That's a good feeling. I kept one pair of pants so I can take the stereotypical "look at how much weight I've lost" pic when I'm done.

I'm starting to feel a little discouraged at the plateau I'm on, but I'm trying to keep a good attitude about it, and not watch the scale as much. I'm the type that needs a lot of encouragement, and I sort of feel like I'm resorting to blue pill tactics at times to get a compliment about my progress from Mr. Redpill. He's very good at the "Do These Pants Make My Ass Look Fat" type questions (not that I ever word them that way!), but a little beta goes a long way with me in this department. I need to know that he notices how hard I'm working. Is that really terrible of me? I dunno. I try to encourage him in his weight loss as well, and I love touching his arms now, ooh muscles! Not that I need a cheerleader all the time, but... I don't really know what I'm trying to get at here. I'm not sure how to approach it from a red pill angle.

I have a question for you guys, though. Music keeps me motivated and gives me my second wind, especially when running, and my music library is starting to get repetitive. Give me some suggestions for new downloads! I like an eclectic mix of things. Right now my favorites are Florence + The Machine, The Black Keys, Jay Z and Kanye, Muse, Mumford and Sons, Wax Tailor, Led Zeppelin, and Queen, so I'll take any suggestion. Preferably something that's mostly upbeat.

Link Love Thursday

September 20, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Suggestions from your comments and other various places around the web.

A couple of good links on the art of “eating out”, for the guys (NSFW):

<http://www.clitorisguide.org/oral-sex-clitoris.html>

<http://www.clitorisguide.org/clitoris-mistakes.html>

And for the girls, Girl Game - The Girlfriend Experience from The Red Pill Room (NSFW):

<http://theredpillroom.blogspot.com/2012/07/girl-game-gfe.html>

Lisa Eldridge’s awesome collection of makeup tutorials:

<http://www.lisaeldridge.com/video/>

Nerd Fitness!

<http://www.nerdfitness.com/>

Girl Game: Save Money

September 21, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I have a lot of time during the day. **A lot.** I'm a good multi-tasker, so I often skim the web while I'm feeding a baby, or watching to make sure the big one doesn't steal toys from the little ones, or in between loads of laundry. Time is definitely a scarcer commodity these days with 3 little ones under 3, but I can definitely swing at least a few broken-up hours on the iPad on a good day.

I've been using some of that time to browse for ways to save money. I've signed up for every Groupon/Living Social/Sweet Jack type of service out there, as well as [Freecycle](#), so I usually end up with an inbox that takes a while to comb through in the morning. It's usually a lot of crap, but every now and then, I find a gem.

This week, I noticed a pretty sweet deal, \$25 for \$50 worth of fondue. We both love cheese, this is a no-brainer! I also had a \$15 off coupon from Groupon for being a new user, so I scooped up the deal for \$10. Score.

The entire meal ended up being \$85 before the groupon, which is way fancier than we're used to, but damn, that was a good 3-course meal. Mr. RedPill complimented me innumerable times for finding the deal, and for all the deal finding I do (We had a rather cheap sushi date a few weeks ago too). I've been selling some clutter in our house on Craigslist as well, so that's helping ever-so-slightly in the income department.

I go through periods, as a Stay At Home Mom, where I feel as if I'm not doing enough. Watching this many kids is SUCH a full-time job, but I still get the insane itch to start a stay-at-home business, or find a work-from-home job, but in the end, I know I couldn't cut it right now. So finding us cheap dates will have to do, and it makes Mr. RedPill crazy happy. He doesn't mind saving money with cloth diapers either (really, they're not bad these days!), and I'm happy to make baby food so we don't have to buy the over processed expensive stuff. I'm also looking into how to mill our own flour out of whole wheat for sandwich bread, and perhaps making yogurt. Might not save much, but it'll be a few bucks, and that's better than nothing.

It might not help in the attraction department, but I think it's some darn good Girl Beta.

edit: a few days after writing this, found some cheap oil changes + air conditioning and radiator servicing. Gonna try to sell an old guitar amp from our "I'm gonna be badass and be in a band" phase today too. Rock on.

Unleashing My Inner Slut

September 23, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Ladies, if you're not signed up for emails from [Fredericks of Hollywood](#), get thee to the website and sign up! Once a month, sometimes more, they have a "free panty" day, and all you have to do is show them that you received the free panty email.

For those not familiar with Frederick's, don't be scurred when you walk in. For lack of a better explanation, it tends to look like the place where strippers go to get their stage outfits. I can't confirm that it is indeed the place where they go, but I wouldn't be surprised. Slutty, sexy undies, stripper heels, gaudy jewelry, the works. When they have a clearance section, it's usually one hell of a great clearance section. It's a great place to stock the lingerie drawer.

Friday was a "free panty" day, so I texted Mr. RedPill to let him know, and when he got home I took off to the mall. I really should have gone earlier in the day, because once I got there, the free stock was down to a size that's one size too small for me. Alas, but at least I have something to work toward. I did find a few nice things to purchase though, so I wouldn't disappoint the Captain.

On my way out, I spotted a little [Paciugo](#) gelato stand, and eyed a delicious looking **sugar-free** chocolate hazelnut gelato. Score! So I grabbed a small cone, and walked through the mall.

We're in The South, and if there are any set rules of The South, one of them is that you can't go outside with ice cream. You just can't. It almost instantaneously turns into a puddle, so I walked through Sears and eyed the kitchen equipment. Ooooh, there's that KitchenAid Mixer I've had my eye on.

Over the next 10 minutes or so, I had **three** male Sears employees walk over and ask if I needed anything, with big grins. "No thanks!" I said. After the third, I stopped and realized what was going on.... A semi-decent looking woman, sitting in the kitchen utensil aisle (hey, she can probably cook), eating an ice cream cone (is it possible for a woman to eat an ice cream cone without a guy thinking dirty thoughts?), and holding a BRIGHT RED BAG FROM FREDERICKS, OBVIOUSLY FULL OF SLUTTY UNDERWEAR (helloooooo nurse!). I might as well have been wearing a big red sign that said "Hey guys, I'm a huge slut!"

Oopsie. Teehee.

I wandered home, laughed to Mr. RedPill about it, and proceeded to give him one hell of a Friday night. Giggity.

Forgiveness in Marriage and Family

September 24, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

It's something I struggle with. It's hard for me to let go. Once I do, I don't hold a grudge, but for a day or two I'm just inconsolable. This applies double if the insult was to a particularly tender area of my ego. A kick in the proverbial balls, if you will.

I'm not really sure how to "let it go" without time and space. I tend to go into hermit mode. Nothing that can be said or done really makes it better, just time. I think it comes across as terrible moodiness, but really I don't know how to deal with these things any other way. "Talking it out" just leads to tears; my emotions are almost always on my sleeve in these situations. Why do I so easily cry, but it's so hard for me to express happiness to the Captain when I know he loves that?

Contriteness for the ball kick helps, of course. If the person doesn't care about my feelings, I'll hold onto it longer. Even if I know they didn't really mean it, the scene of the crime replays in my head. I can try to keep busy, but in quiet moments, it creeps back in and stabs at me all over again.

This isn't a post that has any real solution. Just something that I struggle with, and felt like putting into words. I wish I knew how to fix me. These things happen less and less these days, so maybe I'm making progress, but I still don't really know what I'm doing.

PCOS and My Decision To Take Hormonal BC

September 25, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

This is a post about my ovaries, so I'll understand if you don't feel like reading any further. I know many women deal with this disease, so I figured I'd offer my story as a hope for those suffering with infertility.

PCOS is a demon I've battled with for going on 7 years now. I've likely had it since puberty, but I didn't discover it until a year into my marriage.

A quick definition from [Wikipedia](#):

Polycystic ovary syndrome (PCOS) is one of the most common female endocrine disorders. PCOS is a complex, heterogeneous disorder of uncertain etiology, but there is strong evidence that it can to a large degree be classified as a genetic disease.

PCOS produces symptoms in approximately 5% to 10% of women of reproductive age (12–45 years old). It is thought to be one of the leading causes of female subfertility and the most frequent endocrine problem in women of reproductive age.

The principal features are anovulation, resulting in irregular menstruation, amenorrhea, ovulation-related infertility, and polycystic ovaries; excessive amounts or effects of androgenic hormones, resulting in acne and hirsutism; and insulin resistance, often associated with obesity, Type 2 diabetes, and high cholesterol levels. The symptoms and severity of the syndrome vary greatly among affected women.

It ain't pretty, people. Thank God, there are a lot of symptoms that I don't have. Hirsutism is the big one I suffer from, but thankfully, I'm the palest of pale white, very Western European, so for me, it manifests no worse than someone of a more Eastern European decent. It can be bad in some women though, baaaad. Most likely, the bearded lady at the fair suffered from PCOS. I've seen a few women approaching that level. For me, nothing a bit of plucking and waxing can't fix.

However, when unmedicated, I do deal with a hell of a hormone imbalance. At my worst, I had twice as much testosterone running through my blood as an average woman. I don't appear to be insulin resistant, although I did end up with gestational diabetes during both my pregnancies (well controlled with diet a little tiny pill).

The symptom that tipped me off was the lack of a cycle. My mother took me to the GYN to get birth control pills soon after my periods started, because they were so irregular and heavy. Instead of, oh I don't know, *investigating the cause* of such things, the doctor simply said "Yup, pills" and handed over the prescription. I didn't think anything more of it until I got married.

A year after our wedding was about the time when things started going downhill. Our

World of Warcraft addictions were in full-swing, we were both in super-problem-avoidance mode, and Mr. RedPill was heavily betaized. We had just converted to Catholicism, so I already wanted to look into getting off birth control pills, but my libido was also starting to take a nosedive, so I was doubly interested. I cut them out, and my period started. And never ended. For 6 months.

It was rather ridiculous that I didn't go to the doctor before then, but I think I was kind of using as it an excuse not to have sex (sorry dear), and I hated going to the doctor. We were still in college, and the best healthcare we had was the campus clinic, which is a bit more effective than using Dr. Google and getting a prescription for whatever you want from an online pharmacy.

I'm the type that researches EVERYTHING, so I already had an idea of what was going on. I went to the campus clinic, talked to the doctor, and after having him look at me stumped, I pulled out a printout about PCOS. He looked at it, said "Yeah, that sounds about right", and ordered some blood tests (I'm telling you, Dr. Google). After confirming my hormones were FUBAR, they did an ultrasound and confirmed that my ovaries were lumpy and full of cysts. Because we didn't really have the money to deal with it, and they charged full price for the sonogram, I sat on it for a while. I can't remember, but I think I started taking the birth control pills again just to get a break. I could be wrong on that timeline though, I have the memory of a goldfish.

Sometime after Mr. RedPill got a real job and proper insurance, I chose a doctor that specialized in infertility. She immediately started me on Metformin, an insulin resistance drug that has been a successful treatment for some PCOS women. It did seem to work a little for a few months, but even after upping the dosage, the results were unpredictable at best. I was temping just to see if I was having a real cycle, and never really got the peaks and dips of success.

Once we decided to start having children, the good doc started me on Clomid, which had an immediate effect, but was rather pricey. Totally normal cycles, yay! We had crazy awesome ovulation sex for a few months, which was great for Mr. RedPill, compared to the zero sex that he had been receiving before.

After K was born, I breastfed for 15 months, so never really had a cycle. I didn't have another one until we started fiddling with medication again, and never a proper cycle until we started Clomid again for the 2nd pregnancy.

So there's my reason for using hormonal birth control. My options are superfertility and a huge drug bill, or 6 month long periods, neither of which I can really handle. A combo pill with estrogen helps most of the symptoms stay away, but it makes me a little moodier, so there's a bit of a tradeoff. I really wish I didn't have to use this crutch. My hope is that once I lose another 10-15 pounds, I can stop taking it and see where I am, since weight loss will often times kick-start hormones into working correctly.

edit: I seem to be getting a lot of google hits for this post, particularly from women looking for answers about their hormonal imbalances. A great resource that has really helped me is the Soul Cysters website and forum. It's a great community with lots of good

info. If you have any questions you'd like to ask me privately, feel free to email me.

Blue Pill Tunes

September 26, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I love The Black Keys, but bless their heart, they are so blue pill.

The Only One

Can't explain

No, why can't I contain

Control you have on my soul

It's all I do is maybe dream of you

Falling down when you're around

You're the only one

You're the only one

I'm so wrapped up in a blaze

Hoping this is just a phase

But when all is said and done

I know you are still the one

You're the only one

You're the only one

Cupid's bow has stung

Now you're the only one

Mystery is what this is to me

Give it up, I'm having no luck

Like a ghost, the one that I love most

Disappears when I get near

You're the only one

You're the only one

I'm so wrapped up in a blaze

Hoping this is just a phase

But when all is said and done

I know you are still the one

You're the only one

You're the only one

Cupid's bow has stung

Now you're the only one

Oh-oh-only one

Oh-oh-only one

Oh-oh-only one

Oh-oh-only one

Oh-oh-only one

Oh-oh-only one
Oh-oh-only one
Oh-oh-only one

A Spanking, a Spanking!

September 27, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

The subject of spanking came up over on the [MMSL forums](#) today. MAPster asked me to elaborate on why I thought a good, pre-sex spanking is a beautiful thing, and pointers are how to do it well. I'll expand here a bit.

I specifically asked Mr. RedPill to oblige me in this, and we've really only had the opportunity to do it once. He put me over his knee, and went pretty slow at first, massaging then slapping. After a while, I told him he could hit harder if he wanted to, and I think he went all out, and it was fantastic.

Pointers:

- Cup your hand slightly and practice on yourself beforehand, to get the right sound. Louder, snappier sound is better.
- After you smack, massage the area tenderly for a second. It feels wonderful.
- Sexy lingerie would be a good idea for her, makes it more "naughty" I guess.
- Stop for a few seconds every now and then to force her legs apart to play with her, ahem, lady bits. (I'm describing this, why do I feel the need to say lady bits? Wtf)
- Alternate sides, don't hit the same spot twice in a row. Let a spot rest a bit before you go after it again.
- Have a safe word.
- After you're done, have her lay on her stomach, and massage cocoa butter or aloe vera lotion on her backside, carefully, and let her have a rest before you do anything else. It feels amazing on a hot, red backside.

What did I get out of it?

- I'd been having a pretty rough week, and letting him just take over and "punish" me was a huge release. I'm sure using his manly strength to subdue and punish me was a pretty big rush for him too
- I think I kind of get off a little on the shaming aspect...
- I kinda felt like I deserved it for something I'd done earlier, so it kind of made me feel better about the earlier transgression (I don't even remember what it was now)
- The adrenaline once we got going... Rawr. I've gotten a similar rush from the pain of getting a tattoo. It's just delicious.
- The feeling of submission vs dominance, don't really need to explain that one.

The discussion was sparked from a comment from another female poster, where she mentioned that if she disrespected her husband, he'd give her a good spanking for it. I'm not sure how I feel about disciplinary spanking. I guess if it works for you, more power to ya, but I don't think it'd work for me that way. The chance for hitting in anger is something I'd be concerned about. That's not something I want to introduce in our relationship. There's also the chance that I would like it too much, and start being bad on purpose. Rewarding good behavior, and all that. 😊

“What is this bullshit?”

October 2, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

The question has come up quite a bit. How did I react to the idea that my husband was learning to game me? I went back today and tried to recall everything, and expand on what I wrote about it previously. A lesson in the hamster!

I'm not really sure if I can remember what exactly was going through my head, but I'll give you the “hindsight 20/20” version. I was pissed that he was using a silly book to get into my pants, because I was fine with not having sex, and he should be too, dammit! But deep down I knew that we were in a bad spot, and couldn't keep going that way. The first page I turned to was the sexy move “Come on her breasts”, which went against my delicate feminist sensibilities (lol) and just seemed degrading and awful. Never mind we had done it before, long long ago. *The hamster conveniently forgets the past and rewrites history.*

Our situation was unique in that I was very pregnant in a very hard pregnancy at the time, so I was super pissed that he was wasting his time with this shit when there were way more important things to worry about than sex. **I'm now sure the hamster could have replaced the pregnancy issue with some other problem easily.** If it wasn't pregnancy, it'd be the stresses of having a toddler, or the stresses of work, or the stresses of family, or something.

I was pissed that Athol was an asshole, and that it seemed like he was suggesting that women should be “second class citizens” in a marriage. My reaction was basically all hamster, because I think I really knew that he was trying to fix our marriage, I just hated that he was forcing the issue. I have big problems with confrontation of uncomfortable subjects, and this was one to me. The hamster was comfortable and didn't want to budge. Everything here was directly opposed to what I thought a marriage was supposed to be... And yet it was oddly appealing.

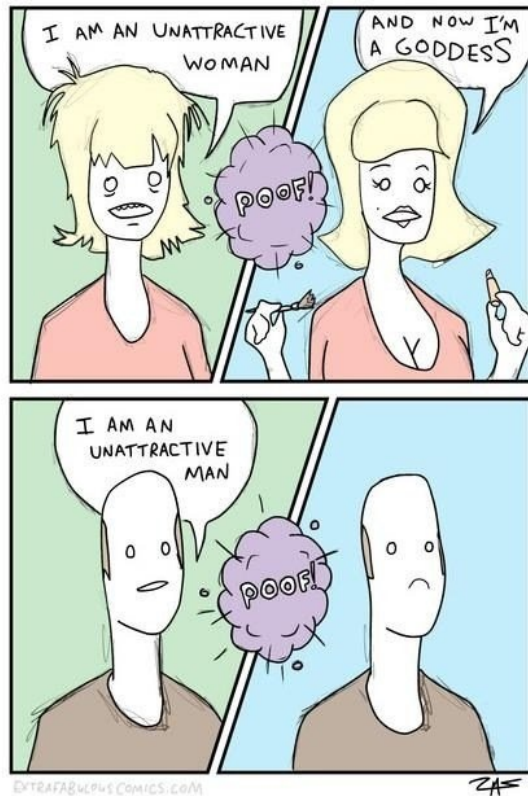
I wrote him an email that was pretty horrible and bitchy, and he responded and smacked down every silly argument I made, and told me how it was going to be. I got the ‘gina tingle that Athol always talks about. The usual speech from Mr. RedPill was usually about how marriage was an equal partnership, blah blah blah, but this was authoritative and pretty alpha.

I got curious and started reading the blog. I started at the beginning and read every post and comment till present day. I devoured it. It all clicked, and I came around. I thought everything I was reading was pretty hot, hah! Mr. RedPill kept up the map, and we progressed. After our twins were born, we couldn't keep our hands off each other for the prescribed 8 weeks postpartum.

The email exchange made the difference I think. If he would have just said “sorry, you're right, sorry I made you mad”, it would have been a big fail, and I wouldn't be here. So if your wife finds out what you're doing, **own that shit!**

The Fluidity of Female Sex Rank

October 3, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



via [Extra Fabulous Comics](#)

Not entirely accurate. Put that guy in a well tailored suit, shave his head Bruce Willis style. 😊

Blowjob Fail

October 4, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I'm feeling like a hot mess right now. I guess here's where I start getting really personal. The Captain requested that tonight be Blowjob Night. I'd only done that to completion once in the last, oh, i dunno, 6 or 7 years? Maybe more? (Shit.) and the last time I had to spit because I nearly threw up on him. Ugh. He avoided caffeine and drank pineapple juice all day as an experiment, because since having the kids, my gag reflex has been God awful. I can handle it if it's a precursor to sex, but I have a big problem with texture and taste if we're going all the way. I knew it was happening that night, and I was prepared all day for it, but my frame of mind was all off when it came time to go to bed. I'd been wrestling with the computer all evening, trying to get some software that's necessary for my ever-so-small side business to work, so very frustrated and tired. I should have shut it down when I started getting flustered, but computer issues already have me behind by a few days on this particular project.

I tried to clear my mind. I tried to make it good. He was laying down when I came out of the bathroom, I told him I couldn't do it that way because I knew my neck would get tired. He tried sitting in the chair and I knelt in front of him... Only to have my bad knees start hurting. I stayed put as long as I could, but I just couldn't.

We moved to the bed (me laying on my stomach, him standing up), and that went ok for a few minutes, but then my stupid ass gag reflex kicked in. I knew he was close, but the thought of him coming in my mouth was making me gag and get nauseous. We stopped, and I broke down crying. We ended up finishing in our standard way, and it was awful.

I'm pissed at myself, and embarrassed, and just generally feel awful. I can tell he's disappointed, even though he tried to reassure me.

I'd say I needed to do some shots of tequila before we try again, but tequila MAKES ME NAUSEOUS. HELL.

I feel so freaking bad. Even though it's my night off from taking care of the boys when they wake up (we take turns), I know I won't sleep a wink tonight. I'm just too worked up. I need to get out of my own head.

Snark Friday: Princess Weddings

October 5, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Look at this fucking letter. Just look at it. If you can get through it without wanting to punch this girl in the uterus, kudos to you.

<http://gawker.com/5948725/reasons-why-you-cannot-be-a-bridesmaid>

To m lovely Bridesmaid: [Names removed to protect the brideslaves]

As you all know I picked 10 wonderful ladies to stand by my side, share and make happen my special day to Jake. Each of you individually have a reason and a special place in my heart of why I picked you to be a bridesmaid. We have set our date for Saturday, August 31, 2013 in Vail, Colorado. That seems far away but it really isn't, the earlier the planning the better. You may have already knew that my wonderful sister L— will be the Maid of Honor, she's in charge under me. Also my lovely mom will be a big help as well. L— has a big role in throwing me a bridal shower and bachelorette party, of course all of you guys do but at the end of the day shes the go to person and makes it happen.

You all have a big roll in this wedding, so before we continue **I'm going to be setting some ground rules** and its very important you read and think about everything through before you accept this honor to be a bridesmaid. If you guys email anything I would also like you to put L— in the CC. Not all the bridesmaid need to be CC'd unless its coming from me or L—, if it something everyone needs to see then well do it. We set the date to August 31, 2013 if that's a problem we need to know NOW. Also by the end of the week we will be setting dates for the engagement party, bridal show and bachelorette party.

Our wedding party is really the most important people at the wedding besides my self and Jake so we want every single one of our bridesmaid and grooms at our parties, **I have 10 not 8 where two couldn't make it so if you already know you cant make one of the parties then we have to find someone else**, not to be harsh in the slightest it would sadden me and of course you'll still be invited to our wedding, engagement ect. But it's different if your not in the wedding party and couldn't make it. We'll give everyone well advance dates for the parties and it will always fall on a weekend. The wedding as I stated will be in Vail **the engagement party will either be in NY or CT and the bachelorette party will be in Vegas**, cliché yaaa but I've never been.

A few girls live out of town so if there is going to be a problem with coming to either one then I need to know now because **after this week I don't want to be surprised**. I would like everyone to **send me any dates they are going away or planning to go away after February so if your going away in January I don't care. I want any dates from February to the day of our wedding in August**, that way we know not to plan something when your away.

But after this week the dates are set in stone. Also **if money is tight and you cant afford to contribute** to say the bachelorette party or wont be able to afford a dress etc then ***L— and Myself don't have time to deal with that, I'm sorry.*** This includes flights as well, everyone knows the states where the parties are going to be held so **if you wont be able to afford a flight then that means you cant make a party which ultimately means I cant have you as a bridesmaid.** Obviously we'll get the best deals and were not gonna books flights for \$1000 and shit that's why were doing this in advance, that goes for bridesmaids dresses as well everything will be affordable but **if you think by affordable its going to be a \$25 forever 21 dress then your going to the wrong wedding.**

If your out of state though don't think you have to fly in for all fittings, that we will work with you, find stores in your town, get measurements..you don't have to worry about that. Also **if you accept this honor** another thing is that you need to **be available**, I'm not going to harass you with wedding stuff every hour of everyday but **if its something important and it takes you a week even 2-3 days to get back to me seeeee ya! I don't have time to wait around for responses**, everyone has their phone on them, **it shouldn't take you more than a day to get back to me**, even if your out of the country, check your email!

Furthermore, Ever since I could remember I have dreamed about this day all my life. I want to share it with the people that are most important to me. **You only get one time to plan your dream wedding** and I couldn't pick a more amazing group of girls to make that dream come true! So please, what's stated above think about it all and by Wednesday I need to know if everyone is 100% in, and what I have asked about sending me dates if your gonna be away between Feb-Aug ill need that on Wednesday. **If you don't think you'll be able to attend one party but can make the rest of them I'm sorry but I'll have to take you out as a bridesmaid and put you as a guest.** If you want to get back to me before Wednesday, that's fine. **Really think about everything I've said.** This is really going to be the most epic wedding ever so I hope you girls can share this special day with us!

Love,

What... I just... *head asplode*

I really hope the response to this email was as follows:

Dear Bridezilla,

It's a wedding, not a fucking coronation. Go pound sand.

Love,

Me

P.S. Don't suck too much cock in Vegas, bitch.

When did weddings become so monstrous? \$10 says that she cheats on the guy in Vegas, and the marriage is over within 4 years. I hope poor Jake sees this email plastered on the net, puts two and two together, and runs like his life depends on it, because it does. There is absolutely no way a girl (yes, girl) like this is mature enough to handle a real commitment. It's all about her, what she wants, what she *needs*, why she is or isn't haaaaaaaappy. Poor Jake is in for a lifetime of beta servitude to an entitled spoiled brat. And he most likely won't say a word, and just take it, even though there are red flags, sirens, and neon blinking signs that tell him to stay away.

When did this kind of thing become ok? It's so extreme it's comical, but after a short stint as a wedding photographer, I can tell you that it is more common than it should be. Hence why I no longer do that. Wedding vendors should be given a fucking medal for dealing with these type of people. Nothing like presenting the bride with her wedding album a few months after the wedding, only to be told they're already divorced, and oh, could I have my money back since I don't really want the album anymore? Bitch please.

The Manosphere and the State of Marriage

October 7, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

A quick update before I start: The [Blowjob Fail](#) blew over (lol) pretty quickly. It was just bad timing on both our parts, and it's something I'll have to work on. I have a tendency to be way too hard on myself when I fail at something, particularly if it's something I feel to be an embarrassing character flaw, or if I feel that I've disappointed someone I love. I'm a people pleaser to a fault, particularly towards my Captain lately.

On to the topic at hand...

There's been some talk around the 'sphere lately about the state of Marriage and whether or not it's worth it. I, of course, think marriage is a necessity when it comes to the raising of children, and I think it's pretty darn awesome to have the same sexual partner that knows the ins and outs of every intimate part of your body and mind, but others have a bleaker view.

Mentu posted a comment over on [The University of Man](#) that I've had stuck in my head for days. I do agree that the outlook for marriage is rather bleak, and I was nodding my head up to a point, but the below comment smacks of Male Hamster to me. We all know the Female Rationalization Hamster has a bad habit of changing relationship history when it's not haaaaaappy. "I was never happy with you! I've been miserable for years!" Keep that in mind while reading this:

And I say there is a better way for a man to spend his life than as a father and as a husband. That fatherhood role may be beneficial to greater society but it is a perfect waste of a life for a man. I say this as someone that has been married for 17 years and has two kids. That husband/father role was about 10 years of my 57 years. There are some significant memories I had from that time. But there are other memories from before and after that are just as significant to me as those from that father/husband time.

Really? You have children, but there are memories from before and after that compare to that? If you live in a shitty marriage, I can understand writing that off, but the part about the children, really? It's so hard for me to believe this when I see how ridiculously happy our children make my Captain, and other men I know as well. The only men I know that think the same way as the commenter above are, frankly, shitty fathers. Sorry, it's just my observation. It's not the fault of The Matrix. It's a personality flaw. And you know what, some people just aren't made to be parents. But they are not representative of the whole. I find it interesting that this guy says something obviously hamstery, and the darker part of the Manosphere latches on to it as an example to be followed by all. It makes me chuckle.

Dalrock's post "[Debasing Marriage](#)" spoke a little more to me. He makes a ton of valid points, and the debasing metaphor is a solid one. I'm very thankful for the internal timer that told me "HEY LADY, GET WITH THE MARRIAGE AND KIDS ALREADY" when I was about

22 years old. I listened to it instead of listening to society, even though I did waste couple thousand on some rather pointlessly expensive college classes. I don't completely regret taking them, knowledge for the sake of knowledge is a wonderful thing, but I do regret the pricetag. More on that later. But I can see myself in Dalrock's post, and it makes me so thankful that I didn't go down that road. If I were so driven by the desire to "make it" in the corporate world, I would have told my future Captain "Sorry, I'd like to get married, but 23 is way too young. I have a life to live!" and where would I be today? Likely miserable. I must remind myself of this when I start lamenting my lack of corporate career. It would have been a snowball down the road to unhappiness for me.

3rd Millenium Men had a wonderful 2 part series titled "The Importance of Marriage (And Why Substitutes Don't Work!)". It delves into the lack of stable marriage being harmful to children, how Long Term Relationships (LTRs) aren't "mini-marriages", and how cohabitation before marriage is statistically harmful. The Captain and I didn't live together before we married (hell, we didn't even live together for a few months AFTER we married, due to the logistics), and I think it was a plus. I feel like when we finally did move in, it felt like more of a commitment. It had a certain finality to it. This is where I belong, this is where I'll be forever. No hesitation, just jumping in headlong because the Big Commitment had already been made.

I also wonder about the general dark view of women on the Manosphere. It sort of seems like there are some bloggers that constantly lament the lack of good women, but they spend most of their time in bars picking up the type of women who want to be picked up. When your only examples are those that ride the Carousel, you start to feel like that's all that is there. Granted, there is A LOT of that happening, but there are normal women out there to be found, with slightly tamer hamsters. I wonder how much of this skews notions of modern women. Just a thought rattling around in my brain.

Mom Jokes Make Me Giggle.

October 8, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Yeah, I'm 12 years old mentally.



Via [Saturday Morning Breakfast Cereal](#)

Stop Holding Hands

October 9, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Reblogged from The Private Man:



So you're out and about on a date with a woman who you fancy and she fancies you. You've already kissed passionately and perhaps she's had the experience of your lust. You feel warmth and comfort for this woman. As you are ambling down the lane, you might be tempted to reach out and hold her hand...

Yo, chumpkin*...STOP. RIGHT. THERE.

[Read more... 156 more words](#)

The Private Man has some good thoughts on hand-holding. Arm holding is much more romantic, I think. Subtle, demure public submission.

The Good Wife's Guide

October 11, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Housekeeping Monthly 13 May 1955



The good wife's guide

- Have dinner ready. Plan ahead, even the night before, to have a delicious meal ready, on time for his return. This is a way of letting him know that you have been thinking about him and are concerned about his needs. Most men are hungry when they come home and the prospect of a good meal (especially his favourite dish) is part of the warm welcome needed.
- Prepare yourself. Take 15 minutes to rest so you'll be refreshed when he arrives. Touch up your make-up, put a ribbon in your hair and be fresh-looking. He has just been with a lot of work-weary people.
- Be a little gay and a little more interesting for him. His boring day may need a lift and one of your duties is to provide it.
- Clear away the clutter. Make one last trip through the main part of the house just before your husband arrives.
- Gather up schoolbooks, toys, paper etc and then run a duster over the tables.
- Over the cooler months of the year you should prepare and light a fire for him to unwind by. Your husband will feel he has reached a haven of rest and order, and it will give you a lift too. After all, catering for his comfort will provide you with immense personal satisfaction.
- Prepare the children. Take a few minutes to wash the children's hands and faces (if they are small), comb their hair and, if necessary, change their clothes. They are likely to be excited and he would like to see them playing the part. Minimise all noise. At the time of his arrival, eliminate all noise of the washer, dryer or vacuum. Try to encourage the children to be quiet.
- Be happy to see him.
- Greet him with a warm smile and show sincerity in your desire to please him.
- Listen to him. You may have a dozen important things to tell him, but the moment of his arrival is not the time. Let him talk first - remember, his topics of conversation are more important than yours.
- Make the evening his. Never complain if he comes home late or goes out to dinner, or other places of entertainment without you. Instead, try to understand his world of strain and pressure and his very real need to be at home and relax.
- Your goal: Try to make sure your home is a place of peace, order and tranquillity where your husband can renew himself in body and spirit.
- Don't greet him with complaints and problems.
- Don't complain if he's late home for dinner or even if he stays out all night. Count this as minor compared to what he might have gone through that day.
- Make him comfortable. Have him lean back in a comfortable chair or have him lie down in the bedroom. Have a cool or warm drink ready for him.
- Arrange his pillow and offer to take off his shoes. Speak in a low, soothing and pleasant voice.
- Don't ask him questions about his actions or question his judgment or integrity. Remember, he is the master of the house and as such will always exercise his will with fairness and truthfulness. You have no right to question him.
- A good wife always knows her place.

I remember seeing this back in my Blue Pill days. I wondered how a woman could subject herself to this kind of treatment day by day, and what kind of piggish man could expect this kind of treatment. And yet, there is some wisdom here for housewives and SAHMs.

I don't believe it's all applicable today, in a modern Red Pill relationship, but let's break it down, shall we?

Have dinner ready: Plan ahead, even the night before, to have a delicious meal — on time. This is a way of letting him know that you have been thinking about him, and are concerned about his needs. Most men are hungry when they come home and the prospects of a good meal are part of the warm welcome needed.

Nothing wrong with this one. Agreed 100%. It's not only for him, but out of love for your whole family. I even go so far as to plan an entire week ahead so I don't have to really think about it, and try to do some of the prep ahead of time as well. When it comes to nutritious, healthy food, planning ahead is a necessity. It's those moments when I try to think of something last minute that we end up with hotdogs and mac n cheese. (Not that there's anything wrong with a junk meal every now and then on an especially rough day, but you can't make that a daily occurrence.)

Prepare yourself: Take 15 minutes to rest so you will be refreshed when he arrives. Touch up your makeup, put a ribbon in your hair and be fresh looking. He has just been with a lot of work-weary people. Be a little gay and a little more interesting. His boring day may need a lift.

This has been on my mind lately. A fellow First Officer on the MMSL forums mentioned speaking to an older lady, who suggested meeting your husband at the door in makeup and a dress. I'm not sure I would go so far as a dress, but something other than pajamas is generally a good idea. If I get dressed and made up to go to Walmart to pick up milk, why not look nice for the one I love when he comes home? This also helps to remind me that even though I'm around children all day, I still have time to be an adult, and a sexy adult at that. It's not only for him, it's for me as well.

Clear away the clutter. Make one last trip through the main part of the house just before your husband arrives, gathering up school books, toys, paper, etc. Then run a dust cloth over the tables.

Generally a good idea, but if you're already working all day to keep the house clean, not entirely necessary. Cleaning up toys at 5pm as opposed to 7pm isn't logistically feasible in our house though, since everything will be taken out and thrown around again anyway. I would make this a children's responsibility; having a set cleanup time everyday, no matter what, reinforces that clean is the norm.

During the cooler months of the year you should prepare and light a fire for him to unwind by. Your husband will feel he has reached a haven of rest and order, and it will give you a lift too. After all, catering to his comfort will provide you with immense personal satisfaction.

A bit outdated since we have central heating and cooling, but a fire in the fireplace on an especially cold winter day would be a great thing to come home to, no? And no "I'm too girly to get my hands dirty" here. Indeed, catering to his comfort *does* give me immense personal satisfaction. I wish we had a fireplace.

Prepare the children: Take a few minutes to wash the children's hands and faces if they are small, comb their hair, and if necessary, change their clothes. They are little treasures and he would like to see them playing the part.

Meh. I love my husband, but no, sorry, I'm not adding that to my list of worries for the day. He may enjoy that I've out on makeup and perfume for him, but I don't think he cares if the 2 year old is wearing pajamas with socks on her hands. I'm already doing laundry for 5 people and 2 little butts, I'm not adding another 3 wardrobe changes a day.

Minimize the noise: At the time of his arrival, eliminate all noise of washer, dryer, dishwasher or vacuum. Try to encourage the children to be quiet. Be happy to see him. Greet him with a warm smile and be glad to see him.

Hahaha, quiet. Yeah, ok, that was funny. Agreed with the 2nd part, be happy and greet him with a hug and kiss. It's important for kids to see that their parents are happy and affectionate with each other. I didn't get enough of that when I was a kid... Seeing my parents happy and even hugging was a rare occurrence.

Don't greet him with problems or complaints. Don't complain if he's late for dinner. Count this as minor compared with what he might have gone through that day.

Absofreakinlutely, and I'm terribly guilty of it. When the Captain gets home, I just want to lay all my problems at his feet, let go of the breath I feel like I've been holding all day, and just relax. That doesn't help him to relax though... Guys have a tendency to want to fix problems, but most of the problems I lay at his feet aren't really anything he can fix, so my need to vent just creates unnecessary stress. Instead of spewing it all out at once as I sometimes do, I can wait and talk about it later if I really need to. I should give him time to unwind, because he needs it just as much as I need it. I should assume that his problems are a big bigger than the babies not sleeping (though that certainly seems like a big problem to me in the moment). If he let me know by text that he's going to be late, no reason to complain, but Captains should have the courtesy of informing their FO's of any change of plans so dinner can be planned accordingly.

Make him comfortable: Have him lean back in a comfortable chair or suggest he lie down in the bedroom. Have a cool or warm drink ready for him. Arrange his pillow and offer to take off his shoes. Speak in a low, soft, soothing and pleasant voice. Allow him to relax and unwind.

I don't know about taking off his shoes for him... He's a grown man, I think he can manage. That's going a tad far for me, though I wouldn't be opposed to doing that every now and then as a treat. Also not sure about the drink; he usually has a beer with dinner, I'm not sure if he'd want one first thing in the door. I'll have to ask him about that.

Listen to him: You may have a dozen things to tell him, but the moment of his arrival is not the time. Let him talk first - remember, his topics of conversation are more important than yours.

I think that goes hand in hand with what I said above. However, that last part doesn't really jive with modern Captain/First Officer philosophies. There should be mutual respect in a C/FO relationship. The FO can defer, but that doesn't make his conversation more important, nor should she defer if there is actually something of great import she needs to bring up.

Make the evening his: Never complain if he does not take you out to dinner or to other places of entertainment; instead, try to understand his world of strain and pressure, his need to be home and relax.

I don't think this really applies to me. I don't expect him to take me out and entertain me during the week. That's not the time for it. Perhaps that's a problem for other people though, in which case I'd advise to rethink those expectations.

The goal: Try to make your home a place of peace and order where your husband can relax.

Making the home a safe haven for everyone should be the goal. I should strive to keep my disagreements with the Captain to a minimum during the kids' awake hours, and we certainly don't yell or use harsh words.

Don't ask him questions about his actions or question his judgment or integrity. Remember, he is the master of the house and as such will always exercise his will with fairness and truthfulness. You have no right to question

him. A good wife always knows her place.

The Captain is responsible for steering the ship, but if the First Officer sees a cloaked Klingon vessel ahead, she should certainly question the Captain's decision to lower the shields. 'Nuff said.

Outcome Independence and Nerditry

October 12, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Author Unknown (I seriously searched all over, if you know the artist, please let me know so I can give credit!)

Sexy Wedding Vows

October 13, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I'm Catholic, but was married evangelical Protestant, and our wedding vows were the typical "to have and to hold, in sickness and in health, etc". Today I read through the wedding vows of other Christian churches, and noticed this awesomeness from the Church of England:

With this Ring I thee wed,
With my body I thee worship,
And with all my worldly goods I thee endow:
In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.
Amen.

"With my body I thee worship". I love that. Too bad other denominations don't include much about the physical expectations of marriage. It doesn't get much thought these days.

First Officer's Log: Stardate -311787.82

October 15, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Note: I found this [stardate converter website](#). Nerditry!

Sitting here with babies in the floor and coffee in my hand. Got up early for the first of hopefully many times, to cook the Captain breakfast before he went to work. All protein, no carbs baby! I'm determined to make it a ritual, instead of being a lazy bum like I have been. I've got to be up for the early-rising boys, so why not?

I didn't have any time to write this weekend. I try to make at least a rough outline for a couple of posts on Sunday. My dad and stepmom moved out, so there was a lot of activity and not a lot of time to do extracurriculars. They'd been living with us since a few months before the boys were born, and while it was invaluable to have them help out after the birth considering my surgery and the harsh logistics of twins, I think it was about time. A lot of the stress I've felt over the last few months was over my dad continuing to be unemployed and in our house, because the help wasn't really needed anymore. Sure, he watched the boys while I slept in a little, but it wasn't worth the tradeoff for me. A lot of bad feelings from childhood resurfaced. My non-confrontational nature didn't bring any of this up, of course, but the Captain handled most of the communication that I couldn't, and for that I'm grateful. We celebrated with new sexy undies and loud sex on Saturday night, haha.

I'm looking forward to planning and cooking meals again (my dad was handling that), and being able to walk around in my underwear at night if I want to. I cleaned out the refrigerator yesterday, and I feel great. I'm very picky about how old food is in there, my dad is not. I'm not done yet, but the old cheese is gone. Yessss.

I've been dealing with a bit of insomnia, and rarely go to bed before 11pm, so this is gonna take some getting used to. Oy. I can tell I'm not gonna be as productive as I could be. And now the girl is up early. Moar coffees!

Women in the Manosphere

October 17, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I don't consider myself part of the Manosphere, obviously. I'm not a man. But I'm also a long, long way away from the Femisphere, the HuffPo Harpies and the Jezebel Carousel. I think I'd consider this blog Manosphere Adjacent. Red Pill Feminine, perhaps.

There's a discussion happening on the [MMSL](#) boards about whether women should participate in the discussions (not by Athol, he's made it clear that First Officer's are welcome). I can understand that perspective. Long gone are the days of men-only clubs, a safe haven where they could smoke a cigar, have a stiff drink, and shoot the shit, as we say in the South. A place to escape the view of the ladies, where men could be themselves. Because men and women do behave differently around each other; guarding ourselves, peacocking, etc. Women have plenty of women-only activities and places because men don't care to participate. Guys don't need women to know that they enjoy going to the spa, they don't want to workout at Curves, they don't want to take a quilting class. Men have to deal with women trying to prove themselves in male activities in the feminist sense, "I can do whatever you can, na nanny boo boo!" and there will always be organizations like the ACLU there to enforce it legally. It kinda sucks. (Not that the ACLU doesn't do a lot of good elsewhere, but I digress.)

On the other hand, red pill ladies have their share of issues to contend with as well, and need somewhere to talk. I'm thankful for the First Officer's Lounge over there, it's nice to talk to like-minded ladies. And every now and then, some female perspective on things helps. Having some insight into the hamster, I can better interpret other hamsters somewhat. And while I do think some of the FO's fall into the "[Elusive Wife](#)" category, certainly not all do, as is evidenced by the constant calls for help, "How can I help him be more alpha?", "What can I do to make myself more desirable for him?", "How can I save my marriage after being so horrible to him for so long?" God knows I have my share of issues, some of which I'm not brave enough to put down in writing yet.

So far, everything seems self policing. When a fellow First Officer starts spouting hamstery nonsense, she's called out pretty quickly. Same with the guys, really. But I've started to post a little less, at the forums and on various Manosphere blogs. I don't want to cloud the place with estrogen. I want guys to be able to find good info and not worry about what the ladies might think. And this comment stuck out to me:

Most of the men are because they have too much beta in their marriage. I get the impression this is because they put their wife on a pedestal, and I see them putting the ladies here on a pedestal as well.

At first, I disagreed and got slightly annoyed, but the more I considered it, the more I think there's some truth to it. I know most of the ladies mean well, and it's not happening consciously, but this seems a natural consequence. Take a group of struggling natural betas and put them in the midst of women, and beta supplication happens, in this case in

text form. It's kind of a fascinating case study, in a way.

I'd already started cutting my posting down a bit, but I probably will more now, keeping this in mind. My Captain posts there as well, and I've let him know that if he needs me to stop so he can have a place to vent, I'll delete the bookmark and never visit it again. But I do like to be the cheerleader for guys who have breakthroughs with their wives... It just makes me too happy to hear that yet another has been brought closer to The Real "Happily Ever After".

Captain/First Officer Halloween Wedding Cake

October 18, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

If I could do our wedding over, this would be our cake topper.



Courtesy of [Little Cherry Cake Company](#)

Commence the Freak Out.

October 18, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Suddenly, our nice comfy world doesn't seem as stable and assuring as it used to be. Employment is no longer guaranteed due to lay offs. He still has a job, but the knife came treacherously close today.

To say that I'm scared shitless is an understatement.

Our last battle with employment left me less than confident about his ability to find a job, but I know that was long ago, and he's a different person now. I **know** this, but it still nags my brain. "Remember last time? When you had to basically kick him in the ass to get it done? Get prepared, girlfriend. Winter is coming."



Ok, a Google Image Search for "Winter is Coming" produced this, along with the Game of Thrones pic I was originally looking for. I'm gonna go with this, because it made me giggle despite the subject of this post.

I need some quiet prayer and meditation. I wish I was still taking yoga (we had to cut it out of the budget to make room for formula for the twins). I need to make myself busy so I don't suddenly break down in tears like I'm doing right now. I need some physical comfort, but The Red Bitch showed up today, and downstairs is a disaster zone. Nice timing, bitch!

Calm down, woman!

WTF Search Term, and some Anal Advice

October 19, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

“fuch the ass shut comes out”

Ok, I can tell what you were going for here, but I don't have a clue why it brought you to my blog. Maybe Google is psychic? I had planned making a post about this at some point, but I guess since you bring it up, now is a good time.

I can give you some advice related to your search. We recently forayed into this territory. If you're worried about the hygienic issues of anal sex, go to Walgreens and pick up an enema kit. They're about \$25. Talk to your woman about this first though... Don't just hand her the kit and tell her to go get to it. 😊

(Side note... I looked at the receipt, and the Captain had also bought a tube of astroglide with the kit. I can't imagine the look on the cashier's face!)

The enema was a new, weird experience for me. Not entirely unpleasant, but definitely weird. And it made me a whole lot more comfortable about going through with back-door action.

Start out slow, find a position that works for your girl, and be patient. Make her play with herself, it'll get her mind off the pressure and cause things to loosen up. Use a finger or two with lube to start, before you move on to bigger and better things. 😊 Once you're in, stay there without moving until she's comfortable. BE GENTLE. Listen to her, she needs to be able to communicate with you about what feels good and what doesn't. This isn't something you can go all alpha pound town on to get a good reaction. If she wants that, cool, but you can easily cause some damage back there if she's not prepared for it.

Also, don't expect the same action a few days in a row. For me, that area was off limits for at least a few days to a week afterward.

It's definitely a pleasurable experience, once you get going and comfortable. I think I like it for the Dom/sub aspects most of all, but it feels pretty good too.

(I definitely can't tell my friends about this blog now...)

Girl Game: Submissive Positioning

October 20, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I almost don't want to post this, because I know my Captain reads, and it'll be giving up some secrets. 😊 But I guess I know all about game, so it's only fair, right?

I still struggle with submissiveness outside the bedroom. It's going against many years of ingrained habits. I usually immediately acquiesce to whatever reasonable thing he asks, but sometimes I can be rather begrudging about it if I'm in a bad mood. I've improved, though. Instead of opening my mouth and saying something snarky, I turn my head and roll my eyes, but still comply. And I really don't even do it consciously! It's not like he asks me to do a lot, but if I'm particularly tired and irritated with the kids for the day, I have to stop myself from being a total bitch. I've been pretty stressed and physically exhausted lately, so it's been a real struggle to make myself a person that my family would want to be around.

Something that has helped me is to try to put myself in a submissive position in relation to whatever he's doing. Very, very subtle, but if I'm consciously trying to do it, it puts me in a better mindset. For so long, our marriage was a huge power struggle, and now that it's not, I have to let go of the old habit of trying to "win" completely unimportant situations.

He sits at the head of the table and I sit to his side, but that's something he'd started to do on his own. I believe that's covered in the MMSL primer, to take ownership of the dominant position at the table. Pretty effective. If you're running the female version of the MAP (the FAP.. hah, that always makes me laugh), think of nudging him over to the head of the table. I don't know what you do if your table is round. 😊

When we're sitting next to each other, I try to sit lower by leaning on him. I try to melt into him a little, and he puts his arm protectively around me. Going back to [something I reposted a while ago](#), if we're walking together, I slip my arm through his so I can be led along wherever we're going. When we hug, I keep my arms down around his waste so his arms can envelope me totally. If we're lying down cuddling, I lay lower, with my head near his chest, in the crook of his arm. Some of this stuff I was doing before anyway, but I approach the situation with a mindset of purposefully making myself submissive.

One thing I haven't tried is something that was suggested in a thread over at MMSL. We haven't had a serious enough chat that I've needed to pull it out, and the idea is still a little awkward to me, but as one poster opined, it's ridiculously effective:

A few weeks ago I was mad at (my wife) and in a very bad mood. After dinner I did not even want to talk to her. After some MMSL advice she came to me and put herself in a physically submissive position. (I was sitting in a living room chair so she placed herself on the floor between my legs, sitting on her knees facing me.) I suddenly was able to talk to her about my feelings and bring some of my walls down but was still not ready to let go of being hurt and angry. Following

more MMSL advice she stayed where she was and silently lowered her head and looked at the floor. Within two minutes I was compelled to reach out and begin petting the back of her head after five to ten minutes of this I felt forgiveness for her, sorrow for my part of the ordeal, a reinstated affection and emotional connection, and a somewhat confusing but powerful friskiness.

I had been gamed.

Strangely, not only did I not mind it, I liked it. I did not know at the time that she had been coached. It was not until I read her threads later that I put two and two together and that I understood the power of submissive positioning. She was worried that after I found out I had been “played” I would be mad again. To the contrary, I was happy with her for two reasons. I was impressed that she would lower herself physically to show submission to me. Also, I was weirdly still sexually aroused by her display for more than a week even though it was not overtly sexual in and of itself.

How great is that? Instead of becoming more and more defensive, she simply changed her position in relation to him, lowered her eyes, and remained calm. Nearly instant diffusion, quicker reconciliation and even arousal.

But what guy wouldn't get aroused by a woman between his legs? Hmmmm.

Testing Out Wing-Woman Theory

October 20, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Awkward....

Who Am I?

October 21, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I've been focusing on ways to submit lately, because it's something I and many newly red pill women may struggle with. But I realize that I'm presenting a version of myself that may look very old-fashioned and out of touch. Being a First Officer doesn't exclude other parts of my personality. I'm still outwardly the same person I've always been.

- I'm a big geek. My husband and I met playing Dungeons and Dragons. We went through a few years of World of Warcraft raiding with old friends from back home. He was a tank, I was a healer, and sometimes we switched rolls (kinky). I love Super Nintendo, and we still have one that gets regular use when we have time.
- I love Star Trek, the original and The Next Generation. Never much got into Deep Space Nine or Enterprise. But my all time favorite SciFi shows are Firefly and Battlestar Galactica (the new one).
- I used to be in the military. I crawled through the mud with my M-16, shot Expert, and still enjoy shooting rifles and handguns when I can, though we don't own any. I love the smell of spent rounds and CLP in the morning.
- I'm perfectly capable of changing my own tires, oil, and brake pads. But I'll gladly and graciously accept help if it's offered without thinking it an insult.
- I can drive a stick shift.
- I freaking love science. Give me Carl Sagan's Cosmos, Through the Wormhole with Morgan Freeman, etc. to watch on a desert island, and I'd be all set.
- I'm a photographer of all sorts of things, self taught. Sometimes I get money for it, but most times not.
- Alton Brown is my culinary hero.

And I can't really think of much else to add at the moment, my head is cloudy from some fracked up sinuses. Any questions for me? I'd be happy to answer any and all.

Red Pill Womenz Get Together and a Recipe

October 22, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I got together with a couple of the lovely ladies of the Red Pill community today for coffee and chit chat, and I must say, it was awesome. It's quite comforting to meet people of a like mind, and be able to speak openly about Captain/First Officer ideas without the looming threat of judgment. If we'd had the time, I probably could have sat and picked their brains for a few more hours, but alas, life doesn't allow for such leisure time. I hope we can hang out more in the future.

I got home and started in on dinner, which started with a set recipe but ended up being sort of a "garbage soup" of stuff left over in the fridge. It turned out pretty great, though I think next time I'll leave out the cream, as it separated towards the end of the cooking (that always happens to me, despite my best efforts). Good enough that I'll share here, as it can easily be paleo without the cream. Wait, seafood is paleo, right? Side note, I've lost a couple of pounds this week just from cutting out carbs from dinner, so bonus. Finally got through the stupid plateau I was in.

Shrimp and Corn "Chowder"

4 ears corn, kernels cut from the cobs with the cobs reserved
1 pound shrimp peeled and deveined with the shells reserved
6 cups broth
4 slices smoked bacon, cut into one inch pieces
1 onion, diced
2 stalks celery, diced
1/2 red or green pepper, diced
2 cloves garlic, chopped
1 teaspoon thyme, chopped
2 teaspoons Old Bay seasoning (or any Cajun seasoning you prefer)
3 egg yolks
1 cup half & half or 1/2 cup heavy cream
salt (or fish sauce), pepper and cayenne (or sriracha) to taste

Tip: if you want an especially flavorful broth, you can simmer the corn cobs and shrimp shells in it ahead of time, then strain them out and carry on with the rest of the recipe. Otherwise:

Cook the bacon in a large soup pot. Place finished bacon to the side. Drain some of the bacon grease, leaving enough to pan roast the corn. Once corn is roasted, add onions, bell pepper, and garlic, cook until onions become soft and translucent. Add thyme and Old Bay, cook for a few more minutes, then add the stock. Bring to a boil, add shrimp, cook for 10 minutes till shrimp are pink and curled up.

At this point, you can leave it as it is, or you can thicken it with the egg yolk and

cream. Let the whole thing cool down a bit, you don't want it boiling when you add dairy, or it will separate and look kind of gross. To add the egg yolks, you'll have to temper them in a separate bowl by whisking in a few spoonfuls of the hot broth. This brings the temperature of the liquid egg up without scrambling them. Once you've whisked in several spoonfuls of broth, you can dump the eggs into the soup while stirring. Add the cream, season to taste.

Kale or spinach are good additions to this soup, add it in just before you serve so it doesn't over-cook. I also added small diced tomatoes. Just about any veggie will work in here.

What Men Really Think

October 22, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Kinda funny yeah, but the comments had some gems too..

Jesus Christ, this video gives us guys such a bad reputation lol. No wonder they think we only care about food, sex, and sleep. To all the ladies out there, this vid does not speak for all of us, but sadly it does for a 60% majority.

I like how this guy has such a specific percentage for how many men think about sex all the time.

The guy's only thinking about sex. I would know because i'm a guy.

Just made me laugh. Straight and to the point. Must be one of those 60%.

Maybe i would want a relationship with a girl that can shut up when I'm talking and not interrupt me.

A girl who'd be a little more straight forward with me and not treat me like I'm always trying to screw her over.

A girl who'd understands my love without making me say it. How dumb...

A girl who'd respect my limited amount of intelligence and not degrade me for no reason.

A girl who wouldn't promise me and not keep it.

No, the only thing wrong with me is that I like me the way I am.

Keep doing what you do, YouTube commenter guy.

A Moment of Silence

October 24, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

RIP University of Man

What's up with that?

I vow that, unless all hell breaks loose, I'll leave my posts live if I decide to stop blogging.
I hate that all their knowledge is now just gone.

“Soul meets soul on lovers’ lips.” – Percy Shelley

October 24, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

We’ve had a rough week. I’ve been trying to do too much, getting stressed out in the process, plus I’m slightly sick, then the layoff stuff, and Cap and I haven’t had much of a chance to connect sexually. Then of course, he gets a cold sore in the midst of this, so no kissing. I’ve never had them, and we’re trying to keep it that way.

This is the first time he’s had one since we restarted our relationship. In our previous Dark Years, I would have said “Oh, no kissing? That’s too bad,” then secretly rejoiced at not having to worry about it for a week or two. I had absolutely no desire to kiss him, and in fact was kind of reviled, both at his technique and simply not being attracted (though I didn’t know that’s what it was, or at least I refused to put that name to it). Both issues have since been fixed, of course, and now kissing is something we do regularly without thinking much about it.

Now though... I feel like an essential part of our relationship is missing. There’s a huge gaping hole in our interactions with each other. When he comes home I want to jump up and greet him, but it has to be just a hug, and leaves me feeling unsatisfied. Our interchanges are awkward, we’re both getting snippy with one another. I have to stop myself from showing affection. I can feel his pauses as well. It’s like there’s a wall between us.

Sex is floundering as well, when it happens. I don’t quite know how to get started, don’t feel quite as connected, the energy doesn’t flow like it’s supposed to. We have a date with the sheets in a little while, and I’m not sure how it’s gonna go. It’s felt kind of like duty sex, which I guess isn’t all bad, but I **need** a crazy awesome connection after all this stress we’ve had, and I don’t think that can happen without a good make-out.

I had a good cry this morning, because I realize this must be what he felt like for years. And I can barely stand a week.

I know it’ll be fine, and it’ll be over soon. I’m kind of thankful for the insight it’s given me. Sort of like when your love leaves on a trip, and you don’t realize how much you miss the sound of their breathing till you can’t fall asleep.

Link Love Thursday

October 25, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Need to tell that special someone that the results came back positive? Do it with STD cupcakes! (Warning: pics not safe for work, kids, animals, while eating lunch, or at all, really) -

<http://www.thesun.co.uk/sol/homepage/features/4604750/std-cupcakes.html>

3rd Millennium Men has a great write-up of various breaking up advice from the 'sphere -

<http://3rdmilleniummen.wordpress.com/2012/10/24/best-of-the-manosphere/>

Dalrock discusses the normalization of trashy single mothers -

<http://dalrock.wordpress.com/2012/10/18/the-normalization-of-the-trashy-single-mother/>

Danny with a good Prince meets Princess story -

<http://dannyfrom504.wordpress.com/2012/10/23/itlr-yup-pretty-much/>

Linanati suggest putting down that cookie to save the starving models of the world -

<http://linanati.blogspot.com/2012/09/lose-weight-save-model.html>

Athol with the problem with wanting to pull a Cypher -

<http://marriedmansexlife.com/?p=4596>

Ian Ironwood breaks down the film "Free to Be You and Me" -

<http://theredpillroom.blogspot.com/2012/10/free-to-be-man.html>

Random Blog and Parenting Musings

October 26, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I fixed the links in yesterday's link post. Sorry about that.

I woke up early to make Cap breakfast before he leaves for work, babies fell back to sleep as he's leaving, so I have a few hours to kill alone with my coffee... And my mind is a total blank as to what to write. So it goes.

Sometimes I think I want this blog to have some structure, and sometimes I want it to be my own personal rantspace. I know it can be both, and I should just let it be organic. You'd think with as hippy-dippy as I can be at times, this would be ok with me. I'm such a weird mix of go-with-the-flow and perfectionist. I argue with myself. I'm shy and demure in person, but a total freak in my own head. I'm surprised my guy has stuck around this long. There's something to be said for stubbornness.

I'm finding that red pill ideas work beautifully with parenting. The 2 year old has taken to DEMANDING thing. "I NEED a cup of milk", "I NEED to watch Fraggles" (Fraggle Rock is big in our house, thanks Netflix!), etc etc. The last few days, all I have to do is look at her without saying a word, and she cows and changes it to "Please can I have..." which is nice. "I can't hear you when you aren't being nice" is effective as well. I know that she's a very well behaved and tame 2 year old, and I'm not sure how much of that is parenting and how much is just her nature, but it's working nonetheless. She's a smart kid. I dread teenagerhood. Though I guess knowing of the hamster and knowing ways to shut it down will help immensely. There's a baby hamster in there already, and I hates it. HATES IT.

I'm slightly intimidated at the idea of raising 2 boys. Ok not slightly, I'm way intimidated. I didn't have brothers. I didn't even have male cousins, so I don't even know how to raise them the *wrong* way, let alone the right way. I'm a blank slate. I want to raise them to be strong, independent, and awesome. There's a ton of time to do that... They can't even properly crawl yet. But the challenges are on my mind. I can already see their little personalities, and how different they are. One is fearless, outgoing, bull-headed, loud and very physical, the other is reserved, calculating, quiet, and patient. It seems, so far, that their demeanor as babies doesn't change a whole lot as they get older (our girl hasn't changed personality much as she's gotten a few years older anyway), so I think that's what I'll be working with.

Funny thing I've discovered about the male gender through having boy babies: Men become obsessed with their penises at approximately 6 months old. Seriously, I can't keep D's hand off his. Diaper off? TIME TO PLAY WITH THE JUNK!

Oh no, it's a Meme! A Sexy, Sexy Meme.

October 27, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



I picked this up from [Ponyboy's blog](#), who picked it up from someone else's blog, who picked it up from someone else's blog. It's like herpes!

If you're into this sort of thing, feel free to play along. If not, whatever. I don't usually do these things, but this one was interesting enough to play with.

Only two rules: You must answer yes or no. You may not explain unless someone asks.

Taken a picture naked? Yes

Made money illegally? No

Had a one night stand? Yes

Been in a fist fight? Yes

Slept with your best friend? Yes

Had sex in a public place? No

Ditched work to have sex? No

Slept with a member of the same sex? No

Seen someone die? Yes

Ran from the police? Yes

Woke up somewhere and not remember how you got there? No

Worn your partners unmentionables? Yes

Fallen asleep at work? Yes

Used toys in the bedroom? Yes

Ran a red light? Yes

Been fired? No

Been in a car accident? Yes

Pole danced or done a striptease? No

Loved someone you shouldn't? Yes

Sang karaoke? Yes

Done something you told yourself you wouldn't? Yes
Laughed so hard you peed your pants? No
Caught someone having sex? No
Kissed a perfect stranger? Yes
Shaved your partner? Yes
Given your private parts a nickname? No
Ever gone in public without underwear? Yes
Had sex on a roof top? No
Played chicken? Yes
Mooned/flushed someone? No
Do you sleep naked? Yes
Blacked out from drinking? No
Felt like killing someone? No
Had sex more than 5 times in one day? Yes
Been with someone because they were in a band? No
Taken 10 shots of liquor in a day? Yes
Shot a gun? Yes
Gone outside naked? No

How To Trick People Into Thinking You're Good Looking

October 28, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

This weekend has been absurdly busy, so no interesting insight from me for the time being. Such is life. So here's some humor!

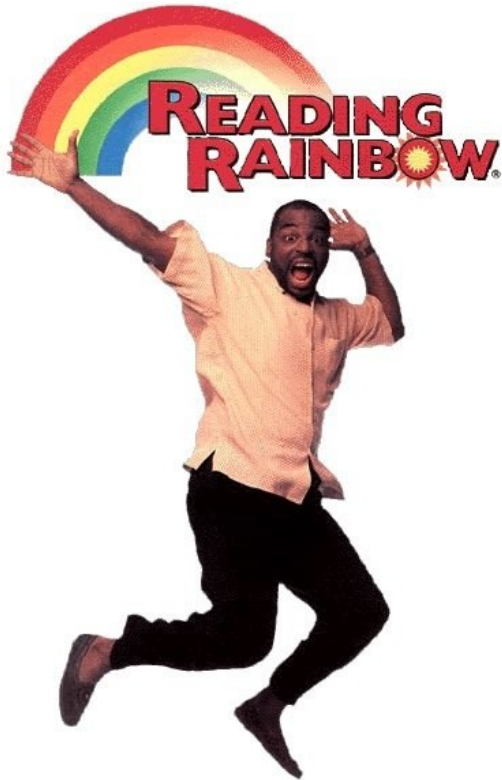
I love this girl. Been following her youtube channel for a while, and this was the first video of hers that I came across. She really makes me laugh in a regular basis. And I didn't realize until recently that she's been dating a guy that looks like Mac from It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia for like 4 years, lol.

Enjoy!

[Jenna Marbles on YouTube](#)

But you don't have to take MY word for it.

October 29, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



I get entirely too involved in things I read.

Whether it's a forum thread about a woman who just discovered her husband's affair, or a silly romance book, or even an article on WW2, I can't help but imagine myself in whatever the situation is. I've been that way as long as I can remember. It occurred to me, as I sat and had a hot chocolate with my sweetie last night, that perhaps this is a metaphor for the difference between men and women's emotions. And I suppose this all ties back into the issue of Female Solipsism that has been so hotly discussed lately.

When I read something that puts me in a bad place, I carry it with me for a little while, usually an hour or two unless it's something particularly disturbing or thought provoking. Real life becomes more volatile, as if my real life emotions are amplifying what I already felt from reading. This mostly applies to bad feelings, but not so much the good feelings. Sucks that way.

My husband says he's the opposite. He doesn't carry emotions from his books with him, but if he's in a bad mood from real life, it can effect his opinion of his reading, but nothing more. He said he finds me fascinating, but I think I'm just ridiculous. The more in-tune I become with the inner workings of women and men, the more I find myself ridiculous. Because women are ridiculous, aren't we? I can't help but think that the inner workings of a woman's mind are a joke God played for his own amusement, just like pugs and the duck-billed platypus.

I started read the Outlander series, which I actually had to stop reading because the

female lead character pissed me off too much. She's got an awesome, Alpha/Beta hot Scottish husband, and up until a few pages ago, all she could do was be an emotionless cunt. They're in a happy place at the moment, because I kept reading, but I read spoilers and know where the story is going, so I'm just going to stop where I am and pretend they lived happily ever after, dammit. Stupid asshole feminist writer. I think I'm gonna go back to reading some good, boring non-fiction for a while.

Sexting in Marriage, Part 1

October 30, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I know I was playing hard-to-get, but I knew he'd go along... We're often really ridiculous in our texting.

Me: Just made it out of Sam's, doubt I'll be home in time to feed babies, ugh. ((Note: Sam's and Walmart are soul-sucking places. It took make like an hour to get 2 cans of formula. Sheesh.))

Him: wow. If you're late, you owe me a coconut oil handjob. 😊 PS, you were late the moment you left.

Me: Huh?

Him: LOL

Me: 😊

Him: (repeats what he said about the handjob)

Me: Still not following...

Him: YOU'RE GIVING ME A HANDJOB.

Me: Sorry, I have no idea what you're talking about.

Him: Hand touches penis. You wrap your four fingers in one direction and thumb in the other. You move vigorously back and forth along the central axis.

Me: Nope, not ringing a bell.

Him: Imagine washing a broom handle. But only the top. This makes a man very happy. This earns a wife a lot of brownie points. However, brownie points are currently subject to blackout dates and are not redeemable.

Me: I'm not in my period anymore, I'll be damned if you're the only one getting some tonight. So nyah.

Him: What? What is this getting some you speak of?

Me: Pfft.

Him: Look, I've spent YEARS touching myself. I think I know a thing or two about touching penises. Are you suggesting there's another way?

Me: Are you speaking French?

Him: You ate a whole wheel of cheese?

I informed him when I got home that the proper response was not an Anchorman quote, but rather "Parlez-vous my dick?" Then we got down to bidness.

Ironing? Do people do that anymore?

October 31, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



I pulled out the old iron yesterday, a thing that's older than our marriage, and hasn't been used since I left the Army 8 years ago. When I plugged it in, it smoked from all the burnt dust.

While my dad and stepmom were here, stepmom insisted on ironing my husband's work shirts. She's a bit of a perfectionist (well, probably OCD), so she didn't mind getting his done while she was taking care of her own and sometimes my dad's. Now that they're gone, I feel obligated to continue, because it would be pretty crappy if he just started showing up to work looking like a crumpled paper bag.

I also kind of wanted to, because it's a nice girl beta thing to do. It's not like I don't have experience... Like I said, Army. Many, many hours spent starching and ironing my uniforms. Plus, he can brag to his male coworkers that his wife has mad homemaking skillz, lol.

It took me a few shirts to get the hang of it, but I'm starting to remember. But dress shirts are quite different from Battle Dress Uniforms. Pleats, tiny buttons, weirdly shaped pockets... I'm sure I missed some spots. But I'll get better. I need to have a designated ironing night during the week, I think. Perhaps Monday night is a good night. I find that if I schedule things, I'm more likely to get it done, versus just talking about it and procrastinating like a mofo.

Next girl beta skill to work on: sewing and mending.

It's Movember! A call to the Manosphere to 'stache up!

November 1, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



The Captain starts Movember today, so he's shaved all his facial hair to start fresh. Basically, he's growing a mustache and raising money for prostate and testicular cancer initiatives.

Know THE Facts Son

- The average life expectancy for men is five years fewer than women (presently 77 years old compared to 82).
- 1 in 2 men, and 1 in 3 women, will be diagnosed with cancer in their lifetime.
- Evidence suggests that about a third of the 571,950 cancer deaths expected to occur will be related to obesity, physical inactivity and poor nutrition, and thus could be prevented.
- 1 in 6 men will be diagnosed with prostate cancer in his lifetime.
- In 2012, 242,000 new cases of the disease will be diagnosed and more than 28,000 men will die of prostate cancer.
- Testicular cancer is the most common cancer in American males between the ages of 15 and 35.
- 8,590 men will be diagnosed with the disease and 360 will die.
- 6 million people die every year from tobacco use and exposure to tobacco smoke. One person dies every six seconds.
- 1 in every 13 men will develop lung cancer.
- While not as common, men can get breast cancer. About 2,140 new cases of breast cancer will be diagnosed among men and about 450 men will die from the disease.
- More than 3.5 million cases of skin cancer are diagnosed each year in the US.
- An estimated 13 million or 11.8% of all adult men over the age of 20 in the US have diabetes.
- Approximately 76.4 million men and women in the US have high blood pressure- 1 in 5 do not know it.
- About 1 in 3 adults has high blood pressure, and blood pressure tends to rise with age.
- Researchers estimate that at least 6 million men in the United States suffer from a depressive disorder every year.
- Four times as many men commit suicide compared with women.
- 24% of men are less likely to go to the doctor compared to women.

I'm really surprised I haven't seen it more in a Manosphere. Hello, growing a manly mustache to raise awareness and money for men's health? It's a win-win! I can't pimp out the Captain's donation page without giving away identifying info, but I will shout out to all the Manosphere bloggers that read my humble little blog. Start a profile on the Movember website! Grow a stache! Raise some money! It'd be amazing to see how much the 'sphere can do.

Link Love Thursday, eer, Friday

November 2, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Rollo - The Soulmate Myth -

<http://rationalmale.wordpress.com/2012/10/29/the-soul-mate-myth/>

Average Married Dad - How does Brad Pitt look so good? -

<http://www.averagemarrieddad.com/?p=625>

Athol - When Your Husband Won't Act Alpha Even When You Beg Him -

<http://marriedmansexlife.com/?p=4619>

The Private Man - The 30something Single Professional Woman -

<http://theprivateman.wordpress.com/2012/11/01/reader-mailbag-the-30something-single-professional-woman> ((This is brilliant advice, and something I haven't been able to touch on here yet, but YES!!))

Roissy - The Necessity of Relationship Game -

<http://heartiste.wordpress.com/2012/10/31/the-necessity-of-relationship-game/>

Snark Friday: Single Mom Edition

November 2, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



So lemme get this straight. You spent \$140 on a meal, and you feel you're entitled to leave out the tip because BOO HOO, WOE IS ME I'm a single mom. Get. The. Fuck. Out. Of. Here. The rationalization! Oh! I can't handle it.

Whatcha wanna bet this one has a dating profile that talks about being a spirited, independent woman who puts herself and her kids first! And that her ex(es?) are breathing a sigh of relief from not having her entitled ass around anymore.

I want to find this woman and shake her until her eyeballs bleed.

A Letter to My Daughter: Career vs Family

November 5, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

(The following is based in personal experience, anecdotal evidence, statistics, and other various reading. As a disclaimer, I know that not every working woman has the experience that I mention, and I know that not every housewife has the experience that I mention. I speak in generalization, so please don't take it personally.)

Dearest Daughter,

I know you're still only 2, but already my heart is heavy with how in the world I'm going to raise you. When I was still pregnant and found out you were a girl, I was completely terrified; how can I help you to become a competent, responsible woman in today's society? That was before your father and I really figured out how to navigate our marriage. I sure as heck didn't think I could give you relationship advice when the time came, considering how things were going for us.

Back before you were born, I *thought* I knew the right track to set you upon. We'd send you to a private school maybe, you'd get a solid foundation, we'd send you to college, then you'd go out into the world to pursue your dream job. Go get 'em, honey! You can do anything you want to! Maybe you'd get married eventually. But now, I question if that's the way to go. I regret my years spent at college, mostly because of the loans that accrued. I feel like the education I got was fairly worthless for what I've ended up becoming. But I didn't know I'd end up wanting to stay at home with you, possibly homeschooling to make sure you don't get lost in a public school system that so often lets kids fall through the cracks. As much as I'd love to send you to private school, that isn't gonna happen.

I don't want to tell you that you should forgo the corporate career for a family. It's how I was raised, what was pounded into my skull my whole life. Women should have the same goals as men. They should spend years and years in school before ever getting married. They shouldn't even dream of kids until their 30's.

The more I think about it, the more I do believe you should go to college if you want to, BUT, I won't tell you I'm disappointed in you if you don't go. Not every person needs to go to college. There are so many other things to do in life that don't require a college degree. Trade schools are wonderful. Do you know how much electricians get paid? It ain't bad. You can get many, many certifications in all kinds of areas without wasting time at a 4-6 year college. I wish I'd done that instead of spending 4 years goofing around with nothing to show for it but a crapload of student loans. But whatever you decide to do, *leave your options open.*

If you meet the guy you want to spend the rest of your life with (this will be a separate letter), by all means, marry him. Don't put silly time restrictions on yourself like "I want to finish grad school first!" Or "no kids till I establish my career!" Both your aunt and I got married before we graduated college, and it wasn't the end of the world. I had kids before

I figured out what I wanted to do with my career, and it won't prevent me from finding employment once you're old enough to go to school (or once you're out of the house, if I decide to homeschool you). I don't need to be a doctor or lawyer to feel satisfied with my life, or prove that I can because I'm a woman, and neither do you. Be confident in your femininity, and if you feel driven to start a family, *do it*, societal pressure be damned.

If you feel called to be a doctor, or a physicist, or a mathematician, or any other career that requires a ton of schooling and hours, consider what you're trading. Those are careers that you can't drop for 10 years to start and raise a family. Women are fully capable of handling those jobs, absolutely... But they give away much in return. The rolls of each spouse aren't as clear cut, which (*edit: can*) cause power struggles. There is increased fighting because of the strains and pressures, the lack of time to spend together. If he has a job that pays less than yours or that he perceives as "less important" (or especially if YOU perceive it as "less important" and make it known), there (*edit: might be*) resentment, either blatant or hidden. It's a tough thing to navigate.

When you decide to have kids, know that the United States ranked the worst in paid maternity leave among the major nations (as in, you get none. 12 weeks of unpaid leave is all you're entitled to). And if you expect the father of your children to stay home and help you during those 12 weeks, don't count on it. The US sucks at that too. He's entitled to none, and will have to use all his vacation time that year for helping you during those first difficult weeks. It's absolutely absurd.

So you get to hold and care for your precious child for 12 weeks, then send them off to daycare. I really don't know how career women do it. You go to work for 9 hours a day, and only see your precious sweethearts in the evenings, when they're absolutely fussy and irritable. There's so little time to enjoy them, to watch them go through the little and big milestones. They get sick more often because they're around so many other children. Discipline becomes difficult as they get older, because you may have differing ideas and methods from their day-caregivers. You're never really sure what questionable things they're being exposed to by other kids or, God forbid, adults. There are so many daycare horror stories, I don't even want to think about it.

So really, if you want to have a demanding career, move to Canada so you can get at least some time with your family without being pressured to go back to work before you even have time to heal. But you damn sure better be making enough money to pay for plane tickets between Texas and Canada.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not bashing working moms here. I'm just telling you what you'll be trading in. Staying at home with your young children brings it's own set of challenges. It takes self discipline, patience, understanding, and a stomach of steel to deal with all the spit, poop, and vomit. You find yourself craving adult attention, because you're around children that speak childese all day long. You find it difficult to talk to women without kids, because your half of the conversation always comes back to kids, because IT'S WHAT YOU DO ALL DAY. You lose old friends because of it. You miss the ability to do what YOU want to do for lunch, or after school/work, or just whenever. You can't call in

sick. But watching you and your brothers play, getting hugs from you all day, knowing how you're being raised, it's something I personally would never trade in.

It's a trade off, and you **MUST** consider carefully when you're planning your life. I didn't give it any thought and drifted through life till your father and I figured out what works for us. We're working so hard to get by on one income. We're not "lucky" that we can do it, as I've heard said to me many times... We *make it work*. And that is something to consider when looking for a mate, when considering going into debt for a car or school, when you're trying to decide what you want to do with your life. Where are your priorities?

This assumes that you want kids, of course. If you don't, I won't lie to you, I will be disappointed, but I'll get over it. I'll love you desperately no matter what.

I'm sure I'll write more of these letters as you grow. I'm still scared thinking of how you might grow up and make bad decisions, but we all make a few. All I can do is try to impart my wisdom on you the best I can, better than my parents did

I love you,

Mom

Workin' it.

November 6, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Joined a gym. Yoga was too expensive for us right now, and the little gym down the street is only \$10 a month. It gives me a reason to get out of the house after the kids are asleep, and keeps me motivated, because working out at home started to not work for me.

Observations:

1. I need a pair of weight lifting gloves. My hands huuuuurt.
2. What's up with guys that sit in the machine for like 15 minutes? Especially in the "30 minute circuit" area where you're only supposed to hang out at a machine for 1 minute at a time. Come on, man.
3. Dear Stretching Guy: Don't act like you had to move to a new spot to stretch, directly in front of me, when I started using the hip abductor machine. Hope you enjoyed the show, lol.

Yay for new things!

Shit My Husband Says #2, Election Night Edition

November 7, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

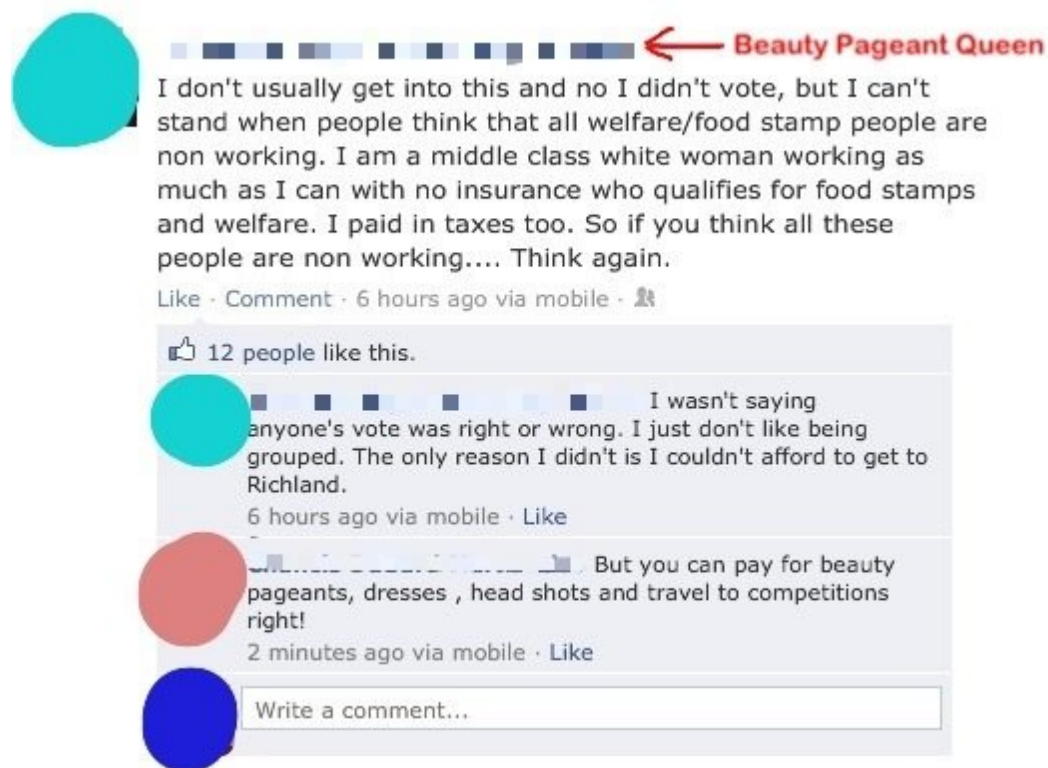
From the MMSL forums, as I was watching election coverage in the other room:

“Pardon while I go shove my crotch in RedPillWifey’s face and tell her there’s only one President that matters and he’s the President of this house.”

Welfare Queen

November 7, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Sometimes, you only stay Facebook friends with someone for the lulz.



Link Love Thursday

November 8, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Sunshine Mary - [The Spinsterspherians are awakening to their reality and Exposed: Christian men giving each other horrible sex advice](#) ((So good this week, I had to link two things!))

Ian Ironwood - [A Brief Red Pill Election Analysis](#)

Athol Kay - [Beta Orbiting Wives: Laid, Maid and Trayed](#)

Mrs. Yes - [The new me and what I should have called this blog](#) ((The difference between Saying Yes and Not Saying No, spot on!))

3rd Millenium Men - [How To Kiss A Girl](#)

Damn it.

November 11, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

You know what, I had half a post written, and the WordPress iPad app ate the shit out of it. Very apropos. My day has been one giant clusterfuck.

Fuck it all. Here's some pussy.



edit: GOD DAMNED STARBUCKS INTERNET

JAS;OIFUJAOWUEHREQ823Y48Q72694623987RDGWELIUFBFL

Whatever. I quit.

double edit: HAPPY POST NUMBER 69 LOLOLOLOL

50 Shades of Double Standard

November 12, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

<http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2231067/Fifty-Shades-Grey-High-flyer-splits-husb-and-refused-spice-love-life-THAT-book.html>

There is good and bad here. Let's break it down.

The wife, a 41-year-old banker who earns more than £400,000 a year, bought the bestseller almost as soon as it was published last year, and decided to use it to pep up the couple's staid sex life.

But when her husband failed to respond to the novel's themes, which include bondage and S&M, she petitioned for divorce.

It's great that this woman realized her natural desire to be submissive, to be dominated. I think that this book, as much of a literary atrocity as it is, is helping women to understand something about themselves that they didn't know or believe before.

HOWEVER... 41 year old rich-as-hell banker. I'm guess this woman probably beat her husband into a beta pulp over the course of their marriage. The guy is probably the ultimate "yes dear" husband. Then the poor guy gets a book and ultimatum thrown at him, "Treat me like a 10£ whore!" even though she'd previously been the type that would have had him thrown in jail for such a thing a mere 2 years before. Gotta feel at least somewhat bad for the guy.

In the case, filed in the High Court this year, the wife refers to the book in her grounds for divorce, which blames the breakdown of the marriage on the husband's lack of sexual adventure.

The wife is arguing that her husband's 'boring attitude' to sex is evidence of 'unreasonable behaviour', one of the five grounds for divorce under English law.

Ms McAlister said: 'The woman had been reading the book and wanted to spice up her love life.

'She thought their sex life had hit a rut - he never remembered Valentine's Day and he never complimented her on her appearance.

'So she bought sexy underwear in an attempt to get her husband more involved. She said, "Let's make things more interesting."

'But when he still didn't take any notice she told him he had a boring attitude to sex and she was fed up. Ms McAlister said the husband's response was to blame Fifty Shades Of Grey: 'He went ballistic when he found out the name of the book she was reading and told her, "It's all because you have been reading that bloody book." '

I'm sure we can all see the double standard here. A woman divorces a man for lack of sex, she is probably hearing: "You go girl!" "Do it for YOU!" but when a guy demands

more sex from his wife, he's considered a pervert and a loser. Everyone got that straight? But on the other hand... his wife comes at him wearing new sexy underwear and he doesn't respond? Come on guy. So many married men would kill to be in that situation, at least try.

The woman's husband is admitting 'unreasonable behaviour' so the divorce can be granted quickly without a contested hearing in which his low libido would be discussed in court.

I have to wonder if this whole thing couldn't have been solved with a visit to the doctor to check T levels. There are so many First Officers at the MMSL forums with similar stories, that they want their guys to "alpha up", but they don't give their women the time of day. It seems like it takes a freaking army to get a guy to go to the doctor for his low libido and/or erectile dysfunction. That seems so illogical to me. I know it's really embarrassing, but wouldn't that be a priority if it's such a horrible thing? Perhaps I'm going off the rails a bit too much here, might be a topic for another post. But I do wonder if it all played a big part here.

Ms McAlister also revealed that the emergence of adultery websites has fuelled divorce cases.

'Women are finding these sites very liberating because they advertise no strings attached sex with men who match their own interests and desires,' she added.

'But it doesn't take long for husbands to discover the wife has been visiting these websites and then filing for divorce.'

Oy. Pretty sure these women would be cheating anyway, they're just finding a kinkier way to do it. Sluts gonna slut no matter what.

However, figures show **women still have a long way to go to catch up with men's demands.**

A report by Relate and Ann Summers published this year found those between 30 and 39 were more dissatisfied with their sex life than any other age group, with **71 per cent of men** and 55 per cent of women saying they were not getting enough.

At least they finished their article by pointing out that it's more common for women to be the ones shutting off the sexual tap than men, but the amount of unsatisfied women is also unsurprising, considering the "be a beta" messages our men are given from birth. Some follow up notes: there's no mention of children here, so I assume none. If that's the case, all the better, because UK divorce law is even less friendly to men than the US. He'd be lucky to see his kids once a month if she decided to pull that lever. Also, it doesn't mention if he is also a big earner, but if not, I don't think he will expect to be getting any alimony since he's a man (though I may be wrong on that, I'm no UK law expert, I only hear bits and pieces from those who are living it right now).

Thoughts?

My Cypher Moment

November 12, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Can Your Wife Be Your Best Friend?

This makes me incredibly depressed. As I've stated, I'm an introvert, and I don't particularly like other women. All my "friends" are flaky as shit (yes, gentlemen, they're flaky to their own kind as well, it's not just you). I don't feel like I have any close friends right now, other than maybe my sister, and she lives half the country away. She visited last weekend, she told me about her marriage problems, I gave her the MMSL Primer, and we had a good long red pill chat. But then she had to leave again, and it made me realize how much I miss having a friend.

Reading Athol's post makes me realize that I have felt him become a bit detached from me. I don't like it. I understand it, but for years I would say he was my best friend, and it really hurts to think that the reality is otherwise. Really hurts.

Throw in a good ol' fashioned gigantic miscommunication fight this weekend, and it makes for a very lonely, frustrated me this morning. It's cold here today, a cold front just came in and the heater is turned on. I kind of just want to curl up under a blanket in bed and cry myself to sleep for the day.

(Hormonal right now? Yes. Did you even need to ask?)

I've got a few minutes to myself while the kids are asleep to just let it out right now, so that's good. But then it's time to put on a pretty face and hold it all in till he gets home.

First Officer's Log, Stardate 90473.49

November 13, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Know how I can tell? Because it's cold as fuck (for Texas), and I'm bundled up surrounded by kleenexes and nursing a hot cup of peppermint tea. I'm always a bit surprised that I can go to bed feeling peachy keen, and wake up feeling like I've got the plague. Dear God, if you can hear me, please don't let it spread to the kids....

I discovered yesterday that the boys magically sprouted teeth in their sleep Sunday night. No fussing or anything, really. This is a guarantee that they'll be God awful teenagers, isn't it?

I'm making myself knit again. I need something to do with my hands when I'm just watching to make sure the boys don't claw each others eyes out during the day, as they're sometimes wont to do. Babies don't understand that when you pull hair or poke eyes, it hurts. One of the many aspects of twins I never contemplated. But it is kinda funny to watch the little baby wrestling matches going on in my living room till they get to that point. Like the slowest fight ever.

A lot of my new blog commenters lately have been of the Taken In Hand, TTWD variety. We don't have that kind of relationship, but I'm fascinated by it nonetheless. Thank you all for commenting and linking to your blogs, you've given me some things to ponder.

Our financial/job situation is starting to get bad. I've been advised by the Captain to drop all pretenses of low-carb and healthy to cook with shitloads of potatoes and cheap carbs, because they're cheap. I don't think that's gonna make a whole hell of a lot of difference, but I guess every little bit helps. Back to the Hamburger Helper days it is, then.

On that note, I've been seriously pondering the possibility of getting a part time job. The logistics would be tricky, and I'd probably work myself to death, but I'm not sure if I see an alternative at this point. When it gets to the point that we're selling shit on eBay to get by, I don't really think there's much of a choice.

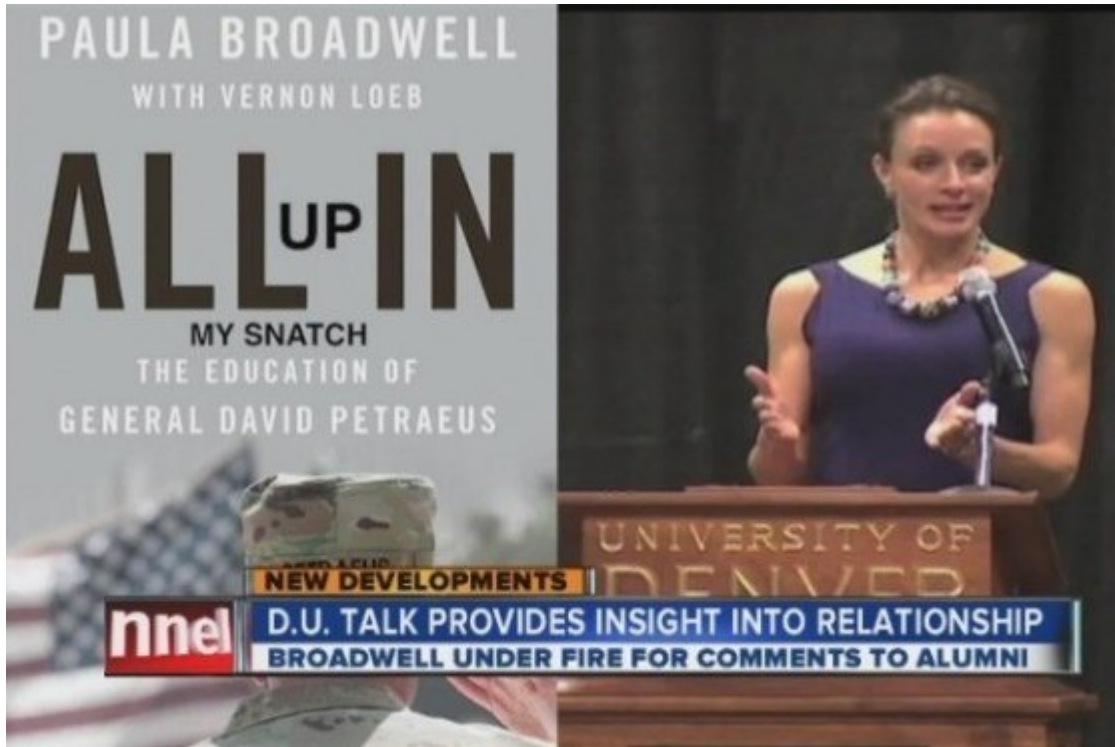
Can I just get 5 more minutes of sleep, mom? I'll be up soon, I promise...

More David Petraeus Hilarity

November 13, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I don't have much to add in commentary about the situation, and I'll be linking some good stuff from around the Manosphere about it on Thursday, but this is just freaking awesome and I needed to post it.

[ABC Denver Affiliate Uses Photoshopped Book Cover for Petraeus Story](#)



Average Sex Sucks, and So Does Sinus Pressure

November 14, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I'm not sure what's up with this sick thing I've got going on. I wake up in the morning feeling like absolute ass, and get progressively better as the day goes on, then start all over again. The Captain came home early today and ordered me to take a nap, which was nice, but I feel like I've gotten behind on the house again, after I'd spent all weekend getting caught up... Something, something, work never done.

Last night we snuggled in the couch and watched the Discovery channel special "Sex in America". Nothing amazingly eye-opening. Researchers recreated Kinsey's sex survey, added a few new questions, and surprise, people are having more and more varied sex than they were in the 40's.

The show was split into sections on different topics, and we had a good chuckle at the topic of age and sex. Sex declines in marriage as the couple gets older (SURPRISE!), and we sat and listened to some old biddies rationalize it away, and half of it didn't make any damn sense. Something about connection being more important, or that they don't need it, or something. The guys didn't say much, I noticed. Apparently we're in the 5% of married people our age having sex 3-4 times a week. Huzzah!

(Side note: Average Married Dad did a good write up, ["Average" is kind of sad](#), based in the same study.)

It's amazing how far we've come in the last year. Last night was the perfect example.

After the show was over, I wasn't feeling it. He'd been kinda gropey the whole time we were watching the show (show about sex, getting a guy horny? Surely, you jest). He ordered me to the bedroom, and I kinda moped my way there, because it was cold, I was sick, and I was definitely tired. I continued to throw up token resistance, because I knew it was going to happen anyway, and he basically told me to shut up. As we got into it, I definitely got more warmed up, and we ended up with an amazing night, complete with 3 or 4 positions and a spanking in between.

A year ago, I would have gone to bed, he'd have gingerly tried to spoon his way into my pants, a fight would ensue, and I'd storm out and end the night sleeping on the couch in front of the TV.

Life is good, but I'm still sick. To bed with me (for sleep this time, dammit).

Link Love Thursday

November 15, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Sunshine Mary - [Why be angry about hypergamy?](#)

Stingray - [Man Food](#)

Dannyfrom504 - [Anatomy of Sex](#)

The Private Man - [The Manosphere is Evolving](#)

Dr. Eric Stratton - [Because They are Beautiful](#)

And the best on the Petreaus scandal:

Dalrock - [Hussygate, a manosphere special.](#)

Heartiste - [Petraeus And The Infidelity Risk Curve](#)

Cock Socks!

November 16, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

In my sicky, drugged state, I decided to start working on the previously discovered [Cock Socks](#)! I found both a crochet and knit pattern, made by the same woman, and I'm finding them both to be rather frustrating.

As I started the crochet version, I notice that even though my stitches are way tighter than most people's, this thing was coming out to be Sasquatch size. I'm pretty sure most guys don't have a dick the width of a coke can (God, I hope not, poor women of the world). I paired it down a bit, and also resized the ball bag, because holy moly, no one's balls are that big, even my husband's.

The instructions were really confusing, and I didn't see where the instructions were for closing the bottom of the bag. Got frustrated and just put it aside, but here it is in it's unfinished glory.



I started the knit version, and had the same problem. This woman's vagina must be the size of the Grand Canyon if her husband has that size dick. Anyway, I started over and it's looking better. It'll even fit a little snug, I think. I forgot how medieval looking double-pointed bamboo knitting needles are. It's also incredibly difficult to get started with them, because it just looks like a big clusterfuck until you get a few solid rows in.



Yes, I'm wearing Super Mario pajama pants, don't judge me!

More updates to follow.

Drive-By Thought

November 17, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

It's silly, but sometimes I want to use this blog to apologize on behalf of all women everywhere for the utter bitchiness of womankind. I really and truly hate other women sometimes. And I hate myself often, for my past transgressions.

Don't we all have things we look back on and cringe?

I've been sort of depressed about humanity in general here lately. I'm ever the pessimist.

First Officer's Log, Stardate 90490.34

November 19, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Still down-in-the-dumps health wise, really missing the gym. The Captain has been awesome, helped me get caught up on chores this weekend, and stayed home this morning so I could sleep in after a particularly awful night. Feeling a little better today, but still at that weak, tired, feeling sorta gross stage. Currently sipping some hot peppermint tea and indulging the fussy little toddler with Blue's Clues.



I think we're getting rid of cable. We watch Netflix primarily, if we watch anything at all. We listen to a lot of classical music otherwise. The only real reason we stuck with it was because it's the only way to watch NHL hockey and, well, there's sort of a lockout going on right now. I don't see it ending anytime soon either. Thanks Gary Bettman, you huge douchenozzle. But I digress.

You: hi, im gary bettman

Stranger: Hi. Tell me something interesting about you!

You: i like destroying lives

You: and hockey

Stranger: Youre horrible

You: i know

Had a great, long conversation with the Captain about several things on Saturday evening, driving the kids back from a friend's house. Discussed some things I'd been reading in the Manosphere, reminisced about life before marriage (I didn't realize that I never really talked to him about my time in the military, other than how much I hated going back to it after a weekend with him. I'm remedying that). We talked about previous

partner numbers, and how it seems that women don't care quite as much as men do. That's the case in our relationship; I don't even remember my own number, nor his, but he knows, and both numbers bother him. I assumed that he regretted that his number was smaller; to the contrary, he regrets that it was so large. I warned him that I may make a post about my previous relationships at some point, and he seemed warily ok with it. No specifics, but some generalities. He gets slightly miffed anytime I mention an ex boyfriend, so I need to tread lightly. He had some interesting thoughts on it all, and I told him that if he felt the need to write it down, I'd be happy to let him take over the blog for a post or two. We learn a lot from each other via this and forums, so it's a good communication tool.

On the subject of fantasies from my last post, I asked him what his are. He's sort of blown it off with "I don't know" and "I'll think about it". I get the feeling that he's scared of my reaction, so I'm backing off for now. We were into some pretty kinky stuff while we were dating, and I trusted him explicitly then. I trust him even more now, but I think that since we are so different now, it's almost like starting from the beginning. And I don't think he knows just how depraved my mind can go. I started a tumblr to show him through photos I find, as sort of a pictorial guide, and I think it's made somewhat of an impression, but he still has lingering doubts about something.

I have a couple of posts brewing in my head, but I just don't have the focus to make them a reality at the moment. May just stick to more stream of consciousness posts like this for a bit. Helps me sort my thoughts.

Yup, Scott Broadwell is a beta pussy.

November 19, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

http://usnews.nbcnews.com/_news/2012/11/19/15279539-paula-broadwell-given-warm-welcome-on-return-to-nc-home

Paula Broadwell, the author believed to have had an affair with then-CIA Director David Petraeus, has returned to her Charlotte, N.C., home a week and a half after news of the scandal prompted Petraeus to resign his post.

Broadwell, her husband, Scott, and their two young sons were given a warm welcome by dozens of their closest friends and neighbors in the Dilworth neighborhood of Charlotte early Sunday evening, representatives of the family told NBC News.

Scott and Paula Broadwell had been in Washington, D.C., since the revelation of Petraeus' extramarital affair gained national attention. Petraeus stepped down as the director of the CIA, admitting to an affair in his resignation letter.

Paula's focus right now is on her family, the Broadwells' representatives said, adding that she and her family are sticking together in this extremely difficult time.

Un-be-liveable.

General Petreaus is forced to resign, and she gets a fucking party.

I love the photo they included with the article. He may as well be wearing an apron.

But she's such an inspiration, for going back to her family and making it work!

And he'll turn up the doormat behavior, and she'll treat him even worse. So it goes.

Google Queries

November 20, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Search Engine Terms		
Today	Yesterday	Summaries →
Search	Views	
you deserve a good spanking young lady	3	
"scott broadwell"	2	
redpill wifery	2	
broadwell scott	2	
redpillwifery	1	
scott broadwell	1	
cock socks	1	
do women purposely make the chase difficult?	1	
Other search terms	11	
Unknown search terms	1	
Total search terms	26	

#1) Don't I know it. Rawr.

#2) Yes, could be a number of reasons. Maybe she's not that into you, but she's too nice to say so. The irony is that in refusing to be blunt with you, she's causing even more agony. Girls don't get this. I'm guilty of this... When I see someone hurt, I just want to hug them and make it all better. It was the same when I was younger, except if it was ME that caused the hurt, and trying to comfort the guy in pain didn't really work out. Hey, I never said I was smart back then.

It could also be that she finds the chase exciting. There's nothing like knowing that a guy wants you so much that he's willing to jump through flaming hoops to get there. The terrible part of this is that she still might not be into you, and just wants to see a monkey dance. She'll string you along until she's bored.

Or maybe she really digs you, and she wants you to prove that you're worth it.

The answer to this? Outcome independence. If she wants to play hard to get, act uninterested. Take a while to answer her phone calls and texts, neg her a little. If she doesn't like you, she'll eventually take the hint, but if she likes you, she'll start chasing you. Also, go read

MMSL, it'll save you a lot of heartache.

My New Favorite Blog

November 20, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I just discovered [Cakes and Shakes](#). I started bookmarking posts to link to for Thursday, but I love them all. Her snark is a great way to start the day.

Seriously, go read, then come back here and thank me. Though I suspect I'm late to the party, and you're all thinking "holy shit, that's sooooo last week."

Happy Thanksgiving!

November 21, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



This year, I am thankful for a forgiving husband, plentiful children, supportive family, blogging, thigh-high pantyhose and fuck-me heels. And spanking, oh yes, that too. And pumpkin pie.

May your Thanksgiving be relaxing, delicious, and maybe even a little sexy when the kids aren't looking.

Religious Responsibility

November 23, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Pic unrelated to the subject matter of this post. Hockey is just awesome.

I don't often write about religion... In fact, I purposefully avoid it, because I know it can turn folks off. Reading religious things sometimes turn ME off, so I know the feeling. I've stopped following a couple of blogs that are particularly preachy; I love a good philosophical debate, I enjoy a reasoned religious article relating to current events or modern relationships, but I can't handle downright preachy and judgmental for the sake of being preachy and judgmental.

That said, this post will be a bit religious in nature. I'll understand if you want to tune out. Don't worry, there won't be many posts like this. I believe in the quote (or possibly misquote) of St. Francis: "Preach the gospel at all times. Use words if necessary." Living life as a Christian is more important than the words. Even though I'm in kind of a down point in my religious life for a variety of reasons, I still strive to live by example.

In responding to some things over at [Sexy Christian Wife](#), I remembered a conversation my husband and I had one evening while lying in bed. I urged him to come to me anytime he felt the temptation to look at pornography or masturbate, and I would make sure he was taken care of.

There are practical reasons for my suggestion... pornography can be harmful in many physiological and psychological ways. Having sex more often binds us to each other hormonally. Plus sex is just plain fun.

But also for the religious reasons. As a wife, I am responsible for his sexual well being. By denying him sex, I am increasing the likelihood of temptation and driving him to things

that make him sin, whether simply pornography or a full blown affair if I deny him long enough. If I can be a tool to help him get to heaven, and it involves lots of sexy underwear and handcuffs, isn't that a beautiful thing?

I knew this for so long, but I never really *owned* it. Rationalization played a big part. I went to confession to confess "depriving my spouse of the marital right" nearly every time I could. I knew he was probably confessing pornography and lust at the same time, but my hamster never let my brain put two and two together. "Oh, that's his personal struggle. He'll have to deal with it." Why was I so stupid?

So girls: help your husband get to heaven. Screw him till he's cross-eyed, then screw him some more.

Blurgh.

November 25, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I now remember why I usually don't engage in religious debate. My brain hurts.
Still kinda on vacation. Regular irregular posting will resume next week.



YOUR DIRTY MIND

It's just a lamp. What did you think it was?

Skyfall

November 25, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

The Captain gave me the night off, and I went to see Skyfall.



Handsome, strong man in a suit. Dayum, y'all. Pretty sure I have a suit fetish.

It was a good movie, but I think I still prefer Casino Royale, in terms of Craig Bond movies.

Understatement: Marriage is Hard.

November 26, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

This weekend I've been hit with some hard criticism (as happens when you're blogging to a large audience, I suppose), I've dealt with fussy kids and parental burnout, I've fought with my husband, and struggled with my hamster. I wouldn't give up my family for all the gold in the world, but sometimes I still have that thought in the back of my head that says "This sucks. Let's run off to Mexico for a few weeks."

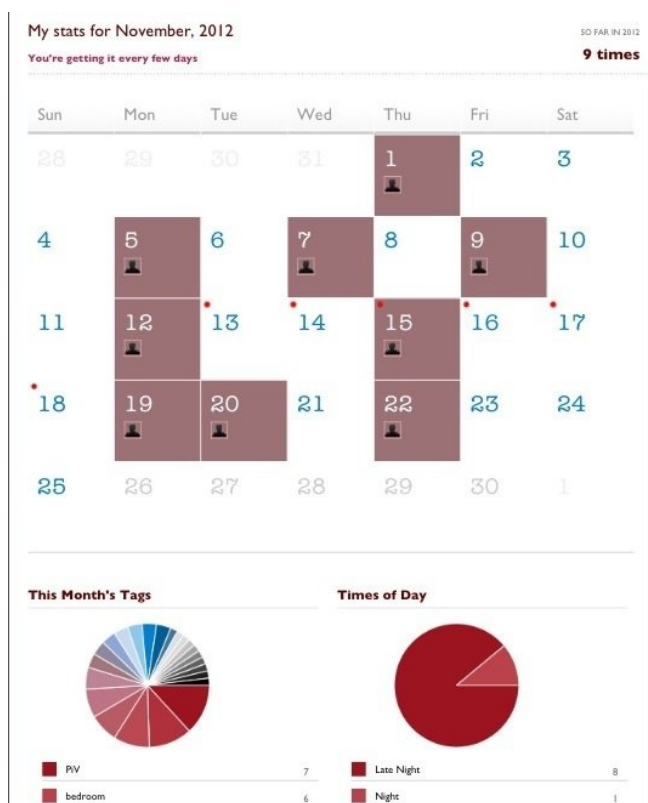
Never a serious thought, but I can't deny that sometimes I just want to throw my hands in the air in exasperation, that's all. Having small children is just a *relentless* strain. Oh I love them, I love snuggling them and laughing with them and watching them play with each other, but they are so... *relentless*. It's the only word I can think of right now. The twins are AWESOME babies, but there are still two of them. I am **so thankful** that they are easy individually, because if they were carbon copies of our daughter, I would have sent them back to the hospital and said "Nope, sorry, I changed my mind." Ok maybe not. But I'd definitely be on some Xanax.

So yeah, we've had a fight or two this weekend. Really minor in the giant scheme of things, but still sucks when it happens. It sounds weird, but it's reassuring to me to know that I can't get away with the temper tantrums I used to pull, because I know he won't let me. I also just don't feel the need to do that anymore, because we understand each other so much better now, even when we're caught in that moment.

Been talking to a family member about their marriage. I hate feeling helpless. I'm the type that always wants to help, and if I can't, I feel like I've been tied up. Especially when it's long distance, and I can't even make them a cup of tea and hug them and be a comfort. I wish I could bottle all my crappy marriage experience and give it to them, so they can see the other side without having to go through it.

Bedposted

November 27, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



I've started using [Bedposted](#) to track our romps. We're both spreadsheet nerds, so seeing pie charts makes me giddy. I just wish it had a mobile app, or at least a website that worked worth a damn on the iPad.

Yes, there is such a thing as a spreadsheet nerd. I had gestational diabetes with both pregnancies, and created spreadsheets that automatically calculated how far above or below the threshold my blood sugar was, what the average was for the day/week, and how many carbs I was eating per meal. My doctor asked for a copy so she could give it to her other patients.

Anyway, the most interesting stat so far is that we don't seem to do much on the weekends. I never realized that, but I guess that makes sense, as recently we've been spending whole days out with the kids, and end up exhausted at the end of the day after wrestling with grumpy, overly-tired babies.

Are there any other apps or websites that are good for this sort of thing? I'd love the ability to choose tags from a list instead of having to type them out every time, because I end up forgetting to add certain tags I'm trying to keep up with, and it skews the data. I've looked around, but can't find anything else that even comes close.

Why?

November 28, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

BECAUSE I CAN!



This isn't very practical, obviously, unless you're using it for a sex toy cover or a gag gift. The more practical version doesn't have as long of a shaft, and is open ended. Still adjusting the pattern.

I enjoy being crafty. Working on some Christmas gifts for family too.

Link Love Thursday: Double Stuf Edition

November 29, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Since I missed last week...



Bronan the Barbarian - [Fly Fresh and Barbaric Presents: Manospambots!](#) and [Super Search Term Update: Fat Gay Computer Edition](#)

Hidden Leaves - [Sunlight on Morning Wood](#)

Cakes and Shakes - [Blogger Interview: Celebrating Obesity, Barbarian-Style and I'm Every Woman. And That's Alright.](#)

Sexy Christian Wife - [Dressing Like a Woman](#)

Married Man Sex Life - [Reader Story: MAP is the New Lifestyle and Empathy and Helping Others: Capacitor vs. Conduit](#)

The Woman and the Dragon - [Here's how it works, men: We say jump, you ask how high.](#)
And I'm way late on this one, but it's a **must-read** if you haven't already:

M3 - [Confessions of a Reformed InCel](#)

Friendzone'd

November 30, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Jenni is in a relationship with Tim, who is not asexual

Twenty-one-year-old Jenni Goodchild does not experience sexual attraction, but in an increasingly sexualised society what is it like to be asexual?

"For me it basically just means that I don't look at people and think 'hmm yeah I'd have sex with you,' that just doesn't happen," says Jenni.

 **Anonymous** 01/27/12(Fri)15:03 No.126886970   

Good lord.
That guy got friend-zoned so hard he made it into the news.

Well, that was certainly interesting.

December 1, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Sexy post ahead.

Last night was date night. We'd had a pretty huge miscommunication argument earlier in the day, and had mainly gotten over it by the time we left the house. I'd picked a bright red shade of lipstick for the evening to match the blouse I was wearing, something that is unusual for me. Sort of reminded me of the Red Dress Lady from The Matrix, funny enough, though our date was casual so I traded the skirt for some tight jeans and boots. Important girl game tip: Find a reason to wear red lipstick.

It still felt a little tense, but we got the restaurant and settled in. We usually use dates as an opportunity to talk about how the relationship is going, both sexy and non-sexy. We got on the subject of disciplinary spanking, which I've been curious about. He expressed his hesitation; he's pretty much been raised his whole life that such a thing is considered aggravated assault (what man hasn't?), but that he thought I needed it. I could only smirk, because I think he's right. We're not talking huge spanking sessions that leave me crying or anything, but maybe just the occasional couple of swats to remind me he's in charge when I'm acting out of line.

Needless to say, it was getting my gears going.

We drove to a huge used bookstore that we love and hung out in the coffee shop portion for a while, snuggled on the couch with a couple of cups of coffee and a slice of Black Forest chocolate cake. It was so nice to just be there, and not worry about what time it was or what we needed to do. I'm not even sure how long we sat there.

We eventually got up and walked around a bit. We headed over to the relationship section, because I wanted a copy of "Screw the Roses, Send Me The Thorns" and he looked for "No More Mister Nice Guy". Unfortunately neither were to be found, so we walked around some more and found some Christmas gifts for family. I picked up a copy of "Love in the Time of Colic: The New Parents Guide to Getting It On Again". If it's any

good, I'm going to go back and buy a bunch of copies to give as baby shower gifts (they were only \$1 a piece! Love used book stores). We flirted quite a bit while walking around, parting ways for a few minutes to go to separate areas, then coming back together again to touch each other in some way.

We got back home and chatted with the grandparents a bit before they left. Kids all tucked snugly in their beds. Once they left, he grabbed me and said "I want to see that lipstick on my dick", swatted me on the ass, and sent me to take a shower. I put in a black nighty and some pink lacy panties. (Side note: I originally went for the red panties to match the lipstick, but realized those are too big for me now. SCORE. Nothing like that to make a girl feel sexy.)

He let me wait a few minutes, then came in and we got down to business. Without going into graphic play-by-play, there was a blindfold, a belt, and lots of spanking. And hairbrushes sting like a motherfucker. I'm not even sure how long I was pushed face down on the bed, but by the time he flipped me over, I felt like I was in a place I'd never been before. He made me beg for my orgasm, and when I finally did.... Erm, well, it was rather messy, if you know what I'm saying. First time for that. It was so intense, I started crying and nearly hyperventilated. First time for that too. He held me close, stroked my hair, and calmed me down because I think he thought he hurt me, but I told him I was fine, and he finished soon after.

I woke up this morning feeling completely destroyed, in a wonderful way. I'm kind of drifting off trying to recall the feeling as I'm writing, because it was so amazing.

Google Search Terms Part 2

December 3, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Bronan challenged me to post some Google nonsense, so here.. we... go...

“cock” – Tits!

“wtf anal” – Use lube.

“give her a good spanking”, “you deserve a good spanking young lady “ – Yes please.

“what to ask a submissive girl in a game “ – Do you want the flogger or the riding crop?

“manosphere perfume” – What would this smell like? Beer, power tools, and gunpowder?

“coconut oil christian hand job “ – Coconut oil is awesome for handjobs, I guess add in some holy water? O_o

“clearance sexy dirty slutty outfits” – When you find this, email me pls

“pills for introverts” – Same for this.

“i’m not very feminine” – Girl I hear you. Read fashion blogs, watch YouTube makeup tutorials, you’ll get there!

“bright red lip talk dirty slut” – At least buy me dinner first...

“guys locker room nut sack” – I know nothing of this, but I’ve heard stories...

“fuch the ass shut comes out” – We’ve gone over this one before, but it still makes me laugh, so I’m including it again. P.S. <http://www.typing-lessons.org/>

“submissive table” – As opposed to a dominant table?

“oh no sex sexy” – GTFO.

“how to trick a hamster into thinking your its mother” – No no no, you want to trick the hamster into telling you you’re her daddy.

“i am an independant woman who is submissive in relationships” – Good on ya, lady. Keep doin’ what you do.

“little sexi children” – No. Fuck off and die.

“wordpress blowjob” – You’re better off finding a woman for that, honey.

“blue’s clues let’s write” – Boy I hope a parent was googling that.

“braces blowjob fail pubic hairs” – I’m starting to regret the BJ Fail post.

The 5 Love Languages

December 3, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Small First Officer's update: the pokey, unattractive Movember mustache is gone, so we can finally make out again, haha. He looks 10 years younger with the weight loss and clean shaven face. 😊

On our last date, we talked about the 5 Love Languages quiz we both took last week, because my results are sort of confusing to him.

Me:

8 Words of Affirmation

9 Quality Time

7 Receiving Gifts

2 Acts of Service

4 Physical Touch

Him:

5 Words of Affirmation

4 Quality Time

2 Receiving Gifts

7 Acts of Service

12 Physical Touch

How funny that we're almost exactly opposite.

I scored rather high in Gifts, but he says I've always been rather "meh" about receiving gifts. I had to gently tell him that I was "meh" about his gifts because his gifts were, well.... "meh". After about the 3rd birthday of receiving a funny t-shirt from him, I had to put a moratorium on t-shirts. His thought process is "we have similar tastes, I love this, so she'll love it too!" Sometimes it worked out, most often it didn't, so I just kind of gave up on gift exchanges, because I didn't want to be let down. I'm not saying I needed something expensive or anything, but just something with some thought behind it. I'm pretty obvious about things I like. He follows my Pinterest boards, I point out things I think are cute or cool, I post pictures of books I want on twitter sometimes. It's sort of a moot point right now, because I can't remember the last time we bought something other than dinner at a restaurant that wasn't a necessity, and life will probably continue on like that for a while.

Physical Touch for me might seem weird since I seem to have evolved into a rather sexual gal, but I don't hug and kiss spontaneously very often. I just don't think of it usually. I make a big effort to be that way now, because I know that's what he needs to feel loved, but it's never been a big deal to me if I'm not getting hugged or touched all the time. This was a HUGE point of contention for us in the dark years.

He also pointed out that it's funny that I sent him that quiz, because *we've had the damn book on our bookshelf for 5 years*. He bought it and tried to get me to read it, and I blew

it off so hard I don't even remember it. *What a bitch.*

First Officer's Log, Stardate 90531.32

December 4, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

It's one of those days.

One of the boys has been damn near inconsolable the last few nights, and it's starting to wear us thin. We trade nights of getting up to put babies back to sleep, but right now he's doing a lot of the work, because THEY WILL NOT FALL ASLEEP FOR ME. I can rock and cuddle and feed them bottles and sing and shush, but nothing. During the day, the only way I can get them to sleep is to wait until they're so exhausted they're falling asleep on their own. At night, I end up letting them play on the floor for hours while I read. And even then, they won't fall asleep for me. It makes me angry and frustrated. It makes me feel like a shitty mother and a shitty wife. It makes him exhausted because I usually have to give in and ask him to help nearly every night it's my turn. It makes me exhausted because I end up with 4 hours of sleep even though I have to ask for help. And on his nights, I still wake up to nearly every noise on the baby monitor. I'm very close to claiming the guest bedroom so we can sleep in relative peace on our off nights.

My girl game has plummeted, and he reminded me of it yesterday. Not fun. I'm barely making it to the gym, making breakfast for him in the morning has gone out the window, I'm behind on chores, I can't find the time at the end of the day to look nice for him when he comes home, I'm unpleasant to be around. The hours of 5-7pm are pure unadulterated hell of crying, grumpy babies, and that starts 30 minutes after he gets home.

I'm never having kids again. I'm putting it all here for posterity so I can come back and look at it again when I start to feel the urge. Fuck. This. Never again.

And of course, today is "One Million And One Questions Day" from Ms. Toddler. I need a punching bag.

Ok, enough bitching. I just needed to get it out of my system.

Like I said, I've barely been able to get to the gym, I think because I don't really have any direction. I really want to start in in weights, but I'm very intimidated. I've tried picking up a couple of books, but it seems like most assume a certain level of familiarity with the equipment and exercises, and I'm completely clueless. I have the same problem with gardening. 😊

One of the red pill ladies I met a while ago is a certified personal trainer and offered to help me out. Score! I'm looking forward to it, hoping to fit it in weekend after next. I'll be glad when the holidays are over, we have too much crap going on on the weekends till then. Traveling for Christmas itself, I hope it goes as smoothly as Labor Day did (knock on wood).

I've got lots of posts floating around in my head and drafts folder right now, but I've had zero time to flesh them out. Maybe I can carve out some coffee shop time later this week. That'd be nice.

Edit: I'm not really saying no more kids. I said the same thing after the first one, lol.

To Alpha or Not To Alpha, It's Not a Question.

December 5, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

userdand commented on [Girl Game: Submissive Positioning](#):

Haven't read much of MMSL yet, was kind of turned off by the strongly alpha nature of it. I will have to give it a second look since it seems to get some favorable press on posts. After reading how even simple positional changes can signal submission, I can see where a husband being more alpha could open the door for his wife to be more openly submissive, which may be exactly what she wants and needs to be more sexually open and adventurous.

Believe me, I know what you're struggling with here. The message to "alpha up" is in direct contradiction to what society tells us is proper and politically correct. The natural dominant inclination of the male sex and the natural female submissive response to displays of male dominance are often shamed and boiled down to the word "misogyny". It's in direct contradiction with what most women say they want. It's in direct conflict with a million books, movies, television shows, and magazines.

But it's so true. A husband's dominance naturally brings out a wife's submission, adoration, and attraction.

There are so many examples of how true it is over at the [MMSL forums](#). It's obviously been crazy successful for us, coming out of a 7 year dark period.

The things to remember about Athol's blog and book are 1) he's coming at it from a completely atheist perspective, so he leans entirely on evolutionary psychology as his basis. His methods can come across a bit cold if you're looking for something more on the religious flowery side. The [lizard-brain](#) cares not for religion, when you get down to it. And 2) if you're already in a semi-decent marriage, the methods can look really harsh. But a lot of the men (and women!) that turn to MMSL are in pretty horrid situations, so a sort of "shock and awe" tactic is understandable and needed. Dread game isn't for everyone.

The "Phase 4" ultimatum recommendations rely heavily on the divorce option, which of course I'm not totally down with and we never got to, but I think the strategy could still work by replacing it with separation. But for some guys, the wife is about to blow it up anyway, so I can't say I entirely blame them for fighting fire with fire.

(I get no money from anyone for this endorsement. Just lots of great married sex from my husband.)

Gracias, Amigos.

December 6, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Just wanted to say thanks for the overwhelming comments and emails of support from my “woe is me I’m fuckin tired” post. Just being reminded that all parents go through this crap helps. You guys rock. I promise, happy fun posts until the holidays are over at least!



We implemented earlier bedtime, which I think one of them liked and the other didn’t. Mr Up All Night is sleeping a little better, the other guy started waking at 3am. Oh well. It is what it is. Mr Up All Night is trying desperately to pull himself up on things, so I think he’s just majorly distracted with trying to be an overachiever at 8 months old.

We started sleeping separately, and I think this is going to work great. I got great sleep two nights ago, and got sooo much more accomplished yesterday. My guy claims he feels more tired even though he got more deep sleep, so I don’t know if it’ll work out for him. (weirdo) 😊 Maybe he just needs a few more nights. Still lots of sexay time, so no worries about that being interfered with. With as insatiable as he’s been the last week, I’m pretty sure I couldn’t stop him even if I wanted to.

I’ve resigned to waking him up when I need to. Happened last night... Bright eyed and laughing for me at 3am, asleep for him in 10 minutes. But that’s ok (I try to convince myself).

And now, it’s time for pancakes and coffee!

Link Love Thursday

December 6, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Lots and lots of goodies this week!

Cakes and Shakes - [The Ideal Wife](#)

Dalrock - [Romance 101: How to stop frustrating your wife.](#)

Chateau Heartiste - [Pope Paul VI On Birth Control Externalities](#)

Rollo - [The Couch](#)

The Lady I Can't Explain - [Transforming from a Butch, Controlling B*tch in the bedroom, to a sweet, submissive Slut for your husband...](#)

Average Married Dad - [What's the Point of a Sexy Wife if You Don't Get to Hump Her?](#)

Marriage in the Bedroom - [Happy Sex Life = Happy Married Life](#)

The Woman and the Dragon - [Why do men propose to their girlfriends on the jumbotron at sporting events? Why, it's because they're sexist pigs, of course!](#)

Shit My Husband Says #3

December 7, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

“Those are two fine hams you’ve got in the back of your pants, ma’am.”

Sleep! Sleep! OMG!

December 10, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

A quick update: got so frustrated Friday night that we decided to let them cry it out. I just KNEW that they would start a kind of infinite feedback loop and never stop crying... Lo and behold, they were out after 3 minutes. 3 MINUTES. They've been great ever since, knock on wood. Many thanks to a fellow twin parent for letting me know it was doable. I'm baffled and amazed. I got to sleep till 6am today! I know this will be valuable to a couple of you down the road. IT CAN BE DONE!

More interesting posts coming soon. Very interesting.

Start a Naughty Christmas Tradition

December 11, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Christmas morning is the best. It's something we all love growing up, the anticipation of presents unwrapped at the butt-crack of dawn while our parents secretly cuss us out in their heads for waking up at 5am on a holiday. The smell of cinnamon rolls while tossing aside the disappointing sweater and new socks Aunt Kathy gave us. Hitting siblings with empty boxes. Turning on the NES/Super Nintendo/Playstation 1,2,3 for the first time. All greatness.

But why not make a new tradition for Christmas night?

Make him some cookies and milk (with vodka and Bailey's). Dress up in a little black dress (sans panties) and hooker heels, sit on his lap, and tell him you've been a naughty girl. Exchange gifts not meant to be seen with little eyes! Then try them out, of course. A few suggestions. Links may contain nudity, language, violence, and general not-safe-for-workedness.

-An under-the-bed Soft Restraint System. Or, if you want to do-it-yourself, just get some good rope. You can't go wrong with rope. Charlie Bronson's always got rope.

-Something I just learned about today... An exercise ball.

-Some slutty, sexy underwear. Y'all know Frederick's is my favorite. Inexpensive and hot. Not as comfortable as higher quality stuff, but it's all gonna end up on the floor in 10 minutes, so who cares?

-Some fun, sexy games.

-The WeVibe 3. Don't have one myself, but I've heard great things!

Anyone have any other fun additions?

Submissiveness In Order to Control?

December 12, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

The Audacious Amateur Blogger writes in response to Girl Game: Submissive Positioning:

Very thought-provoking.

My mother, growing up, always told me that a woman makes all the decisions, but she needs to make her man feel like he was in control the whole time.

So, if this is true, which, I don't know if it is or it isn't, though I can see some wisdom in it, are we truly being submissive?

Also, it made me think, I am a naturally independent person, men, women it doesn't matter, however, I also enjoy being submissive with a man. Can a person be both? Or rather, can they be strong independent figures in one area of their lives and submissive in another?

E.J. responded:

I'm looking forward to this post. Whenever I see old married couples, I get the feeling that the husband is the muscle, but the wife is a silent mob boss, calling shots behind the scenes.

TAAB:

hehee, you're probably right. Women rule the home, which eventually feeds into everything else. BUT the man can never know he ended up living in cottage style home in the outskirts of Chicago, that having that 3rd kid after the first two were basically grown, even where he ended up in his career was ALL his idea, meanwhile she was feeding subliminal messages that got them there the whole time..

Damn I need to learn how to be that woman!

It's no secret that I think a marriage has to have a leader, and that men naturally fall into that roll. Evo psych, and all that. We've tried steering the marriage car with two steering wheels in the past, and I'll take a single steering wheel with me in the passenger seat any day of the week.

I don't have any women in my family that have pulled the old switcheroo with regards to male leadership. My dad wasn't really a leader (at least not in my later childhood), and I'm sure my mom WANTED to follow him, but there were lots of extenuating circumstances, some of which I don't have the details on. So I really don't have any good examples. But I have no doubt women use this as a tactic to lull her husband into a false sense of security, and I have no doubt that such marriages are anything but happy. I'd be interested to know how happy your parents' marriage is.

I suppose if a woman's goal is manipulation, this would be a valid strategy. The female

wiles are powerful; we can so easily make our men feel like this:



The big test comes when he tries to make a decision that his wife doesn't agree with. What then? I can only guess a huge fight where she continues her manipulation with tears and promises of sex.

Over the course of a long marriage, the woman who manipulates her man in such a way will begin to resent him, whether consciously or not. You can't respect a man who allows himself to be manipulated and walked on. It's hard to feel attracted to a doormat, even if you're trying to give the illusion that he's not. So the sex will start to dwindle, he'll up the beta in an effort to get more, and it'll all go down hill. That's assuming this type of woman is having regular sex with her husband in the first place... I can't imagine that she is, save for the occasional weaponized sexual encounter with the sole purpose of continued manipulation.

When the sex goes downhill, it all goes downhill. It's a question of whether he puts up with it or decides he can't live that way by nuking the marriage. The end is either a miserable sexless marriage or a broken family, unless he wises up and actually stands up for himself, but even then the prognosis is bleak. A marriage built on deception is doomed from the start. It may not fold in 5 or 10 or 15 years, but it's almost guaranteed disaster. Then she's left realizing the dating market for women her age is bleak as hell, and she adopts a bunch of cats.

I suppose there can be exceptions, and not all people end up this way in this situation, but I just can't see it ending happy for most.

You don't want to be that woman! Besides the fact that you're potentially ruining his life (and your own, and your children), that's just a lot of damn work compared to the alternative.

Christmas Gifts for Betas

December 13, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

First off, surpassed 50k views yesterday and didn't even notice. My readers rock. 😊

Moving on, I saw this first item in my inbox this morning, and felt inspired. If you have an unabashed, proud beta feminist mangina friend, here are some gift ideas!



via [FAB](#)



via [CafePress](#)



via [Etsy](#)

And finally...



via [Etsy](#)

Link Love Thursday

December 13, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



The Woman and the Dragon - [Gorgons for Christ: "My son is going to be a man and there is nothing I can do to stop it!"](#)

Dalrock - [Children are as likely to end up living with neither parent as they are with just their father.](#)

Delightful Sis - [Little Steps for Big Changes, Honoring Our Men](#)

Marriage in the Bedroom - [Leading and Accepting Leadership Is Hard](#)

Average Married Dad - [Building Your Marriage Moat](#)

Bronan the Barbarian - [Fly Fresh & Barbaric Presents: Poon Runner!](#) and [Poon Runner!](#) - [The World's Greatest Movie Never Made Part II](#)

Chateau Heartiste - [Why Don't Fathers Teach Their Sons Well?](#)

Get Your Daddy On

December 14, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Get Your Daddy On.

If you can make it all the way through this video, I'll give you a cookie*.

**Video proof required. Offer voided by any vomiting that may ensue.*

Today's Heartbreaking Search Term

December 14, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

“too masculine for my mom”

The article I linked from The Woman and the Dragon yesterday broke my freaking heart, and this just reminded me of that. A boy should never feel disdain from their mother for being too masculine. It makes me so angry and so sad.

Isn't it fascinating that in Asian countries, daughters are looked down upon, but here it seems the trend is the opposite?

I used to be terrified of raising a girl, and wanted all boys. They're so much easier, I thought! But now I know I have to steer them through all this bullshit to teach them how to be men, when the world is telling them that masculinity is something to be ashamed of. But they'll never get that from me. Not now.

I wonder what kind of friends they're going to grow up with. Will they be little AMOGs? Will all the girls think they're lovable assholes like their dad? Will they refuse to listen to us and marry girls that treat them like a doormats? Should we even encourage them to get married?

I always get ahead of myself.

Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own.

Breaktime. Maybe.

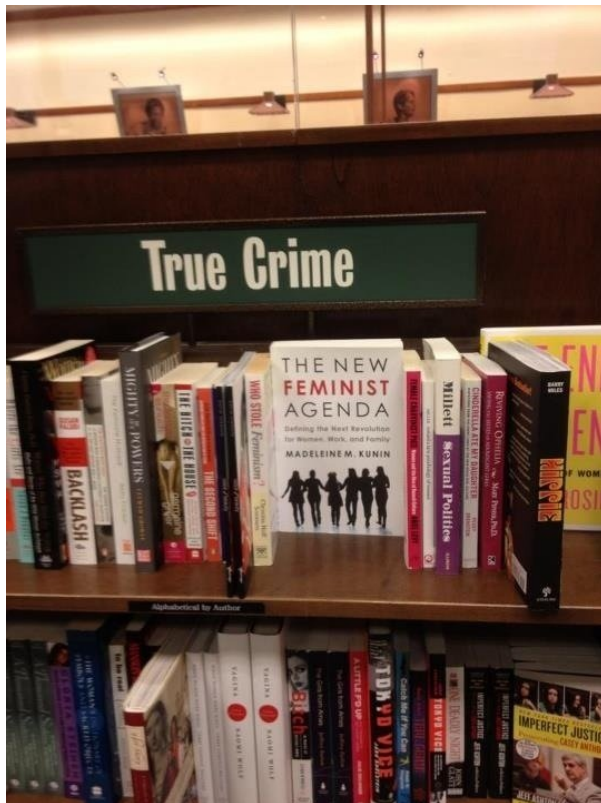
December 15, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Some Crap went down today, and I'm not sure if I'll be posting much till after Christmas, because of time and other things. Traveling to see family soon. Probably won't write about The Crap until it's resolved.

If I don't get around to it, hope you all have a merry Christmas.

TRUE CRIME INDEED SIR.

December 15, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Daddy Issues

December 18, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

So here's the dilemma I have, and I need some ideas. This devolves from my usual subject of marriage and sex, so bear with me (or feel free to skip, I understand).

I've written previously on my dad. Short story of what happened after my parents divorced: He went Office Space on his job and bills, and eventually ran out of money. He felt he needed to get out of the apartment he and my mom used to share, and I don't blame him, I think it was a sink for all his energy and motivation. Or at least I thought that at the time. He called and said he was coming to visit. My sister called and told me he intended on staying, but was too proud to ask. I told him next time I talked to him that he was welcome to stay with us long enough to get back on his feet. The divorce was really hard in everyone, and he needed support.

He stayed with us for quite a few months. Don't remember how long, but we were in a one bedroom apartment at Cap's college at the time, so to say it was uncomfortable was an understatement. But he cooked and cleaned, so at least we ate well while he was there. He eventually got a job and an apartment. Seemed to be doing well.

Except one day I get a call from his job asking where he is. He didn't quit, he just stopped going. The same thing all over again.

Eventually he runs out of money, and he goes to live with my sister. Repeat the story all over again. This time he meets a woman and they get married, and at this point they both have enough baggage to fill a 747. But they seem happy. They move to another city to start new careers, and everything seems peachy keen and awesome.

They worked at the same company, which went down the tubes about a year later. They both got laid off. Thankfully, we needed help in a big way with the twins coming soon. We invited them to move here and stay with us because the job market is much better here than their previous city where they were having no luck, and because we could use the help while they were looking for new jobs.

Things go well, they're a great help, and probably saved me from some severe postpartum depression. They're awesome grandparents.

However, my dad does little to find a job. He goes on a couple of interviews, and eventually finds something, but it falls through pretty fast. It really was a shit job, I can't fault him for it. But I can fault him for being a lazy ass after it fell through. His wife eventually got a job that is also pretty shitty, but he took that as a sign that he didn't have to look anymore, or something.

It came upon a year of them living with us. I was getting incredibly resentful of him being here all day. I could see him repeating some behavior from my childhood with my daughter (ignoring her in favor of the computer). It hurt my heart, and I had to get his attention quite often when she wanted to play or talk to him.

They finally found a place and moved out. He found another job that turned out to be a

scam. By this point, his wife is rightfully pissed at his lack of motivation. She's going to kick him to the curb soon, and I don't blame her. He's an unmotivated mooch. He's a spoiled child. He doesn't see how his lack of action hurts those around him. He claims he has high standards for what he wants to do, but I think that's just an excuse to do nothing.

Now the question is, what do I do when this happens? He absolutely cannot live here again, because there's no way we'd get him out. It'd be the same thing all over again, but add on more depression from a second divorce. Do I tell him he can't live here with the knowledge that he'll end up homeless? How can I do that to my dad? But how can I continue to coddle him, which might be even worse?

I'm scared that if I confront him on his lack of action, he'll break off all contact with me. He's done it to family previously. I don't worry for me, because honestly I would be sad, but I could take it or leave it. I worry because my daughter adores her Grandpa. My sons adore him too, as much as 8 month olds can. He's a wonderful grandparent most of the time.

He needs to see a professional, because I don't think he's worked through his issues from the first marriage. But he can't do that without health insurance, and he can't get health insurance without a job.

I'm just at a complete loss.

Working through things.

December 18, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I've got a few minutes to myself (which I should be using to clean, make Christmas candy, or pack, but whatever).

We've hashed some issues out on the MMSL forums, feel free to go look over there if you want to see my epic tirade. I've got a temper a cubic square mile big, and it got switched into overdrive over a pretty hurtful misunderstanding. But when you've rehashed the same basic argument in different forms over and over again, and you've tried to get over it over and over again, what is left but anger?

Long story short: his paying job, 7 days a week, is to focus on the negative and fix it. Focusing on the negative in a marriage where the wife is working her ass off to make things as great as possible is a recipe for everything going down the toilet. I've written about his tendency to look at things over-analytically before, this falls into that category.

So we reached some conclusions:

- Always Yes is a bad idea. It doesn't give him a chance to know what about his game is working and what isn't. It's basically me giving him sex out of guilt if I'm truly not in the mood (which doesn't happen often, but often enough to be a problem).
- Spanking a submissive woman for not being submissive enough (when she asked you to start discipline spanking HERSELF) is terribly ironic.
- Aftercare needs to happen after a spanking. It has to. Without it, all sorts of bad feelings erupt and have nowhere to go.

And now, I have absolutely no desire for anything. I'm on the tail-end of monthly unpleasantness, and usually dying for some physical interaction, but I got nothin'. The idea of being sexually submissive right now is utterly unappealing. I'm not really craving much of anything. To say that scares me is an understatement. I've gone from sadness to anger and back again, and now I'm at this sort of uncaring blah stage.

I found a copy of "Screw the Roses, Send Me the Thorns", read the first couple of pages and nothing more. Just... No. Not right now.

I don't really want to deal with Christmas vacation, because we won't have any time to deal with this stuff. Family and kids all around. All I'll be able to do is put it out of my head until we get back, and I hate that.

On top of that, having father issues again. Another post for another day, but something I badly need to write about, because I don't have a damn clue what I should do. What do you do when a grown adult is acting like a spoiled teenager? How do you tell your dad that if he loses his wife and home again because he's lazy, he's not welcome back to live with us? Ugh. It's weighing heavily on me. Maybe I'll write about it sooner rather than later.

Thank you for all the emails I've gotten. Sorry I haven't responded. My brain just kinda

shuts down when I open my inbox. But know that I truly appreciate them and I'm ruminating on some things.

Drunken Debauchery

December 20, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Sometimes, to get over bad feelings and past hurts, you just need to get crazy drunk and screw like sadomasochistic bunnies on the couch. And then again at 4am when you wake up crazy thirsty and still drunk.

Emergency Holiday Hair Tip

December 24, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

If you use anti-frizz serum for you crazy frizzies, but leave it at home, you can use body lotion instead. Run a teenie tiny dollup through your hair.

Bonus: now I smell like honeycrisp apples.

Merry Christmas!

December 25, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Don't forget about the mistletoe!

Aaaand We're Back

December 26, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

6 hour trip out went well, trip back was a little rockier due to the Midwest being relocated to the Northeast briefly. Pretty much spent the entire time away traveling from house to house to see family, showing off the twinnies. Thankfully, they were so exhausted from it all that they slept through the night nearly every night we were away, and last night too. The 2 year old slept with us, and God love her, she stayed stuck to me the entire time, the little nuclear furnace that she is. We both woke up sweaty and burning up on the 30 degree mornings, while poor the poor Captain hung out on the other side of the bed alone, freezing, piling on blankets. Good cuddle time was had in our own bed, sans kids last night.

He got me this lovely apron, and I'm rather surprised some of my rather conservative Facebook friends immediately went the sexual route with the comments. I didn't even say anything about wearing it naked!



via [Lover Dovers Clothing on Etsy](#), check it out, cute stuff!

We're recuperating today. I'm going to go out to do a little last minute post-Christmas Christmas shopping for folks we haven't seen yet (and for the Christmas evening we didn't get to have, giggity!)

God bless my sweet step mother, we walked into a magically cleaned house when we got home. Oh how I love that woman. Speaking of that whole thing, still haven't sent my dad the email. Got some feedback from my sister, but haven't touched it because I feel like it would have been a shitty thing to ruin his Christmas like that. I'll probably send it after we have our family Christmas on Saturday.

I've got lots of thoughts bubbling around in my brain, looking forward to getting some of it to print soon. Christmas was a good reboot, I think. Hope you all had a wonderful holiday, wherever you are!

A Red Pill Christmas Story

December 27, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Watching “A Christmas Story” this week was interesting. Our first Christmas post red-pill, and I was seeing it everywhere.

How great is this scene? All hell breaks loose, Christmas dinner is ruined. Ralphie’s dad lets loose some righteous anger by yelling at the dogs, then calmly collects himself, tells the kids and his wife to get dressed in their Sunday best, and solves the damn problem, creating a fun family tradition in the process. Greatness.

Link Love Thursday: Holiday Catch-Up Edition

December 27, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Photo credit [Heinz Ketchup on Facebook](#)

The Woman and the Dragon - [OMG! More Jesus, more fun! Christians ♥ slutz!](#) and [Gorgons for Christ: the boy with the chameleon last name](#)

Delightful Sis - [Submission Is A Gift](#)

Married Man Sex Life - [Girl Game: Lapdance For Him \(Get Into The Groove\)](#) and [Coffee and Croissant with Miss Communication](#)

The Red Pill Room - [Girl Game: Why It's Not Hopeless](#)

Average Marriage Dad - [Linkage: Married Sex Blogs I Like](#) and [Underwhere? Under There.](#)

The Wild Man Project - [The Art of Forgiveness \(pt. 1\)](#) and [The Art of Forgiveness \(pt. 2\)](#)

First Officer's Log blahblahblah (I'm lazy)

December 30, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

It's hard for me to blog when things aren't going quite right, so here's one of those "catch all" posts. I don't want to throw all my problems here, so don't worry, I'm not problem-dumping. It's been kind of a crap couple of weeks.

So generally...

I feel like we're walking on eggshells around each other a bit, there's definitely not much going on in the tingles department, and we're still a little bit in holiday mode. Yesterday was Christmas with my dad and stepmom, New Years Eve with some friends of ours tomorrow, then a day with some other friends on New Years Day. We're planning a date night for next weekend, so that'll be nice. But in the meantime, I'm really having one of those "I need some time to myself" introverted days. All these family gatherings have made me crazy weary. And our "welcome home" night was really a bust, because the sexy Christmas toys I got for us to play with didn't work out. So on top of that, I feel like I totally wasted \$40 that I felt nauseous spending in the first place. Ugh.

Aaaand another huge misunderstanding, right in the middle of writing a post. Brilliant!

Happy news, happy news... Let's see. I sent my stepmom an email about my dad's situation, told her what I thought about it being low-t. She didn't answer for a couple of days, so I was worried maybe I'd freaked her out or maybe he'd seen the email, but she mentioned to me when they were here yesterday (while he was outside) that they were watching TV last night and a commercial about low-t came on. She said "I bet you have that" and he said "yeah, I probably do", so at least we know where his mind is at. He's not totally put off by the idea, and she seems to be in a good frame of mind to help him. I was worried she was about 2 inches from throwing him off the cliff. I need to find out when she plans on having a more in depth talk, and if she needs any support from us.

One of the twins is standing and almost cruising on the furniture at 8 months, God help us. The other is starting to pull up. The clumsiness abounds. They pretty much cry all day from falling. It's adorable and tiresome. Our girl is in a "what's that? What's this? Who's that?" phase that is about to drive me up a wall, but makes for fun conversation when I just start making stuff up. We've had some fun imagination games the past week, when I'm not comforting bumped heads and bruised faces.

Oh kids.

I'm a Shit Tester.

December 30, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I'm beginning to wonder if knowing about the red pill is a good thing for me.

I find myself getting extra annoyed at his actions if they're passive aggressive beta moves, and I find myself daydreaming about certain alpha responses, and wishing that he'd done something a different way. I think I used to do this, but more subconsciously... now it's painfully obvious to me.

But at the same time, if he grabbed me mid argument, ripped my pants off, and bent me over the bed, I'm not sure I'd react the same way in real life as I would in my head. Especially in the middle of a really heated argument.

So essentially, I don't even know what I want. There are times when I desperately want him to act like a crazed alpha wolf, and just devour me whole. But those are the times when I find myself pushing him away, and acting out. And I KNOW that's what I'm doing... but I can't stop myself. I really hate it. I almost think it was easier to deal with when I wasn't conscious of it. I'm a fucking walking contradiction.

Would we be having more success if I hadn't found the book? If we didn't talk about it when the kids are in bed?

These are the things I'm pondering right now, though I know it's not entirely productive, because there is no going back.

I'm a Shit Tester: Postmortum

December 31, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Had a revelation this morning.

Yesterday, I felt like he couldn't do anything right. A couple of things, yeah, they hit sore spots. But generally I just WANTED to be angry at him, provoke him. And I think I've realized why.

The night before, as we were arguing, he accused me of wanting a divorce, and that he was scared shitless that I was going to leave. It seemed to come out of nowhere, and I got righteously pissed. At the time I was pissed that he thought I would even be capable of it (leftover blue-pill crap, I know) but I think most of all, I was angry that he was acting so needy and frightened that I was going to leave. It was a display of weakness, and I pounced on it the next day like a tiger on a piece of juicy red meat, until he finally got so fed up with me last night that he threw me down on the bed and let me have it (with his penis), as I said I kinda wanted in my last post.

And it worked. I instantly felt better.

But I didn't even think of that display of weakness as being the cause until this morning. I hadn't been thinking of it yesterday specifically, I was just *angry at him*. I don't think I can handle displays of weakness very well. And it bothers me that this doesn't happen consciously.

Edit: it's not like this all the time! Dang y'all. 😊

Red Pill Resolutions, Reposted

December 31, 2012 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Ian Ironwood posted the best list of Alpha stuff ever. Reposting a bit here because its so dang good. Go read the full post, because there's lots more, this is just a snippet.

Start paying far more attention to what women do than what they say.

Walk into the joint like you own it.

Work out like your life depends on it.

Start telling, stop asking.

Have at least one nice suit that you have had tailored to fit you properly.

Take charge. No one is going to give you permission to lead.

Make breakfast for everyone on a Sunday without being asked or told. Designate who will clean up.

Start thinking of yourself as a valuable asset, not an appendage to a woman.

Get your hair cut by a real professional stylist at least twice a year.

Start valuing your own desires and respecting your own sexuality. Don't be ashamed of wanting to screw.

Forget "equality". Focus on "equilibrium".

Buy a black fedora and rock it hard.

Demonstrate courage, even if you're scared shitless. No one needs to know just how scared you are.

Be "the most interesting man in the world".

Cultivate a guilty pleasure or a minor vice. Sure, it isn't good for you...but it's your decision.

Walk around like you have a broadsword on your hip.

Be able to listen thoughtfully, even if you think the speaker is full of shit.

Opportunity can be a subtle thing, and if you don't recognize it before it's gone, it never existed.

Talk to strange women and don't be afraid of a little light flirting.

Stand up straight. Straighter.

Make your bed, every morning. It's where you have sex, and you should respect your stage. (I did this for two months before Mrs. Ironwood caught on. Now if I don't make the bed, she thinks something is wrong.)

Don't be confident — be overconfident. Irrationally overconfident.

Never diminish the penis. Your junk is so big it's awe-inspiring. Be willing to fight anyone who says differently.

Call your mother every Sunday.

Be able to change a tire or jump a car on demand.

Solemnly thank veterans for their service.

Become proficient at arms of some sort.

Test drive a sports car.

Tell your wife where you both will be dining, don't ask her where she wants to eat.

Sing loudly in the shower or car without caring who hears.

Pay more attention to what you wear, even if you're just working in the yard.

Split some wood. When you get sweaty, take off your shirt.

Be unafraid to look at and appreciate a good-looking woman, and be able to do it without being labeled "creepy".

Complain about the cooking when it's bad.

Praise the fellatio when it's good.

Be able to drop a compliment at an instant's notice.

Learn how to tie five new knots.

Have a picnic date pre-prepared in the trunk of your car at all times.

Learn how to speak Italian, at least the dirty words.

Do something no one else knows about, and take satisfaction from that.

Get your shoes shined by a guy who does it for a living at least once in a while.

Overtip when the service is truly outstanding. And mention it to the manager.

Pay an older woman a compliment and then flirt with her outrageously.

Pay a young girl a compliment and then Game her until she giggles.

Go play pool in a really sketchy dive.

Know the appropriate occasions and weather in which to wear a tuxedo.

Take guitar lessons.

Know the proper form of address for a sitting monarch, noble, or diplomat.

Be a good loser.

Figure out your favorite manly drink and instantly ask for it at the bar.

Be succinct. If you can't say it in one sentence, then consider if it needs to be said.

Wait for the idiot to run out of things to say before you get started on why they're wrong.

Pick something off the menu in the first three minutes and don't worry about whether or not you should have gotten the fish.

Be observant of human behavior enough to determine whether or not someone is

lying. Bluffing is a great skill to have . . . and a lousy skill to lack.

Tell her she has beautiful eyes. It's never untrue.

Know at least one sport inside and out. Me, I got dibs on Ice Dancing. Yes, Ice Dancing. You fucking wanna fight about it?

Figure out if you're a beer man or a liquor man and don't pick up a Zima even if there's a gun to your head.

Know how to identify poison oak, ivy, and sumac.

Read at least one book written in the last year.

Sit on your front porch and watch the sun set, just because you want to.

Write a letter to your wife. In longhand. On stationary. Mail it to her.

Read a classic in public without shame or fear.

Stay in the game even if you've got a shitty hand, and play it like it's pocket aces.

Show respect to other men for their age, their experience, their reputation, and/or their record. But never mention that to them — you don't want to look like a brown-noser.

When you switch from cunnilingus to intercourse, do her hard for ten minutes and then go back to cunnilingus until you're damn well good and ready to continue with screwing. A man's gotta eat.

Make up private nicknames for her boobs. Tell her, if you want.

Learn how to throw a punch that lands accurately and with sufficient force.

Learn how to take a punch.

Rock a bow-tie. But only if you know how to tie one.

Go out of your way to cross a room to tell a woman how attractive you find her, and compliment her on one thing she clearly worked very hard on. Then recede from view without revealing your name.

When someone says "that's sexist!" shrug and say "I'm OK with that."

Practice your free throw.

Call your dad and ask him what he would do, even if you already know the answer.

Sew your own buttons on your shirts. Even prisoners can do it.

Imagine a better way to state the problem, then make the asshole on the team see reason even if you have to beat him to death in the men's room.

Be able to sing one song or tell one amusing anecdote in public and do it well.

When you shake hands, be the guy with the stronger grip.

Know how to drive a fucking nail without looking like an amateur. Practice, if necessary.

...

Learn how to lead. It's not a natural talent, it's a learnable skill. If you haven't learned it, you need to. Being bossy isn't leadership. Being indecisive isn't leadership. BE THE CAPTAIN, and people will just naturally start treating you like the captain.

Smells Like Love

January 2, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

There is something powerful about smell.

I'm currently sitting here wearing a t-shirt that my husband wore all day yesterday. I adore the way it smells; a mixture of body wash, deodorant, aftershave, and his delicious sweat.

Soap and deodorant are nice, but it's his natural smell that drives me wild. I really don't think he stinks, ever. It sounds gross, but I could stick my face straight in his sweaty armpit and not in any way feel uncomfortable. I can't describe the smell... It's just *good*. I think he's only been away from me on a trip once the whole time we've been together, and that weekend I slept with my pillow wrapped in his well-worn t-shirts.

He claims to feel the same way about my natural smell. I don't think either of us believes the other. I hate the way I smell when I've been sweating, but he really claims to love it.

According to [this article](#) about a Rice University study, women can smell men's sexual intentions. He **is** always trying to get into my pants, so maybe that's what I'm smelling.

Chen and her colleagues asked 20 heterosexual guys to stop wearing deodorant and scented products for a few days. Then they told the men to put small pads in their armpits as they watched pornographic videos and became aroused (the researchers confirmed, using electrodes, that the images did the job). Later, the guys were asked to exchange those pads for fresh pads to collect the sweat they produced when they weren't aroused.

Then the researchers recruited 19 brave women to smell the men's pads while undergoing brain scans.

The investigators used functional magnetic resonance imaging (fMRI), a technique that reveals the brain regions a person is using at any given time — even if their brain activity is subconscious.

Sure enough, the women's brains responded very differently depending on which sweat they sniffed. (And no, none of them passed out.) The sexual sweat, but not the normal sweat, activated the right orbitofrontal cortex and the right fusiform cortex, brain areas that help us recognize emotions and perceive things, respectively. Both regions are in the right hemisphere, which is generally involved in smell, social response, and emotion.

Smell also evokes a strong memory response, just like hearing an old song or reading an old letter. Early in our relationship, we were long distance. After we'd been dating for a month or two, I had to go overseas for a few months. Every day I was away, I used Irish Spring soap and Old Spice deodorant, because those were the two smells I most associated with him, and it made me think of him throughout the day. I sort of wonder if the guys I worked with thought I was insane, smelling like a guy all the time, or if they

even noticed. It was almost a form of self-torture, I drove myself insane. (We hadn't had sex yet, but at some point I made the decision that I was ready for it while we were talking late at night. 9 times the weekend I came back, yup.)

I've been pondering today that I should start wearing perfume on a more regular basis. Not enough to cover up the natural smell that he loves, but enough to enhance it. Something I can very, very lightly apply to the collar of his work shirt to remind him of me during the day, on rare occasions. And perhaps also to mark my territory? He mentioned that he got hit on at work yesterday.... Grr...

Link Love Thursday, Late due to Flu Edition

January 3, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



The Red Pill Room - [The Three Alphas](#)

The Woman and the Dragon - [In the war of playas against sluts, I'm Sweden.](#)

Average Married Dad - [This is 40 - Movie Review](#)

I will never say no in 2012 - [So how did it go?](#)

Bronan the Barbarian - [Negging Small Animals](#)

On the Rock - [What's Wrong with a Good Girl?](#)

More Gifts!

January 5, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I picked this up, it was an after-Christmas sale. Do you think he'll like it?



(No, I didn't, OMG.)

Girl Game: Ladyscaping

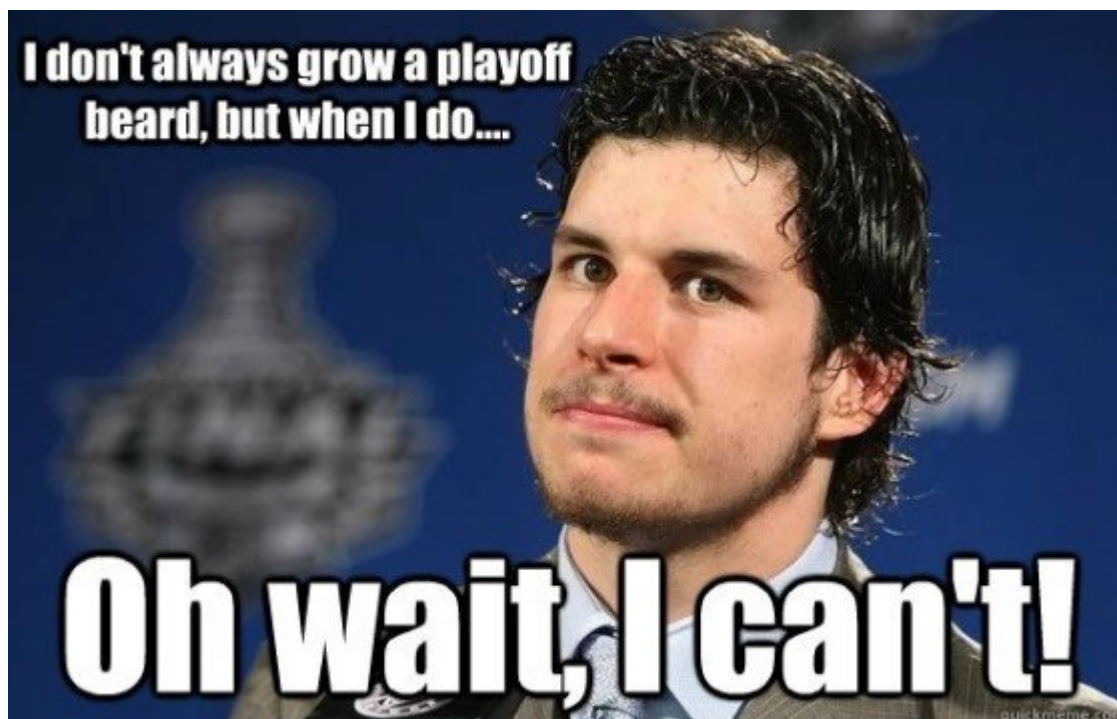
January 6, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

This may be TMI, but I can't pass up the chance to compare my pubes to Sidney Crosby. Last week, after some interesting chatter with other [Red Pill Ladies](#), I decided to give the Landing Strip a try. Up to this point, I've either gone with trimmed and clean around the bikini line, or full-on bare. I only shave, haven't tried waxing, so going bare tends to be sort of uncomfortable after a few days, a little like walking around with sandpaper on your crotch. It makes jeans a wee bit uncomfortable.

Interestingly, after my last pregnancy, I had some postpartum hair loss. Not just on my head, but my pubes starting falling out too! All I could do was laugh, because I've never heard of that before. Not all of it fell out, but it felt pretty close. When it started growing back in, it was finer and lighter.

I haven't touched it since the c-section, because my scar is a little scary to me. But like I said, I tried for the landing strip.

I trimmed it short with a trimmer, and soon realized that it was almost as patchy as Sidney Crosby's playoff beard. And that's saying something.



I broke out the razor anyway, and apparently symmetry is not my strong suit. So I shaved more on the other side. And then it was too much, so I just shaved it all off. Oh well, back to square one.

I'm sort of concerned that its going to grow back in even more Crosby than before, but I guess I'll just have to live with it. I may look into waxing if that's the case. Maybe I should look into [vajazzling](#)?



And the Google Image Search gods smile on me today! Let's commemorate the Vancouver Canucks with some vagina decorations! How better to tell your man to take a dive!

I'll be here all night, folks. (RIP NHL, you are only a joke to me now.)

Share your ladyscaping secrets with me, ladies!

Is my self-awareness sabotaging?

January 8, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I've been pondering this the last few days.

Being self-aware is good in a way. I know why I do the things I do. I know why others do the things they do. I see now that I have to have girl game, and I'm adjusting accordingly. But it's also caused me to question my husband in ways that are unfair to him. When he does something beta during an argument, I can feel my mind getting angry, and I know it's because he answered a question wrong. And I find myself thinking "What? No, don't say that, no, WHAT?? Ugh, that is so beta". And then I can't say anything, because how emasculating is it to have a wife tell you you're being beta?

Though really, I think we'd end up with the same result if I weren't red pill aware, just in a more roundabout way. Perhaps knowing what is wrong is more frustrating, because I'm the type that likes to fix things. But I can't force him to be alpha, I can't tell him the right way to respond to the snarky remark I inadvertently let fly in the kitchen. Maybe that's what I'm most frustrated about.

I put myself on restriction over at the [MMSL forums](#). I hid the forums that don't pertain to me, so that he can ask for advice if he wants to, without worrying about me seeing it. I don't need to read about other guys' alpha, and he needs a place to vent and talk to other men without me butting in. I need to concern myself with my girl game, though I still think guy game is fascinating. Even after a day, I feel a little more at ease.

I kicked up my girl game yesterday (and he was bringing his game as well), and we made a nice evening out of it, after our workouts were done. 😊

Ask Me Anything!

January 9, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

FYI, I'm participating in [/r/TheRedPill](#)'s AMA series on February 13th at 11am EST (10am CST). Give a look at [the rest of the AMA schedule](#), it's quite the lineup.

Set your calendar reminders, and be gentle. 😊

Why Girls Should Wear an Apron

January 9, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



It's hard for me to get going during the day. I sit down with my coffee, catch up on some light reading (news, twitter, blogs and the like), feed and diaper the babies, make the toddler some breakfast, then I have to force myself to get started for the day.

I'm finding that if I'm wearing my sexy Christmas gift apron while cleaning, it's easier to keep focused. It's a nice unexpected side-effect. If I get pulled away by various kids, I remember "oh yeah, I was scrubbing that pot" and go back to it, whereas without it I'd get sidetracked and end up halfway across the house and come back to a dirty pot full of dirty cold water an hour later. Kind of like the old tie-a-string-around-your-finger bit.

It's also a little sexy, and makes me imagine cooking for him naked in nothing but the apron and heels. Hmm. Must make plans for this at some point.

Dear Guys at the Gym

January 10, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Please, as a courtesy to the ladies that are sharing your space, **take the damn weights off the Smith machine when you're done!!!!** Damn, y'all.

Also, whoever took **one** of the ten pound dumbbells and stashed it somewhere for an entire 30 minutes... WTF? I was the only chick in that area. I'm pretty sure you were just messing with me. Douchenozzle.

Saw "this guy" hanging out:



I'll be glad when the New Years rush is over. Saw a lady on her phone going 1.5 on the treadmill. Don't hurt yourself now. I'll leave her appearance to your imagination.

But seriously, my workout is going well. Up to doing two iterations of my circuits instead of just one! Feeling nice and sore now.

Link Love Thursday: Gold Edition

January 10, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



There has been SO MUCH AWESOME this week! It was really hard to get anything done with all this good readin' to do.

Average Married Dad - [Slap-tastic tips on play-slapping your wife](#) and [Friday Fun: Cats that look like pin up girls](#)

The Woman and the Dragon - [Watching shadows come into focus](#) and [Mary as the anti-feminist ideal](#)

The Red Pill Room - [Red Pill Observations](#) and [Girl Game: The Glory Hole Experience](#)

The Private Man - [Does "Game" Work And Three Ways To Get It - Guest Post](#)

Vox - [That would explain the fantasies](#)

3rd Millenium Men - [Manosphere: Virginity vs Sluttory \(Part 3\)](#)

Marriage in the Bedroom - [The Art of The Apology](#)

The Wild Man Project - [Rethinking the Nice Guy](#)

Life of Liz - [Rationalization Hamster, part 1](#)

Rollo Tomassi - [Nice Like Me](#)

Get Your Ironwood On!

January 12, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Ian Ironwood just announced his Kindle book “The Ironwood Collection of Alpha Moves”. Buy it, read it, love it. Just bought a copy for Captain M (I think I’ve settled on that as his blog name finally), but I’m not reading it myself so it doesn’t ruin any future surprises. 😊

Exercise of the Day, and some Inspiration

January 13, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

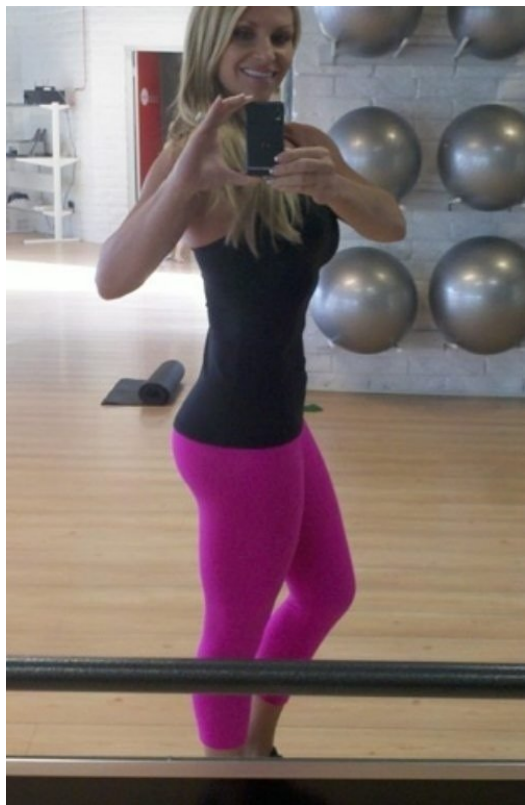
My new favorite exercise by far is the split squat. Oh my aching ass! Thanks again to KathrynTheGreat for her wonderful physical fitness advice. My butt is going to be gorgeous in a few months.

Couldn't find any better videos, but basically this:

And now some inspiration from [Tumblr](#) (and eye candy for the guys)!

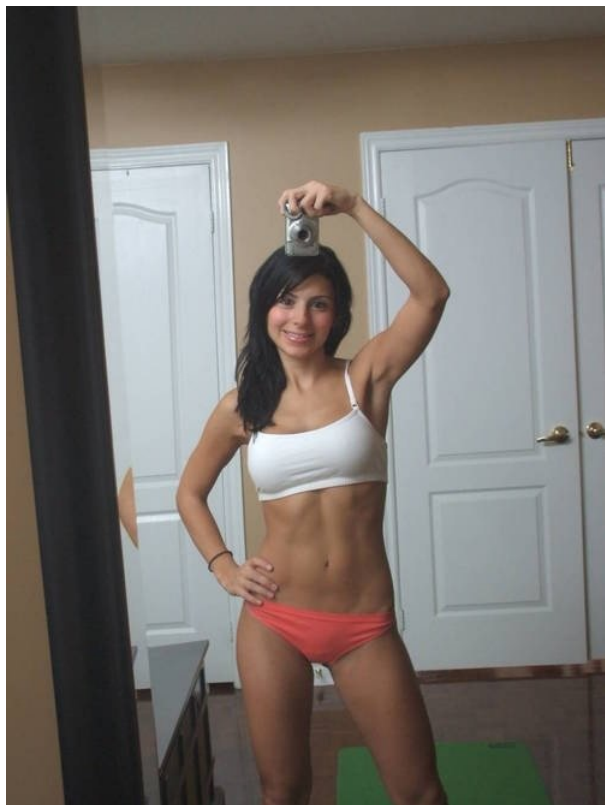


Seriously, I need a butt like this:



This is what I'm shooting for. Fit, but still soft and feminine. I don't need abs so hard you can see veins (eww). I also like my hips, they need to stick around.





First Officer's Log, Stardate 90643.38

January 14, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



(I have an uncanny knack for finding truly awful t-shirts for men. Who would wear this??)

This week should be interesting. My Mother-In-Law due in on Wednesday.

We.... don't get along all that well. We can both be cordial, but she is the most passive aggressive person I know. She has her reasons, she's had a rough life, but it's hard to deal with for more than a few days. She'll be here for a week.

It'll be her first time here since Captain M took the red pill, so I'll be interested to see how that changes the dynamic.

I'm not entirely sure that our toddler K had the flu, because although she was MISERABLE for two days, she recovered really quickly. Does Tamiflu work that fast? Captain M and baby A started feeling under the weather on Friday, which led to cancellation of Date Night, which led to me being very sad. It's been weeks since we had time out and alone, I miss it very much. I need a recharge. I've gotten time out of the house, but it's generally been to run errands and go grocery shopping, and I feel guilty for leaving the kids at home with Cpt. M.

He started feeling better by Sunday, as did Baby A. Baby D woke up this morning feeling hot and miserable, of course. Some Advil and an additional nap later, he's looking better. So hopefully it's all done before MIL gets here. I'm covering everything in bleach today. We might be able to get out on Tuesday if D isn't actually sick and was just teething or something this morning. As I continue writing, he seems to be just fine, so maybe I'm hypersensitive to every sniffle and cough right now.

I can't wait to get to the gym today. Been reading Mark's Daily Apple and seriously considering a diet change, even though Captain M doesn't buy into paleo. Y'all don't have

to lecture me, I know. 😊 Our grocery bill is still somehow atrocious, even though I don't buy junk food and generally cook from scratch with the exception of canned soups as casserole ingredients (not great in terms of sodium, but I don't have time to make the cream soups from scratch at the moment. It's a trade-off). I think it will be till the boys can kick their \$40 a week formula habit. But I don't regret switching to formula in any way. I'm fairly sure I'd be bonkers in a mental institution right now if I were still nursing. K has a birthday party on Saturday that I'm freaking out about on top of everything else (3 years old!). We have friends who are vegan for medical reasons, I need to find a cupcake to make them. K loves chocolate cake, but one of her friends is allergic to chocolate. Thank God my gluten-allergic sister isn't here too. A good excuse to pull out some new recipes and experiment. All the more bad food for me to send to work with Cpt. M for his coworkers to eat for us, haha.

Still no word from my step-mom on the discussion with my dad. I need to follow up with her, but for now things seem ok. But it's impossible to tell. I hate nagging people about anything, so I'm hesitant to bring it up again.

Overall, we've been good despite the sickies. And now, I go disinfect everything in the house.

Blogroll

January 15, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Blogroll has been somewhat updated... I didn't realize till just now that it was set to only show 10 links. So some of y'all have been linked for a while, it just wasn't turned on. D'oh.

I have more to add, I'll get around to it this week.

Currently writing "A Letter to my Sons", and running into writer's block. Hard thing to write.

A Letter to my Sons

January 16, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Boys,

I've been pondering how to write this letter for a while. My conundrum is that I'm your mother, and I'm not the one to teach you about life and girls, that's your father's job. But I do want to throw in some words for you. I apologize that this is probably the only letter you'll get from me, as your sister will probably get a stack. It doesn't mean I care any less for you, loves.

Most mothers bug their sons to hurry up and get married. I don't want that for you. Don't feel pressured to get married and have kids, ever, and certainly not from me. You will never get the "When are you settling down?" question. The way things are these days, you certainly can't afford to just jump in on a whim. Take your time. Your father will tell you more about this, and probably give you some books to read as homework, too. 😊

This is supposing that one or both of you don't decide to become priests, which I would be very proud of. The Church and the world needs more good priests. But perhaps that's a subject for a different time.

You're 9 months old right now, as I'm writing this. I'm so excited to see what kind of men you turn into. I can already see your personalities. D, you are my adventurous one. I've already caught you climbing onto the tallest thing you could find, and you're not even walking on your own yet. You often find ways to get stuck in places you're exploring. You're outspoken, even without words. You make yourself the center of attention. Your dimples are going to kill the ladies, honey.

A, you're very much like your father. A little version of M, down to the last detail. You're the sensitive quiet one, the contemplater. You don't push the boundaries like your brother, but wait until you're certain of the results. When you fall down, you hesitate to do the activity that made you fall again. You wait until you're ready, testing your capabilities every now and then, cautiously. You have a killer little smile that brightens your entire face. You're a genuinely happy little kid, and I hope to help you cultivate that into a lifelong condition.

I don't expect both of you to go to college, but I do expect you to get an education in a marketable skill, whether it's as a degree at a college, an apprenticeship, a trade school, etc. I know one or both of you might be the artsy type (and I suspect you might, you have creativeness on both sides)... I would highly recommend that you treat your creative passion as your secondary job. By all means, if you draw or paint or play music or write, do it. Keep doing it, never stop. But take it from one who knows, a college education in those things is a waste of money and time. You need a primary money maker to support those creative endeavors. Colleges advertise art degrees because it makes them money, not because they are good career paths. Getting an education in liberal arts then hoping for wild success as an artist is a lot like hoping you'll get into the NHL with no backup

plan. You've got to be the best, and if you aren't, you've put all your eggs in one basket. Your next stop is as a barista at Starbucks.

Maybe you aren't the artsy type though. Either way, you should go for an education that will support you and a family, if you so wish it. Something with job security. Because I love you both, but you're not moving back in after you leave. 😊 People will always need plumbers or electricians or carpenters or engineers or doctors or nurses or any number of things. Consider these things when you're choosing your path. But whatever you decide, I'll support you the best I can, while giving you what advice I can. And loves... I wish we could pay for all three of your post-high school educations, but unfortunately that's not looking likely. We'll help where we can, but it'll be mostly your responsibility, which is why you should try to get as much for your money as possible.

I love you both dearly, my little wolf pups. I hope we've raised you well to this point. We're here for you, always.

Sincerely,
Mom

Link Love Thursday

January 17, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



M3 - [The Crime of Being Nice](#)

Chateau Heartiste - [Chicks Have Been Digging Jerks For A Long Time](#)

Alpha Game - [Team Civilization](#)

Darling - [C H I V A L R Y](#)

dannyfrom504 - [ITLR- SOOOOO Money](#)

BbSezMore - [day in the life choices](#)

The Woman and the Dragon - [If she knew what she wants, he'd be givin' it to her.](#)

nightskyradio - [The World That's Coming!](#)

Dalrock - [We need a ritual.](#)

Learning to Say Yes

January 18, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Just a quick post for today. The plague has come roaring back with a vengeance, and I am unsure if we will ever be all healthy at the same time ever again.

New Bea wrote out her amazing story of battling for her marriage through the strains of infidelity, but more importantly realizing the root cause of their problems: [“The Results of Saying No, When I Should be Saying Yes”](#). I know a couple of you are dealing with similar issues right now, so give it a read. It’s really great.

Girl Game Tip of the Weekend

January 20, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Lose the top, leave the skirt and boots on.

It's Chilly In Here

January 23, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

This is one of those “let me dissect myself to figure out what’s going on” posts...

We’ve had a rather cool January. The coolness toward each other started because of illness, but just kept going from there. I feel like he’s severely withdrawn from me, and it hurts quite a bit. In the back of my mind, I’m thinking “you deserve it, bitch” and I know that’s a problem, trying to get that particular hamster to STFU.

We’ve had sex 5 times this month. This is a very, very big change for us from the last 3 months. November was 12 times, December was 12 times, I don’t have data for October but I think it was similar if not more. He’s been really stressed about work, the kids being sick, me being sick, etc. I know these are all reasonable reasons to be stressed.

I guess I’m feeling his lack of initiation as a rejection, and that sounds completely ridiculous now that I type it out. And I don’t even specifically want sex... I just need a connection with him. The last month has been a routine of us going to bed, him immediately falling asleep, and me feeling lonely and unable to sleep after we’ve both spent our days putting out fires. Why is it so hard for me to just DO SOMETHING about it other than periodically texting or emailing “I miss you”?

Part of his alpha was his uncaring “I’m going to grab your ass if I want to, I don’t care what you say, woman” sort of attitude, but none of that has happened lately. I feel like I’m just kind of floating along through my days, and he just kind of shows up at the end of the day to help a little with the kids, then we’re done and I’m back to being alone the next day. We’ve watched a tv show together a couple of times, but that doesn’t really cut it for me in the “quality time” department (which is my love language, and I didn’t even know it till I took that test). I just feel like he’s not really here when he’s here.

We had a really hot date Saturday, and I thought that opened things back up. I got dressed up (though I feel like the “hot clothes” I recently bought are already not fitting right. More about my wardrobe malfunctions in another post), bought some new red lipstick, donned some new knee-high leather boots, and we made a night of it. Ended up at a bar to watch the Stars game, lots of flirting, drinking, and talking, and the night ended in a really hot way. I actually initiated the next morning with a “come here” text when I woke up, and we had a pretty good time, complete with dirty talk that I don’t normally feel all that comfortable doing. And his mom was still here, so that was a huge step for me.

And since then... It’s felt cold again. His work audit is over today, and I really hope that brings him back to me. My immediate defense mechanism to his withdrawal is to withdraw myself, and I’m trying not to do that. Maybe left over from previous relationships, when those withdrawals usually preceded the “I love you, but I’m leaving” speech?

Link Love Thursday

January 24, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Slight change this week: gonna start splitting my lists across gender lines. How very sexist!

Red Pill Ladies:

BbSezMore - [the man child](#)

DarlingDoll - [Q U O T E](#)

judgybitch - [A teenage girl's best weapon against slut-culture? Her dad.](#)

The Woman and the Dragon - [Sunshine Mary's First Pearl of Wisdom: A lesson from the world of Revenge Porn](#)

Red Pill Men:

3rd Millennium Men - [Sex, Attraction and Ayn Rand... or... What makes me fall in love?](#)

Alpha Game - [The future cost of past pleasures](#)

Dalrock - [Selling divorce to children](#)

dannyfrom504 - [The Pussification of the American Male](#)

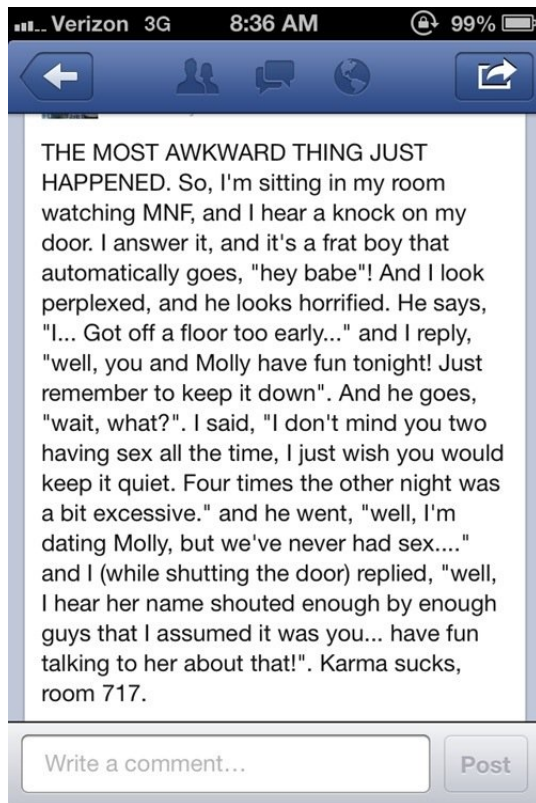
M3 - [Ladies.. if you're aiming for a husband..](#)

Rational Male - [The New Thin](#)

The Private Man - [How Women Turn Men Into Pickup Artists](#)

Saturday Karma

January 26, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Woe is me and shit.

January 29, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Sorry for the lack of entries here, folks.

I've been writing some things out, but my drafts folder is getting rather extensive. I just can't focus enough to finish. I'm starting to feel really down on myself, in just about every way. It's been a really hard month.

The thing is, I don't want to talk about the bad things. I feel like I'd be using this as a place to dump, and no one wants to read my pissing and moaning about stupid shit. So I'm left with not much to talk about.

I don't really know what to do with it all right now. I just want to sleep. Even though the boys are sleeping through the night, I can't get enough sleep. It's wearing on me.

Sorry if you're expecting something insightful from me. I'll have something interesting to talk about eventually.

First Officer's Log, Stardate 90698.11

February 3, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Met another fellow First Officer last night. Can I just say, all the Red Pill ladies I've met so far are hot? It just needed to be said. Smokin hotties.

We double dated with our Captains to a minor league hockey game, was a lot of fun. I expected a few more penalties and fights, but the game was pretty tame. But a good time was had by all.

Life is slowing down just a teenie bit. I've got a couple of books to read and review (if you sent me one, I swear I haven't forgotten about you, life has been overwhelming), and I'm looking forward to jumping in.

Unfortunately, my workouts are slowing down too. But with a medical reason.

I noticed when I started working out that my tailbone felt "out of place". A rather odd sensation... I felt like the bone was poking outward almost, and it makes any kind of sit-ups impossible without leaning to one side. I've been doing alternate exercises. I finally got tired of it, and went to my hippy-dippy crunchy granola chiropractor. I love this woman.. I'd have never survived a twin pregnancy without her. Her hands are miraculous. But she's usually very reserved, very calm, exudes a very peaceful energy... I heard a concern in her voice like "holy shit" when she started working on me. She told me to cut out the workouts for now, and see her again on Wednesday. Don't have to tell me twice. She kinda scared me a little. She adjusted me, but it's still in a somewhat odd position... I can still feel it when I'm sitting. I guess the weight of 14 lbs of baby can really screw with the bones in your body.

Our 9 year anniversary is coming up pretty quickly. Well, our first anniversary, our "secret" anniversary. I don't remember if I explained that we actually got married twice. I'm working on a relationship-history/how-we-met post, so maybe I'll throw it in there.

Things are going ok with us at the moment. In the grand scheme of things, we're in a good place. We could be doing a lot worse.

Man Sues Ex-Wife for Cuckoldry

February 4, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

<http://www.telegraph.co.uk/earth/greenpolitics/legal/9798650/Husband-tricked-into-believing-wifes-children-were-his-awarded-25000-damages.html>

Richard Rodwell sued his ex-wife Helen for deceit after finding out the children he thought were his son and daughter **both had a different father.**

The 46-year-old factory manager said it was “like a bereavement because I have lost the children I believed were mine”.

“I can’t stop thinking about the children as they were my life,” he told the Mail on Sunday.

“I always wanted children and grandchildren and now it’s too late in life for me.”

Mr Rodwell, of Peterborough, helped raise Adam and Laura as his own until his marriage with their mother broke down and the couple divorced in 2004, the newspaper reported.

His ex-wife was granted custody and **Mr Rodwell paid £300 a month maintenance for the children for the next four years.**

But after hearing rumours that Laura, now 20, was not his daughter, he confronted her mother and ordered DNA tests in 2008.

“When I saw the letter stating that I wasn’t Laura’s father I just broke down,” he told the newspaper.

He added he would have been happy to have a close relationship with the children as a stepfather, but said his ex-wife would not allow this.

“She didn’t even say sorry,” Mr Rodwell told the newspaper.

“It’s so sad.”

The couple first met in 1989 when they were both fruit pickers at a factory near King’s Lynn, Norfolk, and married a year later.

But Mr Rodwell said that by 2004 the marriage was struggling, with his *then-wife disappearing for several days with no explanation as to where she was going or why.*

Mr Rodwell, who has since married his second wife Trudi, 47, **was awarded compensation of £12,500 for each child in 2011, along with costs of £25,000.**

Roger Terrell, his solicitor, told the newspaper: “The court treated it as akin to bereavement, awarding a similar sum to the one you would receive if your child died in an accident.”

Mrs Rodwell, 44, declined to comment when approached by the newspaper.

Of course she declined comment. Everyone in the world now knows she’s a gold digging

slut! I feel for this guy. What a punch in the gut that must have been.

This is pretty astounding, considering its the UK. They've got a pretty crummy history of family law skewed against fathers. Is this the tide turning, or just a pebble in the pond?

9 Years

February 5, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

9 years ago, Captain M and I headed to the courthouse to secretly get married. No bells and whistles, just a JP and exchanged rings. We had the ceremony 3 months later. And we actually have two marriage certificates, one for each state we were married in! Then I drove back to Ft. Hood. Yup, long distance for 5 more months after we got married. And many ups and downs since then.

I <3 him. I'm a very lucky gal, and I know it. And I think he knows that I know it. 😊

Shit My Husband Says #4

February 7, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

In response to my [Anniversary](#) post:

I <3 him. I'm a very lucky gal, and I know it. And I think he knows that I know it.

Damn right you are. Even luckier that I don't try to abuse it. Now, since it's just another Wednesday, I expect a 9 course meal when I get home followed by naked back rubs, 30 minute blow job and a good hour or so of buttsex. Loooooots of buttsex.

Oh Lawdy, Help Me Not To Punch This Chick

February 9, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Captain M gave me a glorious day off today (though the weather has not been glorious, ick). Went to a local eatery for lunch by myself, it was loooovely.

As I'm sitting there, two 20ish girls sit down next to me and start talking loudly. Both are overweight, one a lot more than the other. The Biggest Girl starts telling the other about her "boyfriend". "He won't text or email me, he only direct messages me through Twitter, is that weird? And he only DM's me when he wants me for sex. Ugh. I'm thinking of dumping him. He is soooo rude. But he just DM'd me. Do you think I should meet him? He wants to come to my place. He's being so sweet about it, maybe I should this time. I wish he'd text me instead."

Me: *silently judging, chewing on my shrimp fried rice, trying not to explode*

The Red Pill for Women

February 10, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I got a question over at [The Red Pill reddit](#), and thought it best to expand here. What is the Red Pill for women? A lot of it is the opposite of the feminist crap we hear in media and from our former hippy moms. So here's my list, feel free to comment with any additions you may think of.

1) **Our looks matter.** Femininity attracts masculinity. Deep down we all know this, but sometimes the siren song of "Just be yourself! He should love you for you!" overrides something that seems so obvious. And sometimes it's just plain laziness. See: all the women and girls who go shopping in pajama pants and flip flops. A Red Pill lady strives to always look her best, for herself and the gentleman whose arm she's holding. She never leaves the house without makeup. She works out to keep herself fit.

2) **We are aware of The Wall.** We don't stay pretty forever. Again, we know this deep down, but see #1. We are certainly aware of new grey hairs, new wrinkles, sagging skin. But movies and television tells us that it's perfectly reasonable to expect to have a ton of guys chasing us in our late 30's/early 40's. Eat Pray Love, right? The Red Pill woman acknowledges this, and realizes that the grass is NOT greener on the other side once she's married. "Leaving to find yourself" has dire consequences... As in, you leave to find yourself alone. Or with someone who is a severe downgrade. There is no rich, handsome doctor to attach yourself to. There is no happy ending to this scenario. But we don't despair, because of [Wife Goggles](#), and because of #1. We are MILFs because we make ourselves such. (Or Cougars perhaps, for those who choose the kidless route!)

3) **Sexual promiscuity has consequences.** When you've spent your 20's in and out of every bed in town, it makes having a happy, successful marriage very hard. If you happened to fall for one of those bad boys, and he set your Alpha mark at a very high level, the man you settle down with is screwed. He'll never be able to live up to that ideal you've stored in your head. Not only that, but giving yourself to so many men dulls your ability to really connect sexually with another human being, and the sexual connection you share with your husband is important, perhaps most important. Because sex is what makes a marriage marriage, isn't it? Without sex, marriage is just an expensive, complicated friendship.

4) **We are emotional creatures.** This can sometimes make us illogical. We tend to think with our hearts, and we're encouraged to do so. How many times did we hear "Follow your heart!" when we were growing up? The "You Go Girl" mentality runs rampant. Red Pill ladies try to overrule their more whimsical desires to consider the consequences of following their heart. This ties in closely with #3.

5) **We can't "do it all".** When our moms told us that, they were setting us up for failure. No one can do it all. You cannot have enough time for both an overly demanding full-time career and a family. One will suffer. We have been set up for failure if we try. If your career can't handle days off for sick kids, getting out early for snow days when school is

cancelled, and a significant amount of maternity leave, you're in for a hard time. See [A Letter to my Daughter](#).

6) **Men don't WANT us to "do it all"**. We've been told career is important, but men don't give a lick if you're an uber successful doctor *if you're at work 70 hours a week*. In fact, it can be a detriment to the marriage. If you're working so many hours that you can't spend any time together, there's no way that demanding job is a +1 in the "Awesome Wife" column. Red pill women realize that money and power from our careers don't buy marital happiness. Sometimes a job is necessary given the circumstances, but it isn't the necessity it's made out to be.

7) **Sex is necessary for marriage**. If you fool around all through your twenties then settle down, you don't get to cut your man off from your vagina without some consequences. There's a fine line here that requires some communication though. The reason a lot of women end up cutting off the vagina-fun-zone is because they're no longer attracted to their man. If that happens, it is absolutely a Red Pill Woman's responsibility to initiate a State of the Marriage talk to fix it, if her husband hasn't taken the initiative to do it himself. Follow the [Two Week Rule](#).

8) **Our men are our Captains**. We voice our opinions, and certainly speak up if we think strongly about a particular topic, but the Captain has the bridge and makes the final call. This is a big, huge, sticky subject for most women. Hell, it's still a sticky subject for me. But in terms of a dance, if both people are leading, you end up stepping on each others' feet constantly. A dance only works when the man takes his woman's hand, guides her body effortlessly, and she gracefully follows. He is conscious of every movement of her body, and she his. She melts into him and accepts his movements as her own. Her submissiveness and his dominance meld into a graceful, sensual display.

9) **We are aware of hypergamy, and take these measures to counter it**. We know the rules of attraction, isolation, and escalation. If we are married, we never allow ourselves into a situation where the second two can occur. Girls Night Out to the club is anathema. No lunch dates with male friends. We keep male "friends" at arm's length, if at all. "It just happened" is never an excuse.

Note: I come at this angle from that of marriage and kids, so I'm leaving out some things when it comes to being single and not having kids. Obviously if two people don't want kids (which is absolutely fine, no judgment from me), they shouldn't have them, and a red pill woman would be all about carrying her financial weight with her career.

The Red Pill Reddit, Ask Me Anything!

February 12, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Just a reminder, I'll be hosting an AMA at [/r/TheRedPill](#) tomorrow (Wednesday Feb 13th) at 11am EST. Set your reminders. Be gentle!

Why Can't I Initiate?

February 12, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

He tells me he's going to do bills.

I go take a shower, letting the water warm me up, thinking of what I'm going to do. I form the words, repeat them to myself about a million times. I step out, put on a cute lacy cami and my tight yoga pants. I pondered the black lacy baby-doll negligee, but decided that I wanted my words to do the talking this time, because that was what I needed to work on. The words and the action.

I look myself over, and head to the living room. He's *still* on the computer. Well hell, I didn't plan for that in the little scene that took place in my head. I pictured us standing, and me looking up into his eyes, hands on his muscular (hot!) triceps. Ok, whatever, I'll do it anyway. There's not a lot of room around the computer chair, I can't kneel down next to him, and there are arms on the chair, I can't just sit in his lap without it being really awkward. Well crap. I walk up, put my hand on his shoulder, and *wanted* to say:

"Spank me like I deserve it, then fuck me like you own me."

What *actually* came out of my mouth...

"So, you're not doing bills anymore?"

FUCK. But he laughed, and I think he knew I was trying to tell him something, even if my brain couldn't form the sentence. He tried to get me to say what I wanted to say, but the words wouldn't squeak out. I felt ridiculous. He took over.

The evening ended well, but why the hell can't I just SAY what I want to say? Why do I get so stuck in my head?

Postpartum Depression

February 13, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Did you know you can get postpartum depression up to a year after giving birth?

Yeah, me either. And apparently it's common, especially after having a multiple birth.

These last few weeks have been pretty blah. Even after the Captain and I have solved our issues from January, my state of mind is jostling between anxious/nervous for no reason, and depressed/sad for no reason. I start to feel like there's something vital that I need to be doing or saying, but I can't put my finger on it, and I get that "oh shit, you forgot something important!" feeling. You know that recurring dream where you suddenly remember that you should be in class, only the semester is half over and you haven't been in class the whole time? That feeling. Slightly elevated heart rate, jittery, tight feeling in my chest. Then the next minute, I'm in tears over a story I saw on Facebook, or a random thought that popped in my head. I'm a bit of a cryer at movies, but crying 4-5 times in the last week is unusual for me.

My doc gave me the option to talk to a counselor along with or instead of drugs, but... I honestly don't think that'd help. I don't have any serious issues going on right now, certainly not anything that should make me so anxious and keep me up at night, when the boys are finally sleeping for 11 hours a stretch. I mean, *really*. I should be enjoying sleep right now. So Wellbutrin it is, if only for a few months. I'm pretty iffy about drugs, but when things are legitimately chemically *off*, I guess there's not much else to do. And Wellbutrin at least has the potential side effects of weight loss and increased libido, so weeeeeeee. And it's easier to ween off of.

I will say, though, it's nice to have a doctor walk in and start raving about your weight loss. I feel like I'm all stalled out, but she was really impressed. I was particularly face-bloated while pregnant, so I'm sure that has something to do with her perception! But she said a paleo diet is a great idea, and if I keep at it, I shouldn't be surprised if I get pregnant again, because healthy weight loss leads to increased fertility. THANKS DOC. I don't even want to think about that.

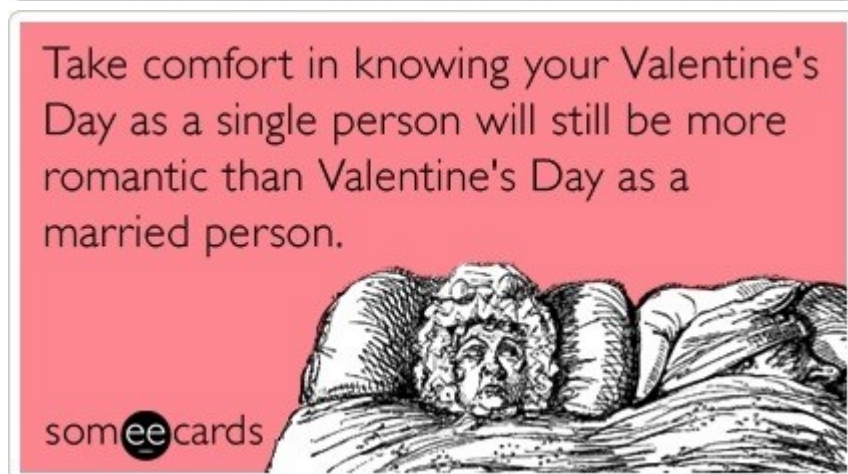
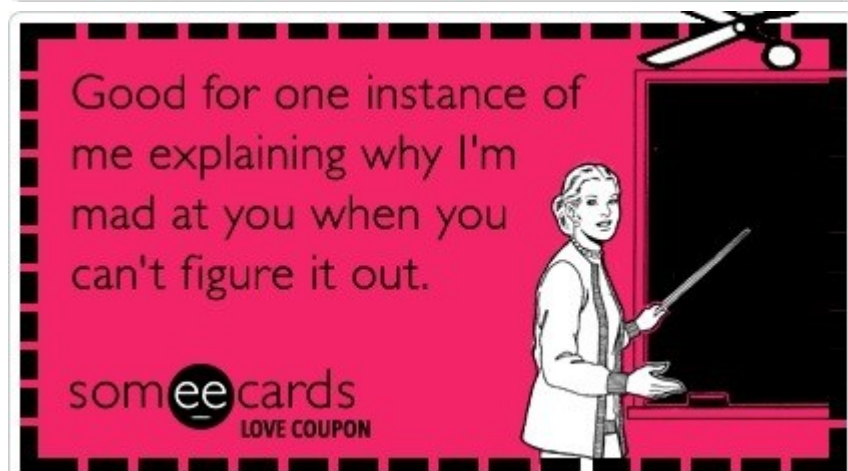
But I digress. Hopefully this will be eye-opening for someone, because I thought PPD was something that happened within the first 4 months or so, not 10 months.

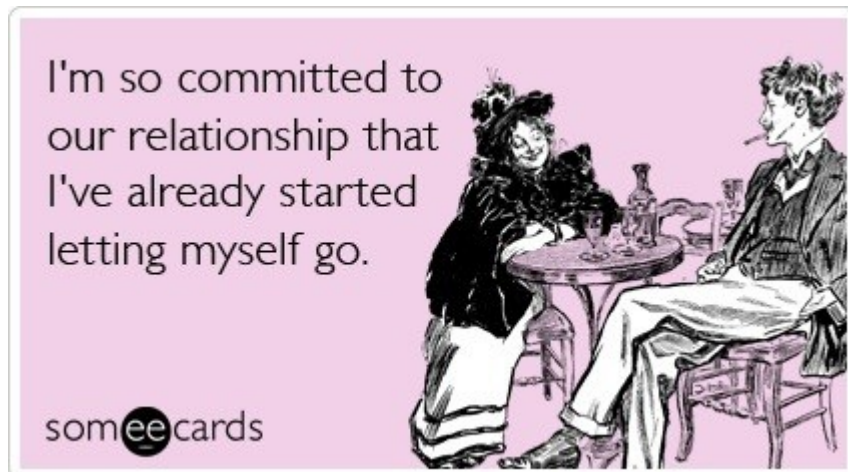
My Red Valentine

February 14, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

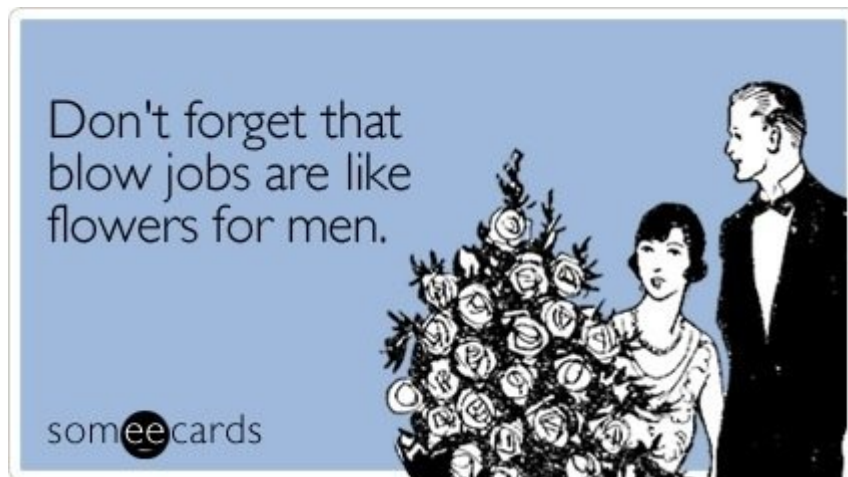
I'm not done catching up on blog reading yet. So no link love yet, but here are some Red Pill and Blue Pill Valentines! We're not celebrating, we usually just find some embarrassing thing like this to post on each other's Facebook pages.

Blue:





Red:



I'd like to
dedicate this
boner to you.



som^{ee}cards

Sorry the only ring
you're wearing this
Valentine's Day is
a contraceptive in
your vagina.



som^{ee}cards

Let's break out
the special
lube tonight.



som^{ee}cards

I want to wake
up in your legs.



som^{ee}cards

They won't be able to fit
what I'm about to
do to you on a
conversation heart.



your  cards
someecards.com

Edit: OH!! I just found the best one!!

Best of luck trying to reconcile
your feminist beliefs with
Valentine's Day.



some  cards

Dat Hamster

February 15, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

So like I said in my previous PPD post, I've been anxious and depressed. Yesterday I was anxious as hell. I went snooping on Captain M's Kindle Fire, found something not-really-suspicious after he explained it, but went off the rails and demanded logins and passwords to all our credit cards, his phone account, everything. (Don't judge me! We both have full transparency, I'd just never asked him for the info before, and he has full access to all my stuff too). I'm pretty sure he was laughing at me the whole time. I find nothing, of course, even though I sit here and freak about it all day, because well, the Wellbutrin hasn't kicked in yet. I apologize, he understands and accepts. Rest of the day is fine.

That night, I find myself wanting to shower and change early in the evening (usually do it before bed), change into sexy underwear, and wear one of his work shirts half unbuttoned, to fool around on the couch. Side note, I'm usually a one O gal, but he managed two. Score!

Then this morning, I put two and two together and realize WHY I was so turned on last night.

FOR FUCK'S SAKE. I PLAYED MYSELF. This shit totally works. And sometimes the hamster works for you.

The Word of the Day is PANTIES

February 16, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

<http://www.theatlantic.com/sexes/archive/2013/02/why-the-word-panties-is-so-awful-and-what-to-do-about-it/273224/>

Came across this article condemning this fabulous word.

Some excerpts, with my commentary.

Sure, when said within the confines of a lingerie store, *by an older saleswoman* with a tape measure around her neck and glasses slipping down her nose, it's fine: "Did you see the black underwire has the matching panty?" But taken out of this context **((In other words, when there's men involved))**, the word "panty" can be grimace-inducing—and there are a few possible reasons for that. **((and they're all hamster bullshit))**

So saying or hearing the word around old unsexualized ladies is fine, but if there's any chance it could be construed as sexy or feminine, it's creepy. Got it.

I've heard several people refer to the word as "infantilizing." The addition of the suffix "-ies" (or in the singular form, "-y") converts the word into a diminutive. Literally: "little pants." The suffix puts it in the same category as "booties" and "blankies"

This is the dumbest argument I've ever seen. The plural of words that end in -y end in -ies and don't mean "little" anything, and have nothing to do with babies. Companies, faculties, atrocities, implausibilities. Rationalizing and terrible writing at its finest.

It's funny. It's funny because the word is a sexual word. If you don't agree, picture your father or grandfather. Now picture him saying "panties." I admire the woman who doesn't shudder.

So? I can't imagine my dad or grandad talking about corsets or garter belts either, but what does that mean? Nothing. If you judged something inappropriate based on imagining your dad or grandfather doing it, we would die out as a species. I don't want to hear my dad saying "corset" or "spank" or "sex" either.

Besides, I bet your dad *loved* it when your mom said the word "panties".

Why does panties sound sexual? Many arguments could be made, not the least concerning advertising. I have a hunch that the sexualization of the word "panties" is the result of some marketing focus group grasping for a word to run alongside pictures of lingerie models in "tempting" mesh undergarments.

Or it could be sexualized because it's the only part of a woman's clothing that touches her vagina... But I guess vaginas are supposed to be looked at in a non-sexual, "non-threatening" way, so that would make no sense to the author.

Another friend, also male, said “panties” sounds so naughty simply because it refers to something so exclusively feminine.

God forbid.

Actress Christina Hendricks, in 2011, told Esquire that “Panties is wonderful word. ... It’s girly. It’s naughty. Say it more.” Personally, though, I don’t know many women who would agree with her.

Oh Christina, I love that woman. She embraces her femininity in such a sexy, unslutty way. Grace with a little bit of naughty. Women could learn from her. Her statement about not knowing women who would agree certainly speaks to whom the author hangs around with.

However, “panties” forces us to call our underwear something sexy, when really we decide for ourselves whether our underwear is sexy or not.

No ma’am. “Sexy” is in the eye of the beholder. We don’t decide that. Because if it were that easy, we’d declare comfy sweatpants sexy on women and beta behavior sexy for men and call it a day.

So far, the best alternative seems to be referring to them by their particular style, like men do: briefs, boxers, boxer-briefs, long-johns. We could call them thongs, boy-shorts, G-strings. Et cetera.

Yes.... Because thongs and G-strings are completely not sexual!

It’s well-documented that women are ahead of the curve when it comes to linguistic ingenuity. When it comes to trends, women often set them rather than follow them—so if women are disgusted, then it’s our responsibility to keep the conversation going. At this point, it might be a good thing to get our bottom-undies in a twist.

Do I even need to point out the absolute irony of the sexism of this whole paragraph? Nah, I’ll let it speak for itself.

If you’re getting your panties in a twist over the word panties, I’m guessing you’re a woman who has been totally sheltered and hasn’t experienced real life outside your tiny apartment full of your man-hating friends. Learn to let it go and embrace your womanhood, lady. You’ll be a lot happier than ranting about names for your undergarments.

Hey Girl...

February 18, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Nothing much has changed around here. We're doing alright. Having some deep conversations about some things going on, but all is well. Still feeling a little "off".

But this made me laugh way more than it should have:



First Officer's Log, Stardate 309237.8

February 23, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Small update from me.

There's a minor cold going around in our house, and I'm not thrilled about that. It means no babysitting for us, so no dates for us, and no play dates for the kids, which sucks because I had a few lined up that I've had to cancel. It doesn't seem to be as severe as last time, so hopefully it'll be gone quickly instead of lingering for 4 weeks.

Girl Game update:

Thursday I got dressed up, pulled my hair up into a ponytail, perfected my makeup, and met him at the door with a glass of Sangria. He'd brought home some delicious Texas BBQ, and it was a nice evening. Wednesday when he got home, I kneeled before him and took his boots off. He seemed to like it. I'm not doing something everyday, but at trying to do something special a couple of days a week.

Speaking of dresses, I found a goldmind of a consignment store. I got 3 very nice designer dresses for \$16 a piece. I'm hoping to replace most of my wardrobe by the end of the year with mostly dresses, skirts, and nice blouses. T-shirts are for working around the house during the day and sleeping. The consignment store also has a nice selection of shoes, which I also badly need to work on. Right now I have a pair of brown wedge sandals, black sparkly heels (that hurt my feet after a few hours), black knee-high boots, and brown Vans tennis shoes. I need to find something feminine and comfortable to replace the Vans.

In weight loss, I finally got past 30 lbs lost. I'm losing slowly, but fairly steadily. 15 more to go. Hoping to hit the gym again next week, since my back issue is resolving.

We had an argument Thursday night that turned into a very long chat about how we communicate, how we both see our sex lives, and other varying topics. I think we both understand each other a lot better, so that's great. Some harsh truths were said by both of us, but the night ended well, with both of us in bed happy. That's such an amazing improvement from how we usually argue. I'm not even sure that we've done that before. It was nice. I need to expound on some of the truth I got dealt, maybe sometime this week if I get a few hours from somewhere.

Come on now.

February 26, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Got my first vitriol-filled rant comment today. I was slightly baffled by it, since it was from someone who basically believes the same things I do... but the details don't really matter. Look. I'd be wonderfully happy to debate certain topics in a civilized, calm manner. I absolutely love doing so. It gives me a broader understanding of the world, and helps me make informed decisions. And it puts me in contact with truly interesting people. But if you come here spewing vitriol and hate, you're not going to make it past moderation. Sorry. Try again.

FAP Introspection, Part 1

March 1, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I've been very introspective the last week or so. I haven't had a lot of time to write anything substantial, nor have I really had the energy. I've been offering snippets of thoughts on forums and blogs, about a random topic here or there. I wonder why I decide to try to give people advice when I can't get my own shit together at times, then I feel anxious about it (my social anxiety extends to the Internet, it seems).

Since I started the Wellbutrin, I've definitely felt better. I don't have that underlying unexplainable nervousness, I'm no longer feeling like there's doom right around the corner, so that's good. Am I happier? Not sure. Maybe? It's hard to tell when I spend my days taking care of sick, teething kids. Everything just kinda blurs together.

The twins are almost 11 months old. This time last year, I was secretly reading Athol's blog, not wanting to admit that I was actually digging it. Some weird sense of pride kept me from telling him I was on board with the idea until I'd completely finished devouring [MMSL](#) and [The Red Pill Room](#). Has it only been a year?

So. I've never really written down my Female Action Plan goals. Partly because I'm scared to really look at those glaringly obvious problems that I'd rather tuck away and forget about. And partly because I'm not really a list-maker. I tend to think in broad ideas, not specifics. It's hard to pick specifics out of the whirlwind that is my thought process.

Here. We. Go.

The obvious:

***Improve my wardrobe.** T-shirt and jeans doesn't cut it. Especially not baggy ones. Happy to say that I rarely wear t-shirts out anymore (I feel rather odd doing it now), and I only own one pair of baggy jeans. That pair of jeans sits in the bottom of a drawer, and I pull them out from time to time to remind myself just how much progress I've made in the weight loss/physical fitness department. I've been given a good monthly budget from the Captain, so this is well under way.

***Wear makeup.** Seems like such a simple thing, but I only wore it for special special occasions (like, once a year maybe, usually not) until I was maybe 28? My mom never taught me, and I never bothered to figure it out. I've only this year really learned how to rock it. At least I feel like I'm rocking it. [MakeUpGeekTV](#) is a fantastic teacher.

***Lose weight/get fit.** I'm gonna be real about my numbers here, probably to be regretted later. When I was in the military 10 years ago (dear God, 10 years, really?) I was at the peak. I'm 5'8", and my weight fluctuated between 145-150. Had abs for a little while. Worked out twice a day. I thought I was fat back then, what the hell was I thinking? Looking at photos, women would kill to look like I did, and I hid it because of a constant barrage of "women with curves are fat asses" from the people I worked with. I had a relationship with diet pills for a little while. I really was slammin' though... I regret hiding it. I don't even have that many pictures from that time, because I thought I was hideous.

So yeah, if you prefer super-thin, that's fine, but consider how you express that. Words hurt.

Then I got married, separated from the military, stopped working out all together, went to college, worked for a while, and had a kid. I don't remember what I weighed when I got pregnant with #1, but I want to say it was hovering around 185. After K, I lost some weight, but a few years later I was sitting at around 200 (I will never get there again, freaking embarrassing). Years of "he loves me for me" and "I'm not working out, I paid my dues in the military, I'm taking a break" and "well I don't look that bad". Got pregnant with the twins, got up to 225. Since then, I've dropped 60 lbs if you count the babies, haha... I dipped near 165 this week, and I feel pretty happy about it. I don't think I'll ever get back to 145, but I would be happy with 155 or 160 with muscle, so 5 or 10 lbs to go. It's a marathon and not a sprint, I keep telling myself, though I seem unable to convince myself of that.

I've cut out a lot of carbs, though I still sometimes cheat with a sandwich. No sugary snacks, no soda, no white bread. We're eating paleo-ish right now. I actually feel sort of sick to my stomach when I cheat, so my body is definitely getting used to it. I am without a doubt eating healthier now than I ever have in my entire life. My chiropractor cleared me to do some light weights, so I'm starting that back up again next week. So now you know I'm truly a recovering fatty. I'm embarrassed, but I'm looking forward to posting some "look at how hot I am now" pics on Facebook.

The "Not So Obvious, Really Painful To Admit to Myself" to come in Part 2.

Awesome Shit My Husband Says

March 4, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Him: Can you work out yet or more chiro?

Me: I don't know. I probably could, but damn if I feel like it.

Him: I didn't ask if you felt like it. My wife keeps that milk shake nice and tight 'cause she knows how it gets my popsicle to the yard. 😊

Me: That's not how that song goes at all, LOL

FAP Introspection, Part 2

March 5, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

This is a hard thing to write. I've pondered not publishing, but I feel the need to put it out there so it's not secret anymore. It's almost therapeutic. Living in my head is a problem for me.

The not-so-obvious, hard-to-admit things on my list:

***Express Happiness and Contentment.** I don't remember how to express happiness to Captain M. Somewhere along the way in our bad years, I turned it off. We were very adversarial, and perhaps I thought showing my happiness at something would be him "winning". Also, he had a habit of pulling out the "things are always shitty, I'm unhaaaappy" talk right when I thought things were going well, so maybe it was a defense mechanism for that. I know, it's all a pretty terrible mindset. My problem is that I still act that way most of the time. It's hard for me to react in a positive way to something when I really do like it. At best, I smirk. When I'm happy about something, I know in my mind that I am, but my mouth won't form the words. It's one reason why I write a lot of emails to him, I feel like I can actually express myself through words. And it's only like this with him... With friends and acquaintances, I have no problem laughing, smiling, giggling, being giddy. I wasn't really too conscious of this until recently, reading about Intimacy Anorexia. I don't think I'm anorexic, or at least not the strict definition of it, because I can express unhappiness, frustration, sadness, etc with no problem. I just need to deprogram. It's hard to change something you've been doing for almost a decade. Truth be told, I ~~probably~~ need to see a professional for this. I have a severe dislike of "counselors" (bad experience a few years ago), so it'd need to be a licensed psychologist. I'm researching this, and I may elaborate more as I figure myself out.

***Flirt and Initiate.** Captain M told me a week or two ago that I don't flirt. And he's right, for the most part. He initiates all our interaction, and I react (though as seen above, my reactions aren't always overt), though sometimes I indirectly initiate by showing up in something skimpy. I think this is a combination of the above + my absolute shitty self esteem (see below). Since he said this, I've made an effort, but I know it's not enough. Don't get me wrong, I'm passionate when I respond to him (at least I think I am?) in the bedroom, it's just hard for him to see if something he's doing *outside the bedroom* is good or bad without me being blunt and telling him so. My body language sucks unless we're actually having sex.

***Fix My Self Esteem.** As I mentioned in the weight section, I've always thought I was fat, even when I wasn't. Now that I have typical mother problems (things aren't quite situated where they used to be), it's just exacerbated. Mostly I think "well hell, I wasted my pretty years, I'm fucked." I sometimes wonder if the "Wife Goggles" idea is something made up to make older women feel better. I know it's probably not, else it'd have to be some huge conspiracy since it's been discussed so many places, but I look at myself and don't see anything worth looking at. This makes it really hard for me to take

compliments, especially from Captain M. I've gotten better at that though... Previously I'd argue with him about whatever he complimented. You think I look great in these jeans? Bullshit, I'm a fat cow. Aaargh. Now I try to smile and say Thank You. I can't take a compliment from other people either. I just don't believe them most of the time.

When I'm naked with him, I go inside myself and pretend that I have a different body. It's the way I cope with how I see myself. I'm not sure that's entirely healthy or normal.

I've really tried to stop dumping all my self esteem crap on Captain M. I know if I keep harping on the parts of me that are bad, he's going to start noticing just how bad they are. I know it's not attractive. I've been trying to keep it to myself, but I know I actually need to fix it instead of just putting a bandaid on it by not talking about it.

Once I'm done losing weight and having kids, a tummy tuck and a boob lift will make me feel a lot better. I'm wistfully pondering the future.

Oh no!!

March 8, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Looks like [The Woman and the Dragon](#) has gone bye bye 😞

That makes me really sad... I really connected with her point of view and posting style. I always had a hard time picking out just one of her posts for my weekly link roundup. Her blog was such a wealth of information!

Anyone know what happened? Miss you, Sunshine Mary!

Vacation for me! And a wonderful Welcome Home.

March 12, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Saturday night started and ended with some fairly serious arguing.

Sunday, I woke up and drove 4 hours with a fellow First Officer to see Muse in concert. Holy shit they put on an awesome show. And their new album is the nuts. We didn't text much while I was away enjoying myself because I forgot my phone charger. Friend and I spent a lot of time talking about our relationships, our kids, other random things. I had a really great time, thanks to Captain M, who ordered me to go though I was concerned earlier in the week about the babysitting situation. He had it handled. Normally I would have fretted the whole time or not gone at all.

I got home later than I expected to on Monday. Upon walking in, I was grabbed, flung against a wall with my arms pinned above my head, kissed hard and fondled through my clothes. Then he quickly walked away to go back to the living room, where the oldest was hanging out, leaving me breathless and wanting. So it's gonna be like that, is it?

He sent the oldest to bed early, and then took charge of me. I was spanked for being a crazy bitch, I curled up at his feet and kissed them. He ordered me to wash him in the shower, then made me soap myself up in front of him. How could this guy make me shy and blushing after 15 years of knowing each other? I let him know with every fiber of my being that I am his.

As we were laying in bed later, I couldn't melt into him enough. I wanted to devour his scent and touch.

Me: "If you treat me like this often, I'll do whatever you want me to."

Him: "You're damn right you will."

swoon

What, what happened?

March 18, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

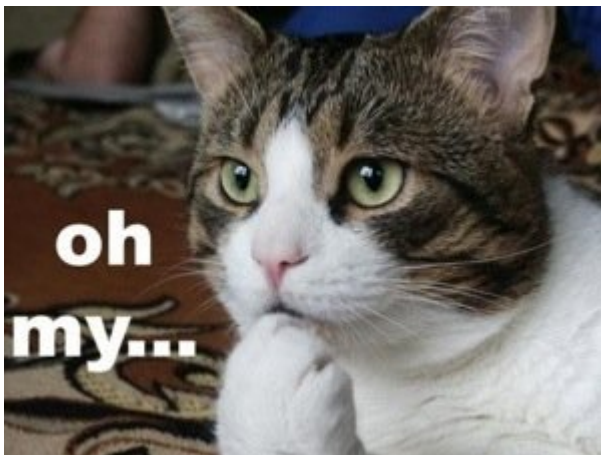
Since I got back from the concert last week, things have been.... Different. Somewhere between our fight last Saturday night and me coming back Monday evening, a switch got flipped. He's turned the alpha up to eleven. And I've wanted nothing more than to curl up at his feet and purr happily like a little kitten.

There was a repeat of Monday night every night last week but Thursday (Steak and a BJ Day, I took over for that!) and Friday when he gave me a break.

Saturday night he planned a fun date for us... Dinner and a nerdy burlesque show! Of course there was a Slave Leia, and Stormtroopers, and Batman villains. And I never thought I'd ever say that I've seen Wall-E's boobs, but well, yeah that happened. It was a lot of fun.

And side note, he was looking fucking HOT. As long as I've known him, he's been a baggy clothes guy. But for date night, I got a slim, sexy man wearing handsome clothes that fit damn well on his frame. And black, the color black looks fantastic on him. Rawr.

When we got home, he pulled out the riding crop.



Much fun was had.

More than a couple of times this week, he's called me out for my shit, and while I grumpily comply, I find myself oddly happy about it. Dinner last night was the perfect example.

I've been feeling pretty crappy all week. I suspect sinuses, because I've had crazy pressure in my ears, which I think is leading to the weird sort of a dizzy, fuzzy, achy feeling I've been having in my head (I'm a bit improved, so I'm not too worried about it). Makes sense, since the weather is changing and we've had some high pressure fronts come through.

Well, I didn't really feel like making dinner last night. I wasn't genuinely sick, just felt kinda meh. Didn't really know what to cook, and didn't really feel like putting in the effort. After politely suggesting I start dinner a couple of times, he finally said "Go make dinner. Make bacon and eggs, we'll have breakfast for dinner." I sort of pouted, but complied as I

usually do. He gave me the direction, we had a good dinner. I think previously he would have just done it himself and let me lounge on the couch. I'm coming to realize that I'm a huge brat. 😞

Not to say he hasn't been wonderful with the good beta. I've been sleeping like shit lately, and he insisted on me sleep in both days this weekend to get caught up. Boy did I need it. Drugged up with Unisom both nights, feeling lovely this morning.

After the kids went to bed last night, we watched the first half of The Secretary. I'm not a huge Maggie Gyllenhal fan, so I wasn't convinced, but it does seem to be a weird, entertaining movie so far. Mr. Grey is a little too skittish and mental to be believable as a Dom, but I guess we've still got the second half of the movie to watch. Captain M stopped it at 9:30pm to enforce bed time, even though I protested. I guess that's a new rule now. Not sure if all this will stick, or if I'll keep enjoying it once the shiny wears off, but I'm enjoying it all for now.

Limbo. The State of Being, not the Game.

March 27, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I decided to wean myself off the Wellbutrin to see where I was at, because I've noticed that it's been giving me vertigo, and that's not something I can deal with everyday. It's made me incredibly tired, and it's made working out almost impossible.

The last two days, I've wanted not-a-damn-thing to do with sex. Which in turn has made me depressed, because I feel like the great time we've had for the last few weeks was entirely because I was medicated. Any touch right now (children or husband) just kinda drives me up the wall. I believe the term is "touched out". I started myself back on half a dose. It was worth a try, I guess.

I also haven't had much of an outlet to write out my feelings here, because I've just been busy with the kids out of my freakin mind. Boys learning to walk, the girl is extra needy because of the extra attention to boys have been getting from bonking their heads on things. One of the boys is a climber, so I spend a good portion of the day chasing him around to make sure he doesn't fall off couches or tables, and I have to fish him out of laundry baskets and toy boxes often. I just need some time to create, and it's not happening. I just need some time to breathe.

This Lent has been... Less than fulfilling. I'm filled with a lot of turmoil about some things, and that's just adding to my sense of unease. (Nothing I really feel comfortable talking about right now... I may bring it up in the future, may not. Oddly enough, I can talk all day long about sex, but my personal relationship with God is something so personal and intimate that I don't really think I can deal with it here. I've barely talked about it with Captain M.)

We have a weekend vacation coming up. I've been excited, but now I'm worried a weekend won't be enough. And I'm worried it won't be the awesome sex holiday I was envisioning for the last couple of weeks. And I'm still a little irritated that I had to almost have a complete breakdown to get Captain M to schedule it.

This article has me considering powerlifting... Current gym doesn't have a squat rack though (WTF). Want to turn the garage into a home gym, or find a gym that doesn't suck (but preferably the home gym, because I still find the guys in the gym intimidating!)

I've made some kick ass paleo dinners the last few weeks. Went shopping at the expensive healthy food store and got some good organic meats and veggies, and ended up with a smaller grocery bill than I thought. Score! Just wish I could get my daytime eating in line. Still using low-carb tortillas for wraps and gluten-free crackers w/ almond butter as the occasional snack. And I do get chicken fingers from Zaxby's once a week, cause damn those things are good, and easy to eat when the kids are asleep in the car. Hard to let go of convenience right now. Weight is still holding steady, just need some tone, so I'm at peace with the cheats, *for right now*. 😊

So, no real point to this post, just kinda feel like I'm in limbo.

Sluts Make The World Go 'Round

April 4, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Subject line is a favorite saying of a guy I used to be stationed with. It makes me laugh every time I think of it.

Anyway, today has been.... Interesting. And entertaining. I can't help but laugh. This morning, one of the boys climbed our changing table. Little dude can't walk yet, but is climbing the tallest thing in the room. Heart attack city.

He also climbed the coffee table, fell off the other side, and got stuck upside down in between the table and playpen fence (we have the fence around our TV). And got stuck upside down in the toy bin.

He fell on his brother's head face first. It's hard to comfort two little guys at once.

Can you tell that this one will be a handful? Thank God they're not identical. No, really, thank God. I am completely phobic of heights, and this transfers to seeing them on things. So I'm dyin over here!

Made the trek to Walmart to get formula, because yesterday I had one of those "go to the store and get everything except the one thing you actually needed to get" store trips. BRILLIANT!

The three year old as suddenly contracted Can-I-Have-That-itis. And not even for kiddie things... But we NEED that 3 pack of dog bones! Never mind the fact that we have no dog.

I notice on the way back from Walmart that the sapphire has fallen out of my titanium captured-gem wedding band. It's not the ring we were married with, and I still have the old ring set as a backup. It was my mom's first set... Considering my parents are now divorced, I'm kinda feeling weird about wearing it. Not necessarily superstitious or anything, just weird.

So we get home, and the oldest is freaking out because she "wants to go on an adventure" before we go inside. I have no idea what that means. That turns into "I want to go to the beach!" Never been to the beach in her whole life. She's spent most of the day doing "sunsets" (summersaults) in the living room.

I love our kids.

I don't mention all this to bitch, because I've taken today in stride. It's highly amusing to me. I'm just wondering what's next. I keep hearing a noise from the boys' room, I'm starting to suspect that Climby Climberton has climbed out of his crib and is playing with things, but I'm scared to look.

Edit: He didn't, but it's only a matter of time...

Captain M made me giggle.

Apr 4, 2013, 4:55 PM

I am freaking beat down
from today.

Aww. Hold on, lemme get
Ryan Gosling right quick,
girl.

Thanks, I'll take 2.

Lol

Wait, 2? You slut. Lol

:P



Text Message

Send

A Quick Note

April 5, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Average Married Dad is having a bit of a rough time this week, what with his hand being eaten by bacterial beasties. Say a prayer if you're the prayin' type, or just good vibes and energy.

All The Single Ladies, Get Some Headshots!

April 5, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I know, I don't know jack about dating, I haven't been single since '04. But I can relay info from my single buddies, right?

A red pill lady friend of mine asked if I would take some headshots for her dating profile. I'm a wee bit of a photographer, so I said sure. We spent a Friday out and about, took some awesome shots of her lookin all hot with her badass muscle car, and had dinner and a good chat.

I got her photos edited and out to her the next day. She told me a day later that in less than 24 hours, she'd gotten 8 emails and 8 winks with the new photos.

NEVER undervalue the price of having a good profile pic, ladies (and guys!). I know a lot of really pretty people who take bad selfies. Cell phone cameras are crap compared to a DSLR, experience photog, and Adobe Lightroom. It'll run you some cash depending on where you live (unless you happen to have a good photographer friend! 😊)... I think around here, the going rate is around \$250. But if you're looking to attract the opposite sex, hop on google and find a photographer.

Some tips for selecting one, for profile portraits or anything else:

~DON'T use Craigslist. It's full of folks who've owned a camera for all of a week, and suddenly want to call themselves pros. Hell, I've been into photography for years, and I don't even really consider myself a pro, and feel squeamish charging anyone for it.

~If they don't have a full portfolio on their website, move on. If they don't have a website, really move on. If all their photos look completely different in style, they probably ganked them off another photog's website because they don't have their own portfolio, because their work sucks.

~You get what you pay for. You're not just paying for the time they take to shoot, but also for the editing. Digital photos still have to be color corrected, exposure corrected, sharpened, etc. It takes a while to learn those skills, and significant amount of the work is done behind-the-scenes. An example, courtesy of [Photography by Vicki](#):



~If they have a heavy-handed editing style, you should tell them to tone it down if your goal is to show the Real You. It's false advertising to have the photog edit out that freckle on your cheek or that scar on your forehead or the face tattoo, or to make you skinnier. They CAN make it all look better than it would in a regular ol' photo, because badly lit photos accentuate the things that you hate the most, but don't get them to change everything.

Seriously, go get some pro pics. Your inbox will thank you.

Default Yes.... No.

April 6, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Athol has been frustrated about the [Default Yes](#).

I wrote about trying Default Yes a while back, based on [Mrs. Yes's experience in 2012](#). It failed after a few months, and I believe I went into why, but I don't remember the name of the post, so I'm gonna flesh it out again since it's a hot topic.

A lot of ladies are suffering from overly-beta alpha-deficient husbands. Default Yes sounds good at first, especially if your marriage has been suffering from not enough sex. Especially if you feel guilty for that fact, like I have. I'm working on getting over it, really. But it's easy to fall into that trap, thinking that if he has the reward, he'll be more motivated to change.

But if he's getting sexed up by a hot woman, why would he change?

Our failure wasn't necessarily of that scenario... Captain M wanted to change. But by giving him sex whenever he wanted it, whether I wanted it or not, I wasn't giving him a gauge of how well his MAP was running. It was like taking a long trip without being able to see the gas tank needle.

The idea is for guys to get so darn hot that their women can't help but say yes. And I was robbing him of that and only causing more problems.

So that experiment failed. Don't do it! It worked for Mrs. Yes, but I suspect that was because they were already coming from a good healthy marriage. If you've been having problems, it just doesn't work that way.

(Speaking of Mrs. Yes, if you're out there, I hope things are ok with you! We miss your updates!)

Am I Invisible?

April 8, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I went out grocery shopping and errand running yesterday. I was inspired to kick my wardrobe and makeup up a notch to do it, and observe those around me. Cute dress, knee-high boots, excellent makeup, hair looking ok (I'm still working on hair styles... now that I have my makeup perfected, hair is the next priority).

It didn't really work out the way I was hoping. I seemed to get about as much attention as if I were wearing my usual casual attire. I realized some key things.

1) I usually do my damndest to avoid eye contact with people. It was really hard to force myself to look at guys straight on. I tend to lower my eyes, keep my head down, and mutter "excuse me" a lot. I could probably give Canadians a run for their money on apologizing for absolutely nothing, if that stereotype is true.

2) When I'm focusing on something, I furrow my eyebrows and have this crazy looking scowl on my face. I'm doing it right now as I'm thinking about this post! It can't be sexy in the slightest. I need to ask Captain M about this later.

3) Sundays are an awful time to try this experiment. Whole Foods and Sam's were a freaking zoo. Which exacerbated my #2 problem, because I was focusing so hard on getting to where I needed to go without running into anyone.

Once I started consciously fixing my face into a non-scowl and started to look people in the face, I did get one good up-and-down look from a guy with his kids in Walmart. I may have gotten more looks than that, but I wasn't doing my best at looking at people, so there's no way to know. I smirked and looked away... I don't think I can even begin to try to hold anyone's gaze at this point. Too shy, too anxious.

Interesting experiment.

Fuckabunchadread.

April 9, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I sat at dinner last night, thinking about how freaking great he looked in his work polo shirt. He's really got some great arms now, making the sleeves a little tight, and his chest is way more muscular than it used to be. His face is thinner and more handsome. He hasn't looked like this before, ever. It's probably the first time in a while that I've just wanted to grab him and do him on the floor, right where we were.

Buuuut, yeah, not happening at dinner time. But I did notice. But I didn't say anything. I'm not sure why. What the hell am I afraid of? Being in front of the kids probably didn't help, I'm still getting used to the idea of being affectionate around them, because my parents never were around my sister and me.

I worked out earlier in the day (turns out trying to wrangle 3 kids in a non-babyproofed doctors office really works your triceps and abs, apparently, I was sore as hell when I got home...), so I took a shower and had some "me" time for those girly things that take women 2 hours to do in the bathroom. He worked out, then took a quick shower himself, and it was on. (Side note: Wellbutrin is having some interesting side effects. 3 1/2 orgasms for me. I'm usually one and done.)

It was pretty late, but we were both feeling like talking afterward. It devolved a bit, as my hamster started running loose, thinking about how I felt looking at him earlier. Because surely other women were looking at him like that now. So I started the stupid "What would you do if some girl jumped you because you're so hot now" questioning (no, don't tell me, I already know, stupid). And he mentions that there IS this girl at work that started getting a little too friendly, but he doesn't work with her anymore... I could tell by the way he was trying to dodge my questions that she was obviously hot and probably younger. He said "about our age", but....

Meh....

Grr.

Gah.

It got quiet after that, and I felt him starting to fall asleep as we were wrapped up together. I said "Please, say something else to me before we go to sleep, so that that's not the last thing we talk about." Because it was just going to stick in my head.

He laughed, and started telling me all the things he loved about me. "You're a great mother, you cook me great food, I love your sense of humor, I love how smart you are"...

Me: "Beta beta beta. Yeah, not really helping." (Biiiiiitch. I don't really know what I'm expecting here. I suck at flirting, and I know that's what he's looking for right now.)

Him: "Ok... (list of all the things he finds sexy that I can't bring myself to type out)"

Then he jumped on me and went for a really *rough* round two. And he finished round two. So, that's a new development.

Ok fine. So screwing your wife silly when she gets all stupid insecure really works.
Can't say I'm too thrilled thinking about girly-girl work girl this morning... fuck.
(So predictable)

Do Not Disturb

April 10, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

We're going on vacation this weekend.

Without kids.

By ourselves.

For the first time since our honeymoon. (I don't count the times we went back home to visit family and stayed in my parents' guest bedroom!) Awesome hotel within walking distance of a lot of interesting stuff that we probably won't get out to see. Heh. And a heated pool on the roof that we'll be taking advantage of.

To say that I'm excited about this is a slight understatement. It's Wednesday, and I'm about to jump out of my skin.

I only wish it could be longer than a weekend... Alas, the kids' grandparents have these annoying these called "jobs". Pfft.

Google Search Terms Part 3

April 11, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Mine aren't nearly as interesting or funny as [Bronan's](#). But this is my last 30 days....

"thanksgiving pantyhose" - Is that like a turkey in pantyhose? Works much better with [dogs](#).

naked girl with apron cleaning - I get a lot of naked lady apron hits.

ibeta pussy - is Apple getting into sex toys?

"dannyfrom504" pregnant -twitter - uh.... [Danny](#)? Got some news?

sex while ironing - that seems awfully dangerous. I wouldn't do this for the same reason I'd never cook bacon naked.

suit fetish daddy - did I mention my suit fetish? I must have. I really do have one. A well-tailored suit is the male equivalent of lingerie. Unf.

tight red panty fap - I shoulda known that using FAP in a post would get this...

christina hendricks red panties - hey google person, if you found this, my contact info is above.... Not that I have a crazy girl crush on her or anything.

sleeping with sock over dick and balls - I'm guessing this person lives in Canada. It's too damn cold up there. You crazy Canucks.

men's deodorant scents that drive women wild - Old Spice Swagger. I want to stick my face in Captain M's armpits like all the time.

get husband to read mmsl - [This is relevant to your interests.](#)

Sunshine on a Cloudy Day

April 11, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

[The Woman and the Dragon](#) is back online! I missed the lively debate. 😊

Harvard Ladies Poppin' Out Babies

April 19, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

So I've really been sucked into social media, particularly Twitter, lately. Getting news in 140 character chunks is just easy right now. My eyes start glazing over at anything longer. And I'm a reader. I used to go to bed at 9pm and sit in bed reading until 11:30pm or later. A Song of Fire and Ice just about murdered me when I read them 3 years ago. I think I read all of them within a month? And those are some pretty hefty books. (God, I can't wait for the next one)... but I digress....

This article caught my attention though, retweeted by [Postsecret](#). It's a perfect example why a degree at a ~~prohibitively expensive profit-whoring "college"~~ an elite higher learning institution is pretty much useless for most women.

Women with elite educations opting-out of full time careers

"Even though elite graduates are more likely to earn advanced degrees, marry at later ages and have higher expected earnings, they are still opting out of full-time work at much higher rates than other graduates, especially if they have children," said Hersch.

Hersch's research finds that 60 percent of female graduates from elite colleges are working full time compared to 68 percent of women from other schools.

I'm incredibly surprised by the 60% stat. I never would have guessed that so many women were foregoing careers to raise their children, particularly those who may have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars on their education.

A common question associated with opting out is whether highly educated women are willingly choosing to exit the labor force to care for their children or whether they are "pushed out" by inflexible workplaces. But Hersch said this hypothesis of inflexible workplaces does not explain why labor market activity differs between graduates of elite and non-elite schools.

"Graduates of elite institutions are likely to have a greater range of workplace options as well as higher expected wages than graduates of less selective institutions, which would suggest that labor market activity would be higher among such women," Hersch writes.

"Without discounting the well-known challenges of combining family and professional responsibilities, increasing workplace flexibility alone may have only a limited impact of reducing the gap between graduates of elite and non-elite schools."

Are women realizing they can't have it all? An expensive lesson, no doubt. I'm sure it's absolutely baffling to feminists reading this article that so many women choose to forgo their careers for their families. Particularly the kidless feminists.

Hersch found that when comparing graduates from elite and less selective schools, the largest gap in full-time labor market activity is among women who also earned a master's in business degree.

"Married MBA mothers with a bachelor's degree from the most selective schools are 30 percentage points less likely to be employed full time than are graduates of less selective schools," said Hersch.

I have a hunch about this, and about these statistics in general. I think women go to Harvard or Princeton to get their business degrees, and happen to fall in love with the Cute Guy sitting across the way in Economics 101. Love turns to marriage, marriage to kids, and Cute Guy ends up with an Elite Job, so they can afford for her to stay home. And so she takes the opportunity. So she essentially spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to land a rich husband, whether she realizes it or not.

Just how much does that elite degree count for once you've been out of the workforce for 5-10 years?

But I'm not sure about the Rich Husband Hypothesis, because obviously the couple would be absolutely swimming in student loan debt. Do elite college degrees actually net that much more money? Obviously so if he ends up a CEO of a Fortune 500 company, but how many MBA students from elite schools turn CEO? I know I have readers way smarter than me on this subject, what do you guys think?

WTF is wrong with the world.

April 19, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I went to bed with the intention to spend the morning writing, and well... obviously that's not happening with what's going on. I'm stuck to the Boston police scanner. Good thing there's two nap times a day and it's Friday. Wow, it's Friday already? Double WTF.

What else is going to happen this week? What is it about this week in history?

1775 - American Revolution began

1865 - Lincoln assassination

1947 - Start of the Cold War

1961 - Bay of Pigs

1983 - Lebanon embassy bombing

1993 - Waco siege

1995 - OKC bombing

1999 - Columbine shooting

This year - Boston and West

We stopped in West, TX just last Friday on the way to our vacation destination. Captain M had a kolache, and I had a gingerbread cookie. I think nearly every Texan in this area has stopped there at some point for awesome Czech goodies. It's only about an hour south of us.

Crazy. More reminders that life is fleeting.

Weekend Linky

April 20, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I recently came across [Viva La Manosphere](#), and I love it. It's a fantastic blog aggregator. Now that Google Reader is biting the dust, this will be a good replacement for my Red Pill folders.

Thanks to whomever created it!

The Twitters

April 21, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

<http://www.twitter.com/redpillwifey>

So, who should I be following?

But But... Male Privilege!

April 24, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Conversation with a more... ahem, “open minded” acquaintance.

Me: How is misogyny bad, but misandry is great, and haha, it’s soooo funny? If one is wrong, they both are, no?

Her: Well, male privilege for one.

Me: But how does that make it acceptable? I don’t follow the logic. Degradation is degradation.

Her: Depends on the extent. But being a man affords you a lot. So, yeah.

Textbook example of an otherwise intelligent woman avoiding any sense of logic to tow the feminist line. Buh? How does this make any logical sense to someone wanting “equality”? I read this stuff all the time, but I was a little taken aback, as I don’t think I’ve had this sort of conversation with anyone in person since diving into this red pill stuff.

Of course, she has no sons, so she doesn’t consider the implications of what the current cultural norm is telling boys. That growing up to be Homer Simpson or Peter Griffin is normal and accepted. That men are just supposed to be bumbling and stupid. That they should put up with insulting jokes and laugh along with them because they were born with a penis.

I feel like I’m going crazy.

Birthday Musings

April 25, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I'm in a weird mood this week. I don't want to immediately say it's because my birthday is a week away, but I would be lying if I didn't suspect it's related. Hell, yeah, it's probably definitely related. Probably. *squeak squeak*

I'm in a weird place. I wasted the pretty in my 20's, but I'm looking better than I have in a while. I nearly have a .7 waist-to-hip ratio, my legs and arms are firming up; at the same time, I ain't gettin' any younger, and parts of me are permanently scared from various pregnancies and ailments. So I have this odd contrast of "Oh my God, I'm getting old and it's all slipping through my fingers and insecurities and blah blah blah" and "dang, this is gonna look awesome when I finish getting toned." I've started playing with dumbbells way bigger than the other girls in the gym. (Since there's no squat rack and only a smith machine at this craptacular gym, I'm sticking with dumbbells and body weight stuff until my membership runs out and I can get to another gym. I'm getting results, so I'm not entirely complaining) But I still see awesome looking 20 year old gals and think "well, shit, I remember when my boobs looked like that." So I'm on a bit of a roller coaster of self esteem. I know, it's not that complicated, I shouldn't worry about it, it's just on my mind.

I'm not really doing anything for my birthday, because I've come to realize that most of the "friends" I would invite to anything are friends that only show up to parties out of obligation, and/or because there's free food. People I only see a few times a year, and put in no effort otherwise. People I've known forever, and that I've tried to get together with for lunch or coffee or whatever, and been blown off consistently, text messages and calls ignored. Whatever. It's got me pretty jaded and hermit-y. I'm in the process of making new friends, but it's hard for me. I'm not a people person. I kind of just want to curl up this weekend and lament the loss of my youth with some 90's music and a trashy romance novel, even though I never have read those kind of books... Does A Song of Ice and Fire count? I could reread Game of Thrones. It's got lots of sex. Mostly incest, but whatever. (I love you, George RR Martin, you crazy old man, you.) "The Wall", hah... Just call me a member of the Night's Watch. Apt for the current subject. If only there was a magical horn to tear down the Age Wall... Gorram, I'm such a nerd.

I haven't told Captain M what I want for my birthday because I don't have a damn clue. The only thing I can think of is a new camera, and DSLRs aren't in our budget right now. I don't have time for new hobbies, or any hobbies, and if I bought a fancy dress right now, I'd just have to get it tailored in a few months. I got a new phone months ago that I am crazy happy with. So..... What? I'm not sure. And I don't really want him to worry about it. I just need him to be around.

I think perhaps the existential crisis that usually happens for women turning 30 just hit me a couple of years later than most ladies because I was so busy at the time, and was trying to ignore it.

I'm grateful for what I have. I have food, shelter, clothing, great children, and a wonderful husband that cares. That's enough. All my neurosis be damned.

Dear Jill

April 26, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

There was a comment in the spam queue that wasn't actually spam, but I accidentally hit "delete all" and it disappeared... so I'll go ahead and answer it here.

I believe the commenter's name was Jill. She said something along the lines of "I was thinking about diving into this red pill stuff, but it seems like you fight with your husband all the time, so screw that"

Assuming you're not just another feminist troll trying to get a dramatic response, I'll go ahead and answer. What can I say, I think the best of people, probably to my detriment.

Here's the thing. We're fairly new at this. And we were fighting waaaaay worse before CaptainM found MMSL. Really, relatively, it's like night and day, from my perspective anyway. He's still finding his footing as Captain, I'm still finding my footing as First Officer.

We've gone from having sex once a year to three times a week. I'm happier than I've been in a long time, though I sometimes have problems expressing it (something I've covered in previous posts). Do we fight? Yeah... The red pill isn't a cure for all relationship strife. But it does explain the reason for some relationship strife, and gives us the tools to deal with it quicker than we otherwise would.

And when things are going well, but busy as things are, I don't have much to write about. I could write about sex, but believe it or not, I'm actually kind of hesitant to do so (despite things I've previously written). I suppose I could delve into those things in more detail if I wanted to, it'd just take me some courage.

I've got some happier posts in the draft folder that I haven't finished. I've got a "Great things about CaptainM" posts on deck. We went on our vacation a few weeks ago, and had a great time, and I started a post on that. But referring to the previous paragraph, there was a lot of sex, so there's not much to expand on other than "We ate lots of good food, saw the Alamo, went to a symphony performance, and had lots of sex." I get writer's block pretty easily, especially when there's not a big block of time for me to write. It happens.

It's kind of human nature to rant about that which upsets us, and not so much about things that make us happy. It's why you can't trust online reviews. Who's more likely to review a product, someone who likes it, or someone who wasted a bunch of money on it and is ANGRY? So it goes with blogging sometimes.

The articles I read that make me think are generally things that aren't necessarily happy. (The post you commented on was the "Male Privilege" post, which was a little odd given the subject matter of your comment, but whatever..)

I tend to come at blogging from a more personal perspective, so a lot of my posts are about the story of my life since we started this journey. It's not always pretty, and the transition hasn't been all roses.

So, sorry if I put out a negative vibe. I don't do it on purpose. And I know I don't need to answer to anyone, this is my blog, I can post what I damn well want to and you're free to read or not read, but I wanted to address it since I accidentally deleted it. And it gives me something to do for the few minutes my kids are asleep/distracted.

Happy Birthday! Now Get On Your Knees.

April 29, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



This weekend, the Captain surprised me by taking me to [Bondage Expo Dallas](#). What can I say, he knows me. 😊

It was a bit last minute, and we had limited time because of babysitting, so we didn't get to do as much as I'd have wanted. Looking at the schedule, the classes we really needed had happened on Friday, but there were still good things on Saturday.

The first class was about [Shibari](#)... a bit advanced, but was nice to watch and learn a little from. Some of the forms seemed very intricate, but looked so simple when he did it.

I was more comfortable there than I thought I would be, but there was one creeper in that class that made me really uncomfortable. She was a rather... large woman, who seemed to be either drunk or high, and made sexual comments about each model that the instructor used. And she was there alone? But really, she was the only person there that wasn't completely respectful. For the most part, the crowd seemed a bit on the older side. I almost thought we were the youngest people there for a little while.

The instructor showed Captain M how to bind my wrists after class... how to ensure it was loose enough for circulation, but with knots tight enough to keep it all together. I could tell he was enjoying it a bit more than I thought he would. He's seemed a bit ambivalent about more hardcore stuff in the past, so this was a surprise to me.

The second class was a hog-tie class. How to make a chest harness to use as an anchor point, how to bind legs in Western and Eastern styles, hair ties. It was all very... educational.

Side point, we both agreed that second instructor looked and sounded like a kinky Barney Stinson.



We toured the vendor room, which was pretty sparse, as this was the first year of the expo. Some nice steel boned corsets that I wouldn't mind trying out some day, lots of rope, handcuffs, leather wrist cuffs, some really great photography. I wish I could photograph some really great binds. They can be very beautiful and intricate, and with dramatic lighting look amazing (see above).

After we left, we went to Cheesecake Factory and ate carbs till we were stuffed, then ate some cheesecake on top of it. It's my birthday, dammit! The scale this morning says it didn't hurt much, so I'm alright with it. Plus, Cheesecake Factory dishes are so freakishly big that I have enough lunch for 2 days. I mean, really. I'm pretty sure my Cajun Chicken Pasta had 2 and a half chicken's worth of chicken in it. But I digress....

We stopped by Lowes for supplies, then headed home. Much fun was had.

This seems to speak to the engineering and artistic halves of Captain M's brain, and of course his newfound love of dominance. And of course it hits my submissive button pretty hard.

Next year, we might make a weekend of it.

Happy birthday to me!

Link Love Thursday 5/2/13

May 1, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

A day early, because I don't know if I'll be able to tomorrow! In no particular order.

The Eternal Captain Rule

<http://marriedmansexlife.com/2013/04/the-eternal-captain-rule/>

Product Review: Tenga® Easy Beat Egg™ Artificial Vagina, “Silky”

<http://delicioustacos.com/2013/04/29/product-review-tenga-easy-beat-egg-artificial-vagina-silky/>

Between The Genders - Changing The Vocabulary

<http://theprivateman.wordpress.com/2013/04/26/between-the-genders-changing-the-vocabulary/>

Raising a girl/woman

<http://www.averagemarrieddad.com/?p=1920>

How Old Is That In Kryptonian Years?

<http://nightskyradio.com/2013/04/19/how-old-is-that-in-kryptonian-years/>

The Fringe is Fine

<http://tempesttcup.wordpress.com/2013/04/16/the-fringe-is-fine/>

Maybe it's because you're a bitch.

<http://darlingdoll82.wordpress.com/2013/04/17/maybe-its-because-youre-a-bitch/>

Some things need Re-examining

<http://lizfortoday.wordpress.com/2013/04/18/somethings-need-re-examining/>

Boss From Hell Chronicles: How I Learned What I Was Really Being Paid For

<http://cakesandshakes.wordpress.com/2013/04/27/boss-from-hell-chronicles-how-i-learned-what-i-was-really-being-paid-for/>

Oh, what a surprise! Jezebel shames men in skirts. Those pansy-ass guys will never get laid.

<http://judgybitch.com/2013/04/24/oh-what-a-surprise-jezebel-shames-men-in-skirts-those-pansy-ass-guys-will-never-get-laid/>

Benefits to being a Ne'er-Do-Well

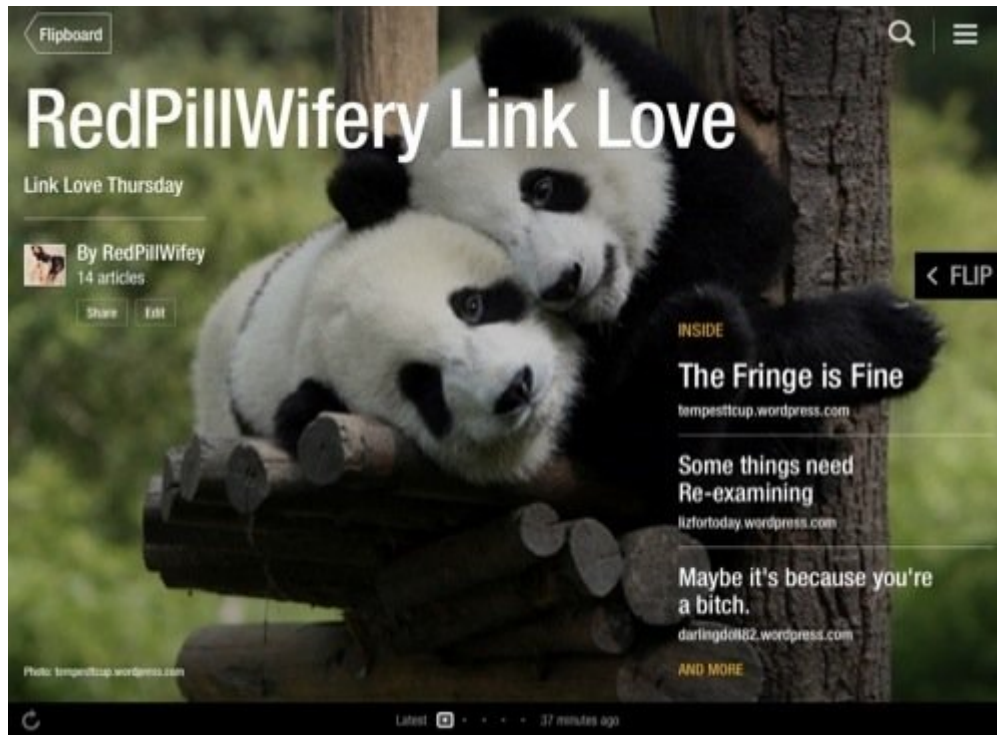
<http://tempesttcup.wordpress.com/2013/04/28/benefits-to-being-a-neer-do-well/>

The Tribes of Game

<http://therationalmale.com/2013/04/23/the-tribes-of-game/>

****Also, if you happen to use the Flipboard app, I'm publishing all these as a magazine, updated periodically during the week. It's basically just a fancy RSS reader.****

<http://flip.it/BU7MT>



Soylent Junior

May 2, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Reblogged from Hidden Leaves:

What do you do if you're beyond peak fertility, you drop ten large on science, and your wife ends up with two pre-humans instead of one?

- A. Flip a coin on their behalf. Kill the loser
- B. Give one away
- C. Be happy
- D. Feel despondent and write a sandy-vagina paeon to solipsism on Huffington Post

| To say we're excited would be an exaggeration.

[Read more... 517 more words](#)

This article makes me incredibly stabby. Gotta love entitled, solipsistic bitchy parents.

The First of May

May 2, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Oh no! I forgot that yesterday was the First of May!

Outdoor fucking starts today!

I Feel Pretty, Oh So Pretty...

May 6, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Coinciding with Athol's post about [Diffuse Energy Sets and Why The MAP Only Does Everything](#), I feel fantastic right now.

And that's a huge change for me. I don't think I've felt good about myself since maybe the first year Captain M and I were dating. Self esteem is not my strong suit, and never has been. Even when we were dating, there were many moments of feeling fat and ugly. I was skinny as a rail and had 20 year old boobs then, so I don't know what I was thinking.

And it's not just the weight, even though that's a huge part of it. It's hard to explain. I just feel like I can actually accomplish things. I'm not so tired that I can't get anything done during the day. I'm not so depressed that I can't bother to take care of myself. I'm not eating to comfort myself (while simultaneously making me feel awful). I can sleep and walk around the house naked without worrying about Captain M seeing my body; I'm pretty sure he didn't see me completely naked for a solid 6 years. I don't feel like I need a nap during the day. I'm planning for the future. I just feel.... good. Hopeful. Well, maybe most of that is related to my weight. "Fat Acceptance" is such bullshit. My fat hamster made me miserable. But at least I can still eat bacon. Mmmm bacon. God bless paleo.

A lot of the credit is surely Captain M's. It's easier to be happier around someone that is happy, and most of all confident. He also kicks me out of the house to work out or just get coffee pretty often, so I'm not feeling as claustrophobic in the house as I was before. He seems to know how to handle my bouts of crazy better. He knows how to tie knots.

And warm weather is here, so more opportunities to take the kids (and me) out in the sunshine, at least until it gets in the unbearable 100's.

I'm coming out of a 10 year funk, and it feels great.

Here's a funny link for your Monday: [24 People Who Are Really Nailing This Parenting Thing](#)



Wordless Wednesday

May 8, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Sexting and Role Play, Part 1

May 15, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Subject matter is sexting and role play, don't get fired for reading it at work. 😊

So I decided to do something rather bold last week. Totally out of character. And I'll warn you, it's a fairly morally questionable situation (though not really, I guess... it *is* role play). Some might find it a bit too taboo for their taste. You can change the characters any way you want... cheerleader and quarterback at a house party, glamorous actress and tall dark and handsome suitor, ditzzy college student and kinky billionaire (lol), whatever. You kinda want to get out of your comfort zone, so that it's something special. If you're usually submissive, kick in a little (or a lot) of slutty bitch. If you're usually pretty bold, kick in a little girly sheepishness. I picked this particular role because I read it somewhere, and it sounded like it'd be fun and kinda wrong, hah. Cheating, but not *really* cheating. The dopamine rush without the Other Person. Great taste without the calories! And I think he liked it because it gave him an opportunity to be a total asshole.

I've had an app on my phone for about a month now. Pinger TextFree. It's basically a new phone number for texting, though you can buy minutes to use it for VoIP calls. So I've got a new secret number, and I'm feeling saucy. Google Voice would also work for this, if you don't already use it. Or you could just change your name in his phone to something else. Thursday night I add the number to his phone while he was in the bathroom, under an assumed name, "Melissa".

Friday morning I gather my courage, wondering if he'll go for this. It might strike a nerve, considering his past, but I try it anyway.

Melissa: "Hey there, sexy man. I programmed my new number into your phone. Don't tell your wifey. "

For a few moments, I'm in suspense. I hope he gets what I'm doing. And I hope he doesn't have any friends named Melissa. 😊

Him: "I'll keep this between the two of us."

So he's decided to play along. My heart is racing a little bit. I decide to get straight to the point.

Melissa: "I can send pics from my phone. Can you hide them somehow so your wife doesn't suspect? I've been thinking about you all day."

Him: "Funny you should ask. I was just working on hiding some bondage photos of some hot slut I tied up earlier this week."

A few nights ago, he made a rather pretty rope ladder of my arms, and I asked him to take a pic. His reference made me giggle. Throwing in references like that keeps it a little silly.

Melissa: "Oh, so you've got other sluts then? Haha... cocky bastard."

Him: "I like to keep my options open."

Like I said, I think he enjoyed having a reason to be an asshole. I step it up and send him some pics...

Melissa: "Hmm, maybe after your wife leaves for the gym tonight, I could come over wearing something like this, and let you play with these?"

Him: "You pass, I guess."

Here's where I get uncomfortable sharing this... I internalized the role I was playing, and got a little crazier than I usually would. Even typing this out is making me blush. And I'm not even typing out the *really* hot parts.

Melissa: "Can I get a pic? I want to see the cock I'll be sucking later."

He did send a pic, but I didn't get it, unfortunately. Something wrong with the app.

Him: "Sucking? You can do better than that."

Oh jeez, what would a carousel riding slut say?

Melissa: "I'm gonna bend over and let you pound my cunt as hard as you want, and come wherever you want."

My heart is racing. The Good Girl has left the building.

Him: "Close. You're smart, because that is what I'm gonna do to you."

It got more graphic from there. We were both having fun. A few references to ourselves thrown in like above. So I started fleshing out my character.

Melissa: "I'm gonna go to the office bathroom, take my panties off, and touch myself while I think about you."

Him: "Office? A working woman? Good. I'll work you over tonight while my wife's working out."

Melissa: "Yeah, I work downtown. I wish you were here to fuck me in the bathroom."

A little more back-and-forth. I'm pretty sure neither of us were getting any work done today, lol.

Him: "Come over about 8ish. If the wife is back from her workout, I'll send her out for groceries or something."

Melissa: "I can do that. We may have to be quick about it then, that's pretty late. Wouldn't want your wife to suspect anything."

Him: "She doesn't suspect a thing. She's completely wrapped around my little finger."

Melissa: "I bet she is. 😊 "

We got back on the subject of some kinky stuff, and Melissa's husband... again, what would a hypergamous bitch do?

Him: "But what if your husband sees the bruises?"

Melissa: "I can make up a story about the bruises. He won't suspect a thing. He thinks I'm working late tonight. I even got a girlfriend to vouch for me."

Yada yada, we wind down a little bit. When he gets home, I've got dinner going. I tell him I'm not feeling all that great, and could I take my ipad somewhere and have some alone time? He said sure, told me not to come home till bedtime (9:30) so I could write. I went to the bedroom, put on the lingerie I'd been wearing for the pictures, and covered it up with jeans and a baggy button-up shirt. I packed my purse with makeup, hairbrush, and hair accessories.

I gave him a kiss before I left, and he gave me a little wink. As he turned around, I grabbed my trench coat.

To Be Continued...

Sexting and Role Play, Part 2

May 20, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



And so I was off to think up costume accessories.

First stop was Starbucks, for coffee and some time to think. I decided that Career Slut Melissa should wear glasses. Problem is, I don't... I also needed some new cheap costume jewelry. I hit up Party City first, thinking they would have something in the Sexy Librarian category. Unfortunately, that was not the case.

What kind of costume shop doesn't sell fake librarian glasses?

Some google searching suggested Claire's in the mall. If you've never been to Claire's, it's a saccharine sweet teen shop full of utterly cheap jewelry, purses, hair accessories, etc. Sure enough, a whole shelf of "Fashion Glasses". Do people really wear fake glasses for anything other than a costume? I'm pretty sure if I saw a girl wearing these seriously, I'd laugh her out of the building.

Ok, not really, I'd probably chuckle to myself then passive-aggressively tweet about it later.

There was a row of black librarian-ish glasses, but with bright ridiculous accents. They would have to do. I was tempted to get the pair with the attached fake metal mustache (really?), but I wanted to keep it kinda serious, and I think it would have ruined the mood.

Next was jewelry. Like I said, it's all cheap stuff, and way overpriced most of the time. I scanned and saw fake pearls... pearl necklace? Oh yeah. The implication is obvious. Picked up the matching earrings, spent a total of \$20 for it all.

The whole time, I was very aware of the lingerie under my clothes, building the anticipation even further. It was strappy crotchless underwear and a tight little black see-

through dress thing. I wouldn't entirely call it a dress, as it didn't totally cover my ass... but I think several times it peeked out from under my big baggy shirt, haha.

As I was leaving the mall, the timing was just about perfect. 7:30pm. I texted him, a little reminder...

Melissa: "I'm leaving the office in a few minutes. I'll be there around 8."

I should have spiced this up a little more. He did it for me.

Him: "Putting my kids to bed as we speak. Then it's all adult time. I need some whiskey and a good fuck. I've got the first, you're going to give me the second."

Melissa: "Absolutely. 😊 Enjoy your drink."

Now I was left with a dilemma. I'm a terribly paranoid person. There was no way I could walk into a gas station or store, disappear into the bathroom, and come out with a trench coat and holding the clothes I was previously wearing! I would die. There is a park semi-near our house, so I sped there, hoping no one was around. There was a couple there, about to go jogging, so I did my makeup while agonizingly waiting on them to disappear. Shit, I forgot my bright red lipstick! Light red gloss would have to do.

Hair up in a bun, fake glasses on, makeup done, pearl jewelry on, I was looking good. I quickly (and clumsily) took off my outer clothes and donned the trench coat and sparkly shoes I brought with me. As I was driving away, a police car pulled in. Perfect timing... not sure how I would explain that.

As I pulled up, I sat for a minute to pull myself together. I didn't want to clam up upon entry, as I'm wont to do. Breathe in, breathe out.

I walked quickly to the door, feeling totally exposed, feeling the air hitting my legs. I quietly knocked on the door, knowing that the kids were asleep. No answer. Sheepishly knock again. Still nothing. Knock a little louder... he finally opened the door, took a look around to see if the neighbors are around (nice touch 😊), and let me walk in. Then he was on me before I had a chance to take off my coat and shoes. Meat stare, smirk on his face, hands everywhere.

We did eventually get clothes off. He made me do a couple of things we've never done before, things that I would be too self conscious to do otherwise, but he was so forceful in his commands, I couldn't help but do them. And I was in a different mindset. He made a few comments like "I bet your husband doesn't do this" (hey, it was true! It was new stuff), I giggled and laughed and smiled as he went to work. He didn't really let me get a word in edgewise, he was in complete control.

Several positions and some fogged glasses later, we lay in bed, breathing heavily. He stood up, threw me a towel, then disappeared into the bathroom, didn't say anything. I smirked and threw my panties on his pillow, evil bitch! I quickly cleaned up, then covered myself and walked to the front door without a word.

As I was in the car getting re-dressed, he texted "Better hurry up and get home, or we won't have any time to watch Game of Thrones". Hah! And I went inside and pretended

that nothing happened.

When we got ready for bed, I walked in and remarked "You're terrible at this. There are panties on your pillow, and you left the lube on my side of the bed." We had a good laugh, then cuddled and fell asleep.

Wants vs Needs, a Reminder to Myself

May 22, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

A Captain should give his FO what she needs, not necessarily what she wants.

An FO should recognize that sometimes her wants aren't her needs.

Filter out the bullshit so he doesn't have to. It's easier for everyone.

A Cautionary Tale

June 5, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I ran across [this post](#) by the ever introspective MMSL forum regular, DaveBowman. It really struck me, and I want to share it with the ladies reading here most of all, but it's a good lesson for the guys too. My commentary below.

I've been mapping a while. Changed my life, changed my marriage. All is well & happy in Bowmanville.

However, something happened. Something difficult to write about and process, and I'm posting here in the hopes that all the Captains and First Officers that read this find some value in my story.

I've been in Phase 3 a few months. My wife is beautiful, sexy, kind, considerate, and a great mother. But I fucked up. I mis-timed my approach and started a bit of a firestorm. See, she was PMSing pretty bad, but we were going away to a family event for the weekend and I wanted to get me some lovin' before we went. I knew it would be a dry spell on the weekend and thought my pure awesomeness would let me push through the clear hard nos that I was hearing from her.

She flipped out (understandably). Said some pretty harsh things about the changes in me, how she doesn't like having sex all the time, even threw in some comments about "duty" sex not being so stellar. I held frame, kept my cool, showed outcome independence and took it like a man. She asked for me to cool it for a few days so I said "fine."

But something shifted down deep inside. Something that frankly scared the living shit out of me. In front of me, I no longer saw my beautiful sexy wife that was in killer shape despite 3 kids and pushing 40. I saw the wrinkles, I saw the sagginess, I saw the lumps and bumps. I saw an aging, crazy, bitch of a woman. And I was... just not into her any more.

So I killed the power to the DaveBowman Love Express. Like, right off. Mr Spock cold. And just didn't give a fuck. For the first few hours she was cool with that. By the next morning she was telling me to give it a rest. By the next night (at her family's place) she was threatening to withdraw sex if I didn't warm it up. I just didn't fucking care. Like, at all. I alpha'd up. Like, way the fuck up. I was the man, I was fucking awesome. The next morning, she's a little weepy... I'm not proud to say it didn't bother me in the slightest. We get ready to go to a family event, she puts on a killer dress, makes a show of it for me, I don't care. Get the kids ready and off we go. We arrive, and I'm king shit of the universe. Tons of IOIs, even from some of her close family in front of me. It's not like anything's gonna happen, but I feed off the energy and it drives me, shooting through me, bolstering my pure awesomeness.

After a while, I tire of it, head outside, light up a stogie. The wife hates 'em, and it

pretty much guarantees she won't come near me. **But I don't care.** As I walk around, puffing my cigar, I ponder my situation.

Thinking about my wife... I've been there, done that. I've had sex with her probably thousands of times. In crazy ways, in boring ways, in nearly every way two people can have each other. I've been there, done that. **It's conquered territory. And she's not getting any younger.** I think about her flaws, I think about her bitchiness, I think about what a pain the ass she is to have around. How much she cramps my style, and how much I'm just not into her any more.

I think about all the IOIs I've been getting. Some from hot women 10 years younger than her. **New, fresh, tight, firm, hotness.** Hmm... What exactly were my options here? I saw three futures uncurl in front of me, three possibilities to explore. And I understood myself, I understood the plight of my fellow husbands, and I understood the plight of the unhappy wives.

Option 1: Just give up. I mean, this is the easiest path, right? The path of least resistance. Why work my fucking bag off being hot 'n ripped and putting so much time and energy into my marriage to an aging, increasingly dumpy wife? Why bother? Why not get a gut, ignore her, and sit my ass down on the couch and watch some more re-runs of mythbusters? Why the fuck not? Isn't this what like 99% of husbands end up doing? And isn't this why? I mean, if I'm not into my wife, I'm not going to give a shit if she's into me. I'm just going to put my time in, try to stay distracted, and just coast through my miserable life. I finally understood why guys do this. Not just because they're lazy slobs, not just because of low T, but maybe, just maybe, they're just not into their fat, aging, bitchy wives any more. So fuck it, why bother?

Option 2: Fuck around. Maybe leave. I mean, there's probably 5 women I know I could score with within days if I wanted. And some of them are pretty fucking hot. At least they would provide the attraction of "the undiscovered country". I've never been tempted to cheat, really. Even in my sexless first marriage. I've just never been that guy. But... I could. I really could. And if it was fun enough, maybe I would just leave and be single, living out the last vestiges of my youth banging the shit out of the hottest chicks that would have me. I mean, I have all my hair, I'm in better shape day by day, I make tons of \$, even after a divorce I'd be able to wine and dine with the best of them. Why not? What else is there to life, really, at the end of the day than just living in the moment and getting whatever joy I could out of this life?

Option 3: Try to make it work. But why bother? Why have just one woman, one that spends a quarter of her life being half bat-shit crazy and can't help it? One that I've already had thousands of times and I'd be consigning to have thousands of times more... and no-one else? In a relationship that I work so fucking hard to keep going and keep hot... but I'm essentially alone in?

I went back in, undecided. Life weighing heavy on my mind. Declared it was time

to go, packed the kids up, and we left. She was very quiet on the way back to crash at her family's place. She tried to start something up after we got the kids down and we were alone in the place, but then others showed up so she shut it down. I didn't care. Rolled over, thoughts rolling around in my mind. I think she might have been crying a little by this point... **she tried threatening, pleading, anything... to go back to "the old me". The one that she said she hated the other day.** The one that sexted her all the time, had my hands all over her all the time, fucked her all the time. I said nothing, pretended to be asleep. Felt that I should be feeling something... like I should be feeling like I'm being an asshole or something... just didn't feel a thing. Felt like a stone.

The next day we headed for home. Chatted a bit in the car. We bought some magazines for the trip. She pointed some women out in the magazines and asked me if I thought they were hot, like she often does to test me. **Instead of coming up with reasons why they weren't to make her feel better, I was honest with her.** Like real fucking heartbreaking honest. "Man, I love those tits." "Look at the ass on her." etc. She didn't get mad. She didn't freak. She was honest with me back. About being wrong the other night, about taking it too far. About how the PMS just takes ahold of her and she needs some time off during those times. How I pushed it too far. **About how she really likes the new me, and how she gets scared sometimes that it will stop so she tests it. She actually admitted that she shit tests me.**

And to please come back to her. And always be honest with her.

I mulled this over while we got home, put the kids to bed. She asked me to have a shower with her. I felt kinda greasy from being in the car for so long, so I said "sure."

She started things up in the shower. Hardcore. She started doing things to me that we have barely ever done before. Things that she said she never wanted to do. She did, happily, eagerly, lustfully. **Told me things like "when I get like that don't talk to me, just take me upstairs and rip my panties off and fuck me.** Fuck me like a man. I promise no matter what I say I will love it." Etc. **It all came rushing back. All of it, flowing over me like a tidal wave of emotion, lust, and joy. In front of me wasn't a dumpy aging wife. In front of me was a goddess, radiant, erotic, and shining with energy.**

I got my wife back that night, and I made my choice.

I'm writing this in the hopes that some may understand yourselves, your partners, other husbands and wives better. I sure do.

The red pill is indeed bitter. Yes things can get better. But things can also get much, much worse. Is it worth the risk? Of course. But you may discover things about yourself that you never knew were there. For me, it was my ability to be entirely selfish and to take the "wife goggles" off. For me, **I understood my fat, lazy buddies who sit on the couch rather than fucking their wives. I**

understood why some wives that want sex don't get it. **And I understood how dangerous it is for some wives that so desperately want their husbands to take the red pill... and then get a husband that does.** You may lose them if you don't take the red pill, too. **You may lose them in so many ways that you may not even see it if you're not careful.** Or they may regress further... and just not care.

Or you might just live the life of your dreams.

I found myself becoming quite emotional halfway through. I've mentioned before, I'm not exactly the sweetest little strawberry in the basket. I'm about 10 times better than I used to be, but I still have my moments. I've been rather quiet lately because we had a bit of a dust up over Mother's Day... well, quite a big one, actually. Some words were said to me that stung like hell (totally unintentional on his part, I realize now), so I retreated into my bitch shell. It's so very hard for me to get over things, I hold onto hurts for longer than I should. The claws came out, and I took several swipes. We withdrew from each other for a week, and I softened a bit over it a bit after a 4 day weekend out of town to see family. We're good now. These things are happening with less and less frequency.

So now I know what it looks like from his point of view, and I can't say that I'm not a little disconcerted. (That's a nice way of saying *"That scares the shit out of me."*) My low self esteem fuels this. I see my flaws all too well, and I very much want to believe that the wife goggles are firmly in place on his face. I know he's passing me quickly in sex rank. I need the goggles.

Dave's complete outcome independence was the perfect response. Totally a model for husbands to follow in that situation.

And Dave's wife followed the text book in how to fix a tiff. Be sweet and screw his brains out.

The ending made me so happy. Forgiveness is crucial. Bitchiness is the ultimate ugly.

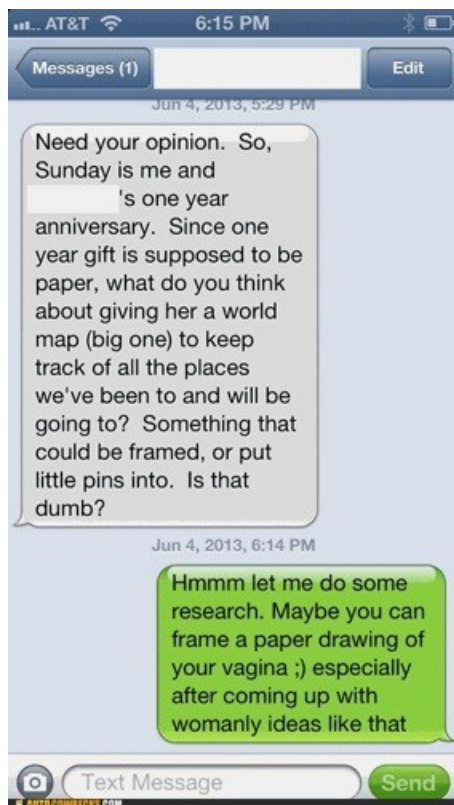
Silly Things Friday

June 7, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)





(This is the iPad app "Plague Inc", based off the Flash game "Pandemic 2"... I could only think of one thing to name my disease.)





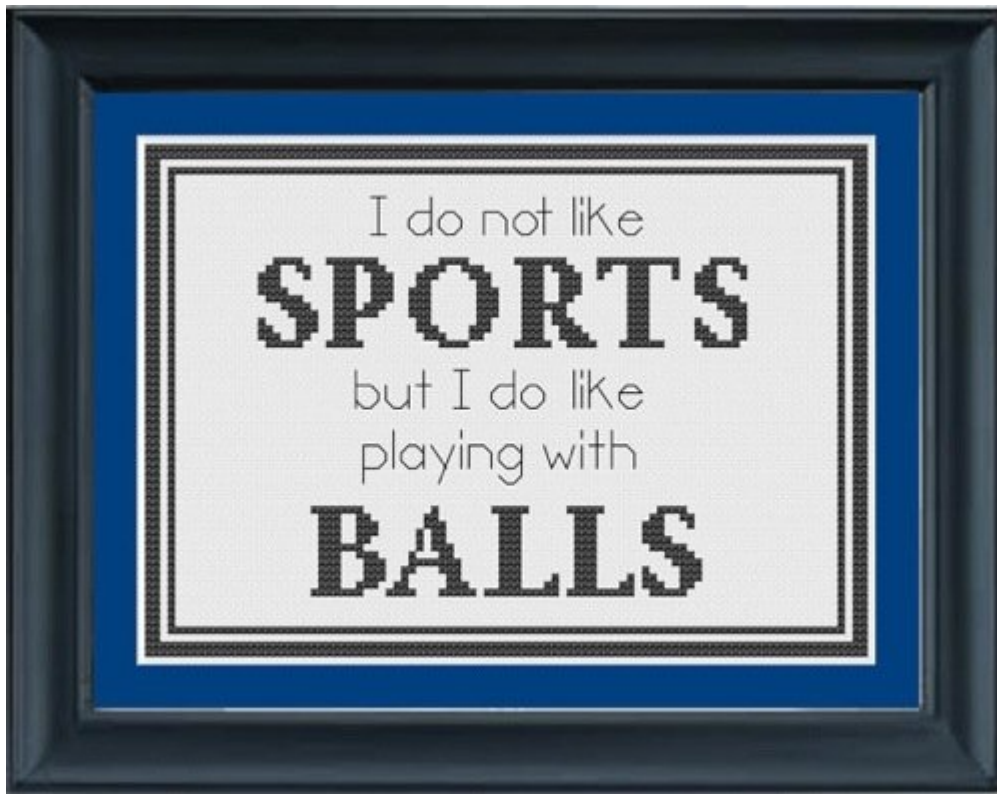
(This is why I'm starting a cross-stitch Etsy shop once the kids are old enough.)



Have a happy weekend!

Red Pill Craftery

June 9, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Pattern courtesy of [PPS](#)

Stitches

Knitting and crochet just aren't working out for me right now (hard to keep count on stitches when I get interrupted every 5 minutes), and it also takes waaaay too long to finish projects. But a simple cross stitch seems like something I could bust out in an evening, and since we're caught up on Game of Thrones (Walder Frey can suck a dick), I'll have some free evenings.

I've found a couple of "convert text to pattern" websites, so there is no limit on the textual debauchery possible.

So my question is, what phrase would you like to see in a frame? Danny's already requested the one from the [Silly Things Friday](#) post. 😊 tacomaster recommended a [GBFM](#) quote, and I think that might be what I start with, lzozzlzo!zolz!

No guarantee I'll get to do any, but I'm going nuts not having any crafting to do.

A Year Ago Today

June 11, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I was cleaning out my starred emails, and found this one that I saved a year ago, because it gave me tingles. I don't even remember what we were arguing about.

Thinking about what you said. Some might interpret that as an implication that I'm lying about my feelings because I have no alternative. Of course, you didn't mean that. You love me too much to call me a liar.

However, I do have an alternative to expression my love for you. I could stop expressing it. I could stop pursuing you. I could ignore you. I could hate you. I could avoid you. I don't do any of those things. I love you as a man should, with my soul and body. I pursue you as a man who loves and is ridiculously attractive to his wife.

So, while a lesser woman would have been implying that I was lying about my feelings, I know you didn't mean that. End of discussion.

Unf.

Red Pill Craftery Update

June 11, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Thanks to a [suggestion](#) from tacomaster:



Screwed it up in a couple of places, but not bad! Silly and pretty and didn't take long. tacomaster, if you want it, send me an email through the contact form above. Just need \$ for materials (not much) and shipping.

Ladies, if you didn't see it in the comments of the last post, [PPS Stitches](#) offered you guys a 50% off coupon code (REDPILL50) for her awesome cross stitch patterns, good through June 17th!

Gonna start on a few more ideas from you guys that will be simple to learn with.

Google Search Terms

June 13, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

It's been a while since I did this, lets see if there's anything interesting...

one direction imagine sexting

hamster spanking, m/m spanking hamster, hamster spans **((I have to wonder what kind of hamster they were referring to here...))**



tmi my bikini line, tmi

my pubes

he wears panties **((Yikes...))**

christian woman how do i get over being preachy with everybody

red pill ugly chicks **((Fuck you!))**

happy get on your knees day **((When is this??? Did I miss it?))**

sidney crosby in a suit

i have the impression that my brain is "sabotaging" me

red pill christian sluts

watch a wife go to party leave clothes at door

dominant rn spanking:



sinus pressure sex

sexy squirt pills

why can't people on maois have canned soups

how to use voip calls to hide affair ((😬))

ass fucking my wife makes her less bitchy ((**You heard it, guys.**))

son fuck mother dinner sex story ((**0_o**))

Well, that's almost reading Bronan the Barbarian-level weird, but not quite.

You've Got a Dirty Mouth, Girl.

June 14, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Sunshine Mary wrote a while ago on modern women having filthy mouths. I thought about this for a while... To be honest, it hadn't occurred to me NOT to curse (aside from in front of the kids, of course).

So, while I originally agreed with alcesti that women have dirtier minds than men, after reading and thinking about Rollo's essay, now I don't think this is so. What women have is dirtier mouths because we are trying to ape men's stronger sex drives. We do this both because women truly are envious of men's natural strength and sex drives and also because, thanks to nearly three generations of feminism, we have been taught to hate the feminine and to ape false characterizations of the masculine. And because we can never be truly happy denying our own nature, this is why you see so many unhappy women and enraged feminists spewing four-letter diatribes.

I think that I didn't really start cursing very much till I was in the military. There was a bit of "being one of the guys" involved in my time in... I was generally the only female in the small detachments of soldiers I belonged to, and cursing, drinking, and acting generally crude was just how it was. This was way before I started wearing makeup and dressing in anything but jeans and t-shirts except when we went out to clubs, but even then it wasn't very dressy feminine. I wasn't going to pick up guys, I was going to hang out with my battle buddies and be a wing woman for them. I think I was pretty good at it. See a girl, start talking to her for a while, "Oh, I have a friend you would love! He's right over there..."

Another facet of this was that I wanted to make the guys comfortable. Anytime I showed up to a new place, there was some tension... Would I be one of those women that called sexual harassment at every word uttered at her? Yes, it happens in the Army that often. A new woman showing up to her duty station could totally ruin morale by being an overly sensitive control freak, and there's not a damn thing the men can do about it. So by showing that I was "one of the guys", I could assure them that I wasn't that kind of woman. (Oh, I could go on a rant about the Army's "equal opportunity" bullshit. Perhaps another time.)

So that's where my habit came from. Never really grew out of it.

After reading SSM's entry, and seeing it mentioned in other parts of the Manosphere, I asked Captain M if my cursing was a turn-off, and if he wanted me to stop. His reply was that he didn't mind at all... He considers a curse word to be like a spice; A little enhances flavor, but a lot will ruin a meal.

I'm trying to cut back further, to be honest, but I still use a good f bomb for comedy or emotion. And of course for dirty talk.... Captain M's got a thing for dirty talk.

I agree with SSM that modern women, particularly feminists, think it fine to absolutely

abuse the English language. It's impossible to read feminists blogs without getting beaten about the face and shoulders with language worse than I ever heard while I was in the military.

I'd advise just about any lady to knock it off, unless their guy has a thing for it. Ultimately, it detracts from a gal's femininity.

Red Pill Women Subreddit!

June 17, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Good news, everyone!

RedPillSchool has set up a sister subreddit to [/r/TheRedPill](#), which I've participated in [previously](#).

It's a wee baby right now, but feel free to submit any helpful links and participate! [/r/RedPillWomen](#)

I've volunteered to moderate, so no funny business, 😊

Obese? Overweight? It's not your fault.

June 19, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

It's a disease.

This is baffling to me. So... It's not the things making people obese that are the problem. It's the obesity itself. Huh.

The AMA pretty much gave people with weight problems all over the country to say "See? I can't lose weight. It isn't even worth fixing, this is just the way I am." ...never underestimate the human ability to rationalize. I've said this very thing myself, because of my PCOS diagnosis. Totally believed it, too. Nevermind the fact that I never *really* changed my diet, and I only exercised for 2 weeks before giving up. That has nothing to do with it at all.

Identifying obesity as a disease may also help in reducing the stigma often associated with being overweight, said Joe Nadglowski, president and CEO of the Obesity Action Coalition.

Aaah yes. Reducing the stigma. Because that'll motivate people to change themselves. You're a perfect flower, exactly how you are.

"Obesity has been considered for a long time to be a failure of personal responsibility — a simple problem of eating too much and exercising too little," he said. "But it's a complex disease... we're hoping attitudes will change."

How the hell is it a complex disease? The treatments they're talking about in this article, the treatments for the "complex disease"... Are proper nutrition and exercise. So.... Let me quote that again, with the next paragraph:

"Obesity has been considered for a long time to be a failure of personal responsibility — **a simple problem of eating too much and exercising too little,**" he said. "**But it's a complex disease**... we're hoping attitudes will change."

Nadglowski thinks the AMA's support is also an important step in helping people gain access to obesity treatment. Most forms of insurance do not cover obesity alone. For instance, an obese patient cannot **hire a nutritionist or a trainer** and have it covered by his or her plan simply to lose weight.

I get it, insurance companies won't pay for these things... But should they? What's stopping these people from researching these things in their own, in this glorious world of Internet and Books? Perhaps.... Personal responsibility?

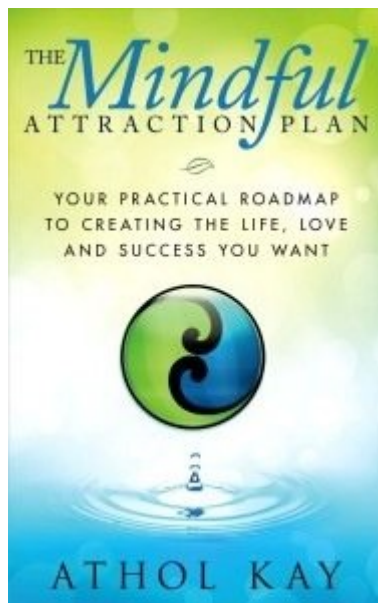
"**Obesity has been considered for a long time to be a failure of personal responsibility** — a simple problem of eating too much and exercising too little," he said. "**But it's a complex disease**... we're hoping attitudes will change."

Feel like I'm going crazy here.

The Mindful Attraction Plan

June 23, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Thus begins RPW Book Review Month!



Athol Kay's new book is official!

If you've read the [MMSL Primer](#), don't worry, this one is still worth reading... There's some crossover material, but it's a lot of new stuff, with a revamping of the MAP process. Consider this the laser beam approach, whereas the Primer was more of a shotgun full of buckshot in the variety of topics. Both are required reading, in my opinion.

The Mindful Attraction Plan is a freaking great blueprint for how to make yourself successful and happy, not just in your marriage, but in your whole life. The language is quite a bit toned down from the Primer, but the info is still red pill. It reaches a broader audience by including us ladies in the conversation, since most of the advice holds true for women as well.... Work on yourself, cut out the negativity, take control of your life.

And bonus, if you have a friend or family member that REALLY needs the marriage advice, you can give it to them without feeling awkward about the word "sex" being in the title, lol. I plan on giving it out as Christmas presents to everyone I can think of.

First Officer's Log, Stardate 308888.5

July 1, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Yeah, not a lot of updates from me lately. We've been in sort of a lull at our house... I'm getting burnt out on the kids, even Captain M is getting burnt out on the kids, as he had to retreat to the bedroom to chill out yesterday after our troublemaker boy did something really freaking gross.

We're happy, but there's definitely some routine happening. On workout days (Mon, Wed, Fri), we see each other for about 30 minutes before we go to bed. I leave when he gets home at 6pm-ish to go to the gym and maybe run an errand if needed, get back around 8-ish, he starts his body weight workout at home at 8pm, gets done at 9:30, we shower and collapse in bed. Sometimes we have enough energy for some fooling around, but it's usually of the Pizza variety. The obvious answer is for me to go to the gym at the same time he's working out, but I know that if I eat dinner first and sit around till all the kids are in bed, I won't go because I'll be too tired. I tried the post-8pm thing for a while, and it didn't work out. And I'm *amped* after a workout... I have to have some wind-down time before I can get to sleep.

On non-workout days (Tues, Thr), we have enough time after the kids go to bed to watch an episode of whatever thrilling show we're watching and talk a little. We caught up on Game of Thrones (so much red pill), and we've started Fringe, though I find the plot holes maddening. There may be some fooling around before or after that's pretty nice, varying from Chinese to Continental. I can't complain about the quality. Rawr.

But frequency has dropped off. When we do get together, it's wonderful, it just hasn't been priority for either of us, I think. I dunno how he feels about it. I know he's been really busy and a bit stressed at work.

Our date nights have dropped to maybe once a month, which I find maddening, but not much can be done about that. He usually kicks me out for a little while on the weekends so I can get my INTJ alone time, which is very nice. Church and grocery shopping on Sunday.

My days with the kids and house are also incredibly repetitive. It's hard not to be. Wash, rinse, repeat.

I just sort of feel my brain going mushy from the routine and lack of mental stimulation. Reading would help, but my attention span has gotten so short I'm starting to wonder about adult ADD. I just find my eyes starting glaze over after a paragraph or two, and it's hard to start reading then be interrupted for the various things that pop up during the day. So I haven't read many blogs lately either, just stuck to the MMSL forums a bit, something I can do in short chunks of time on my phone.

Things really aren't terrible... I'm feeling a lot better than I have in previous years. Just... Bored?

It's only a phase, it's only a phase...

Note: I don't link that to say I am or was thinking of leaving, of course, it's just a brilliant piece of writing that's a good reminder that this is temporary, because Ian is a genius.

A lot of people have given me some great suggestions on how to get out of the slump, but I'm not really sure how to fit them into my day. I feel like the only way to start a new hobby is to cut into either my gym time, my Captain M time, or my sleep time, and I'm not willing to give up any. I feel like absolute crap when I miss a single day of my workout, let alone cutting it out more. I'm desperately clinging to the time I have with CM, because I can't get enough of it right now. I miss him desperately. I'm already not sleeping enough, so no to that.

We're looking into a gym that has child care, but I'm not sure it'd be worth it to break my current contract to start a new one, because I don't know how often I'd actually get around to taking them out during the day. Taking them in and out of that van in 100+ degree heat is draining as hell. I know myself, I'll avoid it. Excuses excuses, I know. This *will* probably be part of the solution, if only to give us more options on the weekend. Getting in and out of the van won't be such a big deal in about 6 months when the boys can do more for themselves. They just so damn *heavy*. Way bigger than our girl was at that age. They're little boulders. They're eating almost as much as we do for dinner. It's crazy. But I digress.

I know it'll slack up eventually. Just gotta keep telling myself that. Working out is helping me immensely. It's helped my mood, energy level, and self esteem greatly. I end up physically tired, but for a long time I was even more exhausted from being lazy and depressed.

I'm at a bit of a body fat plateau, so I really need to clamp down on what I'm eating during the day. I started taking CLA supplements to see if it helps me kick through it. Anyone else tried them and had results?

Going back to the subject of dates, our last one was to the natural science museum and an outdoor showing of the original Tron. It was awesome, and it's kind of amazing how much that movie has held up over time. It's still pretty great. We are such geeks. Just wish we'd had more time, we ended up having to leave before the movie was over because it started a little late. I also wish we'd had time for some making out in the car. I've got some ideas for posts thanks to Danny, pertaining to women in the military and my experience with it. Just need to sit down and make it happen.

So how about that Stanley Cup Final, eh? Another lesson to never, ever leave a game early.... You never know what might happen in the last couple of minutes. And I'm happy with the draft yesterday, we got a great first round pick that'll likely end up on the roster next year. Looking forward to it. And looking forward to being out of the Pacific Division, hooray for CST starting times!!

/rambling

Don't Waste the Pretty

July 12, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Last night, I got the idea to log in to an old photobucket account that I hadn't looked at in a long time. I found some great old photos of Captain M, my sister, my friends. Good times.

Then I opened the folder named "Me". I don't have many photos of myself... I've always considered myself fat and unphotogenic, for as long as I remember. So I avoid cameras like the plague.

I found a photo I took at the very literal beginning of our relationship. I was 21 years old and in South Korea for 3 months on TDY(temporary duty assignment). I don't remember why I took it, maybe I was showing off my tattoos for Captain M? But it's a 3/4 body shot from the back, in BDU pants and a grey sports bra. I haven't seen this photo in a long time, but it shocks me, because it's nothing how I remember.

I had an absolutely smokin hot figure. Hourglass. Little waist, curvy hips. Pale flawless skin.

How on earth did I ever think that was fat or ugly?

I couldn't go to sleep after that. I just sat up thinking about how much I wasted that body. I wasted it by hiding it behind baggy clothes. I wasted it by complaining to Captain M about how much I weighed, or how something didn't fit right. I wasted it by not trying at all to maintain it once I was done with the Army.

A lot of things contributed to the fat mentality. I was always just a pound or two heavier than the standard weight range that was considered "normal", enough that they needed to pull out the tape measure. The tape measurements always came out within the "normal" BMI range, which meant "not overweight", but I still got counseled that I needed to lose weight. It made me feel like a fat ass, even though I had little fat to speak of except my hips and boobs.

I also had a male coworker for a while that constantly talked about rail thin girls, his preference, and called any woman with curves a fatass. I don't mean fat curves, I mean curve curves. Pretty sure he considered Selma Hayek a cow, that's just how this guy was. He never said that to me specifically, he treated me like a little sister, but I still took it personally.

But really, I'd been thinking of myself as fat for a long time. I don't know why it started, but I've always been sensitive about my weight. The only point in my life where I was chubby was in elementary school, and I don't think I was bullied for it, despite the coke-bottle glasses that accompanied that phase. Not that I can remember, anyway.

That photo... I was running 3 miles a day for cripes sake. Some days I did PT twice a day because I was so self conscious about it. I starved myself at times. I was nowhere close to overweight. I was fit, hot, and beautiful.

I'm getting closer to being a good shape again, but I'll never look like *that* again. Too

many childbirthing war wounds. Too many years on this earth.

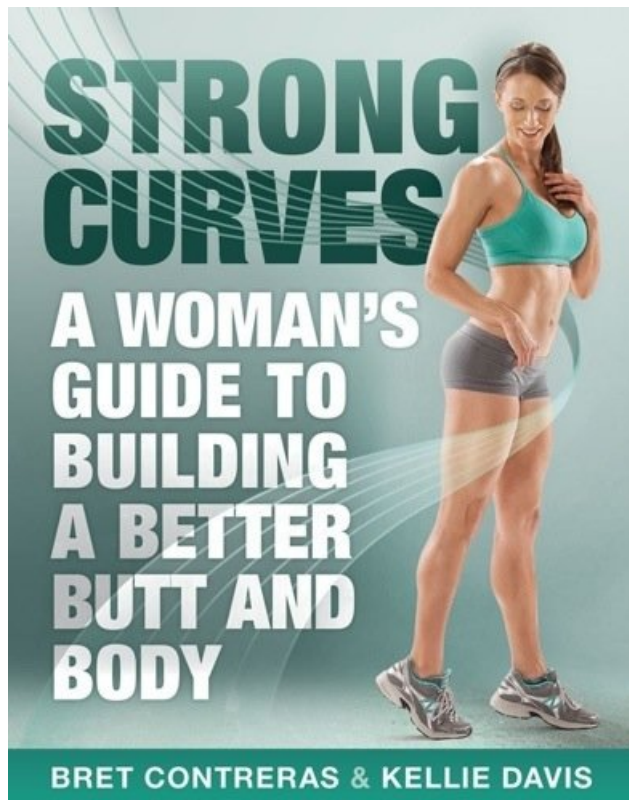
Ladies, wasting the pretty isn't just about wasting your youth sleeping around, or wasting it in a relationship with a loser. It's also about being able to recognize the youthful beauty you have, and maintaining it as long as you physically can. I really wish I would have.

Strong Curves: Build a Better Butt!

July 29, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I started a new workout 3 weeks ago, and I *need* to tell you about it.

There is a ton of stuff on the web that suggests that women should train just like men. And I was doing that... lots of arm, chest, and back exercises, with only one day for legs. I'm not sure why I'd believe this, since the red pill is all about the differences between men and women... of course men should target their arms and chest, because women find those things sexy when they're bulked up. But what body parts to men find luscious when strong and toned? Arms are nice, but men don't look at your arms when you're wearing tight jeans. I needed some more ass definition.



The title Strong Curves got my attention, and I got even more intrigued when I learned that Brett Contreras's nickname is The Glute Guy. Captain M is an ass man, so any workout that highlights that particular body part is great for me. Brett has a ton of experience and data on how to target the bottom for maximum sexiness, so the bulk of the book was intriguing to me.

I've always had a nice butt, but childbirth and age has made it a bit... sad over the years. After reading up and starting the beginner workout, *I noticed improvement in the first week*. And oh my God, did my ass hurt. I couldn't walk for two days after the first workout! But now Captain M makes me turn around so he can inspect my work every night before I go to bed. In fact, he inspects it when I get up in the morning too. And again when he gets home. I've never seen him that enthusiastic

And it's not just about the glutes... there are plenty of arm, back, chest, and ab exercises as well, so I'm not losing what I've already built up. It's a full body workout, but the focus

is definitely lower body. And to be clear, this isn't one of those mamby-pamby Jillian Michael's workouts using 2lb dumbbells.

The drawback: A lot of the exercises aren't something I feel entirely comfortable doing in public. Barbell hip thrusts, glute bridges, glute marches... terrifying to do in a gym if you're as shy as I am. I've been closing my eyes and bearing it, haha. But we're building a home gym in our garage, so I won't have to worry about thrusting my crotch in the air in front of any other guys except my husband. (We're looking at a set of olympic weights tomorrow from a guy that posted on Craigslist, I'M SO EXCITED)

That being said, there is a bodyweight version if you have no home gym and don't want to go to a public gym. Booyah!

I'm 2/3 into the Beginner workout, about to start a new phase of more difficult exercises. I'm really excited to keep building, and eventually get into the Advanced Gluteal Goddess workout. Rawr.

Where did RPW go?

August 16, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Man, I dunno.

I have a bad habit of procrastination, and ignoring things I don't want to deal with. Right now my RPW inbox is at 100 emails unread. I haven't looked at other blogs in a while. I've ignored a lot of my personal inbox too. I've been a hermit. I haven't been writing here. About the only thing I've been participating in online is the MMSL forum, and even then it's a sentence here and there as encouragement to others. Nothing about my stuff.

Captain M and I are up and down, but we had a big down recently. I'm hoping that we've reached a turning point, but time will tell with that. I badly want to write about it... but I have a strong sense of loyalty toward Captain M, and I don't want to embarrass him or talk bad about him in any way. Our current problems are also my fault, to be sure, but it's hard to discuss one without the other, which leaves me in a quandry. I also feel like a bit of a faker, like I have some weird obligation to be perfect, but I totally suck at this.

We went on "vacation" last weekend... lol, not really. Any trip that is 7+hours with three kids is no vacation. But I did get to see some family and celebrate a sibling's major milestone, so it was at least enjoyable in that regard. I ate my weight in dry-rub pork ribs the last night we were there, and gained 5 pounds. The van died an hour from home on the way back, thankfully after it stopped raining, but unfortunately it was 10pm. It was quite an ordeal getting back. (AAA is useless, btw.) Thankfully it was covered under warranty, and fixed quickly, but not before some asshole tried to rip us off by charging \$700 more than it actually cost. Sometimes the world reenforces my pessimism. The Captain had it handled.

I've been fiddling around with a MAP post. I've been thinking of what my reds, yellows, and greens are, and trying to figure out what to do about them. It's a work in progress, and I'll post the reds next week.

But I'm doing ok, really... just trying to stay sane. Being an introvert. Making things.



My MAP: Red Areas

August 21, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

After reading the [Mindful Attraction Plan](#) a couple of times, it's time that I write out what I need to change about myself. There's probably more, but these are the things I could identify.

Stop Eating Sugar – I do have a built in cheat day to my diet, and it was going well for a while... But then it turned into a cheat weekend, every weekend. I've started reeling it in.

Stop Buying Junk – I'm an impulse buyer, though lately it's been for things that are actually useful.... Like that cute sun dress that's on clearance for \$5. And that cute lipstick color that I don't have. And... Ok, no really. Stop it. I'm impulsive. Impulsivity is also why I have the problem with sugar.

Stop Displaying Low Value (Stop Being a Grump) – I've been downright awful to live with. I'm deep in a funk, and I know the situation isn't going to get better anytime soon, so it's hard to be positive. One of the reasons that I haven't been posting much lately. At least it's a different flavor though.... I have a wicked temper that I've gotten control of a lot in the last few years. Now I just sort of feel like "what's the point?" about a lot of things. Might also be part of Medical.

Medical - Stop Being Lazy – I've always had an incredibly low energy level. I had some bursts in the year since the boys were born, but really, I'd like nothing more than to lay on the couch and doze all day. It takes me a long time to get going in the morning. I've been combating that a bit by doing my workouts in the morning, so far so good this week. I had to institute "quiet room time" with our girl, because she hasn't napped since she was a year old. She's not adjusted to this yet, so it's a bit of a struggle.

I've been researching Adrenal Fatigue, and a lot of those symptoms fit me to a T. I can't remember a time when I didn't want to just SLEEP all the time. When I was in high school, I could sleep 14 hours at a time. I thought all teenagers slept till 3pm.

When I was in the Army, I blamed it on early rising and over-exercising. I skipped breakfast and lunch to nap, and ate quickly during work breaks. I'd often go to sleep at 7-8pm after dinner.

After the Army, I blamed it on college. Classes are hard!

After college, I blamed it on work. Work is stressful!

After work, I blamed it on the kids. Kids are tiring! Ok, they are, but really, I should have more energy than this.

I've got to get this figured out. I can't function with the brain fog. Another thing to note, possibly related to the Adrenal Fatigue question, is that my resting heart rate is abnormally high. My resting heart rate is between 80-90bpm. Only one doc has ever showed concern about it, and they ordered a thyroid test, declared me "normal", then nothing else. I'm pressing this at my next appointment.

Speaking of my next appointment, I'm switching to a copper IUD so I can get off the hormonal birth control. After a few months, I'm getting a full hormonal panel to see where things are. I've asked Captain M to do the same, just so we can have a baseline for ourselves. We're not getting any younger.

Stop Fighting Dirty – I should have been on the debate team when I was in high school. Probably should have been a politician. I can be very persuasive... Even when I know I'm dead wrong. And when my debate skills fail me, I pull out whatever I can to make myself right.

Stop Fake Relaxation – I read crap. Usually forums, twitter, Facebook, blogs.... I need to get my face out of my iPad. I don't think I know how to relax without it, though crafting is helping that a little.

Stop People Pleasing – I'm a Yes Girl. I need to start saying no to things I know I can't do.

Stop Repressing Good Emotions – I've mentioned this previously. I feel like I was making headway with this for a little while, but lately I've fallen right back into the pit. Make an effort to smile more, to tell Captain M when I'm happy.

To be continued with Yellows.

My MAP: Yellow Areas

August 23, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Find New Places and Friends – This should probably be a red... Though I do have SOME friends, I probably don't have enough. I'm an INTJ, it's not a strength of mine. A busy social week leaves me satisfied, but drains me of energy to the point that I could easily spend a day in bed. This is probably related to my Medical Red. But I'm just not a people person. I'm socially anxious. I assume that people assume the worst of me. I don't really know how to tackle this yet.

Get Past My Physical Plateau – I'm stuck. Same tape measurements and weight for months. Related to my Sugar Red.

Use It Or Lose It (Declutter) – Our house is full of *stuff*. I've Freecycled a lot of things, but there's still quite a bit more to go. I'm not a hoarder by any means, but it's hard to convince myself to get rid of my old high school letter jacket that I haven't worn in 10 years.

Make More Money – This is long-term, but I need to start my photography up again. No idea what focus to go with... Being a small business owner is hard for someone who is socially anxious. But I need to at least get the ball rolling.

Get Grocery Budget Under Control – We tried paleo for a while, and the grocery spending got out of control. I've started shopping at Walmart again (bleh), and I'm still trying to keep the processed junk to a minimum, but the spending is coming down.

Get Control of Time – I'm a procrastinator, I do not make the best use of my time. I'm not even going to touch this till I can get Medical Red under control.

Start Identifying and Passing Fitness Tests – There was a discussion of men fitness testing on the MMSL forums a few months back (wish I could remember the title of the thread)... It was fascinating. I realized men DO fitness test in their own ways, and I need to start identifying when it happens.

Maintain Frame – I get ruffled easily. This mainly applies to parenting right now, but it applies to my marriage too.

Be a Better Parent – I'm not a touch person. My daughter very much is. I find myself getting very touched out, sometimes not even halfway through the day. One of the boys is also very touchy, with the added bonus of being incredibly intense in his protests of any and all discomforts.

I had a big long paragraph here about my intolerance for touch being incompatible with my kids, but I realize it sounded like a bunch of whining. It probably was. I guess the gist is that I'm feeling like I'm not cut out for momhood, not that I can do anything about it now. It's not all bad... She's currently explaining to me that Big Girls like coffee, and small girls do not. It's a fascinating theses. They do make me laugh, and I play with them often throughout the day. Sometimes it's just overwhelming. I need to figure out how to deal

with it.

Learn to Do Hair – my hair has three states: down and slightly wavy, down and straightened, and up in a ponytail/octopus clip. I have no idea how to do cute updos or curls. It's getting boring.

Identify My Covert Contracts – This is just communication. I shouldn't expect him to be a kind reader. I shouldn't assume he'll do one thing if I do another. Hard habit to break.

Control Electronic Devices – I spend way too much time fiddling with electronics. I need to implement some sort of timing system so that I can only open Safari at certain times during the day.

My MAP: Green Areas

August 28, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Be In Great Shape – Ok, so I’m not in fantastic shape, but I’m in better shape, and I’m in the habit of working out at least every other day. This week I’ve added in some light running between heavy weight workouts. In September, I’m starting the [30 Day Glute Challenge](#). Feeling good, even if I feel like my body hasn’t caught up as much as my brain. (Although my ass is looking so good from Strong Curves. I’m squatting 60 lbs, which doesn’t seem like much, but I feel like a champ!)

Dress Well – This is going fantastically. I’m down to one pair of jeans, the rest of my wardrobe is feminine dresses, skirts, and tops. And really, in southern weather, wearing dresses is just more comfortable, by far. 😊 I recently found some old photos from around 13 years ago, as well as a box of my old clothes. Every bit of it was baggy, masculine, and unattractive. Feeling feminine just feels so much more comfortable than the “comfortable” clothes I used to wear. I was trying to hide, but now I feel almost liberated.

Perfect Makeup – I think I’ve got my eye makeup down to a science. I’ve gotten comments on it a couple of times, so I consider it a win. Still haven’t figured out eyeliner, but I’m thinking I don’t really need it, since my eyelashes are pretty full. MakeUpGeekTV on YouTube has been a great teacher.

Be Feminine – See above, I think I’m doing a pretty good job. I’m no longer forcing myself to be something I’m not (a guy!), although I still have some tomboy tendencies. Thankfully Captain M digs that.

Do What Energizes Me – Not sure why I originally categorized this as a green. I wrote this list a few weeks ago... Hmm. I think today, I’d stick this in the Yellow column. I’m not entirely sure what energizes me. Perhaps photography, crafting, and the like? I do it when I can, but I still need to make it priority over mindless Internet browsing.

Complete Tasks – This is sort of a yellow green. Some days I’m on it, some days I’m a procrastinator of the highest order.

Be a Tease – Another yellow green. When I remember to, I think I’m good at it, although sometimes I’m a little too subtle. I need more creativity in this area.

Fast – Started Intermittent Fasting a few weeks ago. I’m sticking to it pretty decently, since I was sort of doing it before anyway. Haven’t seen much of a benefit yet.

Zzzzzzzzzzz

September 20, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

At least part of my problem has been pinpointed... Low-moderate sleep apnea. Yup, relatively healthy young woman who exercises regularly and doesn't snore has sleep apnea. All my blood tests for various fatigue-causing conditions came back normal. No treatment talk yet, waiting to hear from the doc sometime today. But at least there's something I can focus on.

The test itself was the worst night of sleep I've ever had. Leads became disconnected a handful of times, the system had to be rebooted at about 3am, the nasal tube things were just plain uncomfortable. I'm surprised I slept enough for them to get any results at all. I think I got all the goop out of my hair.

Today will be full of coffee and maybe some light treadmill walking. Whyyyyyy must it be so rainy, today of all days, for the first time in a month? Such wonderful sleeping weather.

Well, nevermind then.

September 25, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Turns out there is no sleep apnea. The nurse that was there that night didn't know what he was talking about. So back to square one.

The doc wanted to pin depression on me since I started crying in his office. Well yeah, I thought I had this all figured out, and then found out that I still have no idea. That's a little upsetting.

He suggested another sleep test, but then still seemed to imply that depression was the cause. I don't know. This is so ridiculous to me.

Next stop will be an anti-aging clinic to check out adrenal fatigue. I don't have high hopes, but it's the last thing on my list.

Man, I'm tired.

The Shit's About to Hit the Fan

October 17, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Hold onto your butts.

<http://abcnews.go.com/Technology/women-battle-online-anti-women-hate-manosphere/t/story?id=20579038&ref=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.google.com%2F>

Odds and Ends

October 30, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I'm hangin' in there. One more week till my HRT appointment, where lots of blood will be drawn and analyzed. Really hoping to hear "We found something off" this time.

Captain M and I are doing alright. He's being my rock right now. I'm flailing about, and he's there to hold on to. I just wish I'd let myself hold on to him more often. I've been getting pretty down and foggy. I'd be even more of a mess if he weren't helping with the laundry. The kitchen and the laundry are the two most unending, soul draining tasks in this house, and I'm thankful I can focus on one without the other going to hell. I'm still managing to get somewhat of a healthy paleo-ish dinner on the table every night, even if one of the twins refuses any green vegetable.

I've been putting a lot of energy into working out, out of fear that I'll start gaining again, mostly. I don't really know where my physical progress is at. I've gained 5 lbs from my lowest weight, but I know the scale doesn't matter where muscle is concerned. I can't tell any difference in tape measurements, but I definitely feel some things firming up. Last night, while I was laying awake, I felt my thighs and thought "Damn, that's a lot more muscle than I remember". I can see the teeniest bit of abs. My shirts with elastic around the sleeves cut into my biceps. 😊 I've still got maybe 5-10 lbs of fat around my midsection that needs to go, even though the muscle is showing up. Doing Stronglifts 5x5 3 days a week right now, and kinda stalled out. 85lb squats, 70lb bench and row, 50 lb overhead press, 125lb deadlift. I just can't seem to do any more than that. Once I get the energy thing straightened out I'll be going back to Strong Curves 4-5 days a week. I just wish there was a better way to measure my progress, because some days I feel like I look a ton better than I used to, and some days I feel like I've made no progress at all. It's hard to gauge what Captain M thinks. He doesn't comment much.

I got a [Fitbit Flex](#) a month ago, it's been a fantastic little tool for keeping track of calories in vs calories out when paired with [MyFitnessPal](#). I'll be doing a separate post about that soon, now that I've got a lot of data to play with. Mmmm, numbers and graphs. I'm on a -500 calorie a day low-carb plan, and I have a cheat day once a week. Basically gluten-free/paleo, though I did have some Ego waffles yesterday, and remembered why I'm not eating those anymore. Bleh.

I can't wait to get out of this fog. I usually walk around in a stupor till after lunch time, and even then don't really get going till around 5pm. Then it's hard for me to get to sleep at a decent time. Last night I sat in bed wide awake till probably midnight.

Sexy times have been good. I ditched the hormonal birth control over a month ago, and I've felt some of my libido come back. I still suck at initiating, so no change in that area. I need to open up. I can be open about most feelings, why not that one?

And HOCKEY SEASON is here! Yay hockey.

Poor Girl...

November 1, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

This guy knows what he's doing.



Gadgets and Apps To Work That Ass

November 5, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



I got a [Fitbit Flex](#) a few months ago, and this thing is greatness. A friend got one, and it piqued my interest... after some research and remembering that I had a bunch of leftover Target gift cards from last Christmas, I decided to grab one. My initial interest was in the sleep tracking function, but I've been using it religiously to track activity and diet since I got it. It's a wonderful little fitness tool, even if it has a couple of little things about it that could be improved.

I didn't realize till after I bought the thing that it only syncs with the iPhone 4S and above, and I only have a 4, so I have to sync it wirelessly via the wireless dongle and my desktop. That works well when I'm around the house, but if I go out, I don't get to see my progress until I get home, which is kinda lame. It syncs when I'm within 20 ft of my computer, so I don't have to fuss with it at all, it takes care of itself.

The sleep tracking function is good to give you an overall idea of how you're sleeping, but it's not perfect. There are two settings, "normal" and "sensitive"... I find that normal isn't sensitive enough (I know I'm waking more than it says I am), and sensitive might be too sensitive (am I really only sleeping the equivalent of 4 hours a night???). For comparison:

Sensitive:



Normal:



The Fitbit app for iPhone is a little lacking compared to the web dashboard. The dashboard gives all kinds of great line graphs, and I particularly find the day-to-day

calories in vs calories out graph to be helpful in visualizing what my week looks like and how much I can cheat on the one cheat day I afford myself a week.

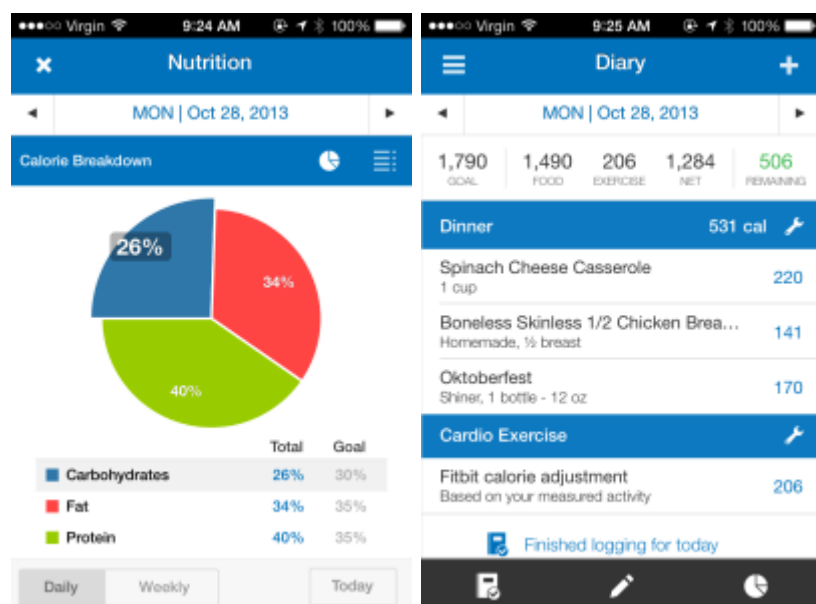


I also really dig the daily activity graph. I've found I'm more active than I originally thought, which has helped immensely to keep my calories up on days when I need it.

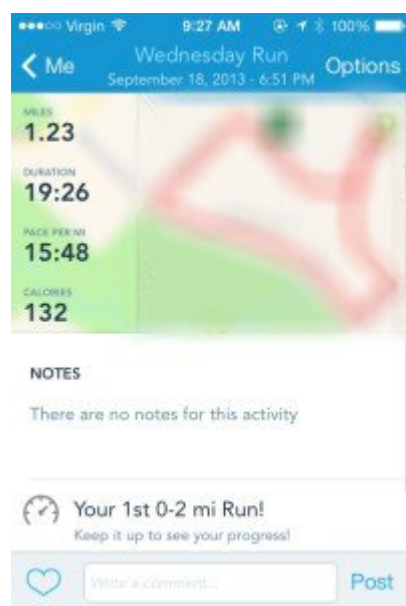


These particular graphs aren't available in the iPhone app, though there are graphs for daily steps, daily calories out, sleep, and daily active minutes. The app is good for daily monitoring, but the dashboard is better for looking at the overall picture, although every now and then it gives you faulty numbers if you don't refresh it often enough (a couple of those barely higher-calorie-intake blips were because I thought I had more calories than I actually did. Definitely something that needs to be fixed in the next app update.)

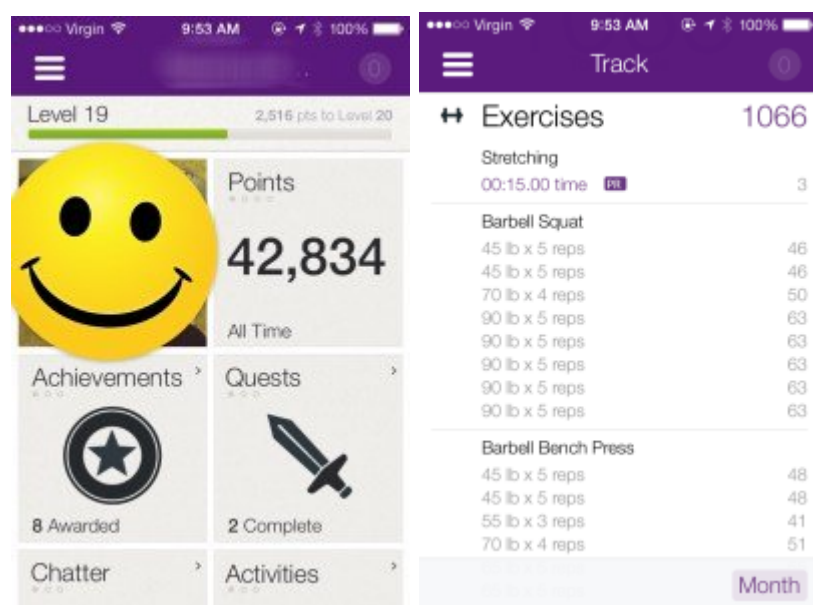
I don't find the Fitbit food database good enough to use for food tracking. [MyFitnessPal](#) has a much larger database, with the ability to build repeatable meals and recipes, and the "scan from barcode" feature. Thankfully it syncs rather well the Fitbit, so if I enter food in MFP, it instantly shows up in the Fitbit dashboard/app. MFP also includes nifty pie charts (mmm, pie) for macro nutrients, with the ability to customize it to your heart's desire, whether you want high or low carb, high or low fat.



I haven't used it much, but RunKeeper also syncs with the Fitbit nicely, logging time, distance, speed, all that good stuff. (Do'nt laugh at my horridly bad speed and time, I'm not a runner!)



The last app I use daily is Fitocracy. Unfortunately it doesn't sync with the Fitbit (though it does sync with RunKeeper!). It's a great workout tracker/social network. You enter your activities, get points, and level up. It's a good motivator, if peer pressure, leveling up, and cheerleading do it for you. There are discussion groups there for anything under the sun, so lots of good fitness and diet advice to be had. There are form videos for most exercises. They also offer monthly "classes", sort of a virtual personal trainer thing, which I haven't looked into but look intriguing.



Any other app recommendations from you guys?

Google Search Terms for October

November 8, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

zzzzzzzzzz

sidney crosby pubic hair - **Yikes.**

cuckold facebook account

forced to wear apron

look at my slutty wife on twitter

zmmzazszzz? - **The question mark was not added by me...**

strong butt pill

hamster spans

rondavoo for men sex pills - **I just love this one for the awesome spelling of rendezvous.**

i hate deodorant i love the way women smell

delicious spanking adventures photographs

And this is my favorite:

i feel pritty

The Medical Journey Continues...

November 14, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

(I've already posted this elsewhere, apologies if you're reading it twice.)

We went through my test results this morning. These were within normal ranges, but not optimal. I've got numbers, just not typing them all out:

HDL Cholesterol - low

Zinc - low

Magnesium - low

TSH - high

Vitamin B12 - low

Folate - low

DHEA - low

My fasting glucos and A1C were both normal, but she still wants me to take alpha Lipoic acid to bring the fasting number down more because of the PCOS.

The three biggies:

Ferritin (how much iron my body is storing) - WAY low (it's 18 ng/mL, she recommends at least 100)

Progesterone - low (optimal is 10 ng/mL, mine is 3.3)

Vitamin D - low (34 ng/ML, should optimally be 80-100)

So my new list of pills to take each day:

Armour

DHEA

Progesterone

Fish oil

Alpha Lipoic Acid

Zinc glycinate

Iron glycinate

Magnesium glycinate

B12 + Folate

Vitamins D3 (5k a day)

Waiting on the prog and DHEA to be done at the compounding pharmacy, got the Armour and already took some, buying the vitamins online.

Lab appointment in 1 month to recheck progesterone and TSH, then another follow up for everything else in 3 months. And after January, this place will be in network, so no more crazy office fees.

Slightly freaking out at the cost of all these things. It's a lot of freakin vitamins. I was hoping to take my kids to see my mom this Christmas, not sure that trip can happen with all this extra stuff.

I Am Who I Am, and That's OK.

December 4, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Don't worry, I haven't decided to stop counting carbs and calories so that I can enjoy Oreos 3 meals a day because WHY DON'T YOU LOVE ME FOR MEEEEEE I CAN DO SEXY THINGS WITH MY BIG THIGHS.

But I did have a great little convo with Mr. Brian C over at [The Wildman Project](#) about blogging in general, and that I hadn't really felt up to it lately. I get new followers for the blog and twitter almost daily, even though I'm not updating much anymore. I've just felt this huge BLOCK for a variety of reasons, but I think most of all, I've tried to get away from the goofy crap that I sort of considered filler for lack of better ideas. But he told me he loves those posts. So why am I trying to be something I'm not? I can be insightful, but for the most part, I'm just a goofball. I need to get back to my roots.

I love my fellow red pill ladies, but perhaps feel intimidated because most of y'all are a thoughtful, prolific, insightful lot, and I feel a bit like the little sister who throws out the occasional fart joke to make everyone giggle. I feel like sometimes I'm successful, and sometimes it turns out like this:



But there's nothing wrong with being the goofy kid, is there? That's kinda who I am. It's hard to be serious when I'm married to the guy I'm married to... a guy who regularly changes his contact info in my phone to things like "Huge Dick McFucksAlot".

So anyway, I'll try to post more often, because I like it and not because I'm trying to say anything serious. Because life is too short to worry about it.

Icepocalypsemageddin Snownado 2013

December 8, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Tried to make the title as obnoxious as possible, did I succeed? It sounds a bit like something that's probably already in production by Syfy channel. Needs more sharks.



This week has been... Well, it's been cold. It's been below freezing for 3 days now. Everything is covered in ice, trees down all over the place. One of the branches on the big tree in the back yard fell, and thankfully missed the house and the grill.

I braved the icy roads to see the Dallas Stars whoop upon the Philly Flyers yesterday. That was a nice break from the kids and such.

We had our first "State of the Marriage" meeting last week (note to self: come up with a better name, that one sucks). Got a lot of stuff out in the open, hopefully to get us moving out of this rut we've been in.

After a particular bad weekend between the two of us in which we fought like two wet cats trapped in a box together, Captain M went to get his testosterone tested, just in case. It came back very low. VERY low, given his age. Low enough that it's treatable under insurance. This baffles me... I never would have guess. He seems to have a permanent erection, and doesn't really seem all that tired or anything, not any more than normal anyway. He's got a lot of work stress happening, and a lot of home stress, and I'm sure that plays into the numbers, though I can't imagine stress can account for T numbers of a 70 year old, can it??? This seems to happen way too often. So many guys over at MMSL have discovered the same thing. Young guys. I really hope there are some very smart scientists researching what could be causing that kind of epidemic. There's a reason low-t clinics are popping up like McDonalds.

We're just now starting to look into all the info. I'm skeptical. I did want him to go get his levels tested, but I was thinking of it as more of a baseline to compare to later in life. I'm a little freaked out about it, but BOTH of us having hormonal issues would explain a lot of crap.

Oh, we found out one of the boys has a milk and egg white allergy, so I'm trying to adjust accordingly. Learned how to make my own almond milk. Once I perfect it (I'm gonna add calcium and vitamin d to the next batch!), I'll post the recipe.

Stop Being an Asshole, and Start Being an Asshole

December 10, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

We had another marriage meeting last night (still haven't thought of anything clever to call it), wherein I basically said the above.

He's confused, and I probably didn't really word that quite right.

You see, it's not that I don't appreciate everything you do, honey... I love how great of a dad you are, I love that you take care of me when I need it, I love that you provide for us, and I wouldn't trade any of that for anything in the world. I just need you to take me across your knee and spank the shit out of me when I start to get out of control. Because somehow that makes me feel more in control. Or if not, just tell me STFU. I talk too much.

Make sense?

(I tried to find an "innocent blinky" type gif to put here, but it just reminded me of Doctor Who, because we watched "Blink" two days ago, and now I want to go hide under my bed with a flashlight.)



And I know what you need from me, and I'm working on that. I'm not sure how, but I am.
Love you dear.

XOXO

Sinus Explodey Pig Bird Flu Alert

December 28, 2013 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I dunno what I got, but it's knocked me on my ass. I literally stayed in bed earlier in the week. The kids are all sick too. Captain M is immune as always. Not really how I wanted to spend our at-home vacation.

But other than that, our actual Christmas was great. The kids had a great time, fun was had, presents were opened, ham was consumed.

Hope you all had a wonderful Christmas, or Hanukkah, or whatever you may celebrate this time of year. And I hope the new year is all you could hope for and more.

When it rains, it pours: wtf

January 25, 2014 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

So I wrote out a really long update, and wordpress completely ate it. I think it published, because it auto-tweeted, but the link is dead. Not even saved as a draft.

If anyone is subscribed and happened to get an email of it, please forward it to me so I can repost...

Hope you're all living wonderful happy lives so far this year.

Edit: got it, thanks y'all!

Stuff and stuff

January 26, 2014 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Repost of my disappeared post from last night, slightly edited

I really wish I could say that things were going well... But honestly, I feel like we're falling apart. Apologies if this is scattered... I just need to write it all out, collect my thoughts.

We had a one hour phone call with Athol Kay on New Years Eve, and that went great. I can't recommend him enough, if you need some outside direction. The next week, I started focusing on what I need to do with my MAP. I got out and took some photographs, printed them and framed them for our house. I decluttered a lot to get rid of some of the negative energy surrounding me in the house. I started to feel a bit better. We started to feel a bit better.

Then I found out that we actually have a lot less money in savings than I thought we did (less than a single paycheck, much less). My usual response would be to freak out, but something just snapped. I've been incredibly detached since that discussion/argument, specifically after he tried to tell me that I was overreacting to having no savings, while he works for a layoff-happy company making 1/2 of what he should be. He has a habit of telling me I overreact to everything, instead of actually dealing with problems. It's frustrating, to say the least. I know this can be attributed to low-t now, but somehow I'm not consoled by that. I'm just tired of it all.

Things were starting to get a little better last week. We started the Dave Ramsey plan (the books were a great gift from a very dear lady), and have saved \$300 in a month. It could always be worse... We have no credit card debt, just stupid fucking student loans. I started warming back up a bit. Felt like things were headed in the right direction. Then Captain M got a bad review at work. With his place of employment, this is basically a warning that he'll most likely be included in the next layoff. He told me a few weeks ago that the rumor is that layoffs will happen again in February.

So here we are. He's searching for a new job.

I'm detached because if I engage in thinking about this at all, I will completely freak out. I'm just focusing on the kids right now. I can't do anything else. And because I feel like I've been warning him about his job situation for months now, and he hasn't heard me. He has such an "everything will be ok, nothing is wrong" attitude about everything, even things that are very serious and need serious action, it's not a surprise that his aloofness is a problem at work too. I just can't handle the dismissiveness. I'm a SAHM with 3 small children, and no marketable job skills. It's not like I can go out and get a second job for income... It'd all be going towards childcare, and it'd be a total wash. My sense of complete helplessness is at a high. I'm not controlling this train. I feel like I'm slowly going crazy, because I don't trust him.

I feel like the hormones and vitamins have been helping me somewhat, as far as rest goes. I've felt a bit more awake, and have had an easier time going to sleep at times. I

busted my ass last week and got a lot accomplished in the house, but I'm utterly exhausted, mentally and physically. I'm really scared I'm going to reach a breaking point and completely lose it. The kids are in a very difficult stage right now, and that's hard to deal with too. I've got a boy that I can't keep clothes or diapers on, and he's too young to potty train.

Captain M got his T tested again, and it's even lower than it was before, and his thyroid is still too high. He's starting on thyroid meds soon, I think. But in the meantime, neither one of us really cares about sex right now. It's been a month. I grieve because I know we're slowly dying this way, but at the same time, I don't think I would enjoy it at all. I'm not sure he would either. I know I'm not very attractive right now, acting like a small wounded animal. My weight loss is still completely stuck, and I'm struggling to keep caring.

And now I've probably made myself start crying in Starbucks... Perhaps I should have done this at home. I probably need a good cry, it's been weeks since I've had one.

I've got plans to start my photography business up again, and I need to kickstart that ASAP. I'll have more in another post on that this week.

I'm not really sure what to do with this blog anymore, besides try to work these things out through text. The desire to only put out a perfect picture of myself is still strong, so I'll likely regret re-posting this, but it's just how my life is right now. The red pill stuff doesn't solve everything, and I wish it did. I wish there was something I could do that would just fix all this mess. The last year has been one big downward spiral.

Photography and Online Dating

January 28, 2014 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

A very beautiful friend has loaned me a much nicer camera than my old-and-trusty-girl. I plan on starting up my photography business again ASAP, but to be honest, I'm intimidated. I wasn't wildly successful the first two times I tried. But I know that people who are successful in business often have to start over several times before figuring it out.

I want to focus on single folks who would like to improve their online presence on dating websites. I've done so for one red pill lady friend, and her inbox blew up. Online dating is nearly all about the personality and quality you portray in your profile photo. If you have a crappy photo, most people are going to keep on looking without even clicking on your profile to see who you are. Photos need to be eye catching, and a small investment could make a huge difference.

She's since found a really great guy, and I want to do that for more people, and also wouldn't mind doing head shots for professional online accounts like LinkedIn. The same principles apply there too. If any of y'all dear readers are in the DFW-ish area and are interested in helping me on this, let me know (and if you're outside DFW but still in Texas, I may still be able to do it, I don't mind traveling a little bit). Session prices half-off for the first few folks who want it. 😊

And even if you're not near me, consider getting it done for yourself.

The Low-T Captain and the Tentative First Officer

February 19, 2014 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

An update, and a response to a comment left in my previous post.

"I think what you've written in your post is a classic example of why women need to sit back and embrace the traditional role of letting the man take care of them and not worry about his goings on... If he get's laid off that's his problem. Your problem is to back him up, make him feel great and frankly give him a good BJ before he goes to work, so he's all calm and aloof..."

Don't mother the man or nag him, or boss him about. Don't try to upload your feminine bleating into his head, he doesn't need that. He needs to feel like a warrior. Anything you do in that direction - GOOD. Leave the rest to him."

I'm going to respond to this in several points.

1) "If he's laid off, that's his problem." On the contrary, that is very much my problem. I'm depending on him 100% for any and all monetary support. Sure, I can make a little on the side here and there, but realistically, if he were unemployed for a large length of time, we'd be fucked. If he gets laid off or fired because of his own negligence, and I can see it coming like an oncoming train while he keeps repeating the phrase "everything is ok", how could I possibly sit back and let that happen? There is no way.

I wrote out a big paragraph of examples of why I don't trust him to fully take the bridge, but it feels like a husband bitch-session, and that's not really fair since we've worked through some of these issues. I'll just say simply that low testosterone is coloring all of his interactions and decisions right now, and that makes his interactions and decisions circumspect. He's already on meds for his thyroid, which should hopefully at least cause a dent, and his first appointment to talk about t-therapy is coming up soon. Until then, I don't entirely trust that he's thinking straight and not in the low-t fog. He's not himself right now.

2) Giving him a BJ before he goes to work... one reason I haven't written a lot here is that we've been in one hell of a drought. We broke the 2-month drought last weekend. Yes, 2 months no sex, for various reasons. He admitted to me a couple of weeks ago that he's been forcing himself to have sex with me for the last 6 months. Stress and low-t. For the most part, I've taken it in stride, but it's a hard thing to hear. Even now that we're starting to get back in the groove a little bit, I'm not entirely sure that he's not still forcing himself for the good of our marriage, because I start to get downright crazy without it. He says he's not, but also says he understands why I would be unsure. Giving him a BJ sounds like a sure-fire thing, but I've read too much about low-t men rejecting their wives' initiations, and how much that hurts, to even begin to think about it. I know I should be outcome independent, but I already had a difficult time initiating, and now I have a growing worry that he'll turn me down if I tried. So things are rather tenuous in the bedroom right now. We're working through it, but knowing that he's not "all there"

hurts my heart, even though I know it shouldn't.

He's lifting weights again, and taking an over-the-counter T-booster. I'm trying to cook good home-cooked paleo foods for us as often as possible. We're doing what we can with what we have.

3) Don't mother him or nag him... You're totally right. I shouldn't do that, because it doesn't work. But I'm not sure anything would "work" right now, so I'm just left feeling a little hopeless about the whole situation until he can get to a doctor and get a solid plan of action in place.

TL;DR: That's all well and good except that there's a medical condition involved, and that complicates things, because simply having a penis doesn't make a guy a great leader worth following.

If only it were that easy.

Aside from that, I've been up to a lot. Crafting (I'm 1/3 done with the 4th Doctor's scarf, bought a book on sewing that I'll start after I'm finished with that), de-cluttering the hell out of our living room so that our nearly 2-year-olds don't kill themselves, taking photos, reading, getting the kids involved in a home school group, hanging out with friends on my own, going to a gym with child-care (so nice!) and, at Ian Ironwood's suggestion on my last post, writing. I'm shooting for at least 500 words a day. Will it turn into anything? No idea. But I'm forcing myself to write, keeping it private, and deciding what to do with it later.

It's hard to balance. Because I know I need to do all those things, but it also saps my energy like crazy. I've had more energy since I started progesterone and thyroid therapy, but I still feel like I have a lot less than a normal person. My sleep is still really bad. But I do feel better.

We started Dave Ramsey a month ago, and that's coming along nicely too. We've been far in the green since December. We should be getting our tax return soon. We have plans. I feel a lot better about that part.

Life is looking up, I just need to let it.

Google Keyword Search for January

February 20, 2014 | by redpillwifey | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Most of them were tame for the first time ever (I need to step it up), but I had a few good ones...

wax patterns for pussy vajazzling for submissive women who live with one man in his house - **oddly specific.**

grandad in corset - ...

the strongest butt pills to take

she warp exposure ass hole

sluts on ice

pill shitters

Speaking of sluts on ice*, how about that gold medal women's hockey game today, eh? I gotta say, I'm usually not a fan of women's sports. Women's basketball is snore-inducing. But those ladies know how to work a puck, and that was damned exciting. Stupid empty net post \$&(@%\$%#&.

**I'm kidding of course, I'm sure they're very nice ladies.*