

How the Red Pill proved a Feminist (me) wrong

December 17, 2015 | 12 upvotes | by [Koedukativ](#)

This past year has been the most eventful of my life by far. I don't know, whether this will be of any use for anyone, but it has been for me, writing all this down. This is my personal story of how I first encountered and despised the Red Pill and then turned around. This is quite common in the Main sub and usually pretty boring. Sadly, this won't be much better, but I didn't read a gay version yet, so maybe this might be useful to some. I might write more about this past year as I initially planned (my journey after accepting TRP as truth). Feel free to ask anything or just ignore if you don't care. Cheers and have a great day!

I grew up with loving and caring parents, a beautiful sister and all the things I could have ever wanted. It was obvious to anyone around me how spoiled I was from the security and protection my family gave me. I excelled at school and most of the unambiguous endeavors I took part in. Early on I noticed that I didn't have much patience with myself and the things I wanted to accomplish. For one, I wanted to have a more appealing appearance, always felt dissatisfied but wouldn't put in the work, because I got everything else so easily. My mother adored me and always gave me approval for the grades that didn't cost me any effort. Maybe it was for my sister who taught me everything I knew, but had trouble to accomplish the grades she helped me get. I knew my life would be easy, so I never put much effort into it. Looking back, my self-respect must have been at an all-time low because I didn't even get a hair cut for several months at a time. I woke up as late as possible and sat through school to get home and play video games. I always got all the stuff I wanted and so I didn't even finish the games I got. Whenever I faced a challenge I couldn't instantly solve, I just chose another game. There were so many of them.

Despite some minor dissatisfactions, I didn't feel like I couldn't go on like this until I found out I was gay. I did have a certain feeling for it, obviously, but I could always push it into my subconscious. After all, I was dating girls and it worked out fine. My parents told me early on, what gay people were about. They were promiscuous and secretly wanted to be women. My uncle has been married to his partner for over 10 years and they always lived in an open relationship. In addition there have been rumors that some sort of molestation has been going on in my fathers childhood by his elder brother. In the collective mind of my family, and I have always taken part in this, gay people were unethical sluts.

In the summer of 2011 my Spanish teacher decided that I was gifted. She signed me up for a program for gifted students and I reluctantly agreed to go after having a talk with one of the deans of the summer school. I still don't know why they took me in, but they did. This was the first time someone actually expected me to be disciplined, having a course program throughout the day, learning at night or being humiliated in front of class. I hated everyone at class, because I thought them to be pretentious. Actually, they just had genuine interest apart from playing video games. At my first day I forced myself to go out to the camp fire and just sit there, although I wouldn't strike up any conversation. Some guy with the most ridiculous scarf (to me at the time, it was violet) sat next to me and told me everything about his recent trip to the film festival in Cannes. I had been the biggest movie buff at the time and could easily keep up. It was a great experience. Obviously, I brought my laptop to although it wasn't allowed to have one and a whole bunch of movies. In the afternoon I would watch Antonioni films to pass the time. The two of us started watching the movies together. Since he had a single room and I didn't, we could easily watch movies there without distraction.

We spent a lot of time together and I learned to appreciate the other students. One evening he told me he was gay in the most awkward but seemingly casual way. It wasn't that big a deal, but I hadn't met an openly gay man I could actually stand before. I knew that my chance had come. I was at this camp,

isolated from family and friends and had a guy who was obviously down for some action. Given it would turn out to be a disaster or someone would find out, I could still just leave camp saying I didn't like it, like so many times before. I liked it. A lot, to say the least. Here I was, sucking of the guy who I had despised a few days before.

The next few weeks, we hooked up a lot. We stopped watching movies and just fucked all day. It was a great experience. Finally, camp was over sooner than I would have dreamed and it was time to say goodbye. To me, this wasn't hard at all, because it had been a friendship mostly. For him, it turned out to be much more. I decided to cut contact and just go on with my life. I knew now I was gay, but I didn't want to deal with it at this moment. This dude was more than stubborn. He called me several times a week, just to hear my voice. It was gruesome at first, but I got the hang of it. Finally I allowed him to come over to my parents, as long as he would stay in the guest room. I could sneak in and fuck him at night and just pretend to be friends at day.

Finally, we both graduated and I decided to move to a bigger city to study Theatre and Film. I told him, that this had been the best time, but it was now over. I didn't want to have a relationship with a guy and I decided that moving to a bigger city would make it easier to fulfill my sexual needs without having a clingy guy around all day. He „coincidentally“ decided to move to the same city and gave up his dream to study in the capital. I then agreed to move in with him. This was my biggest mistake.

Within the next year, I had fallen in love. This hadn't happened to me before and so I got hit pretty bad. I felt secure and my bad habits came back. I stayed in while he was studying biochemistry. He was at uni all day, while I took care of everything. I learned to cook the most delicious meals out of boredom and made the laundry and whatever had to be done. My studies went well, but like before I would easily get an A on anything I tried.

He had always been very active and traveling around the world for internships and debating tournaments. I supported him and always felt like a man should have his space. I didn't feel a need to work on my own needs and was fine with being the First Lady at most of his events.

Last year, I found The Red Pill. I read a lot of it, since I had too much time on my hands. Since I left my parents home I have been hanging out with theatre people. In my first semester I read the feminist basic literature and joined the gay union. It felt great finally living my true self and being accepted, fighting for rights or what felt like a revolution back then. It was not. The Red Pill to me was an abomination. It was straight white men claiming that women liked to be treated sexist. The irony is, that I didn't even notice how I turned myself into a housewife at the same time.

About one year ago, my first boyfriend flew to one of his debating tournaments and I had to spend New Years with some of my gay friends. It was an okay night, but I began to feel a certain emptiness within this specific group of friends. I have observed this emptiness in a lot of gay men since then. To me, this lifestyle of hooking up wasn't the way to go, since my relationship was doing great.

In January this year I picked him up from the airport after a long flight and he decided to go to bed immediately. I was still up and decided to go on reddit or anything and used his laptop. At this moment I noticed, that he was chatting with someone via Facebook and I decided to spy on him, which I hadn't done before. Since he didn't ever log out, I could easily follow the convo going on in the next room. Within the next half hour I figured out that he cheated on me while at the tournament. I confronted him, because I had no idea how to deal with such a behavior at this point. I was feeling too secure, that something like that could never happen to me. I don't want to go through the whole process again, since it has just been tedious and I showcased a lot of my „beta“ qualities. After more spying (I know) it could easily be said, that he had cheated on me with at least 12 different guys within the last 18 months. I had been pretty naive to never suspect anything.

Everyone was convinced that it was all his fault. He was an ass-hole and i was this sweet innocent guy who deserved to have a loving partner. This was my truth as well and has been for the first months of the separation. It never occurred to me, that there were other possibly hotter guys out there and that I gave him the impression he could never loose me no matter what. At this time it dawned on me. I had to take care of myself and couldn't expect someone else to fix me.

I have been changing my attitude to the Red Pill several times and I am still figuring out, what to make of it all. I have been working out a lot and studied much harder. When I first stepped into a gym I weighed a shocking 128 lbs at 1,83m and now weigh in a 158 lbs. I am still not there yet, but people have been noticing. When I look back it is shocking to see myself in these pictures. How I decided to look.

I am now in a committed relationship again, after some major twists and turns, but that might be a story for another time.

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Comments

porkmaster • 3 points • 17 December, 2015 02:56 PM

It's great that you're working on improving yourself, but I think most guys will probably cheat at some point no matter how hot you are. Probably better to just be open about it.

Captain_Howdy • 3 points • 17 December, 2015 11:34 PM

Exactly, it's very tricky but ime this is the best way to approach an ltr. OP, it sounds like you're in your 20s right? Do you think that you're the last person your boyfriend is going to have sex with? I'm willing to bet the answer is no, whether it's cheating or after your relationship ends.

What works for my boyfriend and me is this: establish rules, be 100% open/honest, and speak up when you're uncomfortable. We started being open after a year together and it has its ups and downs, but i never worry about him cheating or sneaking around. I love him and he loves me, but sometimes the thirst for D is strong. I say go do your thing, get your nut, and at the end of the day come home to me. Might not work for everyone but the advantage of being gay is that no one expects you to have a traditional American Dream life. Good luck, sir

chuckfrank1 points 18 December, 2015 08:11 AM **[recovered]**

I think it's great the lessons that you are learning from TRP. I tell people all the time, it's just another set of tools in the tool box. It's like an allen key, or something that you didn't realize you needed.

There's no questions that the red pill works for women and for LGBetc. It talks about fidelity, and about carousels, something everyone has to deal with. It talks about Value, again things we all have to learn.

Congrats on coming this far, and I'm sure that you'll find other things, that are not TRP to help in the future, but this is one piece to the greater puzzle.

Cheers.

Adurell • 1 point • 31 January, 2016 12:48 PM

The feeling of void, not even wanting to try and drowning in video games...sounds familiar.