

Victim puke

October 6, 2017 | 14 upvotes | by [Rageaway17](#)

Disclaimer: This is a victim puke, and I'm not going to pretend that it's anything but. I want to make it clear that I know that I arrived here as a result of my own decisions and my own failures, particularly in the arenas of maintaining strong frame, leading the household, and enabling the behaviors described below for an extended period of time.

I'm mad, dammit

I'm mad and it's largely impotent—I feel bound up, trapped, unable to move. I've been taught not to cause problems, not to make waves, to just buckle down and endure. That if something made me unhappy, I needed to adjust my attitude or change something about myself. Classic nice guy syndrome, I recognize that now.

I did everything right, and yet I'm miserable. I worked so hard, did everything I was told I needed to do, and I ended up with almost none of the things I wanted.

I'm saddled with thousands of dollars of debt, driven largely by errors that my wife has made.

I'm shelling out close to ten grand a year for her classes, and she fucking ditches them to go spend money on dinner with friends.

I spend hours every week tutoring her, trying to help her learn the material for her courses, only to have her bring home mediocre grades and waste hundreds of hours watching youtube and Netflix.

I work a respectable, full time, decent paying job, and then I come home and I make meals, do most if not all of the cleaning, do dishes, prepare lunches, tutor her, and then find myself negotiating desire like some loser chump on the street corner being taken for all he's worth by a hooker who should have retired ten years earlier. This always felt wrong, I just didn't realize why until I started reading the sidebar material back in March.

She did plenty of sexually adventurous things with her two past partners—which is bullshit, by the way, since I saved myself for marriage and I ended up with someone who didn't, but who conveniently when asked mentioned only being raped and never brought up her voluntary trysts.

I find myself laying down last night with someone who claims she can't kiss me because she can't deal with being breathed on. Nevermind that when we were dating we would fucking suck face for hours on end. "It makes me feel claustrophobic, like I'm suffocating."

There is no more genuine desire on her part, at least not that I can see. She doesn't try. I work hard every day, lifting and running to keep myself in good shape. I've probably never looked better. Meanwhile, she's put on near enough eighty pounds. We've been trying to get her to lose weight for three years, and she's only gone up.

Why am I still here? Why the fuck haven't I divorced her ass? I get hit on regularly, and if I put myself out there I could be fucking hot women practically every night. I have a master's degree—I could be married to someone with a similar level of education, instead of this dumb bitch who can't fucking figure out entry level college courses. Why am I doing this to myself? Why do I put up with her constant bad moods and bad attitudes, her bullshit excuses, having to bargain for sex?

Last night I fucking did everything. I cooked food, I prepared lunches, I cleaned dishes, I did laundry, I cleaned around the house. She was supposed to be in class. When she comes home she tells me she ditched both classes and went to dinner with a friend, spending money we don't fucking have. I try to initiate at bedtime and I get shut down hard. "I can't relax honey, I have so much to worry about."

What the fuck do you have to worry about? I pay for fucking everything, I did all the fucking household work, what the fucking fuck else is there? Oh, you have school? You're too worried about that to make love to me, but not too worried to fuck off and take the entire evening to hang out with your friend? What kind of backwards-ass pageantry is that? And if you're too fucking stressed out by a 15 credit freshmen level course load to give me the tiniest piece of your energy, how in the FUCK are you going to do it when kids come along? When you're working, part time or full? This shit hasn't improved in three plus years of me doing everything I possibly could. Hell, even when I was doing grad school and you were "supporting me", all you were fucking doing was working part time at fucking retail. Occasionally you might cook, but you cooked shit that made you fucking fat and you ate like a pig, leaving me with piles of dishes to clean up and a wife that was less attractive than she was the day before.

Meanwhile, I worked eighty hours a week in the fucking lab, killing myself, staying awake for 72 hours at a stretch to run experiments when I had to, only to find out that we had been "volunteered" to fucking watch the dogs and the house for your friend, meaning that I have to sleep in a fucking dog hair encrusted bed instead of my home, being constantly jumped on by a bullshit little rat-dog that was never trained. That one's on me, I should have said no, but I never did because I was told/taught that this was what you needed from me to be happy and unstressed and that doing so would produce desire.

But it was all bullshit. Right from the very start. You never cared one whit about what I wanted or needed. Maybe you thought you did, I don't know. I sure thought so. But you use me as a paycheck and as a support system, while never returning the support and love that I need.

You've had every fucking opportunity. You've been granted a free ride in school courtesy of my sweat, months on end where your only damn responsibility was to get in shape, free room and board, a personal maid and chef, and you fucked it. You fucking wasted those golden moments. You sat on your perpetually increasing fat ass in the bedroom and watched the same damn videos of people screaming at each other for three years. And the excuse is always the same. "My depression makes it hard, I struggle to get out and do things, it doesn't make me feel good. These videos keep the bad thoughts away."

I am so past caring about your feelings. Funnily enough, the same things that you complain about doing, like exercising, not sleeping til noon, going to work, studying, eating halfway healthy, are the same things that would help with your damn depression. Just fucking owning your responsibilities and acting like a damn adult would have helped. But you did the exact opposite of what you needed to.

I fucking called you on it last week. You were throwing a tantrum over your statistics homework, getting mopey like a child. I was explaining Z-transformations to you. You were stuck on a question. Lo and behold, when we flip backwards in your textbook, there's a paragraph explaining how to solve this sort of question in detail. Did you read this, I asked? No, you didn't think you had to.

I told you that you had to read the relevant sections, not get frustrated, and deal with your emotions like a grown woman instead of getting angry. I told you I was leaving to go get shopping done. (I was proud of myself--I kept frame, I kept calm, I went and did something useful instead of rewarding your bad emotions)

I come back, and you're not hard at work. You're huddled in the bed, crying your eyes out. "I wonder if it's even worth it when you're so mean to me!" You weep. "I thought about ending it! How can you be so cold?"

This is not the first time, nor the last, that you have told me that you have thought about killing yourself over something I've said or done, or some other trivial occurrence in the grand scheme of things.

I want to leave. I fantasize about going back in time and telling my younger self to stay away. How sad is that? I can't even dream about divorcing you, I have to dream of roundabout ways to do it. I want to get away. I want to run screaming to a foreign country, disappear, start over. I want to flee back to the jungles

of Ecuador and fucking collect insects, or return to Spain and learn to surf in the Canary Islands and fuck the hot college girls that would always hit on me when I was there. I want to fucking LIVE.

But I can't. Because I'm fully convinced that you will kill yourself if I go, and I still love you. And the only way I can even express these feelings is by puking them out into a document that I'll delete as soon as it's written for fear of you seeing it. The only people who will ever see it are anonymous strangers on the internet.

This is bullshit.

Archived from theredarchive.com

Comments

simbarlion • 9 points • 6 October, 2017 10:44 PM

I love how you broke into talking directly to her. That's new.

But ill be nice. You know your fucked. The kissing claustrophobia thing shows that. You decide if:

You try to save it as beta

You man up Rp, do the 6 months plus and then try to save it

Or you break up.

None will be easy.

SorcererKing • 6 points • 6 October, 2017 08:01 PM

We've talked a lot lately about new guys and how lazy they are. They haven't sidebarred, they don't lift, they don't STFU. This post is beyond that.

OP, you need to do those usual things. You have so much going on here -- so much anger, so much regret, so much genuine pain -- that I can't help but feel bad for you. But I also know that my sympathy is not what you need. What you need lives here and here and here. You have a lot of work to do. You have a lot of healing to do. But this is your life, and you need to reclaim it. The best advice we can give you: when you find yourself in a hole, stop digging.

matrixtospartanatLV • 6 points • 7 October, 2017 12:44 AM

Man, I feel your pain, I really do, but THE answer to your situation is so SIMPLE. Maybe not easy, but so very fucking simple.

Sidebar. Go through the steps by the numbers. Dread. DREAD. Ask if you want a starter outline. It sounds like you're familiar with it.

Option 1) Leave her 80lb ass right now. Period. Just fucking go.

Option 2) Work your way through level 6 of DREAD and if she hasn't responded in 6 months, leave her 80lb ass right then. Period. Just fucking go.

Option 3) Work your way through all 12 DREAD levels and know that if she doesn't respond and become the woman you DESERVE, then you WILL find more.

Do the CBT therapy. You are being emotionally manipulated into giving up chunks of your life for this chunky piece of shit.

Now, the hard part, and this is going to hurt a little, sit your ass down and be ready what you read next...

Ready?

Are you SURE you're ready?

DO NOT GET THIS PSYCHO LAND WHALE MANIPULATIVE BITCH FROM HELL PREGNANT.

DO NOT DO NOT DO NOT GET HER FUCKING PREGNANT.

DON'T DO IT.

Questions?

bigOlBeta • 4 points • 6 October, 2017 11:45 PM

You have no kids...Your guilt for leaving would be gone by the end of the month. The suicide thing is only a tactic to maintain the status quo.

A step I took to get me closer to outcome independence was to go see a lawyer and find out just how fucked or not fucked I'd be in the divorce. Turned out to be not so fucked

sexyshoulderdevil • 4 points • 6 October, 2017 08:16 PM

Welp, that was fun.

Consider finding a Cognitive Behavioral Therapist for you to talk with... It will help you get past your co-dependency issues and also recognize if she's truly suicidal or sickeningly manipulative. Sounds like the latter.

Have fun! Yippie! :-|

chachaChad • 3 points • 6 October, 2017 09:10 PM

WHAT HE SAID!

Get to a Cognitive Behavioral Therapist. You can't save her. You need to save yourself.

Right now, you're panicking because you just realized that you're in quicksand. Good. Now you have to stop panicking. It won't do you any good. In fact, when you're panicking you won't be effective at saving yourself. Calm yourself down. That's what therapy is helpful.

Once you're calm, you need to look around and gather some facts and use your logic to get yourself out of this quicksand. Stop shitting yourself because you're in quicksand. You are. It's fact. Get over it and start saving yourself before it's too late.

This relationship doesn't work for you and it's not going to. She's not going to change no matter what you do. No matter how fit or buff or rich you get, she's NOT GOING TO CHANGE. That sucks and you're going to want to start panicking all over again. Don't. Panicking is weak. Don't get intoxicated by your emotions. You've fucked up... bad. But guess what... you're a man. You're going to suck it up, figure out what you have to do and fucking do it.

Right now, STFU. Don't let anything she says rattle you. Let her threaten to kill herself. So what? Doesn't matter to you. She says that shit to control you. Don't let anyone other than you control you.

You also need to get this out of your head now. Tell someone. Tell your brother/mother/father. Tell friends. Tell someone. You don't want to because of the shame of it. I know that feeling all too well and it's kept me from doing anything for 30 years fucking years. I'm not ashamed anymore. I told some friends. I told my therapist. Get help from the people around you know. You need it and they will gladly give it.

I've been in MRP for about 4-5 months now and I see some reoccurring situations. The drunk captain scenario is pretty common and there may be some of that in your situation. There was in mine. These seem to be salvageable with working on yourself and following the 12 steps of dread.

The situations I see that involve females with abuse/rape/trauma in their backgrounds do not get fixed. Anyone who disagrees feel free to point me to a successful case.

But I can't. Because I'm fully convinced that you will kill yourself if I go, and I still love you.

YES, YOU CAN. SHE'S NOT YOUR PROBLEM. If you think she is really going to kill herself, you call the authorities. Anything other than that is just trying to control you.

[deleted] • 3 points • 7 October, 2017 02:19 AM

You do realize that IF she lost those 80 lbs like you want, she would use her newfound attractiveness to drop your ass like a used condom to go off fucking Chad bareback.

Just think about that the next time you feel sorry for leaving her.

[deleted] • 3 points • 7 October, 2017 02:27 AM

That's a lot of moms spaghetti.

You say you know this is all your doing.

You haven't internalized that information.

You obviously hate where your choices have led you.

So, the ONLY solution is to make different choices. something.. something... definition of insanity...

Good thing is, you found this place. All the answers are here.

Another good thing...it doesn't matter if you want to remain in the relationship or not. (At least for now - as of now, you're pressing the fucking wife pause button.)

Because the stay plan and the go plan are the same plan.

Improve yourself, first. Put yourself first. Otherwise you're destined to repeat the same behaviours again and again.

Welcome. Get to work.

223552 • 3 points • 7 October, 2017 03:04 AM

Good victim puke. One of the best I have seen. It will help getting it out, exercises will help, books will help. Its a long road ahead, DO NOT have kids with this woman.

JDRoedell • 3 points • 7 October, 2017 04:13 AM

Everyone gets one. Yours was cathartic. Now get out of this . Never seen a more clear cut case for divorce here than this.

[deleted] • 3 points • 7 October, 2017 04:44 AM

I read your post and I see so many of the men that come here in you.

First brush is to say, move out and never look back. That would be wrong.

All the things that you allowed with this relationship that allowed it to get so bad, for you, are not fixed. Leave and the chances are that you will do it again, maybe even dig a bigger hole next time.

Stop focusing on her, and start focusing on you. You need to do so much to ever get back to even. Save yourself if you have the strength to do it. You wife really isn't your problem.

[deleted] • 5 points • 6 October, 2017 11:26 PM

Haha. I love the ANGER!

You're so angry you switched from first person to second person. WOW!

Slipstream17X • 2 points • 7 October, 2017 04:16 AM

Why on earth are you still with this woman?

Seriously, in what way would your life not be improved by leaving?

[deleted] • 2 points • 7 October, 2017 12:22 PM

Ill bet you're not as important as you think you are

man_in_the_world • 2 points • 6 October, 2017 08:31 PM

This is bullshit.

Indeed.

Take this whiny bullshit to /r/DeadBedrooms/ if you're looking for sympathy.

If you actually want to do the hard work needed to improve you, Mr. Type 2 Dysfunctional "Captain", read that post, STFU, and get to work.

SteelToeShitKicker • 2 points • 6 October, 2017 11:25 PM

But I can't. Because I'm fully convinced that you will kill yourself if I go, and I still love you. And the only way I can even express these feelings is by puking them out into a document that I'll delete as soon as it's written for fear of you seeing it. The only people who will ever see it are anonymous strangers on the internet.

This is the gayest thing I have ever read in askMRP, and I have seen a lot of gay shit.

[deleted] • 2 points • 7 October, 2017 04:24 AM

Did no one tell Rageaway17 about hugs and cuddles Tuesdays?

(don't tell the noobs about ass-rape Wednesdays.)

SteelToeShitKicker • 2 points • 7 October, 2017 12:40 PM

Hahaha, I had forgotten about that. Glad to see my comedic wit made an impression on someone. And yeah, that DID sound kind of gay, but I thought it was funny nonetheless.

470_2_700_nm • 1 point • 7 October, 2017 01:31 AM

Yeah.

weakandsensitive • 1 point • 7 October, 2017 05:29 AM

I have seen a lot of gay shit.

file under "things that make you go hmmm...."

Chinchilla_the_Hun • 2 points • 7 October, 2017 04:22 PM

So goes the maxim around here..."you do you"

SteelToeShitKicker • 1 point • 7 October, 2017 12:38 PM

Yeah, as I was writing that, I realized it was ripe for misinterpretation. Then I said "oh, well" and clicked save.

[deleted] • 1 point • 8 October, 2017 02:00 AM

Hoorah. Own your shit. Even if it's gay shit.

platewrecked • 1 point • 6 October, 2017 11:17 PM

She's put on 80 pounds. You're talking about the stress she'll have when you have kids. Why would you breed with this big lazy whale? Oh, she won't breed with you. Dude...

gethody • 1 point • 6 October, 2017 11:21 PM

JTFC. Amazing she hasn't gotten pregnant yet to really tie you down. But that would require fucking you.
Get out. Now.

classithrowaway86 • 1 point • 7 October, 2017 12:26 AM

You know what you need to do. Setup any support function she needs, like her parents or whatever and get the hell out of there. Be so thankful you don't have kids with her.

thunderbeyond • 1 point • 7 October, 2017 11:13 AM

My question to you. What value does she bring to you?

Chinchilla_the_Hun • 1 point • 7 October, 2017 04:26 PM

Whatever you do, don't stifle that anger. Use it as fuel for your journey. And just when you think that things may be improving enough to let off the gas, come back here and reread your post, letting the memories reignite your drive forward.

screechhater • 1 point • 8 October, 2017 02:01 AM

What the fuck are you crying about ?

She doesn't give a Fuck about you, you're a doormat fucking chump.

Decide to grow some balls, see an attorney and move on.

Life Is So Fucking short