

I survived a vicious Divorced Single Mom. My contribution and essay for MGTOW University.

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Hi Mgtows, English is not my first language but i want to share with you a story of a focused monk gone mad, a fall from red pill grace into one of my toughest lessons in relationships and inner demons. I've read ALL the single mom material out there and there was always something that made my ex more complicated than the typical profile. She was bat shit crazy i just need to understand what the hell was I thinking, I dealt with a very complicated but ironically, loving individual. Consider this an investigation for MGTOW university, my field research notes. I have cheated every girlfriend I've had with prostitutes and civilian women. I have never trusted any woman and can't trust them for some reason...

I will do a background explanation of her, it will be important later on. Please enjoy this long post :)

First off. Let's call her "Lauren". She was raped at age 4 by a neighbor on different visits, her family never knew, not even her ex-husband knows. She was 7 years older than me, two children, kid age 11, daughter age 16 (ages at the time i last saw them). She was the 3rd of 4 children (all pathological liars and psychopath brothers). Her dad was a rich doctor, narcissist, like Don Corleone meets Hillbillies, he played God sometimes in his field. Her mom was a crazy 3rd wave feminist born to be a princess with bipolar disorder. Her parents were always fighting, extreme physical violence for everyone in the wealthy household and such became the norm, they divorced when she was a teen. Her mom became an alcoholic/huge spender and neglected her children. Dad ran off with a divorced single mom physician with two kids and became a step dad, treated his own children like shit but would eventually buy their loyalty being the economic center/lender for their projects.

Lauren was a very troubled and antisocial teen, always feeling ugly, she was a big girl and had very low self-esteem, did very stupid shit with guys looking for absent daddy, a classic case. Did some cocaine in high school and fucked a classmate no condom, almost got pregnant. Became the "adult" of her house due to her mom being a royal mess. Dad was always absent and thought she was stupid. She surrounded by rich fuck up kids of decadent Suburbia as a way of having a social life, more of a tom boyish girl, got along better with dudes than women (you know the rest). After a couple of Chads and a blurry horizon for her life she met a "nice but kinda sneaky guy" who had finished college, different from her "loser friends", the antithesis of her social life and a bit smaller than her, seemed like a "good man" and started teasing her for attention, let's call him Ralph. They fought all the time, one day having sex her mom got home early, Ralph pulled away. The relationship was dying but decided to start using birth control next month to avoid any unwanted pregnancies. Unlucky them, they discovered she was pregnant a week later at age 20. Her disappointed dad forced Lauren to get married to Ralph and gave her an old family house he had and a part time job at a family business (eventually became full time and profitable but in later years she screwed it up too). Daughter is born, Fast forward 5 years later, they wanted their daughter to have a brother, by this time according to her she didn't really like her husband, wasn't turned on by him but decided to get pregnant for the second time. Son is born. Her Father was VERY UPSET that she decided to had another kid with her loser husband and supervised the after math of the baby delivery while personally fixing her daughter (guess what kinda Doctor he was) so she would never have kids again. The operation he performed was so good it was impossible for her to ever conceive a child. Her reproductive life was over.

Husband became emasculated (was super blue pill) and helped around the house a lot. He started

having issues with maintaining a job, started drinking, going nuts over feelings of jealousy and not being able to control his wife's temper. She started paying his partying bills, he became a train wreck, and hit on other women. One night arguing after she came home they argued, he slapped her. After a 10 year marriage SHE FILED FOR DIVORCE, she wrote down the document, she didn't want anything from her ex-husband, she put everything in favor of him to be "free", never told her family about him hitting her in the face, never demanded a dime from him besides paying for her kids private school, never would he assume any other expenditure for the children and she seemed to let him off the hook very easy, no child support, no domestic violence charges, nothing. Ex-husband began visiting the house drunk, trying to come back, depressed, heartbroken. He would stop eventually after she threaten to call the police.

Months before her divorce she became friends with, let's call him Patrick, he had an office across the street from her family business, he an IT guy who made good money, size wise a midget, ugly looking and an asshole. Months after the divorce you guessed it, Patrick and Lauren started a relationship. He took her on trips and allowed her to copy some of his personality and interests to develop one herself. She didn't care her kids were still infants and her daughter hated this man, she became loyal to him, Patrick would stay at her place, fix stuff around the house and live in a hippie way that Lauren found appealing. Despite the excitement of her new happiness they would argue a lot and little did she know, Patrick was triangulating her with a divorced lady and his "official" fiancé Lisa. Patrick would go missing for days, Lauren would get worried but ignored the red flags because she was getting attention from somebody who told her she could enjoy life. Lauren's ex husband hated this man with his guts and allegedly sent some guys to burglarize his vacation house in the mountains where he had seen his lover earlier that day. He was tied up and thieves stole many of his possessions. Lauren went to rescue him later that night risking her own kids life. They broke up for good but Patrick would off and on text message her with how you doin'. One day Patrick told her he would get married with Lisa but that he didn't love her and wanted Lauren instead. He said go to my wedding and I will leave everything to come back with you. Lauren said ok, she went to the wedding and got played hard. The wedding was over, Patrick had left and Lauren was emotionally crushed never to recover, little empathy that she had died that day.

Fast forward 2017. She had two more boyfriends. One doctor and one absolute blue pill loser friend who she didn't really liked but deliberately used for sex and companionship. Meet me, your narrator, I discovered the red pill in 2015, the side effects were destructive, depression, anorexia and a sense of being cheated in life. Jump to 2017, I looked decent, I was tall and reasonably handsome (I have low self-esteem but I will say I looked good) in comparison to my peers because of sobriety and exercise, I quit drinking in late 2016, got a nice corporate job, two years on monk mode and a sense of absolute control. I was a goddamn robot, celebrated by the feminist bosses who enjoyed my commitment, I seemed incapable of being distracted, doing my work, getting along with the feminine coworkers without getting involved, my human side was suppressed, living the day, another dollar, finding pleasure in the simple things, feeling satisfied but emotionally dead inside, vulnerable without knowing, the red pill would be put to the test.

So I played a concert to help out a friend. Here is where my life changed and I met 37 year old Lauren. We stared at each other's eyes, I felt no attraction since I had lost that emotion with my red pill monk mode shield but man was i fooled, i was actually lonely inside. But we somehow clicked as humans, a week later we started talking with myself making the first contact, a beautiful mistake. We developed close communication and sarcastic rapport, the kind of rapport that grows on me. She worked close to my house and job site so we started to hang out, I didn't want to give her my number for some reason (It was my gut telling me get out), I would give the time and place instructions via facebook chat only. She didn't hide having kids, she was honest and had the sort of no BS vibe that some "slight" red pill women have. She heard my take on society and understood why I didn't want to get married nor have kids. It seemed

no matter how “anti-humanity” I was, she didn’t care and appreciated my intellect as well as artistic creative endeavors which she would be supportive in all the time I knew her. She knew she had a crappy deal as a single mom and was very down to earth on her life expectations including her children seeing their father often meaning she wasn’t looking for stepdad nor beta wallet, she said she wasn’t into meaningless sex but sex with affection. I red pill her hard and she agreed with my views, here is where I started to let my guard down. She saw my monk mode as a challenge she would later admit. Any other women would have freaked out and call me a misogynist. She called me a man of awareness and started giving me surprise visits at my house with gifts and things no previous girlfriend had done for me. I wasn’t attracted to Lauren at first, a bit hippie for me and her feet looked weird. Slowly though, I started to appreciate my only social escape due to my male friends disappear into blue pill duties for their girlfriends. My interaction with Lauren started to make me human at work which actually worked in my favor, my communication improved and got along better with my team of mostly FEMALES. 3 months into our friendship I never tried kissing her once, the fact that she smoked tobacco turned me off and I was monk mode you know. Then one night, I finally agreed to visit Lauren’s house. Her kids were not home, I told her to please not rape me, I was physical scared like a rabbit in a snake pit. We ended up on the couch and she kissed me. She tasted like cigarettes and I got mad, she denied having smoked, I left home. A couple of days later I was back, she thought we would actually watch a movie, we were later kissing. I had two years of no sex, she had 9 months with last time being a drunken tragedy where she slept on top of the guy’s cock. All of our interactions were always sober. We were making out and got to her room. Sober sex seemed like such a novelty. She had her period but she sucked my cock, I came on her face, she smiled and was a bit embarrassed as to where I decided to finish. Later she would reveal her old boyfriends always wanting to cum in her face but she never allowed it as she hated the taste of cum (what a way to boost my ego lady). Days later she told me how she was fixed and couldn’t have children, she even had a female physician friend of hers give me a detailed explanation. We ended up having unprotected sex, she asked me if I had a condom but I didn’t care and she didn’t care, two years monk mode ended with me in her. I thought I was going to bust a nut in seconds but no, it lasted for an hour, I couldn’t believe I was doing it, back at this old feeling, back to a vice, back to reality. She had great legs, she was tall, a very different body than my exes, she represented a pregnancy free vagina, hello addiction. A sex madness ensued (up to 7 times during a 48 hour mountain trip weekend), I eventually decided to ejaculate inside her and live my ultimate fantasy, a creampie, something I had never done in the past, not even inside a condom because of my paranoid fear of having kids. Lauren became my cum destiny, my pump and dump home, I filled her up two years nonstop and my monk will power was lost. Lauren said I was the second man to do so after her ex-husband (what a way to boost my ego lady). Sex became so passionate at her office and house we couldn’t get enough. She measured my dick and cut out some cloth with my size, she pasted it in her office to remind herself of her new toy. One day she said she loved me, I got mad, very mad. I was being bombarded with love, but deep down I knew there were just words. Lauren said she never felt so good, and would have liked to have her own kids with me instead (you are pushing your luck lady, stop). This is where I started feeling jealous over some of her attitudes towards friends and some manipulative situations she would make to provoke. My father’s advice was “she wants a reaction from you and probably has nobody but her insecurity is obvious just by looking at her, the only way she can have you is to make you jealous”.

So we became a couple, a relationship and mind you I rarely saw her children at first, I was very honest on not want to see them lol. Her youngest kid, Carl, would try to be a smartass with me at first but I stopped him on his tracks, her mom didn’t really complain, she understood why, despite wanting me to be blue piller, I didn’t negotiate with kids. In all of the relationship I never spent a dime on the kids, never spent money on gas for her car which we used for trips and errands, she would joke on how I was a red

pill man and my resources were off limits, I was never asked any financial help for anything, Lauren would even buy ME food or stuff, I never abused this privilege though since I am not a pimp, I didn't assume stepdad roles only if I wanted would I call out the kids on things always backed up by Lauren who understood my point of doing so. In this sense, the relationship didn't have your typical single mom demands but it had a mental price to pay, let me explain.

We broke up 17 times (can anybody say Toxic?) and the fights started over just how bad Lauren managed her finances, her business, her time, her emotions, her temper as life cornered her opportunities to MAKE IT, her temper when she overbooked herself working freelance, her temper when her narcissistic dad and brothers would abuse her mind, her temper when somebody called out on her sh#. I called her out A LOT thus getting into very nasty arguments that ended in heated discussions way into the night when I slept at her house (my condition to do so was that I would only stay over when the kids WHERE not there, I avoided "family" life as much as possible, she was not happy but agreed and there was always guaranteed sex no matter how bad the fight). The fights left me mentally exhausted having to go to work next day so my job performance started to decline to mere "mortal" levels. Suddenly cumming inside a vagina make me question the purpose of being a corporate slave, it became an eye opener and unfortunately made my female coworkers attractive, the human side of me came out and I even started joking with the staff, the office became a happy and human place all of a sudden.

Being Lauren unable to have deep emotions with the personality of a 9-year-old child It was very frustrating to argue with her and she had the worst ways of trying to get out of fights she started. Most of the fights I started because she would do things directly or indirectly to affect our precious little time together and as women do, they show you their true colors after a while. I said mean things to her in disgust of her life mess, some of them were really hurtful and she cried but those tears would wash away quickly when she got back to working on her freelance stuff. She seemed to want all the love and sex from me without facing her own demons and boy was she damaged, she looked at me as a paternal figure almost, her dad and I did look similar in some ways and wore the same jackets. I was able to get her to talk about her past traumas in a very Dr. Phil way, my patience was beyond reason, why had I developed such passion and care for her life was beyond me. Probably my dick could answer but when things were good, she did act as a good friend who always got my back in areas where no woman had been before with me. Sometimes she seemed a loving psychopath/Narc, sometimes like a lost soul, sometimes like Satan's helper, sometimes like a lost child, sometimes like my best friend who even organized a surprise birthday party concert for me and pulling social strings for my father getting extra nurse coverage at the hospital when he had an accident...I was impressed/obsessed with Lauren. She was always supportive of my life decisions and became a dangerous safehouse, a hybrid of mother love with the mundane easy ways of attention whores with daddy issues. When I came inside her I felt relief, escaping my failures in life and my purposeless life, when I came inside I felt loved and appreciated, her kids became a marriage simulator where I saw the family I would never have. Her family welcome me with arms wide open, more than her ex-husband ever experienced, in fact they hated him. Her father was specially fond of me and respected my character for standing up for myself and her daughter in very specific situations, specially when her ex-husband was unable to pay for his kids school and Lauren almost SELLS her Freaking car to HELP HIM...talk about stupidity, she could be very impulsive and not very clever, i screamed at her to think it over and eventually got her to understand, her father heard me and told her later, "KEEP THIS MAN AROUND, HE WILL HELP YOU AND YOU WILL LISTEN TO HIM". She had the reasoning of a child for BAD.

She was a workaholic because she didn't manage time properly and really shot on her foot when it came to organizing her freelance agenda (which could make her work odd hours) besides her half-ass job at managing her family business. She was a workaholic as her father told her that if you are not working you

can't rest and enjoy life. She started to look tired all the time, I suspected cocaine use because of her energy despite sleeping so little. Her face would look beaten some days, smoking tobacco didn't help either but it was as if some days she looked beautiful and other days the Wall hit hard. She used little makeup though and had a failed boob job that left permanent scars and very small breasts. She was very insecure of her body and gradually started to gain weight while missing the days she was crazy thin. She required constant validation and attention and at the same time, the closer you got to her and the more energy you gave, the colder she could get later on. It was really a battle to get her to understand her emotions. The love and hate triggers in her were sad, damaged goods for sure. She never had the time for people when people needed her, only when SHE wanted.

Now I will share the highlights of the low points of the relationship.

During one of our fights one night I said she should treat me better emotionally speaking because at least I didn't marry some other chick like her ex Patrick did. Her rage went to 11 and she slapped my face hard and cold. Any self-love I had laid on the floor where I broke down emotionally, I cried in silence and she stood there looking scared as hell, she knew she had crossed the line that made her divorce her ex-husband. I felt hopeless, like dirt, hugging the tiled floor, I asked God for help. She hugged me, she said she was sorry but somehow suggested I shouldn't have said that...we ended up having sex, I was a hopeless addict. In some other fights and breakups I would get down on my knees and beg her not to leave after going ape shit on her life paths and telling her very cold hard fact realities of her decisions. She triggered my anger like no one had before, I was never like this, it was as if some spirit in her made you want to treat her like crap, thank God I never felt the urge to hit her, actually what happened was me wanting to cut myself with knives on her kitchen or scissors at her office when fighting, i was losing it BAD, i was in deep sh#t. I resented the fact that life had given me a great sidekick with a life so condemned to failure I was in a dead end street. I discovered emotions in my I thought I didn't have and ironically I understood my parents fighting a lot, specially my father's thoughts. Once Lauren and I were fighting in the car and I drove like a madman, passed a train crossing ignoring the red lights. Another time she threw a rock at me and pushed me over furniture with me breaking some items. Once I checked her computer and found some whatsapp messages, found out she lied when she told me she quit smoking, found out she sent a picture of her leggings and heels to a friend as a "funny" joke", later found out from her this friend (friend of ex BF Patrick as well) once tried to have sex with her while drunk at her house offering himself in boxer pants she "told him" to go home. So many things trigged my temper bad and thus the many breakups. The way she would scream at her small boy who was already effeminate and a passive aggressive potential charismatic psycopath really bothered me. Her daughter knew her mother was a wreck and his father a blue pill simp, one day she confied to me in tears that she understood why i broke with her mom so much and wanted out, she said "i would leave my mom in a heartbeat if i could". A very nice girl she was, grade A student living with two narcs brother and mother....but the girl began to show some traits that make her an easy victim of unplanned pregnancy. She started to be strangely fond of me at the end, dangerously looking at me like "i think you are special" while we laughed at inside jokes of her mom's crazyness.

I reached a mental burnout with the relationship and eventually my job. My mind was lost in routines, I hated fighting so much, hating her so much, loving her so much, like a drug I was driven by primitive instinct and the animal in me. My friends where worried, my female coworkers adviced me to leave her, they said I didn't deserve such a trouble girlfriend who after every breakup tried to reach me as fast as she could and when I blocked her, tried my friends as a way of contacting me. Out of addiction and loneliness of being around such a trouble person I cheated on her 5 times with a civilian and two prostitutes (one of them looked like Lauren, talk about an odyssey, the night I came in that prostitutes face I saw Lauren 30 minutes later helping her out at a freelance event), the other prostitute became somewhat of a therapist

and strongly advised me getting the hell out of the relationship as quote, “you are being played and cheated on, I know sneaky women and trust me on this one, LEAVE”. She was a nice hooker, the sex was good, I couldn’t really last that long with her tight pussy. She was a professional nurse by day and prostitute on the side, she told me about her own troubled relationship with an abusive boyfriend. I started fantasizing on coworkers and went out with a couple of them for coffee, an absolute idiot.

My job got really messy and I attracted very bad intentions of crazy female managers. Being screwed over badly I decided to quit my job. Lauren supported my decision and I worked with her as an assistant for her freelance gigs (hospital related, making some of her gigs late at night and when I couldn’t go with her I would have trust issues). I admit I started hanging out with her ALL THE TIME out of not trusting her, she became a nasty mental and physical drug that took over my peace and sanity. Really exhausting, boy was I an idiot.

Early this year I went to therapy after quitting my job. An alternative therapy that believe it or not, changed me for good. Slowly, but surely, I started to detach emotionally from Lauren and assumed a more pump and dump attitude. We broke up more times and when I came back she thought I was back in boyfriend mode, never I said I love you anymore, never would I hold hands again, I was in Survival mode, slowly red pill, slowly MGTOW again. Ironically she became very loving, she bought me clothes, lunches during her freelance gigs, I drove her around for her projects, our fights became less frequent, I still would send her off to hell but we managed to get along better, she decided to visit a shrink and face her demons, this open a can of worms she wasn’t ready to handle. Her kids were very fond of me and appreciate me keeping their mom in check, somehow they saw I was a legit man who even talked good things of their father whom I got to understand much better, despite somewhat an asshole, i pity this poor man he had children with train wreck Lauren who at age 23 must have been the worst entitled brat princess ever.

One day the shrink sent Lauren an exercise, to describe her former relationships in a nutshell. When she talked about Patrick a peculiar think happened, on the reason for breaking up she wrote “He Got Married”. So telling, so so telling. It was obvious for me when she showed me the page later on as a way of me seeing her efforts towards sanity that her chapter with Patrick was not resolved.... boy did it hit me HARD, I realized what I missed all this time. Now I understood the “random” texts “he would send her out of nowhere” including a conversation they had (she showed me) the week of our 16th break up. It all made sense, I was played the fool but I would play her fool for good. She hinted us living together in the future, i said "no way am i paying to live in your hell or wait to see if your Boy's passive aggressiveness ruins my home".

On a Tuesday afternoon Lauren invited me to have lunch with a former secretary she had (my same age), we got along great, when Lauren left to bring coffee, her friend asked me how did it manage to be for two years with Lauren, she asked me if I loved her, I replied while giving us a very horny stare, “I used to love her, not anymore, I learned that the only way to take her seriously is NOT TO”.

So I got a call for a new job that will open doors for me. I decided to cut off Lauren for good after fighting days before the good news. Blocked her from everything to make a fresh start. She bought me the shirt for my job interview, thank you Lauren. This time she has not contacted me via email, she contacted my mom to tell her she loves her because of a small business she helped her with.

I survived a divorced single mom nightmare with little to no financial cost but a mental price too high. I still feel some emotional trauma and flashbacks that i overcome each day. No unwanted pregnancies to trap me. I survived a 39-year-old very troubled soul who the only love/turn on she knows is abandonment. I will get my life back on track away from her, away from her menopause years and tragedies. My red pill knowledge was put to the test, i have to work on my emotions big time, I suffered, I

learned, **I am a man going back to going his own way.**

Your comments are most welcomed, Cheers.

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Comments

RealBiggly • 6 points • 25 June, 2019 09:29 AM

tl;dr

greyman0425 • 3 points • 25 June, 2019 02:11 PM

OK lesson to us all. Never date a single mom, let alone marry one. There is a reason why he left, not all ex boyfriends and husbands are dirt bags.

Second reason to her you are her and her kids replacement meal ticket, period end of sentence. Any you say or do that is not geared towards supporting her and her crotch fruit is a childish waste of resources and time. The courts may see it the same way and stick you with a child support bill if you lawyer sucks.