Multiple choice in a systematic failure

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Once is an anomaly, twice is concerning, after that it's on you.

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Many relationships are subject to similar stressors. The industry of marriage guidance counselling wouldn't exist otherwise. With the increasing perception of humans representing a 'big data' resource, there is a corresponding increase in the predictability of certain models of dysfunctional behaviour. Influencing these modalities presents an opportunity for control. As usual, anything resembling control over human beings automatically attracts the clandestine community.

What is TEFLONRABBIT *Society* *Gender* *Romance* *Secret Societies*

The so called battle off the sexes is a well known constant. Men and women have disagreed about pretty much everything since they were able to recognise each other beneath the mud and fur. Furthermore their disputations represent a truly phenomenal amount of high octane emotional energy. In addition there is considerable revenue attached to the various industries supporting people who have entered into relationships and marriages. This copious infrastructure provides leeway for corruption and the age old tricks of price fixing and creative marketing. Having never engaged in relationship counselling, TEFLONRABBIT is not qualified to comment on the price fixing. However in terms of creative marketing, certain patterns emerged in relationships which could not be reasonably considered unconnected.

The format of this particular clandestine con *appears* to be quite straight forward. The female organises a 'fidelity test' for her male partner which involves a friend showing attention to the partner in attempt to evoke a positive reaction. This reaction can then be used by way of a leverage point for some further control. Said control is then considered a commodity which can be used in future transactions. For the subject (the male partner) this can be quite confusing. On the one hand is the societal and community directive which basically reads like one of the ten commandments:

> Don't fuck around behind your wife's back or she'll stab you to death while you sleep.

On the other hand the genetic imperative to impregnate the healthiest of cows is a formidable and broadly unconscious force. The practicalities of procreation are completely ignored and the average red blooded male finds themselves in a situation which qualifies as a clear and present threat, yet simultaneously promises riches beyond the dreams of avarice.

It's impossible to know exactly what the intended outcome is of these types of playbooks. Mainly because there is generally multi party interest in varying outcomes. The application of stressors to an emotionally primed situation will lead to chaotic consequences. Managing this chaos for the purposes of long term deception and thus control or the illusion of control, are the handlers of most involved, including the girlfriend / partner.



It's not a complicated concept and most men learn to live with the implications. On some level it reinforces monogamy and thus forms the backbone of the nuclear family. However this, like every other facet of a persons life has become a vertical market in terms of surveillance data and directed surveillance opportunity. With the unfettered CHIS industry co-opting peoples lives in every avenue of endeavor, the use of partners to 'control' surveillance subjects has become a consistent factor in British life.

The first time this somewhat bizarre, elective, reverse cuck stunt was pulled on TEFLONRABBIT, he figured the whole thing was a bit weird and relegated it to the surreal memory archive. The friend in question was a conspicuously attractive young woman in her mid 20's who would have no problem pursuing a modelling career if she so wished. Nonetheless, his generation has been identified as forming somewhat of a backlash against the naive promiscuity of preceding generations. As such, the idea of pursuing this entirely beautiful decoy into a hastily arranged session of unbridled physicality didn't really feature .. *that much*. The ill conceived premise for the con was an impromptu dinner in an out of the way chippy and as far as TEFLONRABBIT was concerned, the order of the day was Penne Carbonara not exotic Poontang pie. In every way conceivable way the Poontang pie was extremely enticing and many gastronomes had openly commented on how utterly delectable the presentation was. Many pie aficionados had commented to the effect that this rare and priceless item of confectionery was much more than just your average Poontang pie and was truly a career crowning Banoffee tart.

But at the end of the day the old school methodology is quite clear:

> Have a look at the menu - but get your dinner at home.

The second time was with a different girlfriend who apparently had some form of flat swap on with some acquaintance from back home. Simple enough on the outset, meet the tourist in the pub and introduce her to the regulars. Basically make her feel comfortable because she doesn't know a single person in town. A dinner invitation was forthcoming based on a casual display of gratitude for the hospitality. Given the pre-arranged liaison, the existing connection with the dinner location and the general *above board* nature of the situation, the invitation was accepted. A fine plate of traditional fare was enjoyed and the conversation was relatively spartan. After the second helping of a high carb / high protein dish, there appeared to be somewhat of an atmosphere. Without getting a triple rated, cast iron guarantee of gratuitous sex acts, there was definitely cause to believe that she blatantly considered the author as fixtures and fittings included in the flat swap. Again, this represented one of those times when cool heads must prevail. The several drinks in the pub didn't exactly assist in this regard. Nonetheless it was not on the cards due to the soporific density of the ethnic cuisine. Also it may have had something to do with the fact that she wasn't anywhere near as hot as the resident, who was regularly forthcoming with dinners of her own. But either way it didn't go down the way the visitor to our fair country wanted it to. The author mentioned it to the returning girlfriend some days later. She may have been acting out elements of her pre-rehearsed script, but she did seem visibly taken aback. Whether she was in on it or not is just one of those things that has to be considered as an *unknown unknown*.



As with the previous incident this event was, if not forgotten then certainly placed to the back of the mind. Even after it occurred again, some years later with a different girlfriend. This one pulled out all the stops and had TEFLONRABBIT not been a such a steely eyed missile man, the event(s) would certainly have taken place directly in the girlfriends bed. Again the woman in question was an entirely attractive married lady who was also a mother and an upstanding member of the community. Despite this entirely proper demeanor she chose her moment and made it apparent that she was more than willing to *close the deal*. She and the author had spent several occasions in each others company and had a common interest in HD SciFi. Once again the somewhat awkward scenario was written off as a misconception and possible symptoms of the authors alleged megalomania. The whole thing was pushed to the back of the mind and the distractions of everyday life continued.

This particular partner undoubtedly tried this self defeating con several other times with other attractive friends and acquaintances, but they weren't anywhere near as blatant. That is apart from one rather conspicuous stunt that involved yet another married woman. On that occasion the author came the closest to falling for this particular con that he ever had. Again the extremely alluring woman was quite well known to the author and even better known to the girlfriend. The premise was to make sure that the alluring wife didn't feel like a spare part while hubby was busily engaged with a media performance (of sorts). The girlfriend somehow managed to spend the entire evening chatting with other individuals and the author was left to the attentions of what can only be described as a highly qualified temptress. At one point he nearly buckled and a plan to suggest relocating for the types of refreshments not offered at the bar, was hastily invented. Once again, a cool head prevailed when the prospects of dealing with the considerable ramifications flashed through his mind. It would be a total and utter shit-show and no mistake. The chances are that it wouldn't have remained an isolated incident and then it would have undoubtedly exploded all over the place, dousing everyone with more toxic fall-out than a methane build up in a Chernobyl septic tank. To consider that it was all undoubtedly a stunt raises the question of exactly how deranged the girlfriend really was. In fairness it doesn't look like she was anything unique in this regard. The only valid explanation is that that she wasn't actually thinking rationally and was engaged with activity that she had been programmed to initiate. This would also explain the behaviour of all the other women perpetrating or facilitating this utterly facile nonsense.



The fifth time (*best effort estimate*) with yet another girlfriend .. several years later, the increasingly baffled author still didn't catch on. Once again it would have taken place right there in the bed of the girlfriend that set the entire stunt in motion. It wasn't until some years later, armed with a somewhat different perspective that the penny finally dropped. Every single one of them had been some form of clandestine stunt. On the face of things it appears to fit the narrative of some type of crass attempt to measure fidelity. Unfortunately every single one of these women were probably being controlled by at least one 'handler'. Therefore they probably weren't organically coming up with ye olde wives remedy for a wandering eye. Instead they were being manipulated by their handlers, their clique and undoubtedly some hidden entity in authority.

> We've given you this guy to enhance your portfolio - now run this playbook on him like we want you to.

The micron thin film of deception represented by the apparent fidelity test soon crumbles to reveal that there is no right or wrong outcome for the handler. If the subject engages with the seductress then there is an opportunity for everyone to be compromised and subsequently controlled by the knowledge. The subject either engages in a momentary release of carnal frivolity, or opts for a double life enjoying regular sex with two women. One of whom is the person that thinks they are running the original con. They then continue with the relationship while pretending to be unaware of the ongoing infidelity. This dynamic can be milked for a substantial amount of leverage. In terms of control potential it represents considerable value. In terms of dysfunctional interpersonal relationships it's right off the meter. It's so far off the scope of normal relationship behaviour that it could only have originated in the type of minds that lack any ability to feel empathy or compassion. In other words - *sociopaths*.



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In hindsight the author feels a minor amount of remorse in that he probably should have engaged with every single one of these ancillary women. If for no other reason than they were clearly prepared to take part in what could only ever be described as profoundly pornographic and no doubt highly gratifying sexual encounters. They would have literally leaped *tits first* into a no holds barred, highly hazardous social maelstrom. They would have done this either for the sheer elemental thrill or for some bizarre reason that somehow provides a basis for this quite ubiquitous and frankly ludicrous conspiracy. There is also the fact that despite the author declining the attentions of these seductresses, the relationships did not survive. All of them had been otherwise going well enough. Most for two or three years by the time this trademark scam was rolled out. None of them survived any more than another eighteen months which calls into question the motivation of the scam.

From one perspective it appears that they could well have all been half baked attempts to create a viable reason to shut the relationship(s) down. Meanwhile preserving some form of completely false higher moral ground from which to preach on infidelity. It's impossible to know and frankly any woman rolling out this sort of mindless attempt at power-play subterfuge deserve little more than disdain and short shrift. They may well have been so lacking in integrity that they couldn't come up with a valid reason to separate. Either that or they were so totally owned by their handler(s) that they couldn't refuse. Either way it's not the type of person that is ever going to represent a good risk and frankly anyone should consider themselves better off without such insane meddling.

In searching for a moral in this anecdote there is of course the obvious pragmatic tenet:

> If it's too good to be true, well then it's probably not true.

Generally the moral in any story would be the type of thing considered of benefit to those who have not lived through the situation. In all honesty the author does indeed feel some regret in not having experienced the substantial value attached to enjoying the truly spectacular, yet unavoidably *surplus* delights of such marvelous female specimens. These seductresses were for the most part, all extremely attractive women. The self belief that results from refusing to take the bait is decidedly tarnished by the nagging feeling in the back of the mind. An eternal self recrimination based on wondering what it would have been like to get proper freaky with these total and utter foxes.

At the end of it all, self esteem demands the capacity to look oneself in the mirror and not consider what is seen to represent a total fucking piece of shit. That requires walking a higher path. The attention is highly flattering and pleasing to any red blooded heterosexual man. However the legendary Salmon in the mountain river didn't become a legend by falling for a tasty looking spinner lure. Many have done so and who actually remembers them for anything other than taking the bait and getting caught?